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JOURNAL

JULY-AUGUST
1963 35¢



FICTION BONUS:
JAMES MICHENER'S
BIG NEW NOVEL

FASHION KING EMILIO PUCCI
BY EUGENIA SHEPPARD

DORIS DAY: FILM DOM'S
FRECKLED FABLE

BEST-DRESSED BARGAINS FOR
TEN-YEAR-OLDS AND TEENS

DOCTOR SPOCK
PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

SUMMER LIFESAVERS:
COOL CALICOS, BEAUTY AIDS
AND NO-COOK COOKING



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Montina Corlon is one of the famous **Armstrong VINYL FLOORS**

It's a shame more women don't take up writing

Although she has brought up four children, America's most popular woman novelist has managed to write more than 70 books, including many best-sellers. Now she offers some encouraging advice to women who want to get more out of life

By Faith Baldwin

I think it's unfortunate that many women with real writing talent bury it under a mountain of dishes.

Actually, writing is one of the ideal professions for women. You don't have to go to an office, you don't have to be away with half your mind on your household . . . wondering, if it rains, did you close the windows? And for the woman who is tied down to her home, writing provides a wonderful means of emotional release and self-expression, to say nothing of the extra income it can bring.

Why, then, don't more women write? It certainly can't be for lack of material. There are many things that *only* a woman can write about with the knowledge that comes of firsthand experience.

Perhaps that's why — unlike many other professions — the welcome mat is really out for women in the writing field. Here, we have something special to offer — our own point of view. Take the best-seller, *Please Don't Eat the Daisies*. No man could have written that book!

Don't say, "I don't have time"

Saying you "could write" if you "had time" is no excuse. The fact is that I've had a house to run for most of my life. I was lucky in that I had some help with the housework and the children, but there are always the "days off" and also unexpected illnesses. I think I've spent

more time in hospital waiting rooms than almost anyone else.

Even without the responsibilities of a home, starting my career wouldn't have been easy. It's hard to learn to write well enough to be published when you're working all alone.

I've often wished that when I was in my twenties I had had access to a professional writer who would have been honest with me. As it was, I learned through rejections and rewriting — the trial and error method.

After I had become established, I began to wonder if there wasn't an easier way. Wouldn't beginning writers have a better chance of making good, and serve a shorter apprenticeship, if they could get training in their own homes by well-known, successful writers?

A new kind of writing school is born

Two years ago such an opportunity became available — for the first time — to people who want to write.

I was invited to join with eleven other authors to start the Famous Writers School. Our aim was to help qualified men and women develop their skill, talent and craftsmanship . . . and to pass on to them our own secrets of achieving commercial success and recognition.

We started by writing down all the

techniques of successful writing that we'd learned the hard way, and organizing them into a set of textbooks and writing assignments. Then we worked out a system for giving every student, through home-study, the many hours of individual guidance and criticism that every developing writer needs.

We patterned our teaching methods after those of our parent organization, the Famous Artists Schools, which has trained thousands of men and women for successful art careers.

You are a class of one

Every instructor is a working professional writer who has himself met and solved the problem of writing for publication many times.

When you complete an assignment and mail it to our School, one of these writer-instructors spends up to two hours analyzing your work. He blue-pencils improvements right on your manuscript, just as my editors often do. Then he sends it back to you with a long letter of detailed comment and specific recommendations on how to improve your writing.

The assignments are simple at the start and gradually become more challenging. You learn step-by-step. After you get the basic principles, you move on to more specialized training in the field of your choice: Fiction Writing, Non-Fiction Writing, Advertising or Business Writing.

Because we twelve who started the School have very definite ideas about the teaching of writing, we regularly take time out from our own work to visit the School and confer with the instructors.

And we've recently found another way to help the students. Our School now publishes the *Famous Writers Magazine*, as a showcase for student work. It also features articles by the twelve of us who started the School, by the instructors, and by other writers and editors.

Students already selling work

Our School is less than three years old. Its first students are not due to graduate until the end of this year. Yet students have already sold their work to more than

60 different magazines and newspapers including *The Reader's Digest*, *Christian Science Monitor*, *True*, *Redbook*, *Los Angeles Times*, *Washington Star*, *Better Homes & Gardens*, *Parents' Magazine* and many others.

Have you the urge to write? If so, get busy! It's a wonderful feeling to see your own name in print. And that first check, no matter what the size, is one of the big thrills of a lifetime.

But the greatest reward you'll get from writing professionally is something much less tangible . . . the feeling of communicating with your readers. If only one sentence you write opens a door for one other human being . . . makes him see with your eyes and understand with your mind and heart, you'll gain a sense of fulfillment that no other work in the world can bring you.

Writing Talent Test offered

Faith Baldwin and the other Famous Writers have designed a revealing Talent Test to help you determine if you could benefit from professional training. The coupon will bring you a copy of the Test, along with a brochure describing the School, its courses and teaching methods.

When you complete and return the Test, it will be graded without charge by one of the School's instructors. If the results indicate you have writing talent, you are then eligible to enroll in the School. However, you are under no obligation to do so.

Famous Writers School

Dept. 6310, Westport, Connecticut

I am interested in finding out whether I have writing talent worth developing. Please mail me, without obligation, the Famous Writers Talent Test and descriptive brochure.

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Mrs. _____
Miss _____ (please print)

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____

County _____ State _____

The School is accredited by the Accrediting Commission of the National Home Study Council.



Photo by Philippe Halsman



They started the Famous Writers School: seated (l. to r.), Bennett Cerf, Faith Baldwin, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton, Mignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff; standing, Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Flesch, Red Smith, Rod Serling.

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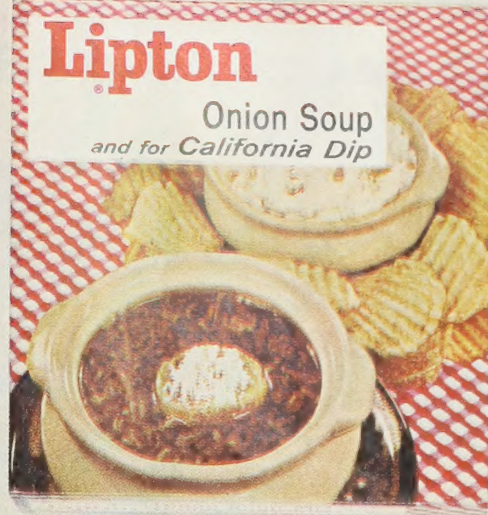
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Barbecue Sauce. Combine 1 envelope Lipton Onion Soup Mix, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or margarine, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 2 tbsp. prepared mustard, 2 tsp. salt, 1 tsp. pepper. Simmer 10 min. Add 1 cup catsup. Stir. Heat. Makes 1 qt.! A sunny addition to any barbecue meal.



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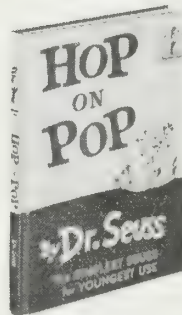
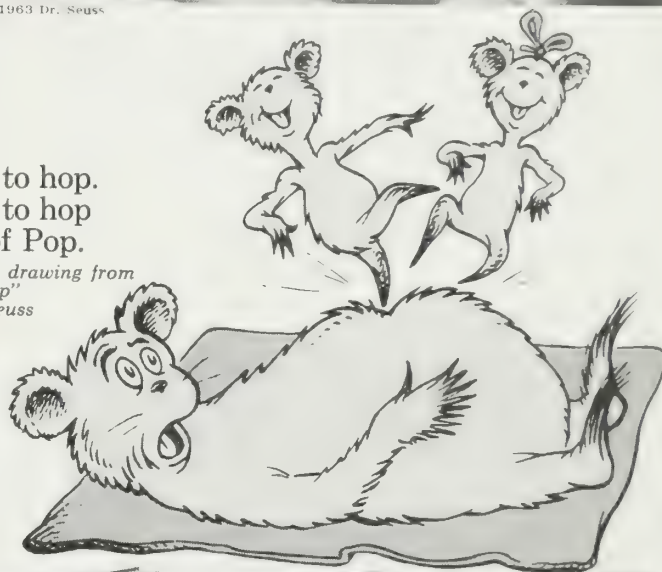
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"Hop on Pop" © 1963 Dr. Seuss

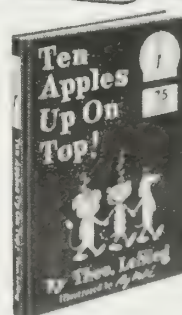
HOP
POP
We like to hop.
We like to hop
on top of Pop.

Excerpt and drawing from
"Hop on Pop"
©1963 Dr. Seuss



HOP ON POP
by Dr. Seuss

Wonderful nonsense for the youngest readers of all. As The New York Times Book Review says, "Dr. Seuss is bent on removing reading frustrations before they start and he deserves a special fanfare for 'HOP ON POP'... Should turn any reading lesson into a ball, especially when the children see the illustrations."



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Illustrated by Roy McKie

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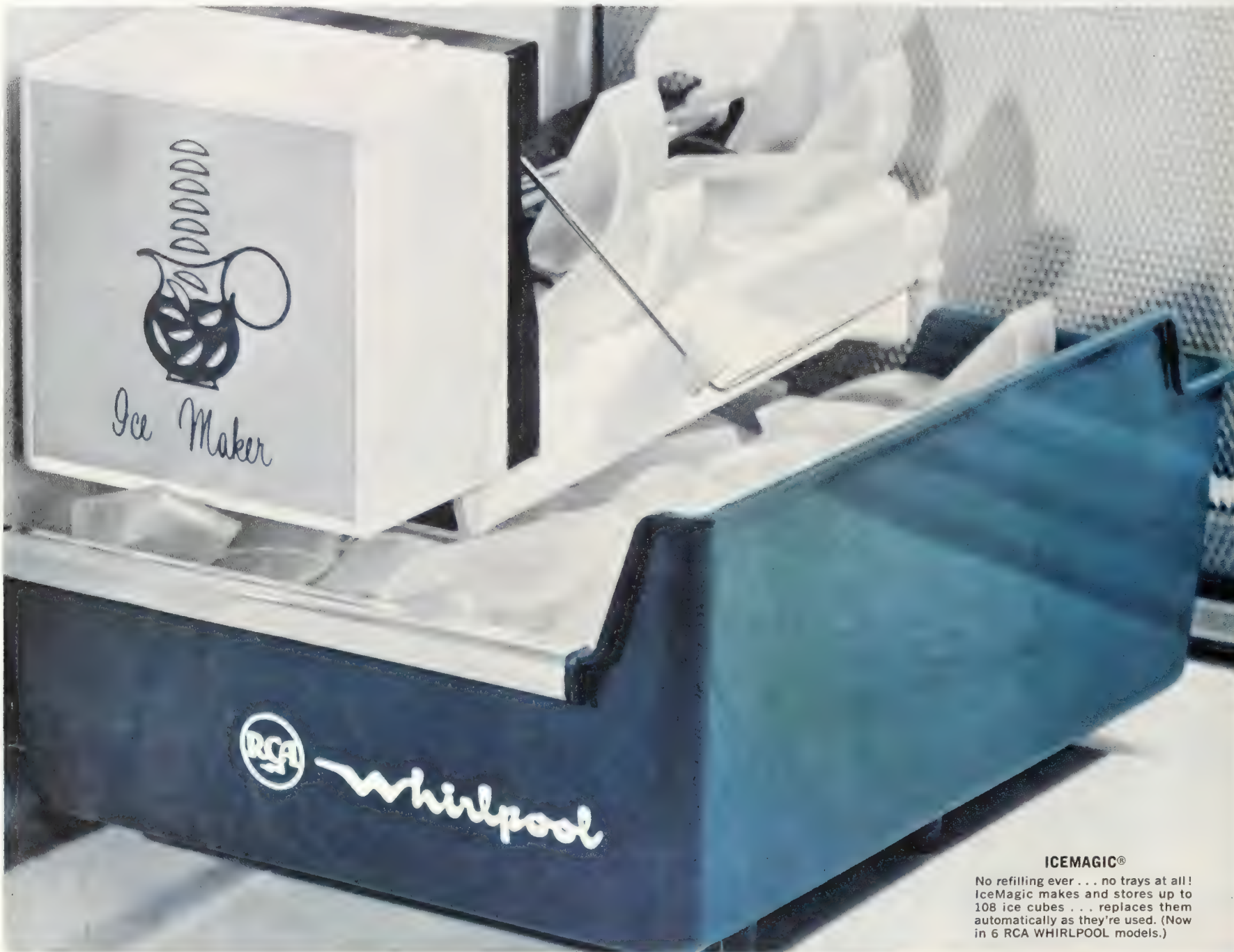
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afraid to use soap on her face



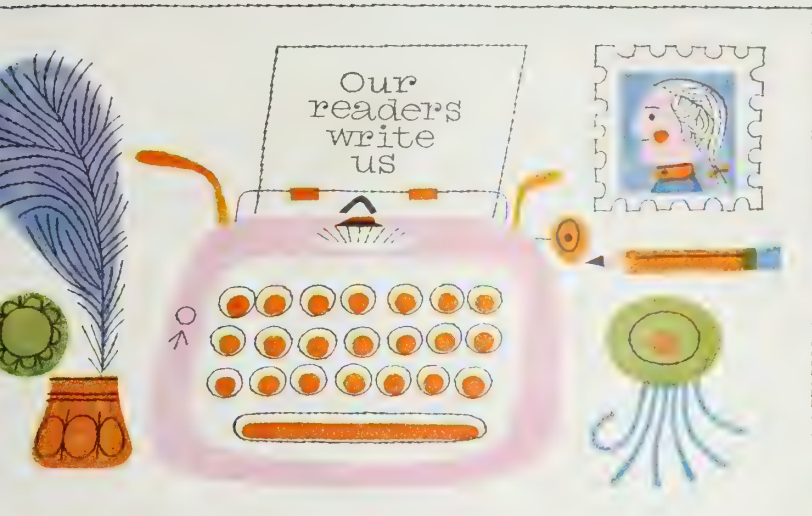
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can be.) But Warner's® built air conditioning into this one with a breezy, air-breathing spandex blend. The stretch is in all the right places—in back and under the cups. Added attractions: lace top, firm Shapeliner™ undercups.

The name, the bra, the feeling—Fair'n Cooler. White, black, 3.95.



teen-age marriage craze"

Dear Editor: We parents are to blame for the situation that exists today (March, 1963). We allowed the schools to teach dancing after the third grade. We allowed parties and dating from fourth grade. We allowed our children to stay out all night at the junior-senior proms. We were so afraid our children wouldn't be popular that even though we didn't approve of all the social activities, we permitted our children to take part in all social functions. They have dated so many years that most of them thought they were ready to be married after finishing high school. If they waited for a college education, they thought that was something. We made these young marriages too active. We send large numbers of wedding invitations, each one requiring an expensive gift. We give until it hurts. Our bride starts out with more silver, china and linens than we have after 25 years of marriage. We take the wonderful desire of wanting nice things away from our children in starting them out on married life in such luxurious style.

Mrs. Fred W. Lyons
Poland, Ohio

ject concern

Dear Editor: We thoroughly appreciate your article on *Project Concern* (April, 1963). We have had the good fortune to meet and become acquainted with Jim Turpin and we feel that what he is doing deserves the praise and support of all freedom-loving people. We hope that you will follow up this article with others, so that news of Dr. King's progress will reach all your readers.

Mrs. H. C. Mahan
Oceanside, Calif.

Dear Editor: Many thanks for the excellent article on the Hong Kong refugee situation. Refugees are both an opportunity and a responsibility which we must not shirk.

Richard V. Pryor
Wilmington, Del.

se Southern belles

Dear Editor: What a refreshing change to read something nice about the South (May, 1963) instead of articles about how we are holding back our colored people. Let's hope our men don't read

this exposing article—a few of our "secrets" have been revealed.

Gloria Marr
Baton Rouge, La.

Dear Editor: Those Southern belles sound like a bunch of fuzzy-headed addlebrains.

Diane Marcus
New York, N.Y.

Should babies learn to read?

Dear Editor: I have just read *You Can Teach Your Baby to Read* (May, 1963). It is a marvelous system and since we have two young sons, I intend to try it.

But what happens when these children start school? Will they be bored?

Mrs. Richard C. Smith
Kingston, N.Y.

A mother's answer

Dear Editor: I am a mother who sent a little child to school who already knew how to read.

It didn't take his schoolmates long to find him different and resent his superior knowledge.

My son began to daydream in self-defense. When this meant discipline, he retired into a little shell.

And so we had a "problem." We didn't know what to do. So we tried schools. But any way we sliced it, our son was still a good year ahead.

Now we have moved to another state. Our son is in the third grade, and we are hoping he can make a fresh start.

I don't want to disparage the wonderful discovery of Mr. Doman and his partners. Because they are so right, it's a crying shame. I am so convinced of it that I have been teaching my five-year-old daughter to read for almost a year. But now I know what to expect and hope to prepare her for a happier adjustment.

Betsy Mills
Overland Park, Kans.

The house America needs

Dear Editor: The article on *The Add-On House* (May, 1963) is the most significant published in a popular magazine since you exposed venereal disease as a national concern. It exposes a problem and presents a new design concept as an answer.

Mrs. Maurice de Young
Las Vegas, Nev.



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- Highlights as it conditions as no ordinary rinse can!
- Won't run, won't streak, won't rub off as rinses do!

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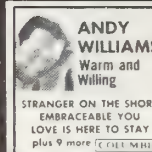
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149. Also: Moments To Remember, 3 Coins in the Fountain, etc.



26. Oklahoma Bill, Make the Water-wheel Roll, 10 in all



128. Also: More Than You Know, Love is Here To Stay, etc.



30. Sensational session by first jazz man to star at White House



68. Also: I'm in the Mood for Love, Easy Street, Laura, etc.



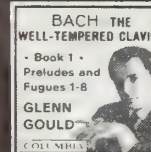
12. Also: Chains of Love, Send for Me, Looking Back, etc.



80. Also: Dr. Kildare, Bonanza, Gunsmoke, 12 in all



139. Mr. Twister, The Twist, etc. (Not available in stereo)



157. "He makes Bach sing and dance for us." Musical America



104. Also: Juanita, Barbara Allen, We Shall Overcome, etc.



100. An immortal work: "Magnificent."—The Atlantic



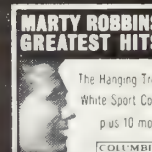
215. Beautiful Ohio, Charmaine, Caroline Moon, 13 in all



20. Also: Gettin' Even, I Overlooked an Orchid, etc.



25. "A marvelously inventive pianist."—Amer. Record Guide



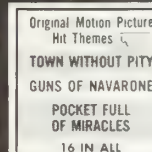
126. Also: Aloha Oe, She Was Only Seventeen, etc.



222. Also: Gunfight at O.K. Corral, Nowhere, etc.



216. "A superb voice, searing loveliness." N.Y. Herald Tribune



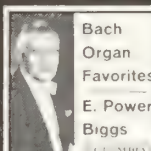
109. Also: Lili Marlene, King of Kings, Fanny, El Cid, etc.



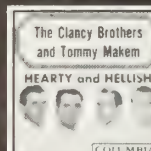
223. It's All in the Game, Full Moon and Empty Arms, 10 more



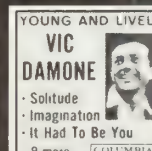
89. "His Chopin is uncommonly satisfying."—Phila. Inquirer



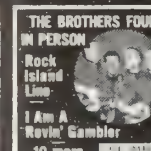
87. Five of Bach's mightiest and most popular favorites



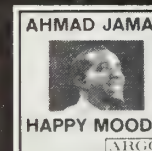
160. Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ya, Mountain Dew, 12 more



138. Also: Serenade in Blue, The Very Thought of You, etc.



217. Also: Midnight Special, When, Back, Duck, etc.



133. "Delightful... pliable wit, superb timing."—Esquire



130. Just In Time, Because of You, Rags to Riches, 12 in all *



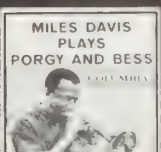
48. Also: Chip Chip, Point of No Return, Send for Me, etc.



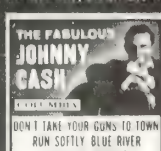
75. Complete score of "another R&H winner!"—Newsweek



214. Secret Love, It Could Happen to You, Misty, Tammy, etc.



62. "Sweet, hot, and haunting."—McCall's



122. Also: One More Ride, I Still Miss Someone, etc.



107. "Serkin in his finest recording."—Hi Fi/Stereo Review



162. "It soars and it swings... a breakthrough."—Playboy



173. Wonderful One, I Love You Truly, Because, Always, etc. *



50. Also: Hurt, You Can Have Her, Don't Let Go, etc. *



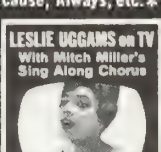
136. Also: Route 66, Witchcraft, My Kind of Girl, Hurt, etc.



169. "Stirring marches... first rate."—Billboard



120. "An important American pianist."—New York Times



154. Over The Rainbow, Blues in The Night, 12 others



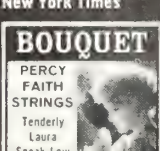
163. A new recording with Barbara Cook and William Warfield



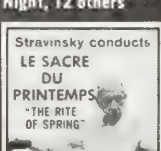
149. "Walloping ensembles and stirring solos!"—High Fidel.



114. Also: Because of You, Be My Love, I Remember You, etc.



212. Also: Solitude, Intermezzo, Ebb Tide, Beyond the Sea, etc.



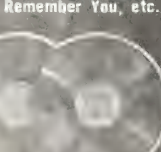
210. "The orchestra plays with beautiful clarity."—N.Y. Times



153. My One And Only Love, Wait Till You See Him, 12 in all



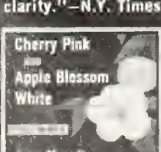
146-147. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections.) "Prodigious technique."—The Atlantic. (Not available in stereo)



67. Also: I Barked Out, Pistol Packin' Papa, etc.



211. Mack The Knife, Fascination, Ruby, Ramona, 12 in all



124. The Man That Got Away, Here's What I'm Here For, etc. *

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HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects outstanding records from every field of music. These selections are fully described in the Club's entertaining music Magazine, which you receive free each month.

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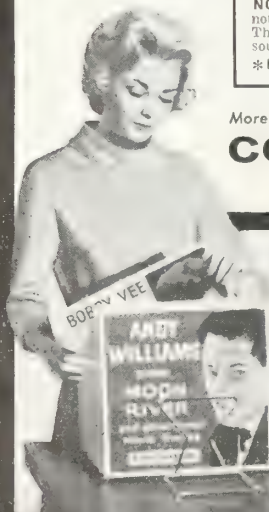
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Quincy • Philadelphia Orch.

9. Also: Violetta, A-Me-Ri-Go, Exodus, Clair de Lune, etc.

83. "Charming... enchanting music."—N.Y. Journal American

4. My Darling, My Darling: Here I'll Stay; 12 in all

3. Also: The Bossa Nova, La La Limbo, Baby Come Back, etc.

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73. "Attractive score... wonderfully sung."—Am. Record Guide

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112. Soul Bossa Nova, Serenata, Carnival, Desafinado, 6 more

45. Also: Some Like It Hot, Magnificent Seven, Smile, etc.

58. Also: Rinky-Dink, The Stripper, Take Five, etc.

144. Just Walking In the Rain, Bewitched, Chances Are, 9 more

71. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come To Me, etc.

81. Mr. Brailowsky is "a poet of the piano."—N.Y. Times

55. The Image of Me, Handful of Friends, Big Shoes, 12 in all

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Nine Hundred Miles
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10. Also: Truly Do, Come Softly to Me, Confidential, etc.

175. "Appealing tunes and lush romanticism."—Life

37. Also: Steel Men, Have You Ever Been Lonely, Nobody, etc.

39. Complete score of the Rodgers and Hammerstein hit *

84. "Magically good performance!"—Time

17. Also: Railroad Bill, Cotton Pickers' Song, Whistle, etc.

21. Delicado, Bala, Tico-Tico, Brazil, The Bandit, 7 more

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Philadelphia Orchestra
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THELONIOUS MONK
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IT'S MAGIC
10 MORE
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Handful of Rhapsody
Poor Byrd Suite No. 1
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108. "One of the truly great artists."—Atlanta Constitution

31. "Probably his best recording ever."—Life

213. One Note Samba, Melodie D'Amour, Dansaro, 12 in all

156. Dazzling performances of these marvelous works *

70. The Breeze and I, Ebb Tide, Sleepy Lagoon, 12 in all

63. Also: A Guy Is A Guy; Whatever Will Be, Will Be; etc. *

95. "Electrifying performance... overwhelming!"—Hi-Fi Rev.

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Make Someone Happy
Don't Blame Me
9 MORE
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41. The best-selling Original Cast recording of all time

90. Most exciting and thrilling of all Beethoven concertos

69. Also: I Went to Your Wedding, Allegreny Moon, etc.

5. Also: Comanche, Johnny Reb, The Man-johnny You Stole, etc.

66. Cry Your Eyes Out, My Heart, Your Heart, 12 in all

96. "A top-notch performance."—Amer. Record Guide

28. Also: Take Me In Your Arms, Little White Lies, etc.

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DINAH WASHINGTON
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The Strings of the PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
EUGENE ORMANDY Cond.
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Where Are You, Coquette, Red Sails in the Sunset, etc.

164. "Stunning virtuosity... elegant color."—Hi-Fi Review

218. Stranger in Paradise, And This Is My Beloved, etc. *

19. Casey Jones, Waiting for a Train, Chain Gang, 9 in all

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88. Performance is "most beautiful."—The Atlantic

111. Mama, Come Back to Sorrento, O Sole Mio, 12 in all

57. Stranger On the Shore, Midnight in Moscow, 12 in all

137. Honky-Tonk (Part I and II), Deed I Do, Buster, etc.

53. "Happy, zestful, clean... most captivating."—N.Y. News

177. "Brilliant performance... lush... rich."—Musical Amer.

65. Also: Malaguena, Sabre Dance, Perfidia, Mam'selle, etc.

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22. Also: Do-Re-Mi, The Children's Marching Song, etc. *

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DEE DEE SHARP
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LEONARD BERNSTEIN
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Andre Kostelanetz
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99. Gershwin's immortal masterpiece is played with "Fierce impact and momentum."—N.Y. World Telegram

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64. Onward Christian Soldiers, Rock of Ages, 12 in all

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110. Includes: She'll Have to Go, Someday, Four Walls, 9 more

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7. Also: Swingin' School, etc. (Not available in stereo)

123. Little Rich Girl, Worried, Progressive Love, 12 in all

220. Also: St. Louis Blues, The Sweetest Sounds, Misty, etc.

87. Wine, Women and Song; Explosions; Folks, 11 in all

GUITAR'S GREATEST HITS
GUITAR BOOGIE
REBEL ROUSER
RAUNCHY
CARAVAN
8 MORE
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121. Also: The Third Man Theme, Rumble, Wonky-Tonk, etc.



1. Andy also sings: Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing, Maria, Tonight, Three Coins In The Fountain, 7 more



11. Vibrant folk songs: If I Had A Hammer, Lemon Tree, This Train, 500 Miles, It's Raining, Cruel War, 12 in all



74. Irving Berlin returns with another great hit: "Delightful performance... first-rate score."—Show Magazine



82. Magnificent performance: "Quite possibly the greatest piano recording yet made!"—Hi-Fi/Stereo Review



29. Also: Love for Sale, Candy Kisses, etc. "This ranks with the best he's ever done."—N.Y. Journal American



23. Conniff's musical magic at its best: Lady of Spain, Malaguena, My Romance, Love Walked In, 12 in all



86. Five waltzes: Voices of Spring, Emperor Waltz, etc. "Ormandy has an infectious way with a waltz."—High Fid.



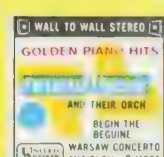
38. 76 trombones lead a glorious melody parade: "The music is exuberant with splendid tunes."—New Yorker



2. Bobby Vee swings with: Suzie Baby, Sharing You, Run to Him, Please Don't Ask About Barbara, One Last Kiss, etc.



99. Gershwin's immortal masterpiece is played with "Fierce impact and momentum."—N.Y. World Telegram



18. This dazzling duo also plays: Near You, Exodus, Autumn Sunset, Quiet Village, Bewitched, etc.



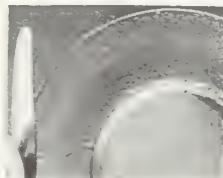
34. By popular demand—The Platters include: Harbor Lights, To Each His Own, Don't Blame Me, My Secret, 8 more

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Give your dishwasher the best—Cascade—it's got "sheeting action!"



Better Insurance for Less Money

By Sidney Margolius

Consultant on Family Finances of the Family Service Association of America

Are you paying more than you need to for adequate property and fire insurance? Household operating costs, which include expenditures for various types of protection, are a growing problem, *Journal* readers write. Often these expenses are higher than necessary. Families sometimes overinsure some risks, and leave themselves vulnerable in more dangerous areas, such as liability. Or they fail to take advantage of ways to save on their premiums. One of these is to remember that insurance, like almost everything else you buy, is sold in a competitive market. So shop around. Compare rates and coverages.

Here is a four-point program which can cut cost and increase protection:

1. Insure only big items. The only meaningful use of insurance is to protect against big risks. Deductible-type insurance is available for property insurance just as it is for cars. You pay the first \$50 of any damage, or the first \$100, depending on the type of deductible. You can afford to assume the first \$50 or \$100 of risk yourself, especially since any uninsured loss is tax deductible.

Deductible-type insurance is widely available for windstorm coverage (and sometimes even mandatory), and some companies now also offer it for fire and other forms of coverage (depending on company practice and your own state's regulations).

Insurance companies cut the price sharply for deductible insurance. It saves them many small claims—often as costly to handle as large ones. This one device may cut some of your property-insurance bills as much as one third to one half.

2. Combine insurance. The more coverage you combine in one policy, the less each costs. Popular "homeowner" policies give fire, windstorm and other extended coverage, plus personal property, theft and liability insurance, for 20 to 30 percent less than buying each of these separately. To put it another way, the package enables you to have liability insurance for little more than the expense of just fire and extended coverage. Liability insurance is the protection most families tend to neglect. Actually it is as vital as fire insurance. Most fires in average neighborhoods are relatively limited. But a lawsuit by someone who has been injured on your property could be ruinous.

Liability insurance can be particularly important for families with children. It protects you against damage suits if a neighbor's youngster gets hurt falling off a swing in your backyard or if your child injures a playmate or anyone else off your premises with his bicycle, a baseball or a rock. It also

protects you if a deliveryman or caller slips on your daughter's roller skates or if your dog bites a stranger.

Nonhomeowners who want to insure only personal property can also save by combining coverages. For example, you can add "vandalism" coverage to a fire policy at cost, often, of less than a dollar a year. A risk insurance on a fur coat costs little more than buying separate fire and theft policies. It protects against such accident hazards as damage from paints and chemicals.

3. Compare rates. This is a time of intense competition, especially on "homeowner" policies. Many companies cut rates for preferred risks, or offer extra features. You qualify as a "preferred risk," with savings of 10 to 30 percent, if you have good moral character, a fairly clear loss record, public fire-fighting facilities in your area, and soundly constructed, well-maintained houses.

Sometimes a mortgage company may want you to buy home insurance through it. There is, however, no legal compulsion to do so if you can find a better value from another insurer. You should shop around first.

4. Take longer coverages. Fire and extended-coverage policies can be written for one-, three- or five-year terms. For a one-year policy you may pay \$100; for a three-year, \$270 (\$90 a year); for a five-year, \$440 (\$88 a year). If you can't manage the five-year payment, the three-year price is an exceptional value. By taking the three-year rather than the one-year policy, and laying out the additional \$170, you save \$30—roughly twice as much as this money would earn in a savings account.

How do you decide how much insurance? After an era of jumping property values, some homes are probably underinsured. For the house itself, you should insure on the basis of replacement value, not the original cost. But you don't have to include the value of the land, or even the foundation.

It is also safest to insure personal property on the basis of replacement cost, especially if you have a newly furnished home. But as some families have learned to their dismay, your cost is not necessarily the amount the insurer will pay. On older belongings, insurers pay only replacement cost less depreciation. Thus, it often is sufficient—and it means a saving in premium payments—to insure ordinary possessions for a little less than replacement cost. If you have valuable possessions, such as paintings, antiques, jewelry or furs, you should insure on the basis of an expert appraisal of value, which now could be even more than you originally paid.

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INSTANT SOFT DRINK MIX
(enough to heap a dozen cones for 22¢)



The ice-creamiest ICE CREAM A PET Milk Golden Spoon Recipe

PET[®] gives it creamy, velvety smoothness. KOOL-AID[®] Instant Soft Drink Mix gives it fruit flavor and color (we used cherry, lemon-lime, and tangerine).

1. Chill **1½ cups PET Evaporated Milk** (1 tall can) in ice tray until almost frozen at edges. Put ice-cold milk into cold small bowl of electric mixer (or 1½-quart bowl).
2. Using cold beaters, whip with electric mixer at high speed until fluffy. Add **⅔ cup Sugar** and **1 envelope Kool-Aid** Instant Soft Drink Mix. Whip until stiff.
3. Freeze in a 1-quart ice tray until firm, 3 to 4 hours. M-m-m! Fill the cones—a dozen of them!

Or fill a cookie-crust for a party ice cream pie. You'll need a 9-inch pie pan for this big, beautiful pie. Line bottom and sides with **Vanilla or Chocolate Wafers or Butter Cookies**. Heap it with the whipped mixture, mounding it up high. Freeze until firm, 3 to 4 hours. PET makes this fabulous pie because PET is whipping rich—thin milk would never do!

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JOURNAL ORIGINAL NO. 4



Old favorites with a new look
**THREE
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PILLOWS**

These exciting avant-garde pillows were designed especially for Journal readers in exquisite color combinations by Mimi Hovsepian. Any of them would make a wonderful vacation project—a practical, easy way to improve the idle summer hours. Each of these three kits includes an 18" square of printed Belgian canvas, enough all-wool yarn to finish the design, the proper needle and complete instructions. They fit regulation pillow forms. We suggest you back them in felt, picking up any two colors from the design in the way our Journal seamstresses finished the pillows pictured above.

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•• [Macaroni Casserole Italiana] ••

1 (8-oz.) package macaroni

1 (15½-oz.) can Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauce with Meat • ¾ cup grated cheddar cheese

Start oven 400° F. Cook macaroni according to package directions. Drain. Put half the macaroni in bottom medium-size casserole. Top with half the spaghetti sauce. Sprinkle half the cheese on top of sauce. Repeat layers ending with cheese. Bake 30 minutes. Makes 4 servings.

Just pouring from the can shows how smooth slow simmering has made this sauce. Stir. It's thick with tender beef. Enjoy the tang of tomatoes and spices even as it heats. Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauce with Meat is made from a recipe handed down for generations. So are the other sauces... Sauce with Meat Balls or Mushrooms. See how they add zest to your meals.

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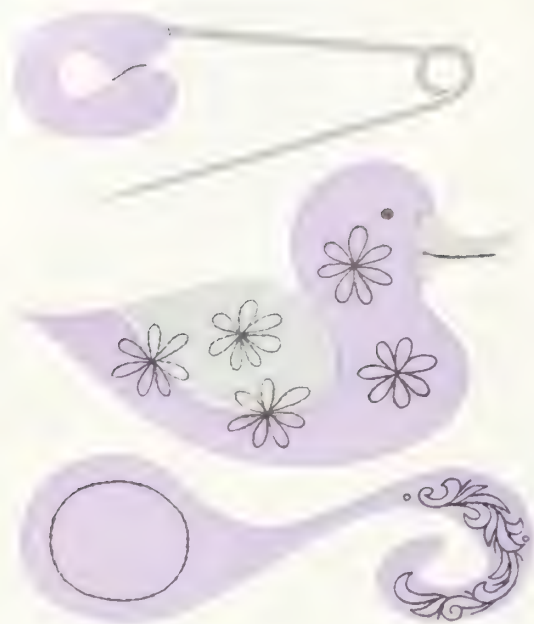


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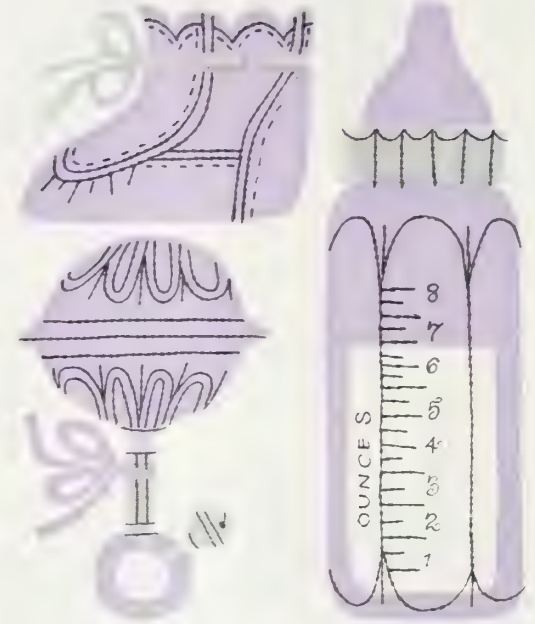
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Dr. Spock speaks to mothers

The whys and why nots of breast feeding



Can an appreciable proportion of the women who wish to breast-feed still succeed in a country where so few do it? What are the main factors which facilitate it or interfere with it?

The general trend in the United States in the 20th century has been to less and less breast feeding. By the 1930's it had become infrequent among urban college-educated women, though it was still quite common in other groups. I remember a nurse on an obstetrical floor of a private New York hospital asking me incredulously, "Aren't you the doctor in charge of the baby that's being breast-fed?" Her tone implied that this was a quaint situation. Where breast feeding is this infrequent, it is difficult for the hospital staff to give co-operation to the few mothers who are eager to try.

By the 1950's there was considerable talk about the revival of interest in breast feeding, especially among the college-educated group, presumably because of the theoretical psychological values for baby and mother. But the total number of new recruits could not have been very great because a national survey showed that the overall trend was still strongly away from breast feeding. In fact, between 1946 and 1956 the percentage of babies leaving the hospital on breast feeding alone had dropped from 38 to 21 percent. That's a big drop. In the clinic in which we teach medical students, which is for low-income families, only a small proportion of the mothers today are interested in breast feeding, and a majority of those who attempt it stop within a month or two.

Reasons for Not Nursing

An underlying factor that makes this steady decrease possible is that bottle feeding has been made safe, through the pasteurization or evaporation of milk and the refrigeration of the baby's formula. This gives mothers freedom to decide against breast feeding if they have any such preference. There are several common reasons which different mothers give for not wishing to nurse: It will tie them down. It may spoil their figures. They will worry constantly about whether the baby is getting enough milk. It may take too much out of them. It will embarrass them or displease their husbands. When mothers start breast feeding and then stop, the most frequent reason is that there is not enough milk. Next most common is physical disease—either cracked nipples, breast abscesses, or generalized infections.

We hoped that we might, in a study of child rearing which we've been conducting at Western Reserve Medical School, with the financial support of the Grant Foundation, answer the single most perplexing question for the physician, public-health nurse or parent concerned with breast feeding. This question is: why is it that in the United States so many mothers who do express the wish to breast-feed soon give it up in the belief that they have insufficient milk, whereas in other parts of the world a great majority succeed? We thought we might be able to gain an insight into this problem because, though the

number of our families, 22, was much too small to prove anything statistically, we expected to maintain an unusually close contact with them. The mothers had agreed, for the purposes of the study, to make an hour-long office visit every two weeks. This would give them time to discuss developments in considerable detail. The first 12 families actually visited every week for the first half year.

Research Study Procedure

There have been 11 members of our study staff, from the Departments of Pediatrics and Psychiatry—four pediatricians, three psychiatrists, and four child therapists. Each of these was assigned as a "counselor" to a family expecting their first baby early in 1959. (This is spoken of as the first group of families.) A year later each counselor was assigned to a second family expecting their first baby early in 1960. These families were referred to us by the members of the obstetrical staff of the medical school, from their private practices. Most of the parents had been to college.

The counselors agreed that every woman should decide for herself whether she wished to breast-feed, that the professional adviser's job was to answer her questions but not to try to persuade her one way or the other. As director of the study, I gave what I thought was an impartial talk to the first group of future mothers on the advantages, disadvantages, difficulties, and techniques of breast and bottle feeding. Several of the women reported to their counselors, though, that it was clear I favored breast feeding because I had spent over an hour on that subject and only 15 minutes on bottle feeding. I admitted this to the staff, but gave as my excuse that breast feeding is more complicated to explain and more difficult to succeed at.

When, a year later, the second group of mothers (who were not acquainted with the first) were nearing term, it was agreed by the staff that I should not give them a talk. It was interesting, however, that an even larger majority of the second group decided to nurse than in the first group. Either we had attracted to our study women unusually favorable to breast feeding or we had persuaded them without consciously intending to.

By now a majority of the families have had a second baby, and there is a total of 37 children. Of these, 30 were breast-fed for a few weeks, 21 continued to be entirely breast-fed for at least three months, 15 continued to be entirely breast-fed for at least five months. These are high proportions for the United States, though I imagine there are a few physicians here and there who could report figures at least as high. I emphasize the age five months. We gained the impression, from observations by the mothers and ourselves, that a majority of these babies had had all the suckling that they required by five or six months, and could safely be weaned to the cup beginning then, without going through a bottle phase. Instead of nursing eagerly for 15 to 30 minutes, they would release

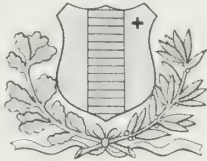
Continued on page 26

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

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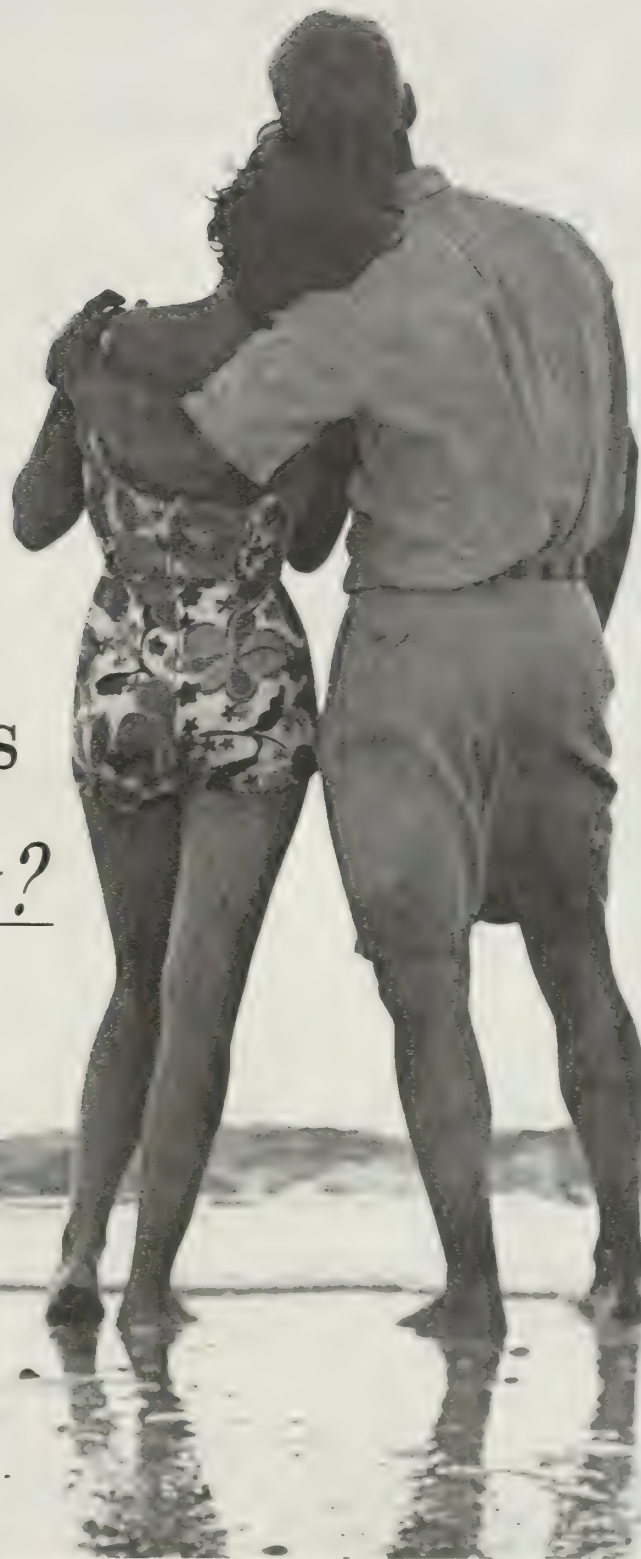
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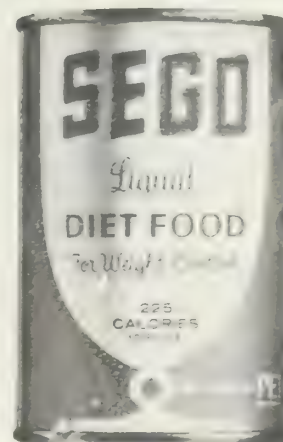
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*Like
a Doctor's
Prescription*

... that is, a
combination of ingredients

DR. SPOCK SPEAKS TO MOTHERS

(Continued from page 22)

the breast after a few minutes, would smile and babble sociably, and would have to be nudged to resume nursing. As it actually worked out, different mothers carried out weaning to the cup at different ages between five and twelve months. It requires patience at first to get most of a quart a day into a six-month baby from a cup, because of the small sips he takes.

Now to come back to the mothers who started to breast-feed, but who stopped before five months and weaned to the bottle. The commonest reasons were going to work or away on a trip, and physical diseases. A cause in several cases was the mother's worry about whether the baby was receiving enough milk, which led to very frequent nursing, though the baby gained satisfactorily in these cases. There were only two cases (among the 30 babies altogether who were breast-fed) where the problem was a slow weight gain. Interestingly, neither of these babies protested vigorously against their rather low diets (one not at all), and their mothers did not worry either, nor did they wish to wean them. Both babies were given regular bottle feedings in addition to the breast, from about three months on (the only babies in the study regularly fed this way), and gained weight more rapidly thereafter.

A couple of mothers in the study terminated breast feeding earlier with their second babies than with their first; and one who had decided not to nurse her first baby enjoyed nursing her second.

Few Cases of Insufficient Milk

The knowledge gained from the close communication with this small group of families has reinforced a number of my opinions. A majority of those who wish to nurse can still do so successfully. But they will certainly need the support of professional advisers who believe in their right—and their ability—to nurse. Insufficiency of milk is one of the less frequent causes of failure. What is so commonly referred to as insufficient milk is really insufficient self-confidence, conviction, support or some combination of these.

Insufficient self-confidence comes mainly from the fact that nursing in the United States has become the exceptional method. It is generally declared to be very difficult—especially by those women who unconsciously don't want others to succeed. So the inexperienced mother, unless she has unusual self-assurance, is ready to blame breast feeding every time her baby frets or spits or develops a spot of rash.

Insufficient conviction about the advisability of continuing to nurse may be due to any of the reasons listed earlier by women not starting it in the first place. My opinion is that fear of becoming too closely chained to the baby is the most important. It is normal for young women to feel an almost desperate impulse to get away at times. (They feel it decreasingly in their 30's and 40's, though it may never go away completely.) This need to escape has been made worse in the 20th century by professional people who've unfortunately made some parents feel that they should feel only love for their children—and never show impatience or anger.

It's not that breast feeding makes it impossible for a mother to get away for six to eight hours at a time, for a sitter can give a relief bottle every day without bringing an end to nursing. And it's not that many mothers would actually have many chances to be away from even a bottle-fed baby for more than eight hours. Nursing *symbolizes* the tie that binds.

I've been made to feel like a traitor by certain vigorous advocates of breast feeding, who call the chapter in *Baby and Child Care* wishy-washy. And other people have reproached me for using too much positive propaganda, which can be hard on mothers who don't want to try, or who fail. I am now so neutral in lecturing to college and medical students that they ask in exasperation, "Why don't you say what you believe?" I believe that mothers who are disinclined should feel free to say so, because we have no proof of any important long-range physical or psychological advantages. (It's quite different in countries without hygiene.) There is no justification for making them feel guilty. I've been moved by the enthusiasm with which mothers who wanted to nurse have said they wouldn't have missed the delights of feeling the close physical bond, of seeing the baby's appreciation of the milk and of the bond. So each mother has to be a parent in her own way. The job of doctor or public-health nurse is to help her to do that as well and as comfortably as possible. • END

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Through the Summer Looking Glass

This summer's crop of beauty products includes everything from waterproof cosmetics for mermaids (and swimmers) to new pearl colors for all. We've tested them. Here's our report.

By Bruce Clarke

They get right down to cases, all our reviewers agree that the sun—trapped in skin—should court the sun unless properly shadowed by a sun preparation. The benefits it offers are just too good to be passed up—asked by the lovely tanner who insists of a less-than-revolutionary with the sun. These products offer not only the cream of emollients which help you bypass peeling and flaking, but also a liberal helping of moisturizers that allow your skin to maintain its natural texture and elasticity. The sunscreens they contain vary in degree of shade from the sun's most dangerous rays, leaving just a hint of a golden glow. Other products include tans that let you simulate the tanning process, insect repellents, and fresh, clean fragrances to accompany you during the sun. At least one sun preparation is so good it can be used as a daily and remember to follow the directions that come with the product. Other words: Take the sun in small and carefully measured doses. Remember that although you tanned easily last year, you may not this year. Skin chemistry can be affected by all kinds of things, including dieting, hot water, by long-term tanning, and a number of other things that make playing safe the only smart thing to do. If you find yourself turning pale, or if your skin insists that you stay pale, use a cream and rub it in. Get this message, then choose a product that says "sunscreen" along the side. Stop just when you feel you are getting a good glow. Use it with very sensitive skin. A very good thing to do is to use a sunscreen that has a lot of moisturizing ingredients. Revlon's *Home* is a good one. It has two good formulas. One is designed to protect your skin. It contains an ultra-soft, smooth cream as well as a lot of additive that instantly, but temporarily, turns the skin golden. It is expensive, and water-resistant. The other formula is a tanning cream. It contains an

insect repellent. To further protect sensitive areas—lips, noses and eyelids—there's a new product with the amusing name of *Sunatie*. Not an old-fashioned white cover-up, it carries out its job invisibly. It's a cream and comes in a plastic tube. Revlon has a similar product, but theirs—*Sun Stick*—swivels up in a lipsticklike case, and it, too, is invisible on the skin. Both products can be worn under other tanning preparations or makeup. The tan-promoting products include Lanvin's *Sun 'n Fun*, which has an extra protection lip pomade and an eye-size mirror built right into its plastic squeeze tube. There is promise of color to come in the very name *Coppertone*. It now comes in a greaseless cream version (welcome in club and private swimming pools, where, as you can imagine, there is a gigantic bathtub-ring problem created by sun products). *Bain de Soleil* comes in a waterproof gel (tinted) that makes you most receptive to the sun's rays. May Factor's *Ultraviolet Bronze* is intent on producing a Malibu color scheme for you—even in Hyannis Port. It is a creamy, nongreasy lotion. *High Noon* does a disappearing act on your skin but works on behalf of a glowing tan. *Tanfastic Dark-Tanning Oil* is for real sun aficionados. It puts you face to face with 90 percent of the sun's rays and protects you from peeling and flaking skin with a dose of moisturizers and emollient ingredients. They all add up to good news this summer.

A few other specialties we'd like to remark on: If your skin is troubled by most sun products, perhaps you need one that is hypo-allergenic. Marcelle has *Hypo-Allergenic Sun Tanning Lotion*, and Ar-Ex has *Sun Screen*. Since these products are nonscented, they are also perfect companions to the lay-by sufferer in his or her season of pain.

If you want to appear less than lily-white the first day on the beach, or if you have to fill in where your tan leaves off its tracks, for instance, or the hard-to-tan places—feet, underside of your chin, then apply

Continued on page 122

Continued on page 122

Great new beauty prescription for troubled hair



Actually makes your hair feel stronger!

Most women today have one or more of these hair troubles—do you?

- ☐ DRY HAIR
- ☐ OVER-PERMANENTED HAIR
- ☐ DULL, LIMP HAIR
- ☐ SUN-DAMAGED HAIR
- ☐ SPONGY TEXTURE
- ☐ BRITTLE HAIR
- ☐ SPLITTING ENDS
- ☐ OVER-POROUS HAIR

If you checked even one, we prescribe **condition*** by Clairol.

Entirely new and different

A richly effective, deeply corrective formula, unlike anything you've used before. Not a hairdressing or surface pomade, new **condition*** is a fabulous beauty pack, a superb re-conditioner evolved after three years of laboratory research by Clairol, the specialist in beautiful hair.

Amazingly fast results

You'll see and feel a marvelous difference the very first time you use **condition***. Even in hair which seems hopelessly troubled! Used regularly, it's so good for your hair. Many women now make **condition*** an indispensable part of their beauty routine.

Confirmed by Good Housekeeping

New **condition*** adds lively bounce, vital body, satiny sheen. Dried-out, parched hair quickly soaks up its lavish moisturizers. Dull, limp or brittle hair is revitalized to glorious new life and lustre. Hair over-exposed to sun and sea takes on new vigorous, shining beauty. Spongy, over-porous hair is so tenderly built up—it actually feels stronger after **condition***! This amazing performance has been confirmed by Good Housekeeping's Beauty Clinic.

Easy and quick to use

Simply use **condition*** as a beauty pack after a shampoo. Pleasant and

gentle as your most luxurious facial creme. Delightfully fragrant, smooth, white and creamy. No steaming under heat caps—heat is unnecessary. What a boon!

Prescribed by hairdressers

Try it. See why hairdressers everywhere are prescribing **condition*** as the quickest, most effective way to correct the troubles that threaten hair beauty. They like to use it before or after a permanent wave, to avoid frizziness. Used while tinting, toning, lightening, **condition*** saves time. And what's more, it actually enhances the color of the hair. At beauty salons and cosmetic counters.



condition* is a Clairol trademark for this fabulous new creme formulated to meet the problems of *troubled hair* (our description for hair in need of reconditioning: dry, brittle, dull, limp, split at the ends, spongy, over-porous, over-permanented or sun-damaged).

condition

by Clairol

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The most important minutes of your summer day

When hot weather makes you feel tense, irritable, headachy, two Bayer Aspirin and a short rest can help you feel better fast!

It happens to most of us on a hot, humid summer day, when the pressures of daily living mount up. By midafternoon we feel so headachy and edgy that the simplest chore, the smallest disturbance becomes an irritation. We're in no mood to enjoy life or the company of others.

Here's how to turn that mood around: just take two Bayer Aspirin for your headache, sit down for a few minutes and relax. These few minutes can make a world of difference in the way you feel and act. You'll enjoy being with people, and they'll enjoy being with you.

Whenever you get tense, headachy and out of sorts on a hot summer afternoon, set aside a few minutes for Bayer Aspirin and a brief rest. You'll find these can be the most important minutes of your day.



SUMMER LOOKING GLASS, Continued from page 30

a substitute, Helena Rubinstein's *Tan-in-a-Minute*. A liquid, clear and dark as black coffee, it will supply a tan effect that even the sun would claim as its own. If a swimsuit exposes a tracery of varicose veins on your legs, or if you have a birthmark you want to cover, you'll be interested in Elizabeth Arden's opaque *Secret Cover*. You smooth it on, then buff it to an even finish with a lamb's-wool buffer. The color range is from tan to toast. A final word on tans: If August finds you sporting dark sunspots, then start a remedial treatment right away. Frances Denney's *Fade-away* helps eradicate freckles, aging brown spots, and will smooth out the splotchiness of an uneven tan.

What goes down must come up looking as good as it did when it left dry land. That's what we demand of products that claim to be waterproof. A mascara that passed the starfish-gazing test is the new *Azizamatique* (Brush-On and Waterproof). A makeup that won't come off with just water is Max Factor's *Pan-Cake*. Colors Tan 1, Tan 2 and Tan Rose are perfect suntan stand-ins and cover a multitude of freckles besides. (Use cleansing cream or soap to remove the makeup when it's That Time.) Kleinert's water-barring swim caps have pretty, bubbly shapes that hide the slight bulges made by such as Lady Ellen Hair *Klippies*. They work under water (and under your cap) to curl your hair.



This has to do with the tasks that keep your grooming at the perfection level. Keeping your legs and arms defuzzed, for instance, is a task that no one really enjoys. However, getting it done neatly and quickly becomes easier every day. If you envy the ease with which a man shaves with an electric razor, then get one of your own. The Schick *Ballerina* is an especially efficient version, and you can pop the top of the razor right under the water tap to clean it. If you prefer to do the job manually, you'll want to take new notice of ladies' blade razors. They've been redesigned with leg and underarm curves in mind, and the long-distance reach of their handles affords you smoother and faster results than ever before. The *Lady Gillette* has a pale-blue handle alight with stars. . . . If a faint moustache casts a shadow across your upper lip, bleach it to a ghostlike state with this recipe: 1 part household ammonia to 2 parts hydrogen peroxide. To get rid of the Very Idea, use one of the facial depilatory waxes. You puff on talcum powder first, and then, doing one side of the lip at a time, lay the wax on in the direction the hair grows.

Summer brings on a special set of problems and antidotes. A deodorant geared to cope with summer activity and heat, even on the beach, is the new Frances Denney *Anti-Perspirant Plus*. If your upper lip beads and your forehead gets dewy when the heat's on, then you'll want to hear about this same company's *One Touch of Glamour*. It calms down facial perspiration, generally keeps your skin and makeup in order all day long. It goes on over a clean skin before you put on your makeup. If you're troubled with deodorants' being worn away during the day (particularly when you wear a sleeveless dress), then you'll love the new *Secure*, a round of deodorant in pressed powder form. You pat it on right out of its own portable compact any time you feel the need. To blot up facial oils that slick through your makeup, try any of these: *Pretty Quiks*, *Face Savers*, *Pat Away*. They're squares of especially absorbent paper that take up *only* skin oils, leave your makeup intact. If face powder turns yellow on your face during the summer, switch to a *translucent* shade. It'll turn away a shiny nose, but never add complicating color. Max Factor, Germaine Monteil, Elizabeth Arden, Revlon, Alexandra

(Continued on page 34)

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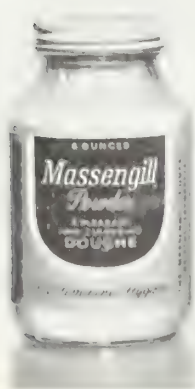
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Now Massengill Powder is available to you at drug and health and beauty aid counters everywhere.

Dissolved in water, it forms a cosmetically-fragrant, wonderfully refreshing douche that is more penetrating, deodorizing and antiseptically cleansing than any makeshift mixture can be. Safer and more assuring, too! Instantly, you feel a tingling-cool, relaxing inner cleanliness. You know you're protected. And you have additional protection because Massengill Powder stays effective hours longer.

Be assured—try Massengill Powder. Available in jars and in convenient pre-measured packettes.



Massengill Powder

SUMMER LOOKING GLASS, Continued from page 32

de Markoff, and Pond's all make it. See it at your cosmetic counter. Practice a bit of prevention, take time out for a bit of pampering and you'll find yourself looking even prettier at the end of the summer than you did at the beginning. Start at the top; it's your hair that faces up to the sun and is hit full blast by its drying rays. A home-style hair-conditioning treatment couldn't be an easier procedure or pay bigger dividends. All you need do is massage the product through your hair and into your scalp before you shampoo (at least, that's how *V-O-5*, *Vitapointe* and *Suave Concentrate* work). Other types you massage into freshly shampooed hair, wait a short time and then rinse off (*condition**, *Tame*, *Dusharme* and *Flex* are typical of this type product). You'll be able to see and feel an immediate difference in the texture and manageability of your hair.

Now let's talk about your complexion. It needs to be supplied with extra moisture all summer long if it is to withstand the drying effects of heat, sun and wind. Dorothy Gray's *Secret of the Sea*—such a lovely name for a moisturizing product—is a pale-green cream that slides cool as a waterfall over your skin. It sets up a moisture-conservation program for your complexion and preserves the surface smoothness. Your all-over complexion deserves protection from the elements—and that includes natural and man-made climates—by an overcoat of body lotion. Constant use will keep a suntan in a perfect non-peel state and help heels and elbows shed calloused skin. If you're ready to switch brands, think of these products (some are old names with a new formula going for them): Pond's, *Angel Skin*, *Derma-Fresh* and *Jergens*. Wrinkles settle in around your eyes during the summer. Be sure to wear your sunglasses when you drive or are in the sunlight for any length of time. Surround your eyes with a moisturizing cream during the day and use eye oil or cream at night. Alexandra de Markoff's *Eye Oil Stick* scribbles on like eye shadow and is colorless.

Summer Soothers... Eye drops are an absolute must. *Murine*, for one, will clear sun-tired eyes and should be standard glove-compartment equipment. Revlon's *Sooth-Quick* is for you if you went to sleep when you should have been clocking the time spent in the sun. Avon's *Chap Check* will smooth chapped lips. *Nozain* works wonders on bites, scratches and minor skin irritations. Maradel's *Tender Lip*, a lipstick with a medicated ingredient (a special ring of it is centered in right in the middle of the color stick), does good things for dried lips while coloring them prettily.

Think summer, and you think about swimsuits and quite naturally about the shape your figure is in. If a mirror speaks out to you about the two S's that turn a bathing beauty into a snail—slouch and stoop—then concentrate on still another S, one that stands for s-t-r-e-t-c-h. This is the way: Stretch your head up, your shoulders down and slant your waistline down a notch toward your hips. If you find this stance uncomfortable, then try this exercise: Legs apart, arms up and out, stretch a dish towel taut between your hands. Now bring the towel down behind your head. (Keep back straight, head and neck back.) Return to arms-above-head position. Repeat this exercise 15 times. If padded hips—those lumps that pack on like pillows at the back of your waistline—resist all your exercising, then go for a trial *Relax-A-cizor* treatment. You'll know after just one session what it can do for you and your problem.

(Continued on page 37)

those horrid age spots*



fade them out

*Weathered brown spots on the surface of your hands and face tell the world you're getting old—perhaps before you really are. Fade them away with Special Esoterica the new cream that helps lighten pigment masses. Makes skin look white and young again. A special formula for those allergic to normal medication. Equally effective on the face, neck and arms. Not a cover-up. Fragrant, greaseless base for softening, lubricating skin as it helps clear those blemishes. Fully guaranteed by the trustworthy 50-year-old laboratory that produces it. At leading drug and toiletry counters. If you want lighter complexion free of age spots get Special Esoterica today.



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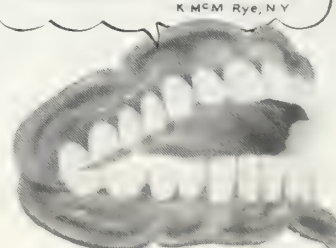


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WHEN EATING, TALKING, LAUGHING
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day after day? Your hands need...



...Lux Liquid is extra mild...lotion soft
...for the woman who
...does dishes without help



Gives you a helping hand, leaves you with pretty ones



Rich suds—Squeeze one drop in a bowl, **Extra mild**—Squeeze one drop on your
see it bloom into fast-cleaning suds, hand, feel its lotion softness



Let a turquoise ScotTowel help you wrap up work and throw it away!



1. Husk corn on a strong ScotTowel. Keep all the silks and husks in one place. No messy sink or counter.



2. Make a shield for ice cream cones with big, absorbent ScotTowels. No sticky fingers or dribbles on clothes.



3. Scoop out melons on big, absorbent ScotTowels. Strong when wet, they keep seeds, excess juice off counters.

Here's why ScotTowels do all these jobs so well

ScotTowels' unique combination of softness, bulk and absorbency makes them ideal for everything from fixing food to drying hands. Big—softer than ever before—ScotTowels now have *extra drying power* built into every sheet. No wonder ScotTowels far outsell every other brand! Get the Regular or Big Roll size in new turquoise. Or choose yellow, white or pink.

4. Wipe grease from barbecue grill with strong, thirsty ScotTowels. No greasy rags to soak and scrub. No baked-on grease to cope with later.

5. Dry hands with big, soft ScotTowels. They're fast, efficient—because of "extra drying power." Cut down towel laundry on hot summer days.



6. Fill your kitchen ScotTowel Holder with new turquoise ScotTowels. This cool blue-green freshens any color scheme.



Put a ScotTowel between you and messy clean-up chores

thing is prettier or cooler to look at than a pearl, and this summer there are more ways to wear them than on a string. For summer evenings, try these lighting effects: On your eyelids as an integral part of new sand-and-cloud color eye shadows their glow helps to light up your eyes with a special pearly luster. See Elizabeth Arden's *Bisque*, see Lauder's *Grey Light* and Charles of the Ritz's *Cultured Gray*, each is part of a complete Cultured Pearl makeup. On your skin as a foundation (and we're thinking of Germaine Monteil's *White Secret* or *Whitened Makeup* over a deep tan) it sets up a lovely glow, and dusted with face powder, it lights up your skin with a pearly incandescence (Barry's *Cloudsilk* powder has it). Lipsticks have caught the glow, and Elizabeth Arden has three—*Silver Geranium*, *Silver Jonquil* and *Silver Rose*—all agleam with pearl. Only blondes get to wear pearls in their hair. Clairol's new series of toners are all matched to the shimmering color range of natural pearls and are made to order for the lady who is a blonde by act of nature or beauty salon.



all-day everyday makeup shades are naturals—pinks through peaches—and all promise to wear well against your own particular summer coloration. In the new paled lipsticks you'll notice a new depth of color. This season's formulas cover over natural lip color with paler, subtler and surprisingly enough, still more natural-seeming color. Nail polishes follow in the same color schemes, and they glisten with seashell-like surfaces that make a manicure almost everlasting. Polishes start with pale as Fabergé's *Nude* and range up the color scale through such subtle stages as Cutex's *Whisper Pink*, Avon's *Clearly Pink Pearl*, Revlon's *Jungle Peach* to Max Factor's *Mad Mad Melon* and *Too Too Too*. To point up a suntan, add a blush of rouge. *Sunny Face*, Helena Rubinstein's new face toner, qualifies as one—use it as a foundation to emulate a tan or wear with an overveiling of powder. Revlon's *Blush in the Honey* Amber shade is fluffed on with a long-handled complexion brush, and the more practice you get wielding it, the more good things it will find rouge can do for your face. If your tan is good and your skin is good, then all you need is a highlight of color. Use a streak of Max Factor's *Lip Gloss* across your cheekbones.



the fragrances seem made to order for dispelling summer doldrums, floating on the summer breeze, and, as a matter of fact, some perfumers make scents just for summer. Prince Matchabelli calls his *Summer Shower*, and Monico promises fireworks with *Christmas in July*. Fragrances with a dash of lemon and lime make excellent summer refreshments: 4711, THE original cologne, is one such fragrance, as is Dana's *Canoe*. Lanvin's *Spanish Geranium* smells the way geraniums should smell. *Fleurs de Rocaille* smells of all the little white flowers, and *Crêpe de Chine* smells as smooth and cool as silk sheets. Yardley's new *Lavender Cologne* smells garden fresh and amazingly clear. Choose a soap to match your perfume, and while you're at the counter, choose a bath oil too (a bit of this rubbed into the soles of your feet will make you do a disappearing act). We can think of a whole garden of good summer scents that have matching bath oils and soaps: Yardley's *Red Peppermint*, which deliciously incorporates the soap in *Foam Bath*; Wrisley's *French Lilac* (the soap is the exact shade you expect it to be). Not of garden variety, but equally pleasing are the cooling flavors of *Chanel No. 5*, *Abano*, *Arpege* and *Bain D'or*. Max Factor's *Golden Woods* perfume smells like an enchanted forest.

• END



Slim down with low-calorie salads made extra tasty with Heinz Vinegars

Your taste gets a rich reward when you shed pounds with the help of crisp salads made extra delicious with Heinz Vinegars. For these better-quality vinegars are famous for the big difference in flavor they give you for such a little difference in price.

• Heinz Vinegars brighten up the flavors of all your salad ingredients, and add their own exciting taste goodness, too. That's why it pays to use only Heinz Vinegars in your salads. They make slenderizing a treat!

Fruit Medley Salad

(Illustrated above.) Combine salad greens with fruits such as apple slices, cantaloupe balls, grapefruit sections and pineapple chunks. Toss lightly with Mint French Dressing (recipe below), and add a topping of cottage cheese.

Mint French Dressing: Combine ½ cup Heinz White or Apple Cider Vinegar, ½ cup salad oil, ¼ tsp. paprika, ½ tsp. salt and 1 tsp. sugar. Add 1 or 2 Tbsp. crushed mint leaves. Chill, and shake well before serving.



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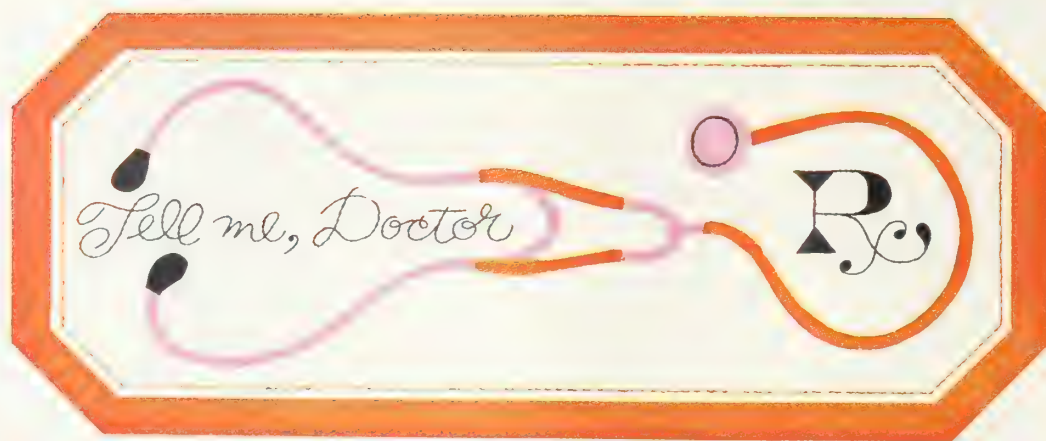
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Is there too much secrecy in medicine?

By BRUNO GEBHARD, M.D.

With a few exceptions—such as a patient who is briefly or chronically unable to cope with the facts of his illness—I feel that there is no place for secrecy between a patient and his doctor. It can destroy trust. That can create emotional problems and make treatment less effective. To be helpful, treatment must make sense to a patient. He must understand how he became ill and how he can get well. That is why he goes to a doctor.

Long ago, when the science of medicine was evolving out of enigma and magic, the doctor was a figure of mystery. The symbol of the doctor-patient relationship, Rx (or "take by order"), was regarded with as much superstitious awe as a sorcerer's spell. But today the majority of the doctor's patients are educated and informed. When the average patient consults his doctor, he does not see himself as the awed recipient of a magic spell. He thinks of himself as a partner in a contract. He is sick. He wants to get well as quickly and with as little fuss as possible. He answers the doctor's questions freely and fully so that an accurate diagnosis can be reached speedily.

If the doctor is wise, he will reply in kind when it is the patient's turn to ask questions. For this is the "ideal" patient, intelligent and co-operative, and his sensible attitude will almost certainly aid in the effectiveness of his treatment.

In an emergency, where illness manifests itself in the abrupt alarm bells of pain or high fever, communication between doctor and patient is also simple and direct. There is no room for secrecy.

But it is a rare doctor who treats only emergencies and "ideal" patients. Human beings are highly individual. Patients can be guilty of secrecy too. For instance, let's meet a man we'll call Brown. Mr. Brown, an ex-athlete, has always been a little vain about his physical form and prowess. This vanity leads him to withhold certain information from his doctor—the 15-pound weight gain in a single year, the fact that stairs he used to dash up without noticing them now leave him short of breath. This is information the doctor should have.

Then there is Miss Jones, who "just doesn't feel well." She mentions vague aches and pains, but offers little real information. Miss Jones's own body is a mystery to her, but she expects her doctor to solve the mystery of her ailment with hardly a clue to work on. And every doctor knows patients who do not really want to know what is wrong with them. They prefer to surrender all responsibility to the doctor. It is up to him to diagnose and cure.

Sooner or later an experienced and understanding physician can pierce these veils of secrecy, but valuable time is lost.

When a patient is ill and worried about it, what he wants from his doctor is facts.

("What is my blood pressure? Is that figure high, low, average? What does it mean?") Patients are resentful when their anxious questions are brushed aside or answered in technical terms which they either cannot understand or may misunderstand. The routine soothing phrase "don't worry" is not much help to a patient who is worrying and feels that his worry is justified.

This "don't worry" philosophy is currently causing considerable bitterness between a friend of mine and her doctor. A woman with a busy, active life, she fell and broke her ankle. Unhappy about the disruption to her normal activity but trying to be sensible about it, she resigned herself to being out of circulation for a few weeks. "That's what the doctor said." It turned out to be a complicated fracture, and it was a full year before she could walk again without assistance. "It was the uncertainty," she protests. "Not knowing how long it was really going to be. The doctor admits now that he knew. I can't help feeling I would have been better off knowing the truth too. I could have adjusted to it."

I think perhaps she has a valid point. So does the man who, after surgery, began taking medication prescribed by his doctor. Strange and uncomfortable symptoms began turning up. They were not incapacitating, but they worried him. Did they mean that the surgery had not been successful? Did they represent some new illness? He worried for several weeks before he did what he should have done earlier—saw his doctor again. "Oh, those are side effects of the medication," explained the doctor. "We can eliminate them by adjusting the dosage."

"But why," the man asked me later in exasperation, "didn't he tell me in the beginning that the drug might have side effects? If I'd known, I wouldn't have worried."

A vastly different approach is favored by an anesthetist I know. She makes a call on her patients the evening before they are scheduled for surgery. She talks with them, reassuringly explains procedures. When the patients see her in the operating room next day she is not a frightening stranger but a friendly human being who has taken the trouble to inform and reassure them. I think this is good, understanding practice of medicine.

A third factor complicates the "secrecy" problem in medicine—the busyness of our

crowded, understaffed hospitals. Over the patient (lying flat on his back) tower all kinds of authoritarian images—the nurse's aide, the nurse, the intern, the resident, the patient's own doctor and perhaps a consultant or two. All are brisk, busy, rushed. All (except the patient) seem to know exactly what they are doing. Too often the patient knows nothing, and begins to feel that he is the center of a conspiracy of silence. "Something's wrong," he tells himself nervously, "and they're not letting me know!" Allowing him to feel this way is *not* my idea of good, understanding practice of medicine.

Probably the greatest controversy over secrecy in medicine rages around the question "Should a cancer patient be told the truth about his illness?" Debates on this will go on until we fully understand and control all aspects of this most dread disease.

If ever you wish that words had healing magic, it is when you must comfort a person who has just lost a loved one to cancer. I had to offer such comfort not long ago. The man who died had been my friend for years. So had his wife. I understood her grief.

"Why didn't they tell the truth?" There she added with bewilderment and bitterness. "You're a doctor. Do *you* think doctors have the right to keep such secrets?"

There is never a single, simple answer. Each case is different and each patient-doctor relationship is different.

In this case I knew that my friend's doctor *had* told the truth, not to John or his wife, but to their two grown sons. He had explained to them that their father's illness had progressed beyond the point where a cure could be anticipated. But he had said, "I don't know how long it will last, but it could be a good year. John's sons made the decision not to tell him. No, did they want their mother told. "She has never been able to keep a secret from him. She could not keep this one. Her own unhappiness would be too clear." If their parents could have a last good, happy year together, that was what their sons wanted. When the time came they would do everything possible to help their mother. The doctor accepted their decision.

Other doctors make other decisions. "Lie," one doctor says bluntly. "In some cases I go on lying even in the face of a direct question. I never destroy hope." (I happened to know that his philosophy is as hard-wired as it sounds hard-bitten.)

Another says (with considerable proof back up his statement), "I tell the truth to every cancer patient. I have found that they respond better to treatment when I am honest with them. The human spirit is a wonderful thing. It can find courage to face almost any known danger. Only the unknown can destroy it."

In general, this is as good an argument I know against secrecy in medicine. • E

A graduate of the University of Rostock, Dr. Gebhard teaches health education at Western Reserve University and serves as Director, Cleveland Health Museum.

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Candid thoughts on the care and feeding of overnight guests

By PHYLLIS McGINLEY

It takes much more than just a spare bedroom to make your house a home for guests who are visiting. The thoughtful, minor amenities are what give Host and Hospitality the capital H.

Whatever happened to the Guest Room?
A query like that scarcely qualifies for inclusion among the Ten Critical Questions of the Decade, but it does nag at the mind. When I was a child, no house which considered itself a house was without what was called a guest room in the old days and in humbler ones "the spare room." There it invariably stood at the head of the upstairs corridor, a severe and chilly chamber with wallpaper seldom altered and winter radiators turned off between occupancies. A blue satin comforter, slightly faded, lay folded neatly at the foot of the bed, and blankets lived in the bottom drawers aromatic with mothballs. Tucked to the headboard was a fringed reading lamp, and the dresser held a pin tray, a silver bud vase, a powder dish and an immaculate comb and brush. I do not remember ashtrays. The "little man" who came in to sew (although the actual I recall was vast and plump-armed) sometimes had her sewing machine there for a week of mending; and when young patients were recovering from chicken pox or measles, they were permitted to take their fairy tales and coloring books and do their convalescent squirming in that room. The rest of the time it was reserved for visitors.
Nowadays, though, except in the most expansive households, the guest room as an institution seems to have vanished. Have our houses grown smaller, our families larger since the antique days I almost remember? Do guests come to stay less frequently? Have we turned more self-indulgent and inhospitable than our ancestors? To all three propositions, I think, the answer must be a modified yes. As the population explodes, houses dwindle in

size. We who can drive a hundred miles for dinner and back home again do not require a lodging for the night. And there's no doubt about it, we are all more jealous of privacy, less willing to be accommodated than were our grandparents.

Read a Victorian novel and gasp at the amount and the duration of the visiting which went on before automobiles. Or if you would count your blessings, dip into Jane Austen. Her letters refer constantly to family visits which lasted for months. I have seen the Austen parsonage at Chawton. It is scarcely bigger than a doll's house. Where Jane and Cassandra, not to speak of their parents, put up those cavalcades of relations I can't imagine. Evidently a sofa pressed into service as a sleeping place for either hostess or guest, and trundle beds beside the drawing-room fire for the children, were considered matters of course when dispensing hospitality. Creature comforts did not count so much as the welcoming door.

It is not nostalgia which has set me brooding today, but the fact that I have spent this late-winter morning trying to make room in our domicile for a relative due tomorrow from California for a week's stay. And I have discovered something absurd—that in a family which just now consists for nine months of the year of only three people, and in a house with five bedrooms, however shabby, there seemed at first to be no place ready and suitable for her. Ridiculous? Of course. But also true. Modern, privacy-hugging object-collecting souls that we are, we have sprawled ourselves and our impedimenta over the entire three floors of this less-than-stately mansion.

The sunniest, the best-furnished room, complete with its own bath and television set, was auto-

matically out of the question. That is owned by Agnes, who puts our dishes in the dishwasher and condescends to let me help her cook.

I turned then to the next best, which belongs to the college daughter. It was both untenanted and newly redone. But ski poles stood in corners there, the shelves were blocked by hatboxes and hair dryers, the drawers so crammed with summer clothes and the closets so full to bursting with sheeted dresses, cartons of old composition books and moldering but beloved tennis sneakers that there seemed no space anywhere to put up another hanger, much less a lodger.

The room of her absent sister was just as cluttered, despite the fact that she lives 5,000 miles away from us. Her still-cherished dollhouse takes up one wall, her rows and rows of stored books the other three. And in her closet reposes all the random debris we persist in stowing there instead of taking properly up to the attic.

As for my husband, I can't expect him to move out of his cozy quarters which are also ostensibly mine. And the hypothetical spare bedroom, a little box of a room, is the place where I creep when I can't endure the arctic weather he prefers for slumber; it, too, is full of overflow from the rest of the house. I was shocked when I peeked in its bureau. But then you know what you heap up in an extra bureau if you are a squirrel like me—swatches of drapery material, evening bags, odd packages of hairpins, a nibbled chocolate bar, that aspirin bottle you keep forgetting to restore to the medicine cabinet, unusable Christmas gifts, gloves without mates, unheatable heating pads, old newspaper clippings whose reason for cutting out in the first place you have (Continued on page 46)



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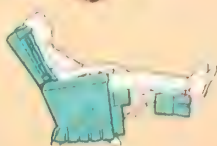


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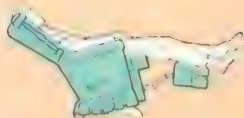
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PROFESSION: HOUSEWIFE

(Continued from page 43) now forgotten, sweaters too good to throw away but too shapeless to wear, underwear in need of mending, faded bathing suits and unanswered correspondence. I couldn't clear the place in a month. Besides, I keep my typewriter there.

Well, the college daughter's chaos would have to go. Bravely I uprooted skis and poles, raided her dresser, carried all her frocks away and deposited everything in her sister's empty nest, where I can now shut neither drawer nor door. There will be lamentation when the former girl comes home for spring vacation and finds things out of order or cannot find them at all. But future trouble must wait on present necessity. I have just finished scurrying about from linen closet to bedroom (the latter now looking strangely bare) attempting to make it habitable for an undemanding but deserving sister-in-law. Self-indulgent I may be, unorganized and absentminded as a hostess, but I hold to one firm creed: that a visitor ought to be at least half as comfortable in my house as when she is at home.

Entirely easy, maybe not. If you are anything like me you never expect genuine comfort on safari. No matter where I go, I am homesick for amenities entirely personal and unimportant; I can imagine no luxury greater than the first night in my own bed after the return from a journey. Shakespeare knew about such deprivations as he knew about everything. "When I was at home I was in a better place," says Touchstone as he wanders through the Forest of Arden, "but travelers must be content." Travelers must, indeed, endure what they encounter. Yet making their sojourn with us less hard than it might conceivably be is part of hospitality. And hospitality is one of the cardinal virtues.

Not that this guest will ask much. A better traveler never lived. She has inherited the triple gifts of a sweet nature, naturally curly hair, and a good digestion. Like my husband, who is her youngest brother, she thinks insomnia is a fiction of the hypochondriac and never looks a gift bed in the mouth. She would probably take up residence just as happily amid the clutter I have removed as at the Savoy.

I have had visitors of a different mettle—although seldom twice. I've lodged and boarded young nieces who ate nothing but tuna-fish sandwiches and who used the shower at three o'clock in the morning, and I have catered to distant cousins who hung wet handkerchiefs on the backs of antique mahogany chairs. Not long ago another charming woman came to stay for the weekend. She laughed indulgently at what she called her "funny little room," gave me her diet list, asked for her breakfast at 11 A.M., and telephoned long distance on my bill. Such behavior I could have written off as eccentricity, except for one startling antic. She came to me while I was without any help in the kitchen of any sort, and she came unexpectedly and late in the day. She found me struggling at the stove with the chicken fricassee, which was, she had stipulated, the one meat she could digest; and she watched me setting up the table in the dinette for a simple meal *en famille*. Half an hour before we were to sit down to dinner she clutched my arm and asked, "Tell me, Phyllis. Do we dress?"

But this expected sister-in-law of mine I truly delight to honor. Possibly she may not notice that one whole dresser is now at her disposal or that I have laid out for her that cake of carnation-smelling soap which has for several weeks been scenting my nightgowns while it waited in a drawer for

her. She won't care whether or not she gets the monogrammed towels. I am taking pains merely because I love her, and out of pride of hospitality.

And now I must look around to see whether there is anything missing from hospitality's list. Ours is not a hotel, but I can take a leaf from hotel service and learn by hotel mistakes. The lights at least are adequate. This sister-in-law is something of a reader, like all the family, and will no doubt wish to do some of it in bed. That is taken care of because in our household we *all* read in bed. In fact, my husband and as a matter of course include a couple of 100-watt light bulbs in our luggage whenever we take to the road. We plan never again to be trapped in an inn or a motel where, when bathed and ready for a book in bed after our 300 miles, we discover that a bulb the size of an undergrown onion is all we have been given for illumination.

The bureau's cleared drawers I will shortly wash and line with tissue paper. Next to poor lamps there is nothing so unpleasant for a visitor as to be faced with either (a) no drawer space at all or (b) drawers obviously vacated at the last minute and still retaining traces of past ownership in the way of vagrant bobby pins, stale jars of cold cream or somebody's half-empty tube of toothpaste. I plan to drop a sachet packet into the tissue paper for the pleasure of doing it and because I collect sachets. On the dresser's top I'll put nothing except a pincushion holding real safety pins. If this were summer I would raid the garden for a bouquet, which of all decorations is the most welcoming; but it is winter, and much as I love my relative by marriage, hothouse flowers would look pretentious.

Thank heavens the mattress is sound. All hostesses, I feel, ought to be required by law to sleep now and then on the beds they offer to guests. There would be fewer aching spines in the nation. In our house we allow no sagging springs if we can help it, preferring to do without something less valuable if we must make a choice. These blankets could be newer, but they are clean and, I hope, sufficient. I once visited a house which owned a guest room all done up in the most expensive materials and precise colors. The bedspreads matched the curtains and the blankets matched the bedspreads. But what am I saying—*blankets*? I refer to one grudging, thin, solitary covering. It was stretched snugly over sheets with matching scalloping, and when the thermostat went down at midnight, it would not have warmed a mouse. I dozed uneasily all night beneath my winter coat and one of the matching scatter rugs off the floor. Since that experience I have seen to it that my lodgers have blankets in the plural, even if I have to ravish the car of its lap robe for my own pallet.

Since this is a daughter's room by rights there is not unnaturally a telephone there. I'll put a pencil and scratch pad near it later on. Even the most unassertive guest might want to jot down a note or a number. And I'll make sure my possessions are carted off and away from the desk. (I am inclined to write letters anywhere the impulse seizes me, which is seldom.) I'll leave a usable pen and a few sheets of household stationery at hand.

What else might she need? Pillows? I have given her the two without which no reader-in-bed can feel snug. A chair to sit in with a lamp beside it? Yes, it is here. She is a nonsmoker, so I won't rout out my be ashtray, but I will put a water glass on the bedside stand along with a box of tissue. And I'll get out a luggage stand. It's a hot touch, as is a new toothbrush which I store for emergencies. (Continued on page 5)



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Lipsticks, 79¢; Polish, 39¢; Pearl Polish, 49¢; Eye Shadow Stick, \$1.00...plus tax. Northam Warren Div., New York



YOUR LIPS AND FINGERTIPS: UNTAMED CORAL, WHISPER PINK, VIXEN RED, FLIRT PEACH

(Continued from page 46) in the bathroom cupboard. A toothbrush is like good health. You don't notice it when you have it, but let it be absent and the world darkens.

As for closets, I'll just whisk away the hangers made of wire, which I detest, but which somehow sprout in such storage places as do mushrooms in a lawn, and substitute stouter ones, making certain some are equipped with clamps for skirts.

Then I test the windows to see that they all open or shut, as the case may be, and the blinds against the morning sun are in working order. (The hostess I have in my time most fervently cursed is the one who, apparently able herself to sleep with daylight full on her eyelids, provides me with no shade against the loathsome dawn.)

At the last minute I plan to empty and line the wastepaper basket, that useful piece of houseware, and will have made all as fresh and convenient as possible with my limited resources. (Limited, that is, by our current domestic standards. When we were younger and more carefree, we entertained oftener and with less ado. We also got entertained back in the same fashion. I can recall sleeping happily on army cots in half-finished weekend cottages, bedding down on sofas in small apartments, sharing daybeds and foraging for my own pillows, and giving equal treatment to guests. Now that I have more to offer, I offer it. That is hospitality's simple rule.)

With this visitor's physical comforts tentatively assured, I ought to be thinking of her entertainment. As a matter of fact, I have already thought of it. I plan to leave her to her own devices. She has stayed with us before, and I am aware of what will please her. There must be one evening, the first, devoted to reminiscence. She and my husband will discuss the family and her sons and daughters and *their* sons and daughters; and the two of them will debate genealogy, trying to recall whether it was Capt. Daniel Spencer who fought long ago in King Philip's War or if that was Great-Great-Grand Uncle Jabez. I will make coffee for them and yawn beside the hearth. We have bought tickets for one play in the city and invited one set of friends to dinner. Otherwise her time will not be interfered with. If I know her, she'll be off to town every morning to shop for her grandchildren, admire the new buildings and visit every available art gallery. I am grateful for so resourceful a guest, and I believe she is grateful for my lack of fuss. Certainly I bless such a hostess.

There is one house where we used to stay occasionally, but where we stay no longer, whose chatelaine issued no invitations, only orders. "Come for a long weekend," she would write. "Reach here for dinner at 7:30 on Friday and leave after lunch on Sunday, no later than 3."

This firmly worded message was amplified when we arrived. Breakfast, we were warned, was served at nine exactly, we would all compete in croquet on Saturday morning, swim on Saturday afternoon, and play paper games on Saturday night. No shirkers who preferred bridge or conversation were asked back. Sunday we might depart so far from formula as to attend church (if we had our own means of conveyance), but before we got our lunch we were expected to "go round the place" with the host, admiring his septic tank and commenting favorably about the grass in the east meadow. The food was good in that house and the beds were dandy. Still, we found it easier to stay at home than to live like Prussian soldiers at constant drill.

On the other hand, there is a couple we visit in the country at whose house it is

always Christmas of a sort. Guests are allowed to do exactly what pleases them, even to picking out the bedrooms of their choice or of making themselves a sandwich from the refrigerator when they feel hungry. That they may have to scout about for their towels and sheets and wash up their own plates after the sandwich is part of the pleasure. When we go there, we read, walk, talk, nap or play cards as the mood takes us. Once a long time ago, my husband summed up the delight we take there in one succinct sentence, "It's as good as being at home—plus no children."

For this is a childless couple and when our own progeny were younger, we grappled such friends to our bosoms with hoops of steel. Oh, the raptures we used to feel at waking on a summer morning to no patter of little feet and no babble of infant voices! Now that the patter and the babble have permanently departed from our echoing house, my feelings have softened on the subject. I am, even willing to be amiable away from home when a five-year-old comes into my room before I'm up to show me his pull toy and ask me my age.

Still, I contend that a kind hostess tucks her infants out of the way as well as she possibly can when she entertains overnight guests. No matter how fascinating a child may seem to its own parents, no matter how beautiful or clever or full of funny sayings, visitors may prefer the conversation and company of adults. I wake with cheeks burning in the night, remembering how I used to permit mine to monopolize long-suffering guests. They weren't allowed to interrupt sleep or intrude on dinners. But I *did* let them roam at large. I *did* repeat their infant witticisms. I *did* let them show off their dancing-school curtsies and display their new shoes; I wouldn't do it again if the opportunity were mine, and it would be to everyone's benefit. Children don't really want to be part of a grown-up world, but they are often chivied by unrealistic parents into thinking they do.

An artist, rather famous in his field, used to come to stay with us. He was patient as he was gifted, and I shudder now to recall that two little girls here used him as they would use a paid magician—insisting that he "draw things" for them on the grimy bits of paper they pushed into his hands.

The sister-in-law on her way here would never have objected to hordes of children clustering about her. She is philoprogenitive by nature and has brought up nine of her own. Rules, however, are proved by exceptions. Her peculiar addiction to infants does not alter my basic contention. Good beds, freedom of action, no infestation of progeny—what better can a guest require?

Is there nothing else? I think there is, and I have barely touched on it. To be comfortable and at peace by an alien fireside, one needs more than a well-furnished guest room. There must be present a true welcome. But true welcomes proceed from the heart not the mind, and hearts are difficult to instruct. Perhaps a welcome's warmth depends on the guest herself. The visitor who brings not only gifts and conversation but also a warm heart of her own, an appetite easy to please, and a disinclination for giving advice, will find hospitality flowing freely for her in any house. But that, as Kipling used to say, is another story. • ENL



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the same low number of new
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For the first time, a clinical study* on toothpaste has compared the most widely accepted non-fluoride dentifrice and Colgate's *Gardol* formula.

Independent supervising dentists examined hundreds of young dental patients. All these children were in the 7 to 17 year age group, when teeth are most vulnerable to decay.

For two years, one group brushed only with a leading fluoride brand, which had previously shown effectiveness in cavity reduction. The other group used only Colgate Dental Cream with its active ingredient, *Sodium Lauroyl Sarcosinate* (*Gardol*).

After more than half a million brushings, *Journal of Dentistry for Children*, First Quarter, 1963

dentists checked results. Then, electronic computing machines analyzed and compared the dental records, revealing this fact:

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What wonderful reassurance! Even the youngest family member can brush with Colgate, in the complete program of oral hygiene dentists recommend.

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And remember, your physician is your best counsel on weight control.

By EUGENIA SHEPPARD

Pucci

*who raised
women's playclothes to high-fashion
levels and became
the sportswear king of the world.*



Emilio Pucci designs his own bold fabrics, and 1,000 other items a year.

In his 48 years, the Marchese Emilio Pucci de Barsento has survived Gestapo torture, "kissed at least the hand of every beautiful lady in Europe," skied in the Olympics, romanced the daughter of Benito Mussolini and, finally and most profitably, created the Pucci look. He is the richest and most successful fashion designer in the world.

What is the Pucci look? (Samples appear on pages 57 to 61.) Uninhibited color splashing across tunic overshirts, slim pants and silk jersey dresses. A kind of casual elegance. A kind of innocent daring. A kind of unself-conscious style. The Pucci look is almost as difficult to define as it is to copy—and so far nobody has been able to rival it.

One sees the Pucci look adorning the forms of the fashionable and the famous: Jacqueline Kennedy, Princess Margaret, Princess Grace, Elizabeth Taylor. One sees it brightening romper rooms in the fanciest playgrounds on earth: St. Moritz, Nassau, Palm Springs, Southampton. One sees it almost anywhere women can afford it, for the first ingredient in adopting the Pucci look is money. In American shops, Pucci shirts sell for about \$55. The slim pants

Photographs by Burt Glinn



cost another \$50. A silk dress, so light that it can be wadded up and held in the palm of one hand, is usually tagged at about \$110.

One also sees the Pucci look on Main Street, adorning the forms of ladies who may never even have heard his name. Genuine Puccis, with the word "Emilio" worked into the design of the print, are available at such specialty shops as

Saks Fifth Avenue, Lord & Taylor, Marshall Field, Neiman-Marcus and Frederick & Nelson. But pseudo-Pucci clothing is available almost everywhere. His influence appears all the way down to the \$9.95 retailers. This Italian nobleman has revolutionized American casual dress.

Like Michelangelo and the de' Medicis, Emilio Pucci works out of Florence, Italy. There he now designs about a thousand items a year, ranging from bikinis to ball gowns, exports them to 59 countries, and insists, quite happily, that he has no way of knowing how much money he makes. Just as happily he concedes that he is a millionaire, and has been since late 1952.

Women cry for Pucci clothes. Last year he audaciously opened a branch boutique in Paris, near Balenciaga. The Parisian ladies of fashion did not stone the Pucci boutique to rubble—they waited in line to enter it opening day.

Every week mail reaches Pucci's Florentine headquarters urging him to put his name on everything from laces to toothbrushes. Even if the offers run to half a million dollars, as they sometimes have, he spurns all that depend on the name, rather than the skill, of Emilio Pucci. Fortunately that skill is sufficiently varied for him to have branched widely from sportswear.

Here, plainly, is a dedicated creator of things for women, who, one would assume, came to designing as naturally as Mozart came to music, or as Keats came to poetry. However natural, the assumption is incorrect. Recently an Italian student wrote Pucci: "I am fourteen. I am supposed to write a paper about you. What training did you have and how did you get your start?"

"I have a Ph.D. in social science," Pucci replied. "I don't know the first thing about fashion, and I got my first job because of a pretty girl."

That's one thing Emilio Pucci always seemed to know the first (and second and third) thing about: a pretty girl. Slim, dark, intense, he has lived with a pronounced manly verve. While he has been impoverished, he has never, in a deeper sense, been poor. His life seems almost to have been destined for success. Certainly since World War II, Pucci's is a sort of Horatio Algerio story.

Born into one of Florence's oldest aristocratic families, he chose diplomacy for a career at a time when diplomacy was becoming a lost art in Italy. (Mussolini's idea of diplomacy was machine-gunning Ethiopians and bombing Barcelona civilians.) To broaden his view of the world beyond his native country, Pucci attended the University of Georgia. Later he took an M.A. degree at Reed College, in Portland, Oregon. By this time, he had skied in the Olympics, and he put himself through Reed by coaching the college ski team.

He returned to Italy just in time to discover that Italian diplomacy was now utterly nonexistent. Mussolini blundered into France, and Pucci joined the Italian Air Force, where he became a crack pilot, wounded and decorated perhaps a half dozen times.

Emilio flew bravely between missions too. Mussolini's daughter Edda attracted Pucci, as she had attracted Count Ciano, Il Duce's foreign minister. Edda had in fact married Ciano. During the war, Pucci's romance with Edda filled gossip columns throughout Europe, or at least where Mussolini did not control the press.

Late in World War II, with Axis dreams of world conquest fading rapidly, the Fascists and the Nazis fell to bickering. Ciano was one of the bickers, and the Gestapo, which took a narrow view of dissent, grabbed the foreign minister and held him.

Where should a continental lady turn when her husband has gone? To her lover, of course. One night Edda Ciano, in disguise, came to the run-down Pucci palace in Florence, and begged for help. Edda wanted to get herself and her children safely into Switzerland.

Pucci has always liked to think of himself as a knight and, given a chance for gallantry, he did not falter. He and Edda cut up the secret diaries Count Ciano had kept and strung them around her waist under her dress. Then Pucci smuggled everything—Edda, children, diaries—into Switzerland. Next, he returned to Italy, hoping to save Ciano, but even a knight has bad days. Ciano was shot, and the Gestapo seized Pucci.

Where were the diaries?

"I can't imagine," Pucci told the Gestapo, in effect.

The Gestapo also took a narrow view of noncommittal answers. In the "interrogation" that followed, Pucci endured several fractures of the skull and to this day still carries scars.

After the war, he started to live the best life open to a losing warrior without funds but blessed with bachelorhood and ski skill. He stayed close to the Swiss slopes. One day in 1947 at Davos, he saw a beautiful blonde, perched on the snow. Or rather, a potentially beautiful blonde. "She was bundled up like an Eskimo," Pucci recalls, "and she looked a mess."

As an aesthete, Pucci was appalled, but as a Pygmalion, he was allured. He

approached the blonde and, after some chat, persuaded her to put on his attire. Presently, the girl slipped into his elegant shirt, which included an embroidered crest, and his slim pants. Luckily for Pucci an American fashion photographer was hovering. The photographer started clicking and asked where the girl had got the clothes.

"Pucci's," said the blonde.

The photographer misunderstood and cabled America that she had discovered a new fashion talent. The name was Pucci. A buyer at Lord & Taylor saw the photographs, heard of the cable and ordered a dozen Pucci designs. Abruptly, Emilio found himself in a business for which he was unprepared by anything except his native good taste.

At that time, Pucci's total assets consisted of the run-down castle in Florence, degrees, skis, some clothing and approximately \$120 cash. There was also one other asset: ingenuity.

He hired a woman in Capri to serve as seamstress and after some struggle delivered the outfits as ordered. Soon his staff consisted of three, and he was delivering his own orders by bicycle. The Pucci talent struck everyone as so minor that in the 1952 fashion show at Florence, his clothes were displayed in a tiny closet.

But someone peeked. Others followed, mostly Americans—mostly, in fact, American buyers with money. What they saw were scarves, scarf-print shirts and slim-cut pants. As befits a Horatio Algerio story, the rich American buyers went wild.

In the ensuing years, Pucci was able to trade the bicycle for a Maserati custom-built and charcoal gray, and to restore the Pucci palazzo. He also married in 1958, for by then he could even afford a bride. He wed a 20-year-old contessa named Cristina Nannini, designed a Renaissance gown for her wedding dress and has since fathered Alessandro, 4, and Laudomia, 2½.

Recently Emilio turned to politics. He campaigned for parliament as a member of the Liberal Party. Sometimes he passed out kerchiefs, brightly colored and bearing the legend: FOR A FREE AND HAPPY ITALY, VOTE FOR THE LIBERAL PARTY, EMILIO PUCCI. Although dealers on Florence's Ponte Vecchio are now selling these kerchiefs to tourists, the local impact was disappointing. Pucci ran second.

He remains serious about politics and means to stay in. "Why shouldn't a fashion designer be interested in politics?" Pucci asks rhetorically. "If a designer's good, he senses new trends in living before they become apparent and he's ready with the answers."

Possibly. Pucci is good at answering everyone's questions, including his own. But one has to hope the fashion-politics correlation does not work both ways.

Just the thought of a Harry Truman sportswear boutique is enough to boggle the imagination.

• END

*Pucci's crest
(above) appears on
silk curtain
at entrance to salon
in Florence.*



illiant, loose-fitting silk shifts became Pucci best sellers. This one, lighting a Florentine street, has the look women love.

*The Pucci look remains
unique, expensive and popular,
and earns the designer millions
in profits every year.*

Balinese skirt wraps under legs, around the waist, and is topped by tunic.



The kind of classic simplicity which stays in style—green si



Newest silk jersey shift is patterned and striped in soft colors, and weighs only four ounces. It may be worn without its self-belt.



ey pants, matching top teamed with slit silk evening skirt.

*"A true designer doesn't sit around
changing skirt lengths. If he's any good, he senses
new trends in living... and he's ready with the answers."*



Strigates Indonesian
silk sarong is intended for
elegant dinners at home
or on the terrace.



Most famous for his bold-colored skirts, Pucci now re-embroiders his designs in beading for evening tunics over silk skirts.

*Filmdom's
freckled fable*

IS THERE A DORIS DAY?

By Roger Kahn



The perennial top box-office

In private life Mrs. Doris Kappelhoff Melcher is a thrice-married lady of 39, given to food fads, devout in Christian Science, troubled by conflicting drives, and the possessor of a fortune estimated at \$15 million. Publicly Mrs. Melcher does not really exist. In public this complex, compelling, controversial actress calls herself Doris Day. She is, of course, Hollywood's girl next door.

"Hi," says Doris Day, when you amble next door to her home on Beverly Hills' swank North Crescent Drive. "Would you care to have an ice-cream soda?"

"Ugh," says one Hollywood columnist who had visited her. "She's like an ice-cream soda herself. One that's been left overnight. The fizz is gone."

"The press," says Doris Day, "takes what you say and distorts it. One shot of syrup or two?"

"The trouble," says the columnist, "is that this is a syrupy town. If there's one thing we know, it's syrup, so we resent someone overdoing it. Doris tries to act like a fan-magazine profile that has come to life."

"Every time I talk to a reporter," Doris Day says, passing the straws, "I come out sounding like an absolute idiot."

Will the real Doris Day please put down the ice-cream soda and stand up?

Obviously it is not that simple. The Doris Day one sees in movies is a kind of 20th-century Cinderella, naïve, enchanting, but completely equipped to conquer such sophisticates as Cary Grant and Rock Hudson. Offscreen she has lived the rough, disenchanting life of a band singer, married musicians twice, become a mother at the age of 17, cried herself a river when her second marriage died, changed her religion, suffered a siege of cancerphobia, and endured a certain measure of torment when her father married a barmaid. You don't have to hate the press to sympathize with Doris. And you don't have to hate Doris to sympathize, to a degree, with the press.

The business of Hollywood is illusion, or, in current argot, the image. "Movies," Louis B. Mayer, the harsh, gross man who built Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, once announced, "should be about beautiful people doing beautiful things." Doris, pert, attractive, but not quite beautiful, has been cast in the Louis B. Mayer tradition. Onscreen she is always doing beautiful things, and refusing to do anything but. Her difficulties arise when she confuses illusion with reality, confuses bubbling movie performances with the demands of life.

The problem of illusion is common to actors. The late Errol Flynn, in his autobiography, *My*

...displays a bubbling public image, but privately frets about health, wealth and happiness.

ked, *Wicked Ways*, complained angrily about ng to live as a Hollywood-created sex symbol. never stopped living that way; he just com- ned.) Elizabeth Taylor, when first cast as a ng vamp, cried, in her confusion, "I have the d of a child in the body of a woman." Many bute the suicide of Marilyn Monroe to similar culty. Compared to Flynn, Miss Monroe, or a to Miss Taylor, Doris Day may seem happy carefree, and where the others were unrealisti- steeped in sex, Doris is unrealistically steeped heerful naïveté. But in contrast to her roles, ch she now plays with a fierce perfectionist's e, Doris is something less than entirely jubi- Life, even for one of the most successful ie stars in the world, is more than one long, eet bubble bath.

robably the first thing to understand about is Day is the measure and nature of her suc- Both are phenomenal.

ecause audiences savor—and will pay to see— icism, and because censors have grown in- singly liberal, movies have been emphasizing e and more sex. Against this trend, which has luced Brigitte Bardot, Gina Lollobrigida and a e, curvy host of imitators, there stands tom- sh Doris Day. At 39, she still photographs e-cheeked and freckle-faced. Men would not ate to introduce her to a maiden aunt. Wives her not as a potential threat but as a potential d. You could talk about a new detergent with is, or ask her why Johnny can't add. She is ty, to be sure, but hardly a femme fatale.

s the buttermilk girl next door, Doris plays in antic comedies that break box-office records and the world. For the fourth year in a row, she ntly was voted No. 1 female box-office star he Motion Picture Exhibitors of the United es. World viewers paid \$10 million to see her maneuver Cary Grant in *That Touch of Mink*. bo, which matched her against Stephen Boyd an elephant, is expected to gross \$15 million. o earlier films, *Pillow Talk* and *Lover Come Back* ed \$11 million. Further, Doris's albums are only international best sellers but represent a kthrough of sorts in the cold war. To date, she sold more records behind the Iron Curtain than any other American singer, including opera s and left-wingers.

The best thing Doris ever did," suggests Ross ater, the producer who lured her into *Pillow k*, "was to give up the *hausfrau* dirndls and e swinging-on-the-garden-gate musicals. The al girl next door, who saw Doris's early

movies, didn't really want to see herself. Every housewife in South Euclid, Ohio, likes to see her- self in a dream, glamorized."

So, in becoming a box-office smash, Doris also has become a special girl next door. She may not have much money, but she wears glittering Jean Louis gowns. Her days may be filled with hum- drum, but she finds time for lacquered honey-gold coiffures. Her backdrops are not South Euclid either. She moves, in innocent wonder, among luxurious apartments and men in \$300 suits, and ultimately ends up with one of each.

Inevitably she is careful to make sure that she moves with innocence, apparent sincerity, and grace. According to Chuck Walters, who directed her in *Please Don't Eat the Daisies* and in *Jumbo*, "She worries incessantly about everything—her hair, her dress, her performance. She's as fussy as Fred Astaire (still a dancing star at 64). She's a marvelous Christian Scientist and talks about her religion intelligently—that we shouldn't have fears, that we should trust ourselves and our instincts, that God is always with us. But she doesn't apply one whit of this to her work. If she's un- happy about a scene, she'll stew all day."

Enter the element of sex

Specifically, Doris is most concerned with gowns, looks, and the element of sex. "It's true that Doris frets and fumes about her appearance," says Marusia, a Hollywood custom-dress designer known to followers of czarism as Princess Touman- off. "I dressed Doris two years ago for the Academy Awards dinner in a stunning ballgown, with diamonds and rubies and a huge cape-coat with hundreds of yards of ruby satin. Doris couldn't make up her mind until Marty (third husband Marty Melcher) came into the salon and told her it looked marvelous. Still, I raised the décolletage a couple of inches to please her."

Dress is the beginning, if not the end-all, of ap- pearance, and Doris now favors clothing which lets everyone know that she's a girl but leaves most details to the imagination. In short, she concen- trates on clothing which makes both men and women concentrate pleasantly on her.

She has long had a positive distaste for vulgarity on the screen. Ten years ago, when she was not yet the star she has since become, Joe Pasternak, a successful, veteran producer, wanted Doris for a featured part in a film called *Love Me or Leave Me*. She was tabbed to play the earthy role of Ruth Etting, the gangland singer of the 1920's.

"Gee," said Doris, "that's not for me."

"Why isn't it?"

"Gosh, it just isn't my style."

It took all of Pasternak's persuasive powers, which are considerable, to convince her to take the role. Even then he had to win her by a finesse, by arguing that only Doris could dignify Ruth Etting, only Doris could rescue the role from vulgarity.

More recently, Doris had to play a bed scene with Rock Hudson in *Lover, Come Back*. "She simply couldn't do it," Hudson reports. "The direc- tor kept telling her it was funny, but she kept in- sisting that it was vulgar and that vulgarity isn't good comedy. Well, it was an important scene, and everyone disagreed with her, but it took a long time before she'd give in."

Like many actresses approaching 40, Doris is passionately concerned with camera lenses. A harsh, sharp focus will show each line on a woman's face and neck. A soft focus presents technical problems, but artificially saves years. In both *Lover, Come Back* and *That Touch of Mink*, Doris insisted on camera work so gentle to her image that someone remarked she was photographed "through linoleum." (Cary Grant was 59 when *That Touch of Mink* was made, "but he asked to be photographed only through gauze.")

Hollywood friends attribute much of Doris's concern for her clothing and image, much of her success and much of what happiness she knows to Marty Melcher, a 6-foot-3 show-business veteran, who married her when she was 27 and has since been the major influence in her life. Melcher, a native of Massachusetts, had been an agent and had been married previously to Patti Andrews of the singing Andrews Sisters.

With Melcher, and her 21-year-old son Terry, Doris lives in an old Spanish-style house re- modeled into contemporary. The house is hidden from North Crescent Drive by a high wall of dark- green cypresses. Its rooms all but explode in bright yellows, creating an effect like that of manufac- tured sunshine.

After work Doris and Melcher, who now helps produce her films, avoid the Hollywood whirl. They seldom entertain, shun large parties and seem most interested in work and in rehearsals. Last year the couple purchased a house at Lake Arrowhead, where they devote their weekends primarily to sports: swimming, water skiing, tennis and ice skating.

So far, so placid. Doris Day is a woman fiercely intent on preserving her professional career and equally intent on guarding her personal privacy.

"Funny things have happened to Doris. She used to be so uncomplicated.

The audiences loved her and she was happy."

If it were just this hot, Doris might be as popular offscreen as she is on. It isn't—and she isn't.

There are those who suggest that Doris's approach to her career is more than just force. It is ferocity. "Do you really think anyone gets to the top of this jungle town without showing like a tiger?" one movie veteran says. "Doris has clawed as hard as anyone else, maybe harder than most. I'm not knocking that. What I am knocking is that she won't ever admit it."

Others maintain that personal privacy is a luxury which does not belong to those whose lives become by-products before the public. "You can't have everything both ways," explains one studio press agent. "Do you want to live in private, be inconspicuous? Good. Good bless you, and please stay out of the picture business. But if you want to become a star, you have obligations. A star can't use the privacy she has. A star needs the public, is helped by the public, is created by the public, with some assistance from guys like me. All right. Now you're a star. Well, don't shame the public that made you."

Doris maintains that she has no trouble with individual fans, but is terrified of being singled out and mobbed. "Mrs. Kennedy spoke of it," she says. "It's a frightening thing. You don't have the world in yourself. You belong to the world." (But you also have \$10 million of the world's money.)

Once Doris wore a hairnet to a performance of *The Sound of Music* in New York. Still some members of the audience recognized her. Doris ran out on the sidewalk weeping. She had "deceived her fans," she told someone. Later she swore that she would never try to camouflage herself again.

Against these protestations of innocence and fright is her knack of scoring notorious advances. "On the set we do towels on the kids' back home," reports Jim Garner, who costars with her in *The Thrill of It All*. "She calls me Al and I call her Sylvia-honey." In a similar parody of her boosters, Rock Hudson was Ernie and she was Louise. (Hud is Verma. Terry Randall adds, "She busts up over folksy talk and characters' practicalities—for kinks. You know, things like, 'These kinks are really real, honey? Is that, honey?' or 'You said a mouthful, honey? You're the top of the pack in my book.'")

This violates one cardinal rule of professional conduct: Don't make or knock the customers. Since achieving all her success, Doris has refused to make any personal announcements. Nor will she accept premiums. She will not even perform at charity benefits, although almost everyone in Hollywood accepts benefits as important. However, knowing, No one likes to work for free, but even in Hollywood there's a sense of solemn obligation.

Such behavior leads to criticism, and Doris takes a sour view of critics. These days she grants no interviews unless she and her husband can see and deny the story that results—a privilege not available to the President of the United States. (Even the Hollywood Women's Press Club has voted her the Star Apple Award as "least cooperative actress of the year.")

"I did so much wrong"

What emerges from an interview with Doris Day? Words that don't fit with reality, anymore than do her partners. Recently a reporter joined the Day-Marcher garnish, and contrived to have the censorship man lifted. "Girl next door," he opened gently.

"What do you mean I'm like the girl next door?" Doris said. "Very few girls next door have the chances I've had to improve. You never see what you're like by looking into the mirror. You can only see what you really look like when you see the rushes at the end of the day's shooting. And what stands out most is everything that's wrong. Gosh, I used to do so many things wrong: my hair, my makeup, the way I stood, the clothes I wore, the abberly way I talked. And I changed!"

That seemed like a promising beginning. At least Doris was talking not about someone she'd love to read about but about herself. Then she continued like this:

On her success: "I think good thoughts. First comes good thinking, and then everything else follows through."

On her attitude: "Gratitude's the most important word in my book. I just never stop being grateful."

On the ingredients of an enjoyable day: "Laughing a lot, exerting, and maybe seeing a ball game."

On the ingredients of an enjoyable evening: "Popcorn and hot dogs."

On her movies: "I like joy; I want to be joyous; I want to smile and make people laugh. That's all I want. I like it. I like being happy. I want to make others happy."

The reporter commented afterward, "Coming from a woman neck deep in the brutal world of show business, all that was somewhat hard to accept." Someone else added, "If she wants to make others happy, why won't she play benefits?"

Bandleader Les Brown has known Doris for a long time. It was with Brown's Band of Renown that she sang her first hit, the ballad *Sentimental Journey*. "Funny things happened to Doris on her way to the top," Brown says. "She was uncomplicated when I hired her. She liked our musicians and she hit it lucky with that ballad. She sang up a storm and the audiences loved her and she was happy. Today she won't even sing with an orchestra at a recording session. She has the orchestra record the 'track,' then goes to the studio a few days later, puts on a set of earphones and sings to herself, as if the place is haunted."

Such charges—artificiality, egocentricity, aloofness—are hard to reconcile with the innocent reigning lady of light romantic comedy. But so, in fact, is the real life of Doris Day. Her life has been a number of things, like everyone's, but it has been remarkably lacking in innocent comedy. Even as a child she knew both divorce and anguish.

Doris was born in Cincinnati in 1924, the daughter of Alma Welz Kappelhoff, who worked at the Welz family pretzel shop, and William Kappelhoff, a local music teacher. Her father hoped that she would become a ballet dancer. Her mother, an admirer of Doris Kenyon, a silent-screen actress, wanted Doris to be a ballroom dancer. The couple disagreed on a great many things, and while Doris was still young they were divorced.

Doris danced in vaudeville at the age of 12 and, led by her mother, invaded Hollywood at 13. The invasion was repulsed when Alma Kappelhoff ran out of money. Doris returned to Cincinnati where soon afterward her dancing career ended. With a group of teen-agers, she was driving to a party at Hamilton, Ohio, when their car crashed into a freight train. "As we lay there," she remembers,



with her husband Marty Melcher: Popcorn and hot dogs and \$15 million.

icked up my leg as if it were someone else's and shook it, feeling nothing. I saw pieces of my leg bone protrude. That didn't seem to be me. I was shocked."

I had to walk on crutches for a year, and "because I couldn't stand pity from classmates," she quit high school in her junior year and began taking singing lessons. Soon she was earning \$10 a week singing two nights a week at a Chinese restaurant. When she turned 16, a nightclub owner named Barney Rapp hired her full time for \$25 a week and persuaded her to change her name from Doris Kappelhoff to Day. ("He liked the way I sang *Day After Tomorrow*," she says, explaining the change.)

Endowed with a fine strong voice, Doris could sing any moving ballad. Bob Crosby brought her to New York with his band and presently she quit singing for Les Brown.

That was her life then—band singer. One girl singing a score of men. One-night stands. Bus rides. In 1941, she quit Brown's band to marry Al Jorden, who was a trombone player with Gene Krupa's orchestra, and on February 8, 1942, Doris's son, Marty, was born.

Her marriage to Jorden lasted only another year. "The day we were married," she maintains, "is the day our marriage failed." At any rate, she left her son with her mother and hit the road again with Les Brown. Then, in 1946, she married George Weidler, a trumpet player with Les Brown, and resolved to go back to homemaking. With Weidler, she moved into a trailer in Santa Monica, California, and did indeed try to make a home—until she received an offer to sing at the Little Club, a chic nightclub on Manhattan's East 42nd Street. "Adios, Santa Monica. Farewell, trailer. Doris is going to work at the Little Club and almost immediately got a letter from Weidler. The letter said that the marriage was over. Off went Doris with an extended crying jag."

At the Little Club she first met Marty Melcher, a man who was to help change her life. "She's a real singer," Melcher complained to a friend. "Bawls out the time." Stung, Doris returned to Hollywood, intending to patch her marriage. She failed, and landed a movie job as solace.

Depressed and lonely, she went to a Hollywood party, where songwriters Jule Styne and Sammy

Cahn asked her to sing. A day later they suggested her to director Michael Curtiz for the lead in something called *Romance on the High Seas*. After one lachrymose screen test, she got the job.

Before he died of cancer last January, the late Jack Carson, her first costar, recalled her uneasiness and sadness. "She didn't like being alone," Carson said. "She was bothered by that second divorce, and she started looking for a religion. Unitarianism interested her, although she'd been born Catholic, but she leaned more toward the discipline of Christian Science. When she started doing daily lessons, she brightened. She gave up smoking (three packs a day) and drinking."

On her 27th birthday, a less weepy Doris Day married Melcher, who had been born Jewish but converted to Christian Science. Although they both had expansive plans for a few years, Doris made only gristmill movies, such as *The Winning Team* and *Lucky Me*. Complicating her struggles, she developed a lump in her breast. She was certain it was cancerous, but refused to betray her Christian Science by seeing a physician. "Sometimes," recalls an old friend named Ronnie Cowan, "Doris would gasp on the street. I'd quick find a paper bag for her to breathe into, until she felt better." Ultimately, urged by Melcher and by her friends, Doris did consent to see a doctor. The tests were negative, and her health improved, although for a while after that she was convinced that she was suffering from tuberculosis.

Sodas are extra-sincere

She did not, clearly, find herself overnight, but when she did—crashing romantic comedies, changing her weepy ways, conquering persistent fears of illness—she succeeded by exercising an iron discipline, which now extends into everything, even diet. "Instead of a fast sandwich at lunch," she says, "I began to eat cold cuts or cottage cheese. And I taught myself to take more time to eat. In the evenings I have a good meal—meat, chicken or fish. I once had a thing about eating funny foods—dried apricots, raw onions, caviar. But I forced myself to take small tastes and now I love them." She also switched from straight coffee to Sanka, from butter to lecithin. She will not eat

white bread. For cocktails, she sips carrot-and-coconut juice at the soda fountain that has replaced the bar in her home. It is there that she makes "extra-sincere sodas."

She also disciplines herself to a routine of exercise and catnaps. "I exercise every morning in my pajamas," she says, "and I walk a lot. Sam Goldwyn's wife is the only other woman I know who walks for pleasure. One thing that saves me is napping. I can fall asleep for ten minutes and get up feeling wonderful. That's why I have energy."

Her son Terry, who works as an associate producer at Columbia Records, which releases Doris's albums, lives with her at the Beverly Hills home. Her husband Marty, who sometimes sings Doris to sleep with Christian Science hymns, works as coproducer of her films. (Standard package for one movie: \$500,000 against 10 percent of gross profits and 25 percent of the net.)

Despite the hostile press and criticism with Hollywood, does Doris Day have life solved? Not exactly. Last winter her name repeatedly appeared in distressing rumors and, at about the time the whispers built toward a kind of crescendo, Melcher walked out of the Beverly Hills home and set up bachelor quarters on Sunset Strip. One still hears rumors about Doris, but Melcher has moved back, bearing a \$16,000 diamond solitaire as a peace offering.

Other, unresolved family bitterness remains. On May 21, 1961, Doris's father, Bill, married Luvenia Benet Williams, a redheaded 45-year-old Negro who tended his Melburn bar in Cincinnati. To date Doris has ignored his marriage. "I sent her a telegram," says Mrs. Kappelhoff. "We hoped to see Doris, and we sent our love. She didn't send us a note of congratulations or a gift."

"Doris," Bill Kappelhoff believes, "tried to get me and her mother together again. I couldn't do it—even for her. But I love Doris. I admire her gumption and pep. I hope one day she'll accept Luvenia and me, because we're happy."

Happy. The word floats like a phantom bubble through all the months and years of Doris Day. She likes ball games, she says, and bubble gum and popcorn, childlike things. But she is the mother of a 21-year-old son. She wants to be joyous, she says, and spread her joy to others. But twice she has failed at marriage, and now she apparently has cut herself off completely from her father.

Happy. Is Doris Day happy? Has she found even a measure of contentment in her incredible success? Or has success only confused her, deepening those fears common to women everywhere about losing love and the advancing years.

No one can answer these questions with certainty. In real life, as on the giant Cinemascope screen, Doris prefers to be viewed through linoleum. That is one point, perhaps the only point, at which Doris Day, the bubbly queen of the comedies, and Mrs. Doris Kappelhoff Melcher, a lady familiar with sorrow, exactly coincide. ● END

Midsummer Magic

Elegance never came easier nor at less cost. Ingenious women are transforming printed towels and sheets into romantic summer negligées. These five are a cinch to sew.



This enchanting peignoir was made from one printed double sheet (the kind department stores everywhere stock). Look for them. Vogue Design No. 5875.



Used cross-grain, rose-bordered double sheet makes a unique tunic. Vogue Design No. 5866.

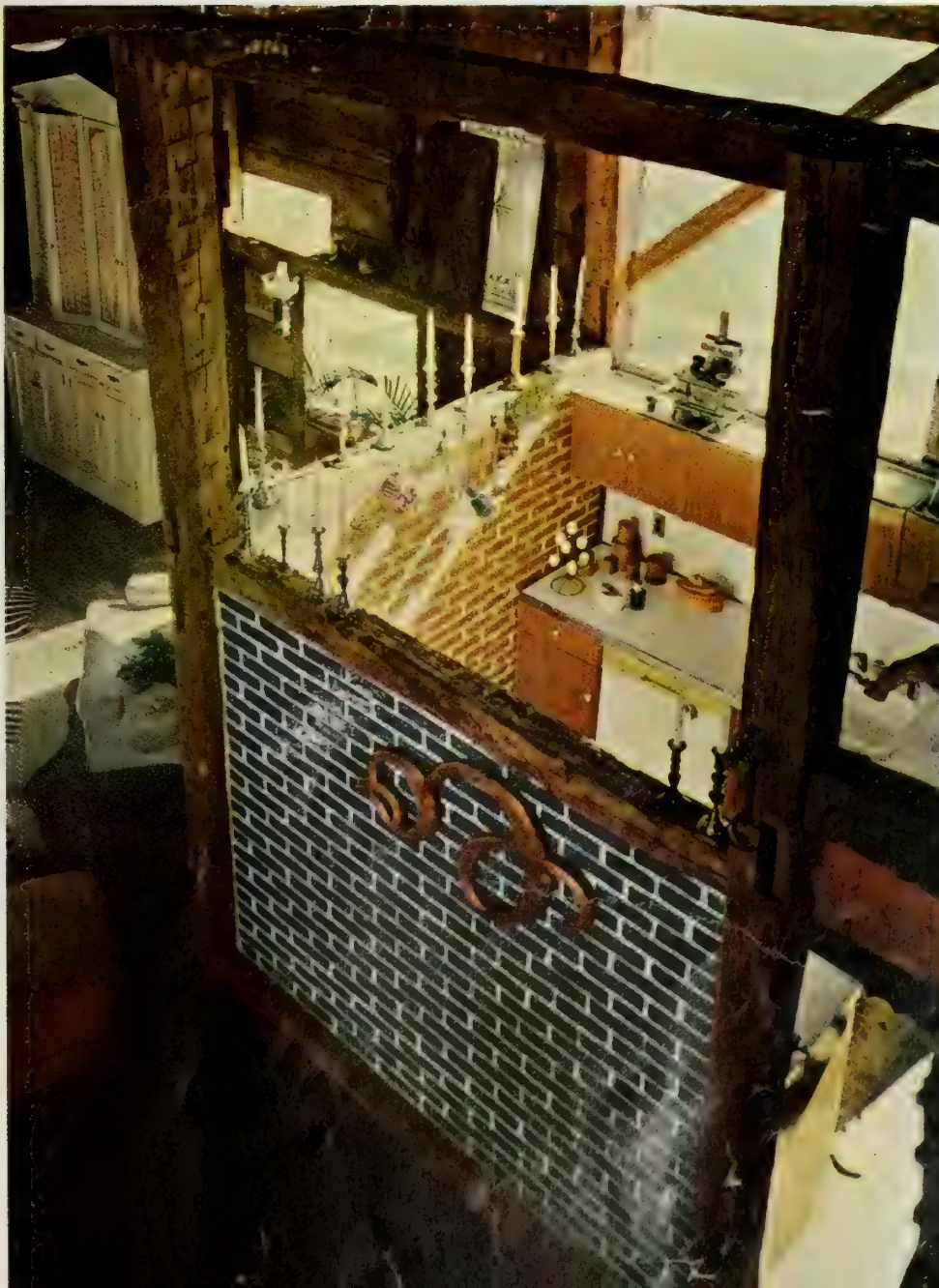
Mother-daughter negligées are from one sheet. Mother: Vogue Design No. 5830. Child: 5329.



At home in a barn

by Cynthia Kellogg

Knock on any barn door today and chances are someone is at home. How come? Converted barns offer the features houses used to have—space, interesting architectural backgrounds, the fun of unexpected nooks and corners.



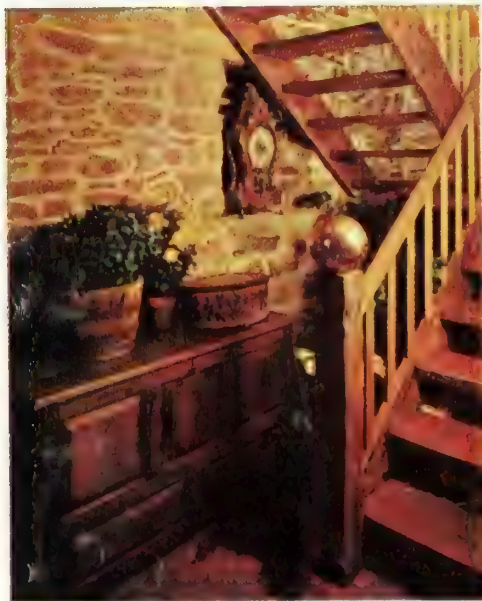
Barns convertible into homes are so popular today that they are becoming as hard to find as Rembrandts. The very idea of living in a barn—like living on a houseboat or in a lighthouse—fascinates the child in all of us. But barn-houses do not come cheap. The Long Island barn on these pages shows what a family must be prepared to invest. The barn itself cost a mere \$5,000, plus \$2,000 for moving it to a new site (most barns, unhappily, are found on other people's property). But then begins the major investment—that of making the barn livable. About \$30,000 converted this one into a weather-tight summer home with plumbing and electricity. The Pennsylvania barn on the next two pages cost more because it was ambitiously remade into a year-round dwelling. For many families, however, converting a barn is worth the expense and effort. Your dollar usually buys more space than it does with either a bought or built house. Also, you automatically acquire strong, surprising architecture missing from many modern homes. Even if you are not in the market for a barn-house, you might study the look of elegant furnishings against rustic backgrounds—ideas that can be adapted to modern houses with soaring ceilings, exposed beams, wood, brick or stone.

The kitchen is stabled in an old horse stall. Original window, enlarged, floods the area with daylight; glazed building brick replaces wood walls; cabinet surfaces are of "teak" plastic.



Plan #2
for
making
a barn
a happy
home

Pennsylvania barn of fieldstone and wood was built about 1780. It was remodeled by William S. Kirkpatrick for Mr. and Mrs. Richard E. Bortz.



Original stone stall walls line entry. New oak stairway (old cannon ball tops newel post), French-tile floor fit rugged background. Old blanket chest was found in barn.



To "decorate" small new greenhouse attached to barn, redwood siding in weather stain replaces exterior wood walls. Brick steps and arched door lead to guest room.



Spanish wool spread, fireside papier-mâché chair warm up stone-walled bedroom. Painting is a contemporary version of an American primitive.

Photographs by Ernst Beadle



For rustic country charm—split-level living at its best—nothing beats an old barn that's been beautifully brought up to date.



The living room in a loft was modernized by flanking a fieldstone fireplace with glass window walls, renewing original barn walls and adding new floor and ceiling. Lighting is built into hollowed cross-beams. The dining area is in the attic of the old carriage house which is now a garage. The wall separating loft and attic was removed and draped with striped sailcloth so that the dining area can be screened. Dressed for dinner behind drawn draperies, the dining area has the look of an elegant

French pavilion. A thick hemp rope hangs between the room's supports and serves as a banister. The decor features two dramatic decorating ideas that can easily be adapted to many modern houses: (1) the contrast of formal styles against primitive backgrounds and (2) the use of several colors and patterns to fill a vast room visually without suffocating it with furnishings and froufrou. The interiors for this renovated Pennsylvania barn were designed by George Schreyer of Keith Irvine and Co.

On the midsummer scene...

Calico and Seersucker

It used to be if you didn't buy vacation clothes early, you were

left with poor pickings. Not so this summer. Nelly de Grab

designs special seersuckers and calicos for JOURNAL readers.

They're "just in" at Peck and Peck stores.



Cool, crisp and comfortable, this collection of seersucker and calico sport clothes. The ray cotton ensemble above has hidden assets.

Its pleated, front-buttoned skirt (\$15) reverses to Arnel seersucker. Sleeveless shell top is cotton calico (\$6). A country charmer, this.



Photograph by John Zimmerman

the best heat-beater: seersucker beach tunic (\$13) worn over brief
calico shorts (\$7). For casual living, sleeveless seersucker (\$23).

Note full, patch-pocket skirt. Calico: A.B.C.; seersucker: Concord;
hats: by Adolfo; hammock and garden tools: Hammacher Schlemmer.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KAUFFMAN

Feasting Afloat

*From small galleys
gourmet meals can grow—even
if you've no refrigerator
and only a two-burner stove.
Easy does it. Here's how.*

By ELAINE WARD-HANNA

Saffron-scented paella with tender sweet clams and shrimp? Avocado salad, a coupe of fresh strawberries and peaches? The scene isn't Maxim's but a motorboat somewhere at sea. Toast the first mate. She deserves it. From a bantam galley she's produced a party. Among the chef's blessings: foil and saran; new freeze-dried foods that are compact and require no refrigeration; mixes and instant; foam chests; throw-away plates and cups; precooked brown-and-serves; prefried, canned bacon; noncorrosible stainless steel and enamel. They're as foolproof for boats small, medium and large as this trio of menus. So—up anchor and try them!

PICNIC FOR A SMALL BOAT: Worcester Steak* • Grilled Tomatoes • Corn-on-the-Cob • Coleslaw • Bread • Cheese, Fruit, Crackers • Cold Drinks • Coffee • Clothes: hooded jersey by Julie Isles for Jantzen, Jr.



Recipe for family fun: take a sunny day, add one boat, a white-capped sea, lots of good food. Mix and enjoy.



What's better for supper than freshly caught fish? Gimbal charcoal grill can take the tilt out of a rolling galley. Clothes: Julie Isles for Jantzen, Jr.; Health-Tex.

MENU FOR A MEDIUM BOAT: Tomato Bouillon* First Mate's Grilled Fish, Lemon Sauce* • Green Salad • Rolls • Pineapple-Peach Shortcake* • Milk

CAPTAIN'S PAELLA

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---|
| 1½ cups rice | 1 pkg. (10-oz.) frozen peas or 1 can (8-oz.), drained |
| 1 clove garlic, peeled and crushed | 2 (5-oz.) cans chicken cut in bite-size pieces |
| 2 tbsps. cooking oil | ½-lb. piece cooked ham, diced |
| ½ tsp. saffron (optional) | 1 lb. shrimp, shelled and deveined |
| 1 tsp. salt | 12 clams (steamers) well scrubbed |
| 2 cups canned chicken broth | |

(1) In a 3-quart kettle sauté the rice and garlic in the oil until straw-colored, stirring constantly. Stir in the saffron (if you like), salt, chicken broth and peas. Bring to a boil, separating peas with a fork. (2) Add the chicken, ham and shrimp, mixing well. Place the clams on top. Cover and simmer until the clams open, the rice is tender and most of the liquid has been absorbed. Makes 6-8 servings.

VODKA-MELON COUPE

- | | |
|---|---|
| 3 melons, honeydew or cantaloupe | ¾ cup canned pineapple-grapefruit juice |
| 3 cups sliced peaches, fresh, frozen (thawed) or canned | ¼ cup vodka (optional) |
| 3 cups sliced strawberries | Fresh mint (garnish) |

(1) Cut melons in half and remove seeds. (2) Scoop out some of the melon. Cube the melon and combine with the peaches and strawberries. (3) Pour the juice and the vodka, if you like, over the fruit and chill.* (4) To serve: spoon the fruit into the melon shells and garnish with fresh mint. Makes 6 servings.

*If there is no refrigerator, put the fruit into a covered container, place in portable ice chest and pack with ice cubes.



TOMATO BOUILLON

- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 qt. canned tomato juice | 1 can (10½-oz.) beef bouillon |
| | ½ tsp. Worcestershire sauce |

Combine all ingredients. Serve over ice. Makes about 6 servings.

FIRST MATE'S GRILLED FISH WITH LEMON SAUCE

- | | |
|--|-----------------|
| Butterfish or bluefish or trout or perch | Cooking oil |
| | Salt and pepper |

(1) Brush the cleaned fish with a little oil and season with salt and pepper. (2) Place directly on grill* and cook for 5-7 minutes on each side or until golden and the fish flakes when touched with a fork. Serve with Lemon Sauce.

LEMON SAUCE

- | | |
|----------------------|--|
| 1 cup mayonnaise | 2 tbsps. chopped parsley, fresh or dried |
| 3 tbsps. lemon juice | ¼ tsp. powdered dill |

(1) Mix all ingredients. (2) Let stand for an hour to blend flavors. Makes 1½ cups sauce.

*Shown in picture is gimbal charcoal grill. Fish may also be cooked by sautéing in a little butter or margarine or cooking oil, if you prefer.

PINEAPPLE-PEACH SHORTCAKE

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 prepared pound cake (12-oz.) | 2 cups sliced peaches, fresh, frozen (thawed) or canned |
| 1 can (8-oz.) pineapple tidbits, drained | Instant whipped cream |

Combine fruits. Cut cake into six slices. Split each piece and spoon fruit between and on top. Serve with instant whipped cream. Makes 6 servings.



WORCESTER STEAK

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------|
| 2 shell steaks (about 1 lb. each) | ¼ tsp. garlic salt |
| 2 tbsps. Worcestershire sauce | ½ tsp. pepper |
| | Dash Angostura bitters |

(1) Mix Worcestershire sauce, garlic salt, pepper and bitters. Brush mixture evenly on both sides of the steaks. (2) Wrap in aluminum foil for easy transportation. (3) Broil steaks 5-10 minutes on each side for rare to medium. Cook a few minutes longer if you like your steak well done.



Photographs of deck party and galley taken at Ray's Chris-Craft, City Island, N.Y.; Picnic Scene: Lake Mahopac, N.Y.; outboard boat in background: Duratech Skier.

Summer-quick! Summer-easy! Summer-good!

Campbell's Soup and a sandwich

It's the lunch that takes 4 minutes to prepare—the time it takes to heat a can of Campbell's Soup. It's the lunch that everyone likes, and that makes you feel good, too. For every cold summer meal needs one good hot dish, and no other hot dish tastes quite as M'm! M'm! Good! as Campbell's Soup. Campbell puts more goodness in . . . so you get more goodness out.



*Campbell's Vegetable Soup
Ham and Cheese Sandwich*

*Campbell's Tomato Soup
Peanut Butter and Jelly Sandwich*

*Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup
Tuna Salad Sandwich*

potato salad pie



this is no place for "second best"

...bring out the **BEST FOODS**... and bring out the best

Imagine the talk! Imagine the taste! What a delicious new way to serve potato salad! And, top it with Real Mayonnaise — Best Foods, of course. Extra delicate and light, Best Foods highlights the natural flavors of other foods, never hides them. It brings out their best!

POTATO SALAD PIE

3 pounds (about 10 medium) potatoes
2 cups diced celery
1/4 cup finely chopped onion
1/4 cup finely chopped parsley
1 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
2 teaspoons cider vinegar
2 teaspoons salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper
BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
tomatoes, watercress

Cook potatoes until tender; peel and chill • Slice thinly or dice • Add celery, onion, parsley, 1 cup Best Foods, vinegar, seasoning • Toss lightly until well mixed • Press into 9 inch pie plate • Build up sides as for pastry; smooth center • Chill 2 hours • Before serving, cover lightly with Best Foods; decorate with tomatoes and watercress •



COOP QUART

The exotic story of an American girl, disillusioned with Bryn Mawr and her family, who flees to the deserts and mountains of Afghanistan in a restless search for love and adventure.



By JAMES A. MICHENER

Best-selling author James A. Michener does most of his writing in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, where he lives with his wife—and where he ran for Congress in the last election, losing to a Republican. A prolific writer, he first won fame in 1947 with his *Tales of the South Pacific*,

which took a Pulitzer Prize and launched a hit Broadway musical. Four of his books, which include *Hawaii*, *The Bridges at Toko-ri*, *Return to Paradise* and *Sayonara*, were Book-of-the-Month-Club choices, as is *Caravans*, which will be published in August by Random House.

On a bleak wintry morning some years ago I was summoned to the office of our naval attaché at the American embassy in Kabul. Captain Verbruggen looked at me with an air of frustration and growled, "Damn it all, Miller, two weeks ago the ambassador ordered you to settle this mess about the saddle shoes. Last night the Afghanistan Government made another protest—this time official. I want you, by three o'clock this afternoon, to hand me——"

"Sir, something more serious has come up. Last night a dispatch arrived. I've assembled the data for you." I handed him a file folder of papers.

"Can't it wait till the ambassador gets back from Hong Kong?" Captain Verbruggen asked

hopefully. He was our acting ambassador, but he preferred to temporize.

Opening the file, I pointed to a cable from Washington. "Senior senator from Pennsylvania. Demands an answer. Immediately."

Verbruggen, a rugged, bald-headed man in his sixties, snapped to attention. "What's he want?"

"The Jaspar girl," I said.

Verbruggen slapped the file. "For seventeen months," he complained, "this embassy has been plagued by the Jaspar girl. I'm here to help Afghanistan climb out of the Dark Ages, but I'm pestered with saddle shoes and Jaspar idiots."

"You've got to read the dispatch," I warned.

Gingerly he opened the file folder jammed with

papers and peeked at the message from Washington. It was from the Secretary of State. Slowly Verbruggen read aloud:

"I must be able to give the senior senator from Pennsylvania full details regarding the whereabouts and condition of Ellen Jaspar. All previous reports from your embassy are inadequate and unacceptable. Detail your best men to this problem, as it involves many collateral considerations. Am I correct in remembering that Mark Miller speaks the native language? If so, assign him to this project at once and have him report promptly, sparing no effort."

Captain Verbruggen leaned back and blew air from puffed-up cheeks. "Looks like it's been taken



out of my hands," he said with relief. "Better get to work, son."

"I have been working, sir."

"In a very desultory way," he suggested pleasantly. My boss could never forgo the obvious, which was why he was stuck in Afghanistan, one of the most inconspicuous nations on earth. In 1946 it was just emerging from the Bronze Age, a land tied to an ancient past. At the embassy we used to say, "Kabul today shows what Palestine was like at the time of Jesus."

In many ways, our attaché was an ideal man for Afghanistan, for he, too, was just emerging from his own Bronze Age. He was a rough, wily businessman who had made a minor fortune in the used-car racket, and a place for himself in the Democratic Party in Minnesota.

When World War II struck, he volunteered to help the Navy manage its shore installations. By merit and drive he had risen to captain and had made significant contributions to the building of our great bases at Manus and Samar. He was a tough bullethead, and men respected him. There was no doubt he had courage, and I could prove it.

My name is not really Mark Miller. By rights it's Marcus Muehler, but in the 1840's, when my ancestors fled Germany, they decided that a Jewish name would not be helpful in America, so they translated Muehler into its English equivalent.

My name being Miller, and my face wholly un-Jewish, I did well at Groton and Yale. In 1942, when the United States Navy was looking for a

few acceptable Jewish officers, to avoid having unacceptable ones forced upon them, they grabbed me.

Captain Verbruggen, under whom I served at Manus, watched me for three weeks, then had me transferred to intelligence. In 1945, when our State Department also wanted to pick up a few Jewish career men with table manners, my former boss switched me from lieutenant, junior grade, to State Department officer, very junior grade. To everyone's relief I was doing reasonably well, so that Captain Verbruggen looked on me with a certain pride.

"I haven't been a ball of fire on the Jaspar girl," I confessed, "but I think I know what's got to be done next."

"What?"

"At four o'clock this afternoon I'm going to be seeing Shah Khan. If anyone knows where the Jaspar girl is, he does."

Captain Verbruggen looked at his watch. "You have time to work on the saddle shoes. Those damned mullahs from the mountain districts stormed into town yesterday and got wind of the saddle shoes, and they're demanding that our Marine guards be sent home."

"You aren't going to let a few Moslem priests dictate our policy, sir?"

"No, but I may have to lose my Marines," he said. "Go down to the bazaar. See what's actually happening."

"Very good, sir."

I rose to go, tucking the Jaspar papers under my arm. "Let me know what Shah Khan thinks," the acting ambassador said.

In 1946 the American embassy in Afghanistan required no large staff, for in those hesitant days the big foreign-aid programs had not yet been visualized. We who did serve in the forbidding capital had to be a closely knit group, because at that time Kabul provided nothing for foreigners—no hotels that we could use, no movies, no newspapers, no radio with European programs, no restaurants available to visitors, no theaters.

For social life we looked to the staffs of the British, French, Italian, Turkish and American embassies. At the end of a long, snowbound winter we were delighted when the people at the British embassy came up with the idea of reading plays before informal audiences. So I was not surprised when I got back to my office to find our pool secretary, Miss Maxwell, somewhat irritated when I asked her to get the papers on the saddle shoes.

"Please, Mr. Miller," she protested. "I'm typing the play for tonight."

I hunted up the saddle-shoe papers myself, and took them to my inner office. A new entry said, "Afghan agents have warned us that if the Marines continue to molest the saddle shoes, there will be a murder in the bazaar."

I asked Miss Maxwell to summon my Afghan aide, Nur Muhammad. Nur was a lithe young man of thirty-two, dressed in a Western-style blue suit which fitted badly. He had black hair, dark skin,



big Afghan nose. During the two years he worked at the American embassy he had taught himself to speak English. We weren't supposed to know that he was also working for the Afghan Government.

"Sit down, Nur," I said. "It's about the saddle shoes." I opened the Manila folder and looked at the report. "Some of your people have warned us if the Marines continue to . . . Nur, do you think our Marines have molested anyone?"

Before he could reply, my door was opened by some young American Marine who had won three stars on Guadalcanal, and who now enjoyed his job as one of the embassy's two military assistants. He stepped in smartly, handed me some papers, and disappeared.

When he was gone, Nur Muhammad replied seriously, "I wouldn't say by your standards the American men have molested. But the mullahs gain a new voice each day. If they believe there has been a molestation, Mr. Miller . . ."

He showed him the report. He drew in his breath. "I said, 'Murder. Whom would the mullahs kill?'"

Without a moment's reflection Nur replied, "Saddle shoes, of course."

"Saddle shoes!" I gasped.

"I must explain. In the past the mullahs loved to murder the *ferangi*, but that caused trouble in Afghanistan. So they've had to quit."

"I was always bemused by the Afghan word for 'foreigner.'" When the first Asian students saw



this ugly word, the combination of *n* and *g* perplexed them, so they invented an expressive pronunciation which included all the letters, heavily fraught with hatred, envy, and contempt. Some pronounced it *ferangi*, with a hard *g*, some *farangi*, others *foreggin*, but it meant the same.

"The mullahs will not murder the *ferangi*," Nur Muhammad assured me.

When he had gone, I called security to ask that our Marines be excused from duty. From my window I watched the two battle heroes hurrying toward the gate. I summoned Miss Maxwell and told her that I was going to the bazaar.

"Good," she replied, grabbing her hat. "I'll deliver the copies of the play."

I went to the gate and asked the guard to hail me a *ghoddy*, and in a few minutes a driver pulled up with the world's most uncomfortable taxi—a horse-drawn two-seater in which the driver perched comfortably in front on a hair cushion, while the passengers clung precariously to a sloping wooden seat that faced backward.

The city of Kabul was hemmed in on the west by the Koh-i-Baba range of mountains, nearly 17,000 feet high, and on the north by the Hindu Kush, one of the major massifs of Asia.

Kabul was shaped like a large capital U, with the closed end to the east where the Kabul River flowed down to the Khyber Pass, and the open end to the west, facing the Koh-i-Baba. The American embassy and most European quarters lay in the northern leg of the U, which I was now leaving, while the bazaar, the mosques, and the vivid life of the city lay in the southern leg.

The men I saw on the streets of Kabul looked much more Jewish than I. They were tall, dark, and had prominent Semitic noses, and they claimed to be descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. Educated men and officials wore Western clothes with fur-collared overcoats and handsome caps of *karakul*. But most men wore the national costume—open-toed sandals, baggy white pants, an enormous white shirt whose tails were worn

outside and reached below the knees, richly patterned vest, heavy overcoat, and a dirty turban. If they were tribesmen from the hills, they also carried rifles, bandoleers studded with cartridges, and daggers.

As the *ghoddy* plugged along, I saw vague moving shapes enshrouded in cloth from head to toe. They were women, obliged by Afghan custom to wear the *chaderi*, the Moslem covering with a tiny, rectangular peephole.

It was midmorning when the *ghoddy* dropped me at the little mosque in the heart of the city. At the doorway stood three mullahs—tall, gaunt men with flowing beards and fierce eyes. They stared at me with undisguised hatred and I thought, *These are the men who really rule Afghanistan.*

One of them, obviously down from the hills, spied something behind me and began screaming imprecations in Pashto. The other mullahs started running at me, and I hurriedly ducked aside to let them pass. Looking back, I saw our typist, Miss Maxwell, hurrying along the public sidewalk. The country mullah had spotted her, a woman without a *chaderi*, and felt obliged to assault her for this violation of faith. Before I could reach her

the three mullahs were beating her with their fists and spitting in her face.

I dashed through the crowd, shouting in Pashto, "Stop it, you fools! She's *ferangi*!"

A policeman ambled up, unwilling to become involved with mullahs, and said quietly, "Look here, men. We're in Kabul, not the mountains. Let the woman alone." The fanatic mullahs withdrew to the mosque at the river's edge.

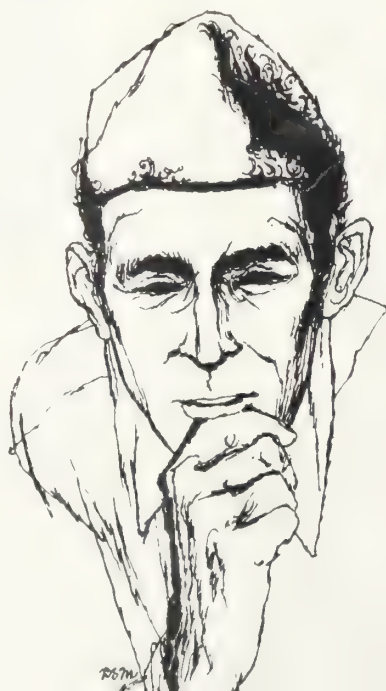
Miss Maxwell proved herself a brave girl and refused to cry. I wiped her face and said, "Forget them. They're madmen. I'll find your driver."

When she was gone, I wandered over to the bazaar, a nest of narrow streets where almost everything was for sale, much of it stolen from warehouses in Delhi, Isfahan, and Samarkand. Wherever I looked there were the mysterious forms of women, shrouded in robes which hid even their eyes. I was wondering, as a young man should, what forms were sequestered beneath the robes, when I became aware of two young women who moved with tantalizing grace. How did I know they were young? How did I know they were beautiful and gay and lively? I can't say. But I do know that these creatures were positively alluring in their mysteriousness.

One was dressed in an expensive, pleated *chaderi* of fawn-colored silk; the other was in gray. When I turned to look after them, I saw that they were wearing American-style saddle shoes. These must be the girls who had been reported as meeting our two Marine guards in the bazaar, and from my memory of the dashing manner in which the Marines had left our embassy compound, I suspected a rendezvous.

So I followed the girls—attractive, dangerous, moving gracefully through the bazaar, looking, hoping. I followed them to the alleyways where *karakul* caps were sold, and on to the stands of melons, and the dark stalls where cloth from India was on sale.

For a moment I lost them. I turned into a street where there were shops with metalware—bronze, tin, stainless steel and silver—but the girls were





not there. I hurried back to the fabric center and, finding no one there, I turned toward a little alley which led to what seemed a dead end.

Against the dead-end wall leaned our two American Marines, in bright uniform, embracing the two Afghan girls; they had thrown back their *chaderes*. From the corner of my eye I saw the three gaunt mullahs moving through the bazaar, obviously hunting for the girls. I ran down the alley and shouted in Pashto, "You fools! Run!"

"The mullahs?" the girls asked.

"Yes! Hurry!" In an instant the girls vanished down a narrow pathway, while the two Marines vaulted over the wall.

The Marines would have to leave Afghanistan. That was clear.

A *ghoddy* drew up, occupied by Nur Muhammad, who had come down to survey matters from a distance. He pointed a warning finger at the mullahs, who were haranguing a crowd near the entrance to the bazaar.

"Just escaped," I reported. "A miracle."

I climbed into the *ghoddy*, and we drove back toward the embassy. "Does the government know who the girls are?" I asked. "The saddle shoes, mean."

"Rumors whisper that one is Shah Khan's granddaughter," Nur said. "He's the one who protested to the ambassador."

"Our intelligence file says that Shah Khan has openly stated he's opposed to the *chaderi*."

"Quite true," said Nur. "That's why the mullahs tried to murder him last year."

"I have to see him at four," I said, "about the Jaspas girl."

Nur promised to have the jeep ready, and I hurried to report to Captain Verbruggen. We arranged to have the two Marines shipped out of the country that very afternoon. They would ride in an open truck down the mountain passes to Peshawar, at the Indian end of the Khyber Pass. And in the years ahead they would relate such memories of Afghanistan as would inspire other young American men to serve in distant nations.

Shah Khan lived well to the west, in a fortress hidden behind massive walls. This establishment lay in the shadow of the beautiful Koh-i-Baba mountains, which were now snow-covered. At the fortress gate Nur Muhammad tugged at a bell cord, sending an echo through the frosty air. The gates were slammed open, and a handsome man of 36, astride a pawing white horse, greeted us. "Mark Miller! Enter!" he cried in English. He was Moheb Khan, son of the Shah, educated at Oxford and at the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce in Philadelphia. He held a responsible position in the Foreign Office, but on this day was affecting the dress of a prosperous mountain man—sheepskin trousers, expensive embroidered vest, long Russian-style fur coat, and a silver-gray *karakul* cap. He was clean-shaven, sharp-eyed.

Whenever I saw Moheb, I was reminded that the future of Afghanistan, if left to Afghans,

would be determined by the struggle between the bearded mullahs from the hills and the few young experts like Moheb, with degrees from Oxford, or the Sorbonne, or Harvard.

"Where'd you get the horse?" I asked, walking into the great compound.

"Look at the brand!" He dismounted and pointed to a *W* burned on the horse's left flank.

"I don't know any ranch with that brand."

"It's sentimental!" Moheb said, laughing. "Think! Think!"

"But where'd you get the horse?" I asked. We were walking toward an imposing mud-walled castle surrounded by smaller buildings.

"Some traders brought him down from the north. Said they got him over the Oxus in Russia."

"Splendid beast," I said. "Whether he be Russian or whatever."

Moheb Khan led me into the main house, indicated to Nur Muhammad where he should wait, and took me in to see his father.

Shah Khan—his name could be translated as "Sir Mister" and was hardly a name at all—was a slim patrician who had served as adviser to three successive kings. He wore expensive tweeds tailored in London. Usually he spoke Persian, but in dealing with foreigners he preferred French—he had studied at the Sorbonne; but he was also competent in English, German, and Pashto, the language of the countryside.

Because I spoke French, Shah Khan favored me over other Americans. He could thus indulge his belief that diplomacy must be conducted only in that language. Today we would speak in French.

I showed him my file folder. "Our government is demanding that we report where Ellen Jaspas is."

"They've been demanding that for almost a year," Shah Khan said. He sat deep in a leather chair which his grandfather had purchased in Berlin. A French decorator had succeeded in staining the leather an objectionable red.

"But this time, Your Excellency, it isn't merely the United States Government who demands. It's also the senator from Pennsylvania."



The old Afghan turned to his son "Moheb, did you know the senator from Pennsylvania?"

"Which one?" Moheb asked quickly. He mentioned both Pennsylvania senators by name. "I liked them both."

"Are they significant men?" his father asked. "Very," Moheb replied.

Shah Khan said, "You feel, Monsieur Miller, that this time something must be done."

"Indeed, or we shall all be reprimanded—perhaps called home."

"Let us suffer the evils that we know rather than flee to those we know not of," Shah Khan remarked, paraphrasing Hamlet in French. "Have you new material about this unfortunate girl?"

I checked with Shah Khan and his son the facts that we had on Ellen Jaspar and her Afghan husband, Nazrullah.

In the autumn of 1942 the Afghan Government had sent Nazrullah from Kabul to the Wharton School in Philadelphia. He was then 24, came from a good Kabul family, was bright and good-looking. Endowed with a lavish expense account, Nazrullah cut quite a swath in Philadelphia society. At the same time, the solid engineering degree he had earned in Germany prepared him to do good work at the Wharton School.

"In spite of his enthusiastic social life," Moheb said, "Nazrullah was an honor student. I kept tabs on him, since I was serving then in the Washington embassy."

"Didn't Nazrullah's time at the Wharton School overlap yours?" Shah Khan asked.

"No," Moheb said. "Don't you remember? You sent him to Wharton because I'd done well there."

I exclaimed in English, "That's it! The *W* brand stands for Wharton!"

"Exactly!" Moheb said.

"What's this foolishness?" old Shah Khan asked from the depths of his red-leather chair.

"Your son branded his white horse with a *W* in honor of his degree from Wharton," I explained.

"Preposterous," Shah Khan growled. "Where'd Nazrullah meet the Jaspar girl?"

"Those were the years," Moheb reminded us, "when there weren't too many American men available. Nazrullah —"

"What's his last name?" I interrupted.

"Just Nazrullah," Moheb replied. "Like so many Afghans, he has no last name. As to the girl, she was a junior at Bryn Mawr. I think he met her at the Merion Cricket Club. She came from a good family in Dorset, Pennsylvania."

"Where's that?" I asked. Strange to be asking an Afghan about American geography.

"A town north of Philadelphia," Moheb said.

"They didn't get married in Dorset."

"I should say not!" Moheb agreed. "Her family raised hell. You know what that girl did? In the middle of the war she went to England, wangled her way to India, and came up the Khyber Pass in a donkey caravan. She was married here."

"It was a brilliant wedding," Shah Khan said. "Have you a picture of the girl, Monsieur Miller?"

From my files I produced several photographs of Ellen Jaspar. As a sophomore at Bryn Mawr she had played Olivia in *Twelfth Night*—a thin, good-looking and apparently graceful blonde. In her junior year she sang in the chorus when Fritz Reiner did Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, and in her surplice, with her blond hair peeking from under her cap, she looked angelic. I had known hundreds of girls like Ellen Jaspar, adorning the campuses at Radcliffe, Smith, and Mount Holyoke. They all did well in English, poorly in mathematics, indifferently in philosophy.

"What made her marry a foreigner?" Shah Khan asked.

"We have the reports. Her father says he begged her not to marry Nazrullah. All she replied was that she was fed up with Dorset, Pennsylvania, and that she would rather die on the sands of the desert than marry the local young man who had been courting her."

"Is Dorset so bad?" the old Afghan asked.

"I remember it as quite a lovely American town," Moheb Khan replied. "It's rather colonial in architecture, as I recall."

"But you didn't have to live there," the old man reflected.

"But I did," Moheb said. "For three days. Ellen and Nazrullah drove me up on a Friday. He wanted the Jaspars to see that in Afghanistan we had many young men who spoke well. It was an agonizing weekend."

"The Jaspars took the whole thing rather dimly?" I asked.

Moheb was about to reply when I received the distinct sensation that someone had passed behind me. I turned. There was no one visible out in the hallway, but a fawn-colored *chaderi* lay thrown across a chair.

"Dimly?" Moheb was echoing. "The Jaspars looked at Nazrullah and me as if we were suffering from the plague."

"What did Mr. Jaspar work at?" I asked. "Wasn't it insurance?"

"Yes," Moheb replied. "He was also chairman, I believe, of the local draft board—a position of responsibility."

"Later on," Shah Khan asked, "didn't you advise the Jaspars against an Afghan marriage?"

"Yes. I met them in Philadelphia, and I brought along our ambassador from Washington. Nazrullah and Ellen knew nothing of this meeting. We discussed the matter frankly."

"You told them the truth?" I asked.

"Completely. I told the Jaspars that if their daughter married Nazrullah, she could never leave Afghanistan without her husband's permission. That she surrendered all claim to protection from America."

"What did they say?"

"Mrs. Jaspar began to cry."

"Did you warn them about Afghan salaries?"

"I did—most explicitly," Moheb assured me. "I said, 'Mr. Jaspar, Ellen mustn't be deceived by the fact that in America Nazrullah drives a big car. Our government is very generous to us as long as we're abroad, but when we go home, Nazrullah and I will get jobs that pay twenty American dollars a month.' And I explained that



...n would live in a hovel at first, with women despised her for not wearing the *chaderi*." "Is it true, Your Excellency," I asked, "that Afghanistan may soon discard the *chaderi*?"

The old man leaned back in his red leather chair. "You Americans seem inordinately preoccupied with the *chaderi*. Look!" He pointed to the white-colored shroud lying on the hallway chair. "My own granddaughter wears the *chaderi*, and my mother graduated from the Sorbonne."

"I assured the Jaspars," Moheb continued, "that Ellen would not have to wear one, but that Nazrullah's family would hate her if she didn't. I warned them that if Ellen appeared in public without the *chaderi*, mullahs might spit at her. So Ellen went ahead and married Nazrullah, and now a senator is trying to find out where she is." He fell into a chair, poured himself an orange drink, and reflected, "This preposterous Afghan government! It says, 'When young Afghans go abroad, they must live like gentlemen.' When I was at the Wharton School, my allowance was \$100 every month. No wonder the girls wanted to marry us. But when the government brought me home, I got twenty-one dollars a month. Right now Nazrullah heads an irrigation project west of Kandahar and earns twenty-seven dollars a month—more or less."

"Is his wife with him?" I asked bluntly.

"Which wife?" Shah Khan asked.

"I was startled. 'He has two wives?'"

"Nazrullah had a family wife before he went to America," Shah Khan explained. "But that signifies nothing."

"That's not in our file," I protested.

"Enter it now," the old man said. "Nazrullah married before he met the American girl. It should put the Jaspars at ease." As soon as he had said this, he apologized. "I'm sorry, Miller. That was most ungenerous of me. I'm just worried as the Jaspars must be. Where is their daughter? They haven't heard from her, you tell me in more than thirteen months? What a terrible burden on those good parents."

The old man began to cry and wiped tears from his dark eyes. Afghans, I had learned, were apt to weep on little notice. "All right," I said, "where can the Jaspars be?"

"I've been pondering this problem," Shah Khan said. "It isn't easy to get news from a city as far away as Kandahar, but we manage. We find that Nazrullah and his American wife—you understand that his Moslem wife stays here with the children?"

"More than one child?" I asked.

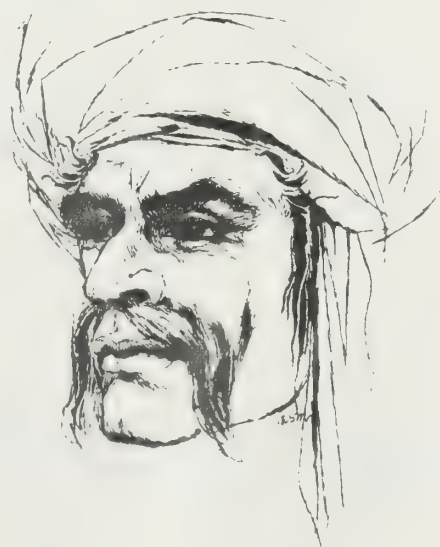
"Yes, he had one before he went to the Wharton School, and one after he got back."

"Then he must have been living with the Jaspars when he had the second child."

"Of course. But he also had responsibilities to his Afghan wife."

Since I had not come to Shah Khan's for a lecture on marriage, I asked abruptly, "Then Ellen Jaspars was last heard of in Kandahar?"

"Not exactly," Shah Khan replied. "We know she was there, because one day some mullahs attacked her on the street—for not wearing the *chaderi*. She distinguished herself by fighting back, and her husband joined her. Between them they clobbered the mullahs, and I'm glad they did."



"That must have made her very popular in Kandahar," I suggested.

"Didn't matter one way or the other," Shah Khan laughed. "At any rate, the row didn't harm Nazrullah's career. He was soon promoted to the best engineering job in the country. Set up headquarters in the old fortress at Qala Bist."

The old man's eyes misted over at the mention of this great name in Afghan history. "Monsieur Miller, have you ever seen Qala Bist?"

I hadn't, and I didn't want the old patriot to lecture me just then about the vanished glories of Afghanistan.

He went on anyway.

"A fantastic arch rising from the desert. No one knows when it was built, but the building it was attached to must have been immense. There's a huge fort nearby, and an abandoned city which must have sheltered half a million people. Now we don't even remember what the city was named."

"What's Nazrullah doing there?" I asked.

"He and his American wife went there for preliminary work on our big irrigation project," Shah Khan explained.

Moheb added, "We know that she reached Qala Bist. We had letters from them. But that was nine months ago."

"Then where is she?" I asked.

"Judging from what's happened to other *ferangi* wives, Miss Jaspars could have killed herself in despair, or she could have been locked up by her husband, or tried to run away. There's a British railroad station at Chaman, but we've asked there. She didn't reach Chaman."

"What's your guess?"

"Putting myself in Nazrullah's place," Moheb ventured, "I would suggest this possibility: Nazrullah was very kind to his American wife and took her away from his domineering family, where his women must have made her life unbearable. She wanted to go back to America, but he refused permission, as was his right. So she ran away and perished before she reached the frontier. It's happened here sometimes before."

"But why then hasn't Nazrullah reported his wife missing?" I asked.

"She is only a woman and nothing to get excited about," Moheb Khan replied. "When he gets back to Kabul, he'll explain everything."

We sat silent for some minutes. Wintry darkness had enveloped the massive fort, stealing down from the Koh-i-Baba on icy blasts of wind. Snow eddied in the darkness.

I asked Shah Khan whether he would let me go to Kandahar and Qala Bist. "Some very important Americans insist upon knowing what's happened to Ellen Jaspar."

"You have my permission," he said. "In spite of the rude comments of my son, we Afghans do get excited about beautiful women." He smiled. "Moheb, get Monsieur Miller's jeep."

When his son had left, the old warrior put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Monsieur Miller, concerning the Jaspar girl. We do have one bit of additional information, but it's so bizarre that I can't believe it. When you get to Kandahar, you can judge for yourself."

"You won't tell me?" I asked.

"I would abhor having my name in your file attached to such a rumor. I've my reputation to consider. But you're a younger man. You can risk such embarrassments, and I wish you Godspeed."

Next morning I was awakened by Nur Muhammad beating on my bedroom door and crying. "Miller Sahib! Captain Verbruggen has called a meeting for eleven!"

I lived near the American embassy, in one of the new houses on the far side of the public park. When I had finished shaving, I went onto the roof of my house, as I did every morning, to inspect the mountains surrounding the capital.

To the west the Koh-i-Baba mountains stood shimmering in the sunlight, so graceful that they seemed like Gothic sculpture. To the north stood the great Hindu Kush, heavy and foreboding. Each morning, when I greeted the mountains, I felt myself in contact with the entire continent of Asia and with my own past—the wartime flights over the Himalayas into China; the intelligence mission into Gilgit, perched in the clouds; the great sea battles off the eastern flank of Asia; and now my job with the State Department in Kabul.

For his eleven-o'clock meeting Captain Verbruggen had collected four members of our staff. Richardson of intelligence was there, a tweedy, pipe-smoking gentleman who affected a British-type moustache. He had come to the State Department from the F.B.I. and was an expert on security and Russian intentions. He felt the case of the Jaspar girl to be an intrusion and frequently said so. But now he sat confidently, his hands folded on his own intelligence file, waiting for us to ask questions.

Nexler, the brains of the embassy, was also present. A self-effacing man in his late forties, he was a career diplomat and liked to remind us of the fact. Nur Muhammad and I completed the membership of the group, and it was to me that Captain Verbruggen spoke first.

"Shah Khan's office delivered the travel permit, so you're free to head for Kandahar."

"I'll go down tomorrow," I said.

"Good. What do you expect to find?"

"Yesterday Moheb Khan suggested three possibilities. One: The Jaspar girl killed herself."

"Is that likely?" Verbruggen asked.

"It's possible. She must have been shocked by the life she was required to lead in Afghanistan. Moheb Khan told me something that isn't in our reports. Nazrullah married an Afghan wife before he left for America and had a baby by her."

"We knew that," Richardson said complacently.

So he had withheld information. "Did you also know," I asked, "that after Nazrullah and Ellen Jaspar were married, his Afghan wife lived with them and had a second baby? That could well have caused Miss Jaspar to kill herself. Remember, the Allison girl did that three years ago."

The Americans in the room winced at the memory of that dismal affair, and Richardson asked, "Wouldn't we have heard about a suicide?"

"Moheb said she was only a woman, and when Nazrullah gets back to Kabul he'll tell us all we need to know."

"What were the other guesses?" Captain Verbruggen asked.

"Second theory," I said. "She's been locked up by her husband, and we won't see her for years. Remember that this occurred with that English girl Sanderson and that Dutch girl —"

"Vonderdonk," Richardson filled in. He sucked his pipe, then observed cautiously, "Evidence I've collected supports the belief that Nazrullah loved his American wife. I find no parallel with the Sanderson and Vonderdonk girls. Their husbands hated them and kept them locked up eight or nine years to prove it. I reject this theory."

"We're rejecting nothing," Verbruggen said firmly. "This is Afghanistan. How do you know what Nazrullah might do?"

Richardson nodded amiably and dragged on his pipe. "Let's concede that he's keeping her locked up. Where? A city like Kandahar? An outpost like Qala Bist?"

"Excuse me, sir," Nur Muhammad interrupted. "I've reviewed all recent cases of such personal imprisonment. Without exception the jail turned out to be the home of the husband's mother. If you surround a *ferangi* wife with half a dozen women in *chaderi*, they not only can keep her hidden, they enjoy doing it."

Captain Verbruggen looked at Nur Muhammad. "Have we checked the mother's home?"

"Everything possible," Nur replied. "Without finding a single clue."

Nexler spoke for the first time. "Would you rule out the possibility that she's hidden right here in Kabul?"

"No," Nur responded. "But it is unlikely."

Verbruggen frowned impatiently and asked me, "What's the third guess?"

"Moheb Khan suggests that Ellen Jaspar may have run away, trying to reach the British railway station at Chaman. We know she never reached Chaman. If she tried to get there, she must have

died in the desert. Two earlier cases ended in just that way."

"That finishes your report?" Verbruggen asked.

"Yes, sir." But there remained the matter of Shah Khan's implausible rumor, which he had refused to share with me. I did not mention it.

Richardson coughed and said, "I have a complete report on the Jaspar girl. Naval intelligence and F.B.I. helped us out." He opened his file ceremoniously and without waiting for consent began reading.

"Ellen Jaspar, born in Dorset, Pennsylvania 1922. Father's in real estate and insurance. She has one brother, three years younger. He seems normal in every way. Enlisted in the Army and did well. Now a sophomore at Penn State. We include a photograph of the Jaspars taken in 1943, the year before our subject met the gentleman from Afghanistan."

Richardson detached the photograph and said, "If you're looking for the all-American family, here it is. There's even a collie and an expensive automobile."

When the photograph reached me, I saw a typical group—mother a bit plump but well dressed, father taller and solid-looking, son ill at ease in pants a little too tight, collie dog well cared for, car recently polished, daughter. . . .

"She's much prettier than most foreign women who marry Afghans," Nur Muhammad said.

I looked again. At twenty, Ellen Jaspar was the typical sophomore at a good girls' college like Bryn Mawr. She was an attractive blonde, lean and well groomed.

Captain Verbruggen took charge of the picture and asked, "Why would she marry an Afghan?"

Richardson had seen something in the photograph the rest of us had missed. "She looks to me like a girl who would often whine, 'Oh, mother!' We all know that girls of twelve deplore their parents' inadequacies. Thank God, that usually passes. But this girl looks as if she'd maintained that attitude right into her twenties."

I studied the photograph again and I must admit I could hear her crying, "*Really*, mother!"

"In fact," Richardson went on, "Ellen Jaspar attended public school in Dorset through her sophomore year, and did well. Then she grew discontented, and her parents transferred her to a good private school in Philadelphia, where she also did well."

"All-around girl?" Verbruggen asked.

"Oh, yes," Richardson assured him. "Hockey, glee club, tried out for the senior play. Boys took her to dances, and in the summer she was counselor at a camp. Well adjusted."

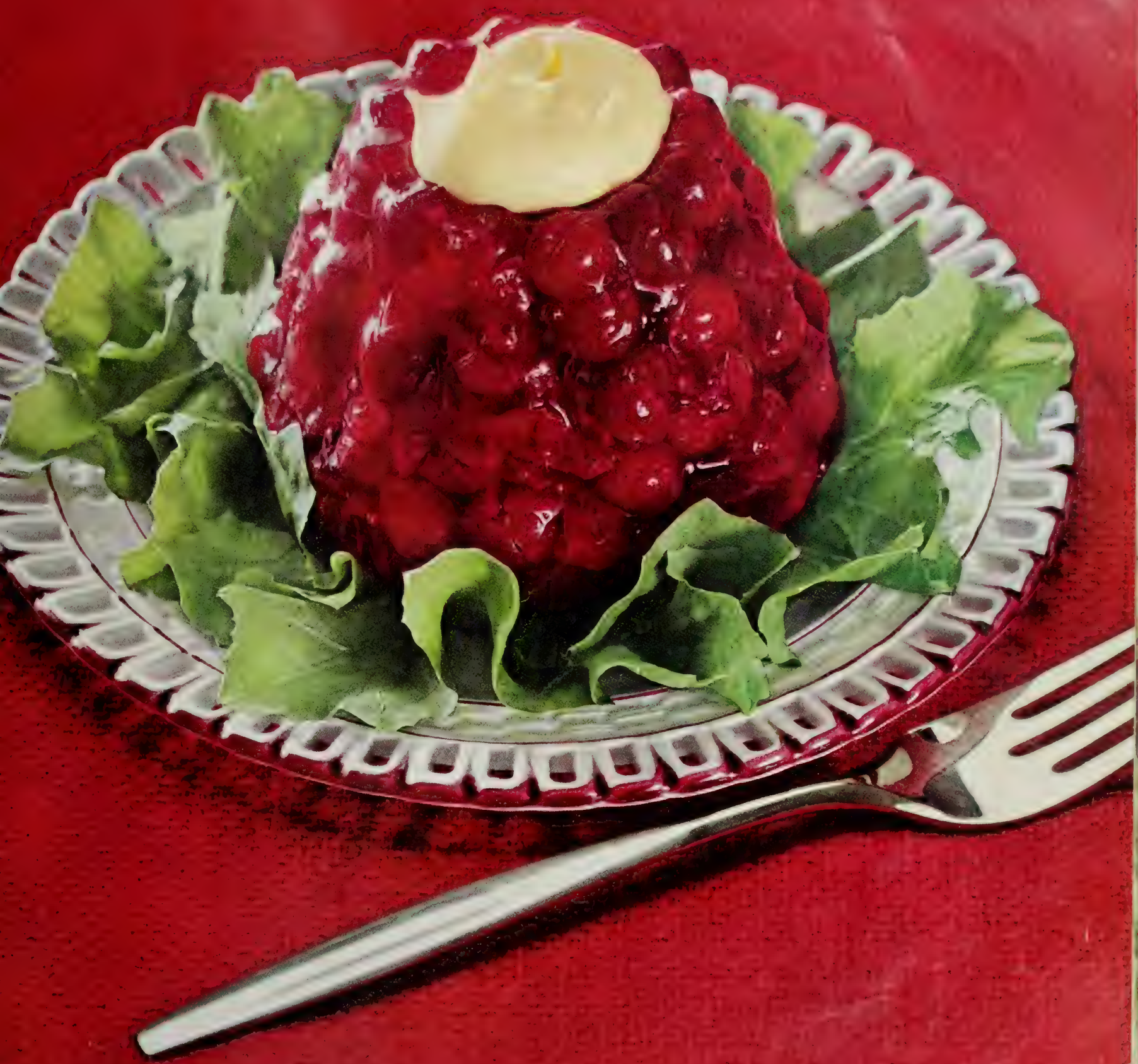
"College the same?" Verbruggen asked. "Hockey, singing, dramatics?"

"Yes."

Verbruggen leaned back and looked at the ceiling. "Where does the flaw come in? That she would make such a marriage?"

"We've gone rather deeply into that," Richardson replied. "First clue we get is from an interview with one of her high-school steadies. Boy who did well in the Navy. He told (Continued on page 112)





NEXT TIME IT'S SALAD...SNAP IT UP WITH CRANBERRIES

Recipe: one package of your favorite gelatin dessert (use half the water called for) plus Ocean Spray whole berry sauce. Or try Ocean Spray jellied sauce with cottage cheese or fruit. HEIGHTEN THE FLAVOR, BRIGHTEN THE PLATE WITH OCEAN SPRAY.





Still life of a cool summer: a shimmering lemon mousse, a succulent salad of lobster and shrimp, a frosty pitcher of lime mintade. Small oval server: from Hammacher Schlemmer.



Heat's Off Summer Cooking

Ready for recipes that trim time in the kitchen to a quick and easy minimum? Here's a cool collection (of more than 50) divided into three parts: (1) no-cook cooking, which means *no cooking at all* (ground rules allow boiling water); (2) quickies as easy as one, two, three, and (3) our favorite formula for a party: soup plus salad plus dessert. Cool cooking, these recipes, and cool eating. They all add up to a bit of summer sorcery.

NO-COOK COOKING

SALAD RAVIGOTE

1 cup olive oil	½ teaspoon dry mustard
½ cup tarragon vinegar	3 cups cooked lobster
½ cup finely chopped fresh dill	meat, fresh or canned
1 small white onion or shallot, peeled and thinly sliced	2 pounds cooked, shelled and deveined shrimp, fresh or canned
1 teaspoon salt	8 cups mixed, bite-size salad greens
½ teaspoon pepper	

(1) For dressing, shake together in jar, the oil, vinegar, dill, white onion or shallot, salt, pepper and dry mustard. Let stand at room temperature ½ hour. (2) Cut lobster meat into bite-size pieces. (3) Combine with shrimp and salad greens. Add enough dressing to coat salad lightly. Toss, taste for salt and pepper and adjust. Makes 8 servings.

LIME MINTADE

1 cup sugar	¼ cup lemon juice
1 cup boiling water	6 cups water
½ cup chopped fresh mint, firmly packed	Few drops green food coloring
1 cup lime juice	Ice cubes
	Fresh mint sprigs

(1) Combine the sugar, boiling water and mint. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Let stand 5 minutes. Cool and strain. (2) Pour mint syrup into a large pitcher, add lime and lemon juices, water, a few drops food coloring, ice cubes and mix well. Pour into 8 tall ice-filled glasses and garnish with fresh mint. (3) For a special touch, dip rims of unfilled glasses in egg white, then in sugar. Chill for a few minutes in the freezer. Makes 8 frosty servings.

Photograph by Mark Kaufman

SUMMER COOKING

(Continued)

FROZEN LEMON MOUSSE

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1 envelope unflavored gelatin | 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind |
| ¼ cup cold water | 3 cups heavy cream |
| 2¼ cups sugar | 1 egg white |
| 1 cup boiling water | Yellow food coloring |
| 2 cups light cream | 4 cups fresh, frozen or canned fruit |
| 3 lemons | |

(1) Soften gelatin in cold water. Add sugar and boiling water. Stir until sugar and gelatin dissolve. Add the light cream. Cool. Stir in the juice of the lemons and the rind. Pour into freezing trays and freeze until almost firm but still mushy. (2) Beat heavy cream until thick and glossy. Fold in egg white which has been beaten until stiff. Refrigerate while you beat the lemon mixture. (3) Spoon it into a chilled mixing bowl and beat until fluffy but still thick. Stir in a little yellow food coloring. (4) Quickly fold in the egg white-cream mixture and spoon into freezer trays or a 12-cup ring mold or decorative mold. Freeze until firm, several hours or overnight. (5) To serve: scoop or spoon the mousse from the trays into a serving dish and surround with the fruit or unmold by loosening edges with a small knife, dipping the bottom of the mold quickly into hot water and inverting onto a serving plate. Decorate with fruit. Makes 10-12 servings.

BERRY-PATCH PUNCH

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| 2 (6-oz.) cans frozen raspberry-lemon punch | 1-1½ cups bourbon or gin (optional) |
| 2 cups water | 1 quart soda water |
| 1 package (10-oz.) frozen raspberries | |

(1) Empty raspberry-lemon punch, water and raspberries into bowl. Let them stand 10-15 minutes to thaw, then mix well. (2) Stir in bourbon or gin, if you like, and the soda water. Serve with ice. Makes about 2 quarts punch, 10-12 servings. If you prefer a sweeter drink, add a few tablespoons of superfine sugar.

CARDINAL SAUCE

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 package (10-oz.) frozen raspberries | 1 tablespoon lemon juice |
| ½ cup sugar | Kirsch (optional) |
| | 2 pints strawberries |

(1) Thaw raspberries enough to put through sieve or food mill, or buzz in electric blender. Strain to remove seeds if you use blender. (2) Add ¼ cup sugar, the lemon juice and a little kirsch if you like. (3) Wash, hull and slice strawberries. Stir in ¼ cup sugar. (4) Mix raspberry sauce with strawberries. Chill. Serve over vanilla ice cream. Yield about 5 cups sauce.

RICE MILANESE (hot)

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|--------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 2 cups water | 2½ cup slivered salami |
| 2 cups packaged precooked rice | 2 tablespoons chopped red pepper |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper |
| ¾ teaspoon pepper | |
| 3 eggs, beaten | |
| 1 cup cubed cooked ham | |

(1) Boil the water in a 1½-quart top-of-the-stove casserole. (2) Remove from heat, stir in rice, salt, pepper and eggs. Cover tightly and let stand for 5 minutes. (3) Stir; add remaining ingredients and mix well. Cover and let stand 3-4 minutes before serving. Makes 4 servings.

NO-BAKE CHICKEN CASSEROLE (hot)

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|--|---|
| 1½ cups water | POTATO TOPPING |
| 1 cup packaged bread stuffing | 1½ cups boiling water |
| 2 chicken bouillon cubes | ½ cup heavy cream |
| 1 envelope (1¾-oz.) sour-cream-sauce mix | 1 tablespoon butter or margarine |
| 2 (5½-oz.) jars chicken, cubed | ½ teaspoon salt |
| | ⅛ teaspoon pepper |
| | 1 envelope (3½-oz.) instant mashed potatoes |
| | 2 tablespoons chopped parsley |

(1) Boil the water in a 1½-quart top-of-the-stove casserole. Mix ½ cup with the bread stuffing in a bowl. (2) Remove casserole from heat, add bouillon cubes and sour-cream-sauce mix and whisk until blended. (3) Add the chicken and stuffing, cover tightly. (4) For the potato topping: Mix the boiling water, cream, butter or margarine, salt and pepper. Add the instant mashed potatoes and beat until fluffy. (5) Spread on top of the chicken mixture in the casserole. Sprinkle with parsley. Makes 4 servings.

SEA ISLAND SALAD

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|--|--|
| 4 cups assorted salad greens, Boston lettuce, chicory, romaine, endive | DRESSING |
| 1 small bunch scallions, trimmed and sliced, include green tops | ¾ cup salad oil |
| 1 can (15-oz.) artichoke hearts, drained | ⅓ cup fresh or canned grapefruit juice |
| 1 green pepper, seeded and slivered | 2 teaspoons dry mustard |
| 1 small cucumber, sliced | 2 tablespoons chopped chives |
| | 2 teaspoons seasoned salt |
| | 1½ teaspoon pepper |
| | 2 tablespoons white vinegar |

(1) Prepare the dressing first. Shake all the ingredients together in a jar. Cover and let stand to blend flavors for 20 minutes. (2) Just before serving time tear the salad greens into bite-size pieces. Mix them with the scallions, artichoke hearts, green pepper and cucumber. (3) Shake the dressing well and add enough to the greens to coat each leaf lightly. Toss well. Makes 6 servings.

TONGUE-AND-HAM MOUSSE

- | | |
|---|----------------------------|
| 2 (1½-oz.) envelopes sour-cream-sauce mix | 2 cups diced cooked tongue |
| 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin | ½ cup chopped green pepper |
| ¼ cup water | 1 cup heavy cream, whipped |
| ¼ cup vinegar | Wilted cucumbers |
| 2 cups ground cooked ham | |

(1) Prepare sour-cream-sauce mix according to package directions. (2) Soften gelatin in water and vinegar. Dissolve over hot water. (3) Combine with sauce, ham, tongue and green pepper. Fold in whipped cream. Spoon into a 6-cup mold and chill until firm. Unmold and garnish with wilted cucumbers. Makes 6-8 servings.

PISTACHIO-CHEESE SALAD

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|---------------------------------|--|
| 1 envelope unflavored gelatin | 1 cup coarsely chopped pistachios, blanched and peeled |
| ¼ cup water | ½ cup chopped celery |
| 2 (8-oz.) packages cream cheese | 1 cup heavy cream, whipped |
| ½ cup crumbled Roquefort cheese | Lettuce |

(1) Soften gelatin in water. Dissolve over hot water. (2) Cream cheeses together until fluffy. (3) Fold in gelatin and remaining ingredients. Spoon into a 6-cup mold and chill until set. Unmold on a bed of lettuce. Makes 6-8 servings.

SEAFOOD GREEN GODDESS

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|--|--|
| 1 lb. cooked, fresh lump crabmeat, or 2 (7½-oz.) cans | GREEN GODDESS DRESSING: |
| 1 lb. cooked, shelled and deveined shrimp, fresh or canned | ½ cup mayonnaise |
| 8 tomatoes | 3 tablespoons chopped parsley |
| Salad greens | ¼ cup dairy fresh sour cream |
| | 3 tablespoons tarragon vinegar |
| | 2 teaspoons lemon juice |
| | 4 teaspoons anchovy paste |
| | 1 small clove garlic, peeled and crushed |

(1) For the dressing, mix together all the ingredients. Chill for several hours to blend flavors. (2) Pick over the crabmeat to remove all tiny bones. Place in a large bowl with the shrimp. If the shrimp are very large, cut them in half. (3) Add the salad dressing, using about half. Mix well. Add more dressing if desired. Save any remaining dressing for a green salad. Cover and refrigerate while you prepare the tomatoes. (4) Remove the core from each tomato and cut each into sixths—almost but not quite through. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and fill with the salad mixture. Serve on a bed of greens. Makes 8 servings.

ORANGE-BOURBON COOLER

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|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 pint orange sherbet, softened | Ice cubes |
| 1 cup bourbon | Canned pineapple spears (garnish) |
| 2 pints chilled carbonated water | |

(1) Combine sherbet and bourbon; mix well. Add carbonated water; stir lightly. (2) Pour into tall glasses with 3 or 4 ice cubes. Garnish with pineapple spears. Makes about 6 servings.

CALYPSO COOLER

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 2 cups canned pineapple juice | 1 cup light or dark rum |
| 1 cup fresh or frozen orange juice | Ice cubes |
| 3 tablespoons lemon juice | Soda water |
| 3 tablespoons grenadine syrup | Canned pineapple spears (garnish) |
| 2 tablespoons superfine sugar | Orange slices (garnish) |

(1) In a bowl, mix together pineapple, orange and lemon juices, grenadine syrup, sugar and rum. (2) Divide mixture among 8

tall glasses. Add a few ice cubes and fill to the top with soda water. Stir well and serve garnished with a pineapple spear and a half slice of orange. Makes 8 servings.

THREE-BERRY SHAKE

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|-------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1 cup milk | 3 large scoops strawberry ice cream |
| ¼ cup cranberry juice | |
| 3 tablespoons raspberry syrup | |

(1) Pour milk, cranberry juice and syrup into blender container. Add ice cream, cover and buzz at high speed until mixture is thick and smooth. (2) Pour into 2 tall, chilled glasses and serve at once. Makes 2 milk shakes.

FROSTED CUCUMBER SOUP

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------|
| 2 cucumbers, peeled, seeded and chopped | 1 cup dairy fresh sour cream |
| 1 envelope (1⅞-oz.) cream-of-leek-soup mix | 1 teaspoon lemon juice |
| 2½ cups milk | Few drops green food coloring |
| | Chopped chives or mint |

(1) In a blender, buzz cucumbers, soup mix, milk, ¾ cup sour cream, lemon juice and food coloring. (2) Chill for several hours until icy cold and the flavors are blended. Serve with a spoonful of sour cream and a sprinkling of chopped chives or mint. Make about 1 quart; 4-6 servings.

TROPICAL FRUIT SALAD

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 package (3-oz.) apple-flavored gelatin | 1 cup seedless green grapes |
| 1 package (3-oz.) lemon-flavored gelatin | 1 package (12-oz.) frozen melon balls, thawed and drained |
| 2 cups hot water | 1 avocado, peeled, pitted and cubed |
| 1½ cups ginger ale | Salad greens |
| ½ cup dry white wine | Mayonnaise |

(1) Dissolve gelatins in hot water. (2) Stir in ginger ale and wine. Chill until thick and syrupy. (3) Stir in the fruit and spoon into a 6-cup mold. Chill until firm; unmold and serve on a bed of greens. Pass the mayonnaise. Makes 6-8 servings.

ONE, TWO, THREE, COOK!

SUMMER GARDEN MADRILENE

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 3 (12½-oz.) cans tomato madrilene | ¼ cup diced carrot |
| 1 envelope unflavored gelatin | ½ cup diced cucumber |
| ½ cup water | Lime slices |
| 1 cup rosé wine | Dairy fresh sour cream (optional) |
| ¼ cup diced green pepper | Chopped fresh dill (optional) |

(1) Let the madrilene stand at room temperature an hour or so to soften. Soften the gelatin in water, then heat slowly until it dissolves. (2) Turn softened madrilene into a large bowl, mix in dissolved gelatin and the wine. Chill until mixture begins to thicken. (3) Fold in the green pepper, carrot



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Reach for Royal

SUMMER COOKING

(Continued)

cucumber. Chill until just firm. To serve, mix up mixture with a fork and top with sliced. Pass sour cream and dill if you like. Makes about 8 cups, 8 hearty servings.



ANTHONY'S CUCUMBER SALAD

1 package (10-oz.) packages
1 small cucumber,
sliced
1/4 cup peeled and
diced apple
1/4 cup peeled and
diced cucumber
Salad greens

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Stir in cold water, lemon juice, vinegar and salt. Chill until firm. (2) Spoon a 1/4" layer of gelatin in a smooth-bottomed 8-cup mold. Overlaid and press the cucumber slices into gelatin. Chill until almost firm. (3) Fold the diced apple and cucumber into the remaining gelatin and pour on top of cucumber layer. Chill until firm. Unmold on salad greens. Makes 6-8 servings.



ANTHONY'S SALMON MOUSSE WITH PEAS

1 lb. cans salmon, drained and
1/2 cup plus 2 tablespoons milk
1 egg, beaten
1 tablespoon poppy seeds
6 raw hamburger patties

Mix the first five ingredients. Make a thick cream sauce with the next five ingredients. (2) Combine the salmon mixture with cream sauce. Stir in the egg yolks. (3) Spoon into a well-greased 8-cup ring mold and bake in a water bath in a slow oven, 300° F., for 1 hour. Cool 10 minutes before unmolding. Garnish with cooked buttered green peas with onions. Makes 6 servings.



ANTHONY'S PARMESAN MACARONI SCALLOP

1 package (8-oz.) small macaroni
1/2 cup butter or margarine
1/2 cup grated sharp cheddar cheese
1/2 cup chili sauce

Cook macaroni according to package directions. (2) Meanwhile, mix together remaining ingredients in a small saucepan and stirring until cheeses melt. (3) Drain macaroni, do not rinse, and return to pan. Pour hot sauce over macaroni and mix well. Bake on to taste. This dish may be made ahead and reheated gently in the top of a double boiler. Makes 4 servings.



ANTHONY'S GREEN-BEAN SALAD NORMANDY

1/2 cup bacon
1/2 cup onion,
peeled and
chopped
1/2 cup blue-lake green
beans
1 cup sliced radishes
Salad greens

(1) Fry bacon until crisp. Drain and crumble. (2) Combine with onion, vinegar, sugar, salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate, and 1 tablespoon liquid from beans. (3) Drain remaining liquid from beans and discard. Toss beans and radishes with onion mixture. Chill for several hours; serve on crisp greens. Makes 4 servings.



ANTHONY'S ASPARAGUS-CHEESE BAKE

1 package (10-oz.) frozen asparagus
1/2 lb. thinly sliced cooked ham
1 can (10 3/4-oz.) condensed cheese soup
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
1 tablespoon instant minced onion
2 tablespoons milk
1/4 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1/4 cup grated Cheddar cheese

(1) Cook asparagus according to package directions. Place two stalks on each piece of ham and roll up. Arrange in a shallow baking dish. (2) Combine soup, green pepper, onion, milk, and Worcestershire sauce. Pour over rolls. (3) Sprinkle with grated cheese and bake in a slow oven, 300° F., for about 30 minutes or until bubbly. Makes 4 servings.



ANTHONY'S HAMBURGERS WITH ONION-CHEESE BUNS

2 cups biscuit mix
2 tablespoons instant minced onion
1 cup grated Cheddar cheese
1/2 cup plus 2 tablespoons milk
1 egg, beaten
1 tablespoon poppy seeds
6 raw hamburger patties

(1) Combine biscuit mix, onion and 1/2 cup cheese in a bowl. Add milk and egg and stir just until moistened. (2) Spread in a greased 11"x7"x1 1/2" pan. Sprinkle remaining cheese and poppy seeds on top. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for 20-25 minutes or until golden. (3) Meanwhile prepare and cook hamburgers in your favorite way. Cut bread into 6 squares, split and serve with the hamburgers. Makes 6 servings.



ANTHONY'S RAVIOLI BIANCA

3 (15 1/2-oz.) cans ravioli
1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese
1 teaspoon oregano
Few drops liquid hot-pepper seasoning
1 teaspoon prepared mustard

(1) Empty ravioli into a large saucepan. Add the oregano, mustard, 1/4 cup cheese, and the liquid hot-pepper seasoning. Mix well. (2) Cover and simmer until heated through, about 20 minutes. (3) Just before serving, sprinkle with remaining 1/4 cup cheese. Makes 4-6 servings.



ANTHONY'S EGGPLANT ISCHIA

About 1/2 cup cooking oil
1 eggplant, peeled and sliced
1 lb. ground beef
Salt and pepper
1 jar (1-lb.) mushroom sauce for spaghetti
1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese

(1) Heat 3 tablespoons oil in a skillet and sauté eggplant slices a few at a time until golden. Add more oil as needed. Drain on paper towels. (2) Season ground beef with salt and pepper and form into 6 small patties. Sauté in a little cooking oil until they

are as done as you like them. (3) Layer eggplant slices with hamburgers between in a shallow 1 1/2-quart baking dish; cover with the sauce and grated cheese. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 20-30 minutes or until bubbly. Makes 4 servings.



ANTHONY'S PINEAPPLE-GINGER GLAZED HAM

1 canned ham (5-lb.)
12 whole cloves
1 jar (12-oz.) pineapple preserves
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1/4 teaspoon powdered ginger

(1) Have your butcher slice the ham then tie it back into shape. Place ham in small baking pan or dish and stud with cloves. (2) Mix together the preserves, lemon juice and ginger. Spoon about half over the ham. (3) Bake in a slow oven, 325° F., for 1 1/2 hours, basting often with remaining glaze and pan drippings. Makes about 12 servings.



ANTHONY'S CUBED STEAKS WITH MUSTARD SAUCE

6 minute steaks (4-5-oz. each)
1/4 cup butter or margarine
1/4 cup diced green pepper
1/4 cup chopped onion
1/2 cup prepared mustard
3/4 cup canned condensed consommé
French bread or hard rolls

(1) In a small saucepan mix together butter or margarine, pepper, onion, mustard and consommé. Cook until sauce has thickened, about 20 minutes. (2) Pan-fry the steaks in a little hot butter or margarine in a skillet, about 2-3 minutes on each side, depending on how you like them. (3) Serve on 1/2" thick slices of buttered French bread or split hard rolls with some of the sauce spooned over. Makes 6 servings.



ANTHONY'S BROILED SCAMPI WITH ROSEMARY

1 1/2 lbs. shelled and deveined shrimp, fresh or frozen (thawed)
1/2 cup olive oil
1/2 cup butter or margarine
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1/4 teaspoon powdered rosemary
1 clove garlic, peeled and crushed
French bread

(1) Arrange shrimp closely together in a pie plate. (2) Heat together the oil, butter or margarine, lemon juice, rosemary, and garlic. Pour over the shrimp. (3) Broil about 4 inches from heat, basting frequently until shrimp turn pink. Serve on slices of French bread with some of the sauce poured over. Makes 6 servings.



ANTHONY'S VEAL MARSALA

1 1/2 lbs. veal scaloppine
1/4 cup flour
1 teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
1/4 cup butter or margarine
1 lb. mushrooms, sliced
1/2 cup canned condensed consommé
1/2 cup dry Marsala wine

(1) Flour the veal lightly and season with salt and pepper. (2) Brown the meat quickly in the butter or margarine on both sides. Push to the side of the pan and add the mushrooms and brown well. Add more butter or margarine if necessary. (3) Stir in the

3-minute miracle!



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Other salad ideas:

- To 1 c. mayonnaise, add ½ avocado pureed, ½ teaspoon Tabasco, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.
- Combine 1 c. basic French dressing with 2 tablespoons chili sauce, ½ teaspoon Tabasco, 2 minced green onions, 1 diced pimiento and several sprigs of green chives, finely chopped.

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SUMMER COOKING (Continued)

consommé and Marsala. Cover the pan and simmer for 10 to 15 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

BACKYARD BEANS AND BISCUITS

- | | |
|--|---|
| 2 (1-lb.) cans beans and franks | 1 can (8-oz.) refrigerated biscuits |
| 1 teaspoon lemon juice | 1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine |
| ¼ cup brown sugar | 1 tablespoon sesame seeds |
| 1 tablespoon catsup | |
| 1 tablespoon prepared mustard with horseradish | |

(1) Combine the beans, lemon juice, sugar, catsup, and mustard in a 1-quart baking dish. (2) Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for about 20 minutes or until bubbly. (3) Overlap the biscuits in a circle around the edge of the hot beans; brush with melted butter or margarine, sprinkle with sesame seeds, and bake for 10-12 minutes more or until golden. Makes 6-8 servings.

THREE-FRUIT SAUCE FOR ICE CREAM

- | | |
|---|-----------------------------|
| 1 cup pineapple-apricot preserves | 1 banana, peeled and sliced |
| ½ cup rum (optional) | Lemon juice |
| 2 ripe peaches, peeled, pitted and sliced | 1 cup crushed pineapple |
| | ½ cup flaked coconut |

(1) Warm pineapple-apricot preserves and the rum, if you like, in a small saucepan over very low heat. (2) Sprinkle sliced peaches and banana with a little lemon juice to prevent darkening. (3) Combine with preserves, pineapple and coconut. Serve with peach or vanilla ice cream. Makes about 1 quart sauce.

APRICOT NECTAR FOR ICE CREAM

- | | |
|------------------------------|--|
| ¼ cup sugar | 1½ cups chopped, peeled, very ripe apricots |
| 1 tablespoon cornstarch | 2 tablespoons peach brandy or Cointreau (optional) |
| 2 cups canned apricot nectar | |
| 2 teaspoons lemon juice | |

(1) Mix the sugar with the cornstarch. Combine with the apricot nectar. (2) Cook and stir until smooth and thickened; simmer, stirring, for 5-7 minutes. Add lemon juice. Cool. (3) Add apricots, and brandy or Cointreau, if you like. Chill. Serve with vanilla ice cream or pineapple or lemon sherbet. Makes about 3 cups.

DEVILICIOUS SANDWICH

- | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 small loaf French bread | ¼ cup sharp-cheese spread |
| 1 can (4½-oz.) deviled ham | 2 small ripe tomatoes, sliced |
| ¼ cup chutney | |

(1) Cut loaf into 12 slices about ½ inch thick. (2) Make individual sandwiches by spreading one slice with deviled ham and chutney, the other slice with cheese spread. Insert a tomato slice between. (3) Re-form sandwiches into loaf shape. Wrap in aluminum foil and bake at 425° F. about 15 minutes or until heated. Makes 6 sandwiches.

IRISH TURNOVERS

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 package (10-oz.) pie crust mix | 1 can (15-oz.) corned beef hash |
| | ½ cup chili sauce |

(1) Prepare pastry mix according to package directions. Divide in half and roll out each half into an 8" square. Cut into quarters (4" squares). (2) Combine corned-beef hash and chili sauce. Place about 2 tablespoons of hash in the center of each square. (3) Fold corner to opposite corner so edges come together. Prick and seal edges with a fork. Place on baking sheet and bake in a hot oven, 425° F., for about 15 minutes or until golden. Makes 8 turnovers.

BROWN BEEF IN BEER

- | | |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| 1 lb. beef chuck cut in 2"x½" julienne pieces | ½ teaspoon basil |
| 2 tablespoons butter or margarine | ½ teaspoon salt |
| 1 can (12-oz.) beer | ⅛ teaspoon pepper |
| | 1 package (1¾-oz.) mushroom gravy mix |

(1) Brown the beef in the butter or margarine in a heavy saucepan. (2) Add the beer, basil, salt, and pepper. (3) Cover and simmer for 30-45 minutes or until meat is fork tender. Stir in the gravy mix and cook for 5-7 minutes. Serve with hot cooked rice or noodles. Makes 4 servings.

EASTERN-WESTERN SANDWICHES

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| ½ lb. sliced bacon | ½ cup grated Cheddar cheese |
| 6 eggs | 1 tablespoon soy sauce |
| ¼ cup water | 2 tablespoons butter or margarine |
| 2 tablespoons diced green pepper | 8 slices toast |
| 2 tablespoons minced chives | Catsup |

(1) Fry the bacon until crisp. Drain on paper towels and crumble. (2) Beat the eggs slightly with water. Stir in pepper, chives, cheese, soy sauce, and bacon. (3) Heat the butter or margarine in a large skillet. Spoon in the egg mixture to form four 4-inch circles and cook on each side until golden for a minute or two. Serve between toast with catsup. Makes 4 sandwiches.

RIVIERA GREEN BEANS

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------|
| 1 lb. fresh green beans, Frenched, or 2 (10-oz.) packages frozen French-style green beans | ¼ cup flour |
| 6 slices bacon | 2 cups dairy fresh sour cream |
| ¼ cup butter or margarine | 1 teaspoon minced onion |
| | ½ teaspoon salt |
| | ⅛ teaspoon pepper |

(1) Cook the beans until crisp tender. Meanwhile, fry the bacon and crumble. (2) Make a cream sauce with the butter or margarine, flour and sour cream; do not boil. (3) Add remaining ingredients, beans and bacon. Mix well, simmer 2 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

SOUR CREAM LETTUCE

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 6 cups shredded Iceberg lettuce | 1 teaspoon salt |
| 2 tablespoons butter or margarine | ⅛ teaspoon pepper |
| 2 tablespoons flour | 1 tablespoon lemon juice |
| 1 cup chicken broth | 1 cup dairy fresh sour cream |

(1) In a 3-quart saucepan melt the butter or margarine. Stir in the flour, broth, salt, pepper, lemon juice, and cook stirring until smooth. (2) Add the lettuce, cover, and cook for 10-12 minutes, stirring occasionally until lettuce is crisp tender. (3) Warm the sour cream and stir into the lettuce. Makes 6 servings.

QUICK SKILLET CUCUMBERS IN LEMON SAUCE

- | | |
|--|--|
| 3 medium cucumbers, peeled and thinly sliced | 1 small clove garlic, peeled and crushed |
| 1 tablespoon butter or margarine | 2 teaspoons lemon juice |
| 1 tablespoon flour | ¾-1 teaspoon salt |
| | ⅛ teaspoon pepper |
| | ½ cup chicken broth |

(1) Melt the butter or margarine in a large skillet. Stir in the flour and garlic; brown lightly. (2) Mix in the remaining ingredients and add cucumbers. (3) Cover and simmer for 10-12 minutes until crisp tender. Makes 6 servings.

ZUCCHINI WITH MINT

- | | |
|---|-------------------------|
| 4 medium zucchini or yellow squash, thinly sliced | 1 teaspoon salt |
| 2 tablespoons olive oil | ⅛ teaspoon pepper |
| 1 small clove garlic, peeled and crushed | ½ teaspoon sugar |
| | 1 teaspoon chopped mint |
| | 1 tablespoon vinegar |

(1) Heat the oil in a large skillet and sauté the zucchini or squash until pale golden. (2) Add the remaining ingredients, cover and simmer for a few minutes until flavors are blended and zucchini or squash is crisp tender. Makes 3-4 servings.

The preceding four recipes are from the book *World of Good Cooking*, published by Simon and Schuster. Copyright ©1962 by Ethel Hulbert Renwick.

SOUP+SALAD +DESSERT = A PARTY

EMERALD VICHYSOISE

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 cup chopped scallions (include some tops) | 2 (10¼-oz.) cans frozen potato soup, thawed |
| 2 tablespoons butter or margarine | 2 tablespoons lemon juice |
| 1 package (10-oz.) frozen chopped spinach | 2 cups light cream |
| 1½ cups chicken broth | ½ teaspoon salt |
| | Dash pepper |
| | Lemon slices |

(1) Sauté the scallions in butter or margarine until soft. (2) Add the spinach and chicken broth. Cook, covered, 10 minutes or until spinach is thawed. Mix in the frozen potato soup and lemon juice. Cover and cook 10 minutes. Cool. (3) Buzz mixture a little at a time, in a blender or put through a food mill. (4) Stir in the light cream, salt and pepper. If soup seems thick, thin with chicken broth. Chill well. Serve with a float of lemon slices. Makes 8 servings.

FISHERMAN'S AVOCADOS

- | | |
|---------------------------|---|
| 4 large avocados | 1 teaspoon instant minced onion |
| 5 tablespoons lemon juice | 4 teaspoons chopped chives |
| ¼ cup mayonnaise | 2 (6½-oz.) cans crabmeat, drained, boned and flaked |
| 2 tablespoons chili sauce | |



spice it up,

Simple, subtle, sophisticated! Drain syrup from a No. 2 can of Del Monte Pineapple Chunks. Add $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar, a 4" cinnamon stick, 1 tsp. whole allspice and 6 cloves; simmer 10 minutes. Pour over drained chunks and Del Monte Mandarin Orange Slices. Chill. It's delicious!

snap it up,

Gingersnap crumbs, Del Monte Pineapple and vanilla ice cream — parfait perfect! For pineapple sauce, mix $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar with 2 tps. cornstarch; stir in one 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ -oz. can Del Monte Crushed Pineapple. Cook till thickened. Add 1 Tbsp. lemon juice. Chill. Del Monte flavor is sundae-best!

pep it up—

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SUMMER COOKING

(Continued)

(1) Cut avocados in half, remove pits and with a spoon or small knife remove most of the avocado meat. Be careful not to puncture the shell. (2) Dice the avocado meat and sprinkle with 3 tablespoons lemon juice. Brush the shells with the remaining lemon juice. (3) Combine mayonnaise, chili sauce, instant onion and chives; toss with crabmeat and diced avocado. Pile into the avocado shells. Makes 8 servings.



JAMAICAN LIME SHERBET

1 cup sugar	1/3 cup lime juice
1 envelope unflavored gelatin	2 teaspoons grated lime rind
2 cups milk	Few drops green food coloring
2 tablespoons light rum (optional)	2 egg whites

(1) Mix together sugar, gelatin and milk. Bring just to boiling point. Cool. (2) Stir in the rum, lime juice, rind and coloring. Pour into freezing trays and freeze until almost firm but still mushy. (3) Spoon into cold mixing bowl and add egg whites. Beat until fluffy but still thick. Return to freezing trays and freeze several hours or until firm. Makes about 1 quart sherbet.



ICED CANTALOUPE SOUP

1 large very ripe cantaloupe	3 cups water
1 can (6-oz.) frozen orange juice concentrate, thawed	1 tablespoon sugar
	1 tablespoon lemon juice
	Mint

(1) Remove the seeds from the melon. Scoop out the fruit and cut into small pieces. Buzz in a blender or purée with a food mill. (2) Mix the orange juice with the water, sugar and lemon juice. Stir in the melon purée and freeze until mushy and icy. Break up ice crystals with a fork and serve at once in chilled dishes. Garnish with sprigs of mint. If you prefer to make the soup ahead, and it freezes completely, let it stand at room temperature to soften. Break it up with a fork and serve. Makes about 6 cups or 8 servings.

PURÉE CRECY

1/4 cup chopped celery	2 (1-lb.) cans small carrots
1/4 cup minced onion	1 1/2 cups light cream
1 can (10 1/2-oz.) condensed consommé	Salt and pepper
1 envelope (1 3/8-oz.) spring-vegetable-soup mix	

(1) Combine the celery, onion, consommé, and soup mix in a saucepan. (2) Drain the liquid from the carrots and measure 1 1/2 cups. Add the liquid to saucepan mixture along with the carrots. Cover and simmer for 20 minutes. Remove from heat and cool. (3) Purée the carrot mixture, by buzzing in a blender or putting through a food mill. (4) Stir in cream and season to taste. If you like a thinner soup, add a little more cream. Serve well chilled. Makes about 5 cups, 8 servings. Save this superb summer soup for year-round enjoyment. It's perfect, served steaming hot, on a cold wintry night. Use it as a first course to precede a succulent roast.



SEA BREEZE SOUP

3 (10 1/2-oz.) cans condensed cream of celery soup	3 tablespoons thinly sliced green onion
3 3/4 cups water	1 1/2 medium-size tomatoes cut into cubes
1 1/2 cups flaked, boned cooked crab meat, fresh or canned	3/4 teaspoon grated lemon rind
	Lemon wedges

(1) Blend soup and water. (2) Stir in crab meat, onion, tomato and lemon rind. (3) Place in refrigerator for at least 4 hours. Serve in chilled bowls. Garnish with lemon wedges. Makes 6-8 servings.



BLUE CHEESE AND RED CAVIAR SOUP

1 1/2-3 1/4 cup crumbled blue cheese	1/4 teaspoon chervil
1/4 cup water	1/4 teaspoon oregano
1 cup dairy fresh sour cream	1/4 teaspoon pepper
1/4 teaspoon basil	1/2-1 cup milk
	1 jar (4-oz.) red caviar

(1) Buzz blue cheese and water in a blender. (2) Add sour cream and all seasonings. Add milk to thin mixture according to taste. (3) Cover and chill for 24 hours. Serve with 1 spoonful of red caviar. Makes about 3 cups 4-5 servings.



TOMATO ASPIC WITH TUNA SALAD

TOMATO ASPIC	TUNA SALAD
3 envelopes unflavored gelatin	3 (7-oz.) cans tuna
5 1/2 cups tomato juice cocktail	3/4 cup diced celery
3/4 teaspoon salt	1 tablespoon minced chives
3/4 teaspoon sugar	1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 teaspoons prepared horseradish	1/2 cup mayonnaise or cooked salad dressing
1/2 cup grated cucumber	2 tablespoons dairy fresh sour cream
3 tablespoons lemon juice	Salt and pepper
	Salad greens

(1) *Aspic*: Soften gelatin in 1 cup of tomato juice. Dissolve over hot water. (2) Pour into a large bowl, stir in remaining ingredients and mix well. Turn into a 6-cup ring mold and chill several hours or overnight, until firm. (3) *Tuna Salad*: Drain tuna and break into large pieces. Add remaining ingredients, salt and pepper to taste, and mix well. (4) Unmold aspic on a bed of greens and fill center with tuna salad. Makes 6-8 servings.



GOLDEN CHICKEN SALAD WITH WATERCRESS

8 cups cooked chicken meat cut into bite-size pieces	2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 cups diced celery	3 tablespoons finely chopped watercress
2 1/2 cup mayonnaise	1 teaspoon herb-salad-dressing mix
1/2 cup bottled creamy salad and meat sauce	Salad greens (garnish)
2 tablespoons dairy fresh sour cream	Sliced tomatoes (garnish)

(1) Place chicken in a large bowl. Mix together remaining ingredients and spoon over



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- 1 Basic Recipe**—Mix 1 lb. ground beef with $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. Pepper, 1 tbsp. Minced Onion, and $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. Garlic Salt. Shape into patties. Cook on grill, broil or pan fry.
- 2 Savory Burgers**—Add $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. Savory to basic recipe.
- 3 Pepper Burgers**—Soak 4 tsp. Pepper Flakes in water 5 minutes. Add to basic recipe.
- 4 Sesame Burgers**—Toast $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Sesame Seeds in a 350°F. oven 10 to 15 minutes. Add to basic recipe.
- 5 Red Hot Burgers**—Add 1 tsp. Crushed Red Pepper to basic recipe.
- 6 Oriental Burgers**—Add $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. Ginger, 1 tsp. Lemon Peel and 1 tsp. soy sauce to basic recipe.
- 7 Dill Burgers**—Add $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. crushed Dill Seed and $\frac{1}{4}$ c. chopped olives or sweet pickles to basic recipe.
- 8 Herb Burgers**—Add $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. Marjoram, $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. Thyme, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. Celery Salt and 1 tsp. Parsley Flakes to basic recipe.
- 9 Chili-Cheese Burgers**—Add 1 c. grated cheese, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. milk and $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. Chili Powder to basic recipe.
- 10 Hot 'n' Tangy Burgers**—Add 1 tsp. Season-All and 1 tsp. Barbecue Spice to basic recipe. Omit salt.
- 11 Italian Burgers**—Mix 1 package Spaghetti Sauce Mix with 2 lbs. ground beef. Shape into patties. Cook on grill, broil or pan fry.
- 12 Spice Burgers**—Add $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. dry Mustard and $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. Nutmeg to the basic recipe.



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The House of Flavor

MCCORMICK In the East • SCHILLING In the West
BAKER EXTRACTS In New England

SUMMER COOKING

(Continued)

, mixing well. Cover and refrigerate for several hours to blend flavors. (2) To arrange salad on a bed of greens and end with tomato slices. Makes 8 servings.



TONGUE IN WHITE-WINE ASPIC

(8-oz.) cans 3/4 cup water
Condensed consomme 1 jar (1-lb.-8-oz.)
cooked tongue
dry white 1 can (1-lb.) sliced
carrots
Spoonfuls un- Salad greens
red gelatin

Drain consommé into a bowl. Add wine and mix well. (2) Soften gelatin in water. Place over hot water. Stir into consommé. Refrigerate until it begins to set. (3) Meanwhile, slice tongue thinly, using the larger slices in half. Drain carrots. (4) When consommé mixture is thick and syrupy, pour a layer 1/4 inch deep into bottom of a shallow 6-cup, oblong casserole. (5) Press 6 carrot slices into layer of asparagus to arrange them equidistantly. (6) Top each carrot slice with slices of tongue and slices of carrot; alternate them, using half the tongue and carrots. Arrange so you have 6 individual stacks; this makes serving much easier. (7) Pour a thin layer of consommé mixture into casserole. (8) Chill until firm. (9) Refrigerate tongue and carrots until all are set. (10) Add remaining consommé. Chill again until firm. Unmold on a bed of greens. Makes 6 servings.



STUFFED ASPARAGUS SALAD

Fresh 1 teaspoon curry
Asparagus powder
Sharp French 1/2 teaspoon
Dressing Worcestershire
Mayonnaise sauce
Spoonfuls dairy 1 teaspoon lemon
Sour cream juice

Wash, prepare and cook asparagus in usual way until crisp-tender; do not overcook. Drain well and arrange in a dish. Pour over the French dressing, cover and refrigerate for several hours. Turn the asparagus occasionally in the marinade. Mix together the mayonnaise, sour cream, curry, Worcestershire sauce and lemon juice. Cover and chill until serving. Next prepare the Stuffed Cucumbers.

STUFFED CUCUMBERS

8-oz. cream 1 tablespoon cream
8-oz. cream Dash liquid
Mix with chives hot pepper
Cream cheese seasoning
Paprika

With the tines of a fork, score the cucumbers lengthwise. Cut off ends and remove centers with an apple corer. Cover the cubes and water and refrigerate. Spread cheese spread soft at room temperature, then stir in the cream and pepper. (3) About an hour before serving, slice the cucumbers and push a twisted paper towel through center of cu-

cumbers to remove moisture. Fill with the cheese mixture, taking care to remove any air bubbles. (4) Wrap each cucumber in saran and chill until cheese hardens. At serving time cut in slices about 1/2 inch thick. Now prepare the Deviled Eggs.



DEVILED EGGS

8 hard-cooked eggs 1/4 teaspoon dry
1/2 cup bottled mustard
sandwich spread Salt
Pepper

(1) Shell the eggs and cut in half lengthwise. Remove the yolks and mash thoroughly. (2) Add the sandwich spread and mustard, mixing well. Add salt and pepper to taste. Fill the egg halves with the mixture and refrigerate until serving.

Lettuce 2 Spanish onions,
3 beefsteak peeled
tomatoes

To arrange platter: (1) Drain asparagus from the marinade and arrange on a bed of lettuce across the center of a large platter. (2) At one end, arrange overlapping slices of beefsteak tomatoes and thinly sliced Spanish onions. (3) At the other end, place the deviled eggs and the stuffed cucumber slices. Spoon a little curry dressing over the asparagus and pass the rest. Makes 8 servings.



HAM-AND-CHEESE CRESCENTS

1 can (8-oz.) re- 1/2 cup grated
frigerated crescent sharp Cheddar
dinner rolls cheese
3 thin slices boiled
ham, cut into
thirds

(1) Unroll crescent dough according to directions on the can. (2) Place a piece of ham on each section of dough. Sprinkle with cheese. (3) Roll dough around cheese and ham to form crescent shapes, according to directions on can. (4) Arrange on baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven, 375° F., for 15-20 minutes, until golden. Serve hot. Makes 8 rolls.



WATERCRESS BUTTERFLAKE ROLLS

1 can (8-oz.) re- 1 tablespoon finely
frigerated butter- chopped water-
flake rolls cress
1/4 cup softened but- Dash bottled onion
ter or margarine juice

(1) Bake rolls according to package directions. (2) Cream together the remaining ingredients. (3) When rolls are done, remove from oven and brush well with watercress butter. Serve at once. Makes 1 dozen.



PARSLEY BISCUITS

2 cups biscuit mix 1 cup milk
2 tablespoons finely 1/4 cup cooking oil
chopped parsley

(1) Add parsley, milk and oil all at once to biscuit mix. (2) Stir with a fork to moisten, then beat vigorously for 20 strokes. (3) Spoon into 12 well-greased muffin pans, or 24 1 1/2" pans. Bake in a very hot oven,

450° F., 12-15 minutes, until pale golden. Remove from pans and serve at once. Makes 1 dozen biscuits or 2 dozen half-size ones.



PARMESAN CHEESE PUFFS

1 can (8-oz.) re- 1/4 cup melted but-
frigerated flaky ter or margarine
baking powder 1/3 cup grated
biscuits Parmesan cheese

(1) Separate biscuits and cut each one in half; roll into balls. (2) Dip each ball into melted butter or margarine, then roll in cheese. (3) Place about 2" apart on baking sheets and bake in a hot oven, 400° F., until golden, about 8-10 minutes. Serve at once. Makes 2 dozen.



SPANISH VELVET CREAM WITH CHERRY-STRAWBERRY SAUCE

SPANISH VELVET CREAM
2 envelopes un-
flavored gelatin
1/2 cup cold water
1 cup milk
2 cups light cream
3 eggs, separated
3/4 cup sugar
1-2" piece of
vanilla bean or 1
teaspoon vanilla
Pinch salt

CHERRY-STRAWBERRY SAUCE
1 can (1-lb.-13-oz.)
pitted Bing
cherries
2" strip lemon peel
1 1/2 tablespoons
lemon juice
1 1/2 tablespoons
cornstarch
2 tablespoons cold
water
1 cup sliced fresh
strawberries
2 tablespoons red
cherry liqueur
(optional)

(1) Soften gelatin in cold water. (2) In the top of a double boiler, mix together the milk, cream, slightly beaten egg yolks, the sugar and vanilla. (Slice the vanilla bean down the center.) (3) Cook the mixture over simmering water until mixture coats the back of a spoon. Remove from heat and stir in the softened gelatin. Cool. (4) Beat egg whites with the salt until stiff, but not dry. Fold into the custard. Spoon mixture into a 6-cup ring mold and chill until firm. To serve, unmold on platter and spoon Cherry-Strawberry Sauce around base, and pass the rest. Makes 6-8 servings. (5) For the sauce: Drain syrup from the canned cherries into a saucepan. Add lemon peel and juice. Mix cornstarch with the water and stir into the syrup. (6) Cook and stir until smooth, thickened and clear, about 20 minutes. Add drained cherries. Cool completely, stirring occasionally. Just before serving, add strawberries and, if you like, the liqueur. Makes about 3 cups sauce. This sauce is also delicious served with ice cream.



FRUIT COMPOTE WITH SAUCE MOUSSELINE

4 medium-size ripe
peaches
2 cups sugar
2 cups water
1-2" strip lemon peel
4 medium-size ripe
pears
8 apricots
8 red plums
8 blue plums

SAUCE MOUSSELINE
1 cup heavy cream
2 egg yolks
2/3 cup sifted
confectioners'
sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 teaspoon grated
lemon rind

(1) Peel peaches by dropping them, one at a time, into boiling water for a second or two, then running cold water over them. The skins should slip off easily, leaving the peaches smooth. Drop them into cold water

containing a little lemon juice, to prevent darkening. (2) Mix the sugar, water and lemon peel in a large pan. Boil for 5 minutes. (3) Place peaches in the syrup, lower heat and simmer gently until they can be pierced easily with a fork. Remove with a slotted spoon to a large compote or serving dish. (4) Peel, core and halve pears, placing them also in the lemon water to prevent darkening. Cook in the syrup, as for the peaches, until just tender. Remove with slotted spoon and arrange around the peaches. (5) Next cook the apricots (whole with the skins) and finally the red and blue plums. Turn the plums in the syrup often, so the skins won't "pop" open too much. The apricots and plums take just a short while, be sure you don't overcook. (6) Arrange the apricots and plums between the peaches and pears. (7) Boil the remaining syrup so it is reduced by half. (8) Cool and pour over fruits. Chill well and serve with Sauce Mouseline. (9) For the sauce: Whip cream until stiff. (10) Beat yolks, gradually adding sugar, then vanilla. Beat until mixture is light and fluffy. (11) Fold in cream and lemon rind. Chill until serving time. Makes 8-10 servings, 3 cups sauce.



COUPE CHAMPAGNE

2 ripe peaches 1 pint strawberry
Lemon juice ice cream
Small bunch seedless 1 pint pink cham-
green grapes pagne (split)
chilled

(1) Peel, pit and slice the peaches. Sprinkle them with a little lemon juice to prevent darkening. (2) Divide the peaches among 4 champagne glasses or individual glass dessert dishes. Add a few stemmed grapes and a large scoop of ice cream to each glass. (3) Fill to the brim with champagne. Serve at once. Makes 4 servings.



SUMMER CONQUEST

3 cups peeled and 1/4 cup orange
sliced ripe peaches liqueur
1 pint fresh 1 cup heavy cream
raspberries 1 square
1/2 lb. seedless green unsweetened
grapes chocolate, grated
1/2 cup sugar

(1) Sprinkle raspberries over peaches. Add the green grapes and sugar and liqueur. Chill until mixture is very cold. (3) About 15 minutes before serving, whip cream until very stiff. (4) Just before serving, heat the broiler. Spoon the cream on the chilled fruit and sprinkle with grated chocolate. (5) Place under broiler just until chocolate melts, about 1/2 minute. Serve immediately. Makes 6-8 servings.

PEACH FROST

6-8 ounces light rum 1 package (12-oz.)
3 tablespoons frozen peaches
superfine sugar 2 cups crushed ice
3 tablespoons lime
juice

(1) Put rum, sugar and lime juice in the container of an electric blender. Add the frozen peaches cut into chunks. (2) Cover blender and buzz at high speed for about 10 seconds until peaches are puréed. Add the ice and buzz a few seconds more. (3) Serve in chilled glasses with straws. Makes 6 cocktail-size drinks. Peach Frost will be very thick, garnish with mint sprigs. •END



TV's Fascinating Fourth Network

By MARYA MANNES

Do you ever look at your evening listings and discover that although there may be three TV channels in your community there is no real choice—except between one Western and another, one situation comedy and another, one private eye and another? Do you find the ever-increasing intrusion of commercials has diminished your viewing pleasure, and do you think you'll scream if you ever see a stuffed-up nose or look-alike mothers and daughters again?

If such thoughts ever occur to you, you are one of the potential or actual audience for noncommercial television: the 79 educational television stations now on the air. And your number is growing daily.

For in spite of its name—and the word “educational” has perhaps been its greatest handicap—the National Educational Television network was created a decade ago not merely to be a daytime classroom of the air, but a way of providing American adults the kind of evening programs which commercial television can only rarely afford to offer. For the great networks must, by their very nature of dependence on advertising revenue, reach the largest possible audience. In contrast, the function of ETV—the “fourth network”—is to answer the needs of those vital minori-

ties all over the nation which already comprise, in the larger cities at least, nearly a fourth of the adult viewing audience.

ETV intends to show what this marvelous medium can do when unhampered by commercial dictation, by ratings, by the need to appeal to all as a way of selling to all. It is dedicated to the proposition that television should be not a pastime but an experience, not a distraction but a challenge, not a sedative but a stimulant. The process of learning, ETV believes, is not only an adventure but the true pursuit of happiness. Between the great "mass TV" categories of News and Entertainment there is a wide and wonderful world that stretches from Japanese brush-painting to foreign languages, from Shakespeare to gardening, from biology to computers, from jazz to Casals.

Now, to those of you who live in Boston and tune in to WGBH-TV, or who see WTTW in Chicago, or KQED in San Francisco, WQED in Pittsburgh or KETC in St. Louis—to name a handful of the NET stations—this is no news. By now addiction has probably set in, and you turn to the commercial networks only for the special news programs or documentaries or live broadcasts of events which they have the resources to do so superbly.

But if you are new to noncommercial television, you may have to get used to it gradually, for it is a strange experience at first. For one thing it is much quieter and slower. Some nice young man may be quietly asking you to repeat the Russian for "chair," a budding playwright may be taking you into a rehearsal of one of his scenes, a girl with a guitar may be singing a haunting song from a far country, a naturalist may be using a live armadillo to show animal defenses.

Sometimes, to be sure, a conversation between several eminent thinkers may be just plain dull—perhaps the major pitfall of non-commercial television is a lack of showmanship. Those concerned with its programming, however, are rapidly learning that it is not enough to stick some professors in a studio and let them talk, and that how you say something is just as important as what you are saying. But when ETV shows you such great artists as Pablo Casals and Lotte Lehmann in the act of imparting their passion to the young, or when actors like Emlyn Williams and Laurence Harvey and Margaret Leighton bring Shakespeare and Anouilh and Ibsen and Wilde into your living room, you find yourself transported and transfixed in a way you had never thought possible. Then



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N FOR NORMAL HAIR
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ABC-TELEVISION NETWORK



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Frozen food is in plain sight when you roll out the freezer drawer. Ends annoying digging and hunting. Extra-deep sliding baskets for bulk items. The General Electric Roll-Out Freezer is right at your fingertips with a juice-can rack and ice service on top. No awkward stooping or reaching.

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36 years of leadership in manufacturing dependable refrigerators.

begin to realize that "culture" is not something apart, to be dutifully acquired, entertainment in the most satisfying sense of the word.

A greater part of commercial television is meant to keep you a passive consumer, what it offers with bland acceptance. Broadcasters only ask that you turn on and keep it turned on. But the creator of ETV asks precisely the opposite. They want you to turn it on and off for specific reasons of choice. They want you to be involved not in television per se but in the program of your choice. And since you do not live by ratings or sponsors or keep you glued to the set to sell you a product as well as a program, the fact that they turn it off is less a sign of their failure than your independence. You know what that means.

It might be time now to explain the reason for ETV's independence: How can any system operate outside the commercial framework in this competitive democracy? The fact is that not until last year did the Federal Government come to the assistance of the private and public television that initiated and sustained the educational network, and then only for the construction of physical facilities. In April Congress passed a law that provides for a total of \$32,000,000. These grants are made to qualified stations on a dollar-for-dollar matching basis and limited to equipment. The Government, in other words, will have no hand in programming, personnel, housing or operating expenses. Where does the money come?

It depends on the ETV station, for the needs and problems of each are different. Some may be licensed to a college or a university and depend largely on public tax dollars. Others may rely equally on public television systems and community groups, deprecating and operating expenses from the same sources, civic and educational organizations. The business is finding in ETV a way to serve the community needs and brighten its own image. M and Humble Oil are among an impressive list of underwriters for certain educational and cultural series of programs. FCC regulations permit National Educational Television to credit these beneficiaries at the beginning and end (but never in the middle!) of each program. Paradoxical as it may seem, the commercial networks have contributed generously to the cause. Frank Stanton, president of CBS, has publicly acknowledged that educational television may in time prove a boon to network programming in new talent, new ideas, new forms which only experimentation in commercial pressures can produce. Commercial TV can afford to make mistakes and errors.

Individual stations produce over half of the programs, drawing from universities, symphonies, orchestras, zoos, little-theater art classes. Discussion groups with personalities, studies of issues close to the hearts of the viewers—these outlets for community expression can be produced with degrees of imagination dependent on the talent available to the station, at a real cost. A real treasure trove is made abroad. Most of the fine programs of the NET *Drama Festival* come from the British Broadcasting Company or British commercial television system, and documentaries, such as the BBC *The Penalty*, are coming in increasing numbers not only from Britain and Canada but from the European countries. The reason for our commercial TV is given little thought: the fascination of this foreign fare, of its techniques and original format.

The remaining programs are created by independent producers for the National Educational Television Center and these range widely from children's programming—far superior to most on the commercial networks—to series on science or art or jazz or literature and the Master Classes for which NET has won international prizes and national acclaim. In a series called *Trio*, NET has also ventured into the realm of current satire with sketches written by well-known writers and critics on the fashions and foibles of today's society.

If you want to have an idea of what all this adds up to, let's stick a finger at random on any one of the 78 ETV stations on the map. Here's KAET, for instance, the station of the Arizona State University in Tempe. This is what viewers saw one recent evening. At 7:30, *What's New?*, a NET program for older children in which they learned about "Herding Cattle," "Radio Waves," and "The Hunting Retriever"; 8:00, *How a Virus Kills*; 8:30, *An Age of Kings*; *Richard III*, Acts 3, 4, 5; 10:00, *Jazz Casual*, Sonny Rollins and Company; 10:30, *Horizons of Science*.

Or let's swing 'way East and take a look at what viewers in Boston were seeing that same month on WGBH-TV one night: 5:15, a puppet show for small fry called *Friendly Giant*; 5:30, *What's New?*—a skit about a father and his squirmy young son at the movies; 6:00, *Science in Our World*; 6:30, Louis Lyons's *News and Comment*, followed by interviews; 7:30, *The House We Live In*—Lewis Mumford, the noted author, city planner and professor, shows how man is slowly destroying himself as he becomes slave of the machine; 8:00, *I've Been Reading*—a discussion of Peter Matthiessen's account of the Harvard expedition to New Guinea, *Under the Mountain Wall*; 8:30, *Tun Hwang*, a drama about some huge Chinese caves where art treasures have been discovered; 10:00, *The World at Ten*, *News and Analysis* (from WNDT, N.Y.); 10:30, *Turn of the Century*: Max Morath explores the humor in songs and pictures of the early 1900's.

Now, very few of us admittedly would want to digest a whole evening's worth of this rich fare. But recent audience research conducted by Dr. Wilbur Schramm of Stanford University indicates that about four to six million of us view an average of three to four ETV programs a week, and that eight to twelve million more are occasional viewers.

But just who are these people? Doctor Schramm has found that to a large—and expected—extent they are among the better educated: the book readers, the heavy print users, the concert- and lecture-goers, the civic-minded. They live in the suburbs rather than in the cities, they are in the 30- to 39-year-old bracket, they have higher incomes and white-collar—usually professional—occupations. And they tend to view as families rather than singly—a significant index of ETV's special contribution.

These people feel that the educational stations are doing their job best by offering good cultural programs, being intellectually stimulating, keeping them better informed. Viewers give them a high rating for meeting needs in art and literature, serious music, and general knowledge.

Now, the individuals responsible for the operation of educational television are the first to admit that there is a wide range of difference and performance between their affiliated stations, that many of them are short of funds and short of talent. They know that there are areas in which they cannot hope—or even try—to compete with commercial TV: the magnificent coverage of live events, the topical documentaries in-depth, the big-name entertainments that

only their vastly superior skills and resources can achieve. They know, too, that academic dryness, amateurishness, and lack of showmanship have often marred their best intentions. For ETV's greatest need—greater even than money—is talent. Without talent—without the skills and imagination of our best artists and writers—educational TV cannot possibly contribute what it should to the American people. As it is, noncommercial television is largely dependent on the kind of individuals who are willing to give their time and talent for nominal rewards simply because they believe, passionately, in what they are doing and because the absence of commercial pressures gives them the freedom of expression and experimentation denied them on network TV. It is the enthusiasm and dedication of such people that make educational television possible.

But they, in turn, have to live. And here again, we come back to funds and community interest. And one of the brightest aspects of the whole ETV picture in this country is the way women, in particular, are rallying to its support.

These women—and their male counterparts—would not be doing all this if they did not feel their communities needed it. They do it because they know that educational television can fill a very real void in their lives and that of their children—a void which commercial TV cannot, by its very nature, consistently fill.

What could this kind of TV do for you?

It can help lead your children gently and wisely into the worlds of reality and imagination free from the strident appeals of a consumer economy. If funds and support are forthcoming, ETV plans to greatly expand its programming for the young during the coming years. *Science Land* and *What's New?* are already bright auguries of this brighter future.

Fine arts and music, drama, religion, philosophy, the social and natural sciences, languages, public affairs—these will continue to occupy most of educational TV's evening hours.

They will also involve the talents of some of the leading personalities of the day—not all of them, by any means, professors or pundits. Symptomatic of ETV's increasing recognition of the value of showmanship, Dave Garroway is conducting a series for National Educational Television called *Exploring the Universe*—a program for adults in which this amiable and unceremonious M.C. manages to be entertaining without either frivolity or imprecision. To help him in his explorations, he calls on such men as Harvard's astronomer Harlow Shapley and Cornell's physicist Philip Morrison—both giants in their respective fields.

Along with such painless learning, a continuing increase in college-credit courses on ETV will be a boon to the woman who wants to keep her graduate mind burnished or return to professional work after her children are grown. The chance to learn from superior teachers without leaving home (or getting up at dawn!) should appeal to all women who feel frustrated by purely domestic preoccupations.

Educational television, let it be firmly said, is not a substitution for anything—not for schools or colleges or books or theater or even commercial television. The great networks will continue to provide services in entertainment and public affairs which ETV cannot attempt to offer. Non-commercial TV is an addition—and additional proof that this miraculous medium was not invented merely to lull the mind and sell the product but to widen human experience and understanding in every corner of the world. Try it and see. • END

WHAT SHOULD YOU TELL YOUR DAUGHTER... AND WHEN?

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The booklet, "How Shall I Tell My Daughter?", has been a reassuring, informative guide to many mothers. A reminder of forgotten facts. Its gentle illustrations and perceptive understanding of the mother-daughter relationship can be of help to you.

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Most, indeed, parties are informal, and the "best-dressed" like understated dresses, always in becoming colors with carefully selected accessories.

This turquoise wool has Empire waistline bound in matching satin, a comfortable swing of skirt (attention, twisters!). Butterick Design No. 2784.

If you're 15 going on 16

You're lucky because fall's fashion forecast is "the most"—a portfolio of plaids (and plain fabrics, too) plus sensational patterns that are a snap to sew. For classroom "kicks," a kilt; for partying, an informal Empire; for all clothes, the easiest-to-care-for of fabrics.

By NORA O'LEARY



Sophisticated the colors, sensible the rayon-acetate fabric, simple the dress design, Butterick No. 2818.

Madras, in this traditional pattern, rates an A. Make a shirtwaist of it (cost: \$4), add a red-lined scarf. Butterick Design No. 2782.



For swinging school days, a Dress Stewart kilt in wool-and-nylon blend, Butterick Design No. 2427; red Oxford-cloth shirt, No. 2816.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORN/GRINER

Fashion forecast for a 15-year-old

This brass-buttoned, pleated beauty of wool-and-nylon blend is *in*. Butterick Design No. 2468. Pin: Roger Van S.



The girl in the gray flannel suit gets along well. This one's teamed with a blouse of yellow calico—jacket lining and babushka are cut of the same cloth. Butterick Design Nos.: suit, 2637; shirt, 2816.



A schoolgirl's best friend is the double-duty dress. This two-piece cotton plaid *is*. Its slimmish skirt can be worn with either a sweater or blouse, its Peter-Pan-collared overblouse with a plain-colored skirt. Have fun with mixing and matching the combinations. Butterick Design No. 2844.



Other views, sizes, prices of Butterick patterns on page 111. Fabrics and patterns available at Sears, Roebuck and Co. All shoes by Capezio. Tapestries by French & Co.



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new Kotex napkins made especially for young ladies

Only Miss Deb napkins are proportioned precisely for her. To give her the protection and security she needs so much during these early years. Yet there's no excess bulk to discomfort her. And a gentle covering of soft pink makes her feel dainty and feminine . . . just as a young lady wants to feel.

Get her Miss Deb napkins soon, for her very own. They make growing up so much easier.

Coupon Inside: Each box of Miss Deb napkins has a special coupon for ordering free copies of "Very Personally Yours" and "You're a Young Lady Now"—two illustrated booklets that answer all her questions about maturing.



Pretty and practical is a plaid jumper that won't wrinkle or show dirt. Wear it over a white blouse or turtleneck T-shirt. Butterick Design No. 2790.



Getting around is the wraparound. This one, in wide-wale corduroy, reverses to calico. Red boots are a child's delight. Butterick Design No. 2865.

This versatile velveteen party dress can be worn with waistband bows or eyelet blouse. Butterick Design No. 2790. Headband by Therese Ahrens.

If you're 10 going on 11



Your back-to-school clothes will be bright and beautiful—practical too. Chances are, your mother made them and they fit like a dream. “In” for fifth-graders: double-knit woolens, casually cut. *The look*: slightly sporty. To wit, a wide-wale corduroy wrap skirt or bold tartan jumper. Perfect for parties: a romantic velveteen or a shepherdess dress in an old-fashioned provincial print. Good choices, these, for each “best-dressed” beginner.



Cozy cotton flannelette nightie is strewn with blue roses, rickracked in same hue. Its matching scarf keeps hair out of eyes. Butterick Design No. 2230.



Bright-red, brass-buttoned coat is all-weather and all-purpose. Its back has a half-belt. Navy Breton: by Harry G. Stauff. Butterick Design No. 2647.

Velveteen-vested shepherdess dress of provincial, 59-cents-a-yard cotton print is party-perfect. Irish lace fringes neck. Butterick Design No. 2822.

She may be only ten, but she can develop a flair for fashion




Double woolen knits are high fashion, wide and handsome. Good news to the wearer: they're also virtually wrinkle-resistant. Good news to the seamstress (beginners, too): they tailor beautifully.

Our camel-colored two-piece is a slightly sophisticated variation of a fall classic with stitched-down pleated skirt (the pleats stay put), crisp linen collar and red ribbon tie. Butterick Design No. 2864.

Other views, sizes, prices of Butterick patterns, page 111. Fabrics and patterns from Sears, Roebuck and Co. All shoes: Capezio. Tapestries: Duveen Brothers.

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A sanitary napkin with a more comfortable shape! Stays snugly, protectively in place because it's tapered  to follow your body contours. There's extra thickness in the middle where you need it...and a moisture-proof inner shield.



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ANDROCLES & THE LIBRARIAN

*Her last day after forty years of service.
It should have been different or special in some way.
But no one seemed to have remembered.*

By EILEEN JENSEN

Illustration by Mia Carpenter



Miss Osborne woke before the alarm went off. She was immediately alert—a diurnal type—sensing the importance of this her last working day. She turned back the quilt cover, sat up in bed, and touched her old toes five times. *Not bad for an arthritic*, she thought. Being thin helped. The bed-springs creaked as she got up. She had slept naked all her life, and no one knew it.

She put on a robe and tiptoed down the white-carpeted hallway, past Papa's door. (When a man is 93 and has been bedfast for more than 20 years, you try not to disturb him mornings.) Papa was cross, but Miss Osborne found it easy to forgive him because of the pain.

She hobbled downstairs, favoring her left knee, and put the coffee on. Through the kitchen window, the city park across the street shimmered green and golden in the April light. Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, and Maid Marian dwelled among the sheltering leaves of the trees, but Miss Osborne never revealed their secret. She had pricked her thumb and sworn it in blood. Her lips were sealed.

While the coffee perked, she washed her face and brushed her long hair, which was still faintly rosy. She knew that some of the students who came into the Stilesville Public Library said she dyed it, while others insisted nobody would choose that color. Miss Osborne ignored their half-hidden smiles (they had pain, too—growing pains) and went right on spending ten minutes every morning brushing, braiding, and winding it into the towering beehive she had worn before, during, and after that coiffure was in fashion. It was handy for storing pencils. Once, during World War II she had secreted a coded message there. On

microfilm. A dangerous ploy, but the prime minister had been grateful. Then there was that memorable night when she had been locked in the tower and would have perished at the hands of the cruel king, but she was able to let down the strong red braids of her hair so that her lover, who had swum the moat, could climb to her rescue with food, water, and the key to the castle. Faint with hunger, she had fallen on the grapes and pomegranates and the long French bread (she wondered how he managed the loaf in the moat), remembering to kiss him only later.

The back door clicked open. Picola (rhymes with Victrola) eased her smiling brown bulk into the kitchen and shrugged out of the yellow slicker she wore in fair weather or foul.

"You up early," Picola observed, hanging her coat on a hook in the stairwell.

"My last day."

Black-velvet eyes searched her face. "You sad?"

"A little." Miss Osborne nursed a chilly feeling that the cold waters of retirement would close over her head leaving no bubble. She shivered. Forty years of service ought to leave a mark somewhere, she brooded, watching Picola's skilled hands setting the tray for Papa. *She isn't real*, Miss Osborne thought. She materializes every morning in fumes from an ammonia bottle—a substantial genie with no schooling, possessed of a sure knowledge of the esoteric art of where to apply and where to withhold the coal oil. Picola's pain is passion: she's had five husbands—there's an education!—and a houseful of children, with no apparent effort. Would "consorts" be a better word for Picola's men? Miss Osborne

sighed. *I haven't had one—man, husband, nor consort*. She smiled. *I remembered to kiss them too late*.

Miss Osborne went upstairs and dressed in silence, putting on the familiar gray knit and sensible oxfords. *Let's not be ostentatious*, she told herself. *No one else is making a fuss. Certainly not Winfield Burdick, who will be quite happy when I'm gone*.

That ambitious young librarian had been a thorn in Miss Osborne's side ever since he had been brought in over her head by the board of trustees four years ago to run the library—a position she merited but couldn't hold on account of the recent ruling about degrees.

Just because he's a man, she thought, her lips tight. Miss Osborne had gone straight from high school into a Carnegie library, where she served as an apprentice. (Her dream had been to work on a newspaper, but Papa—this was 1916—Papa had put his foot down, declaring the Bohemian world of journalism, by God, no place for the daughter of a decent man.) Winfield Burdick's degree was in audio-visual education, of all things, and his dream was to run a "popular" library—record concerts, films, hobby shows, bookmobiles, civic meetings! Miss Osborne was convinced that Mr. Bee—that's how she saw Winfield Burdick, a round little fellow, humming to himself, buzzing here, buzzing there, glassy-eyed behind his contact lenses—she was convinced that Mr. Bee would install a belly dancer if he thought it would create traffic in the library.

Miss Osborne walked the block and a half to the bus stop, careful not to step on any cracks. On the way there she made a wish.

She closed her eyes and stood quite still on the street corner. She wished the library were the way she remembered it—like a beautiful woman, a goddess, a classical Greek temple with fluted columns rising majestically, the portico guarded by a braided lion whose tail was worn shiny from being twisted. (Miss Osborne knew for a fact that Androcles preferred to have his ears rubbed.) There used to be glowing mahogany tables and chairs in the reading room under the stained-glass dome. The lights were shaded with green glass, and the golden oak floors were warm underfoot. There was a Constable landscape, a De Robbia bas-relief, books with real leather bindings lettered in gold.

Now there was a cold linoleum-tile floor, abstract art, blond furniture, and fluorescent bulbs casting a bilious glare over the paperbacks, the microfilm, and the digests. A bastard world, Miss Osborne thought, and she was old enough to remember when a bastard was good English usage and not a dirty word.

The Constable painting had been exiled to the dungeon of a basement, its face to the storeroom wall. Miss Osborne had gone down to look for the picture last month, and found it gone. They were always ripping and hammering and moving things around. Miss Osborne never knew whether the reference desk would be on her right or on her left when she went in in the morning. It was so it wasn't safe to leave your chair would be gone when you came back.

Last week, there had been an uproar behind a huge tarpaulin stretched outside of the assembly rooms where the poetry club (a group of dowdy housewives who refreshed themselves by dusting the stars



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(...until KOTAMS tampons created this new placement stem)

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It's much more comfortable, obviously. The tampon is placed smoothly, gently, and with surety.

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New KOTAMS —

the finest tampon Kotex ever designed

ANDROCLES

a change) met to read their rhymes aloud to one another. Miss Osborne flinched at the noise, but she was too weary to investigate. It wouldn't have surprised her to find them putting in one of those electronic computers that link, belch, shift gears, and spew out punched cards—*doing away with all of us*, she thought.

The bus nudged the curb. Miss Osborne got on and took a seat directly behind the driver. She leaned forward. With fresh horses they might reach the castle in time to save the queen's honor.

They rode for what seemed a long time. They came to the courthouse where a plane was parked on the lawn. Miss Osborne sized up the situation in a glance. City Hall was surrounded, the mayor held captive. She studied the line of enemy trucks moving along Fourth Street. The camouflage was clever, but she guessed their plan. They had secured the bridge. Headquarters must be alerted. Communications had been cut, but one brave woman might get through. Miss Osborne squared her shoulders. *If caught, I'll swallow the capsule.*

Her eyes narrowed. The space capsule was nearing the rendezvous. The Van Allen belt was behind her now. She was on manual, having corrected the yaw, and in visual contact with the other spacecraft. She had calculated her orbit to perfection. She smiled, remembering how reluctant they had been to let a woman go. Suddenly, her audio failed. She lost contact with Space Central. The lights on her fingertips went out. There was a hideous red flash in the dark—a smell of sulphur—and smoke filled the capsule. She felt herself blacking out. Through a sheer effort of will, she forced herself to yank the ejection cord. Fainting, Miss Osborne fell free, floating in space. After an interval, the yellow silk chute ballooned out, as beautiful and protective as a slicker in the rain.

She blinked. That rhythmic ticking—thwick-thwack, thwick-thwack—the bus driver had turned on his windshield wipers. *Wouldn't you know it would rain on my last day?* she thought.

The bus stopped directly in front of the library. Miss Osborne's left knee almost balked at the long flight of stone steps. She managed the first half by grasping the railing and pulling herself along until she gained the wide landing and stopped there to rest.

Androcles gave her a brass smile. She rubbed his ear. He almost purred. "You look pale," the lion said.

"I've been to the moon and back this morning."

He understood. "It's a tiresome trip." "This is my last day, Androcles. Forty years—written on the wind."

"Don't talk clichés. It doesn't become you." He turned his other ear. "You've left an imprint on many a mind. Ross Lockworth, for instance. He'd never have written that best seller without you."

"Ross doesn't remember. He didn't even dedicate it to me."

"I recall that when you read it you were glad," Androcles reminded her.

"True. Ross fell short of his talent."

The lion nodded. "The movie was so bad my cousin Leo went around for days with his tail between his legs."

"Ross will write something good," she insisted. "He's rich now—he can afford to. And he's young—he has time. I saw him on television the other evening. He's back from Europe—wearing a moustache."

A fat policeman in a shiny black raincoat with a shelf across the back strolled by the library. He frowned up at Miss Osborne, leaning against the wet brass lion talking to herself. "Are you all right?" he called.

She nodded. The man shook his head and walked away.

"He thinks I'm eccentric," she whispered. "He probably goes home and tells his wife you see what comes of educating a woman."

Androcles nuzzled against her. "Ignorance gives me a pain."

"Don't growl." She rubbed his ear. "Some folks frown on anthropomorphism."

In the distance, the courthouse chimed bonged nine. Miss Osborne gave him a parting hug. He licked her hand and said, "Your slip is showing."

It seemed an odd thing for a lion to say.

It was an odd day all the way round. Miss Osborne had thought—hoped—it might be different in some way. Wouldn't you think somebody would offer congratulations or ask what are your plans? Nobody did. *Not I know what they mean by a whimper instead of a bang*, she brooded.

Mr. Bee wasn't even in. She frowned. *Just like him to avoid me on my last day*. Mr. Bee was unsure of himself—baffled that in spite of his many-splendored innovations Miss Osborne's story hour remained the most popular feature in the library.

The Circulation girls looked up from their stamp pads, spoke, and averted their eyes. Even the hammers behind the tarpaulins were stilled. In the silence, Miss Osborne leafed through the mail on her desk—two postcards—but as she sat down to read them a stack of letters mushroomed in front of her. She opened them one at a time, savoring the contents. She had come into a sizable fortune from a distant relative who had passed away in China. The President wondered she would care to head the newly authorized Department of Culture, holding the rank of cabinet member. A wire from Sweden: "The Nobel Prize Committee is happy to inform you . . ." A heavy wax seal on the next one. Would she be available to tutor the royal children of Monaco?

At noon, everyone seemed to have luncheon date. Miss Osborne extracted a limp sandwich and a cup of weak coffee from the coin-operated canteen, eating alone in the basement staff room. The food stuck in her throat. She swallowed hard. *I might as well have stayed home*, she brooded. But Androcles would have worried. (He was capable of padding out to her house to see what was wrong. Robin Hood might fail to recognize him, and shoot him, and then there'd be hell to pay. It isn't safe for a lion in the streets anymore.)

For two cents, I'd go home right now, she thought. If it weren't for the story hour this afternoon —

Winfield Burdick put his round crew cut in the doorway. He peered at his wristwatch. Miss Osborne bit her lip. *If he tells me I'm taking too much time for lunch, I'll . . .* She had a horrible feeling that she might burst into tears.

"Er—Miss Osborne," he said, "I'm wondering if you would come upstairs."

She blinked, waiting.

"It's—important." She didn't move. He took her by both elbows and lifted her up. His voice suddenly gentle. "We have a surprise for you."

Ross Lockworth met them at the head of the stairs. Miss Osborne gasped. He smelled of tweed and tobacco, and she felt the brush of his moustache as he kissed her hand. *I learned that in Europe*, she thought.

"Congratulations, Miss Osborne," Ross said. "I'm happy to be a part of this ceremony in your honor."

The Circulation girls exchanged glances. This was no daydream—and Miss Osborne understood why everyone had been withdrawn this morning. They had been keeping this secret. She smiled at the story-hour

*When she introduced her husband
and her ex-roommate,
she suddenly knew she was...*

The Injured Party

The party swirled around us. Suddenly, I spotted Peggy Wilson across the room. I hadn't seen her since we roomed together our senior year!

I caught her eye and waved. As Peggy inched her way toward us, I turned back to hear what George was saying. "You mean she was in your class?" he asked. "She sure looks younger!"

His words hit me like a slap in the face. *How could my own husband say a thing like that?*

But as I stumbled through the introductions, I saw it was true. Peggy did look *younger* than me. I couldn't help being jealous of her complexion. It was so fresh and creamy . . . so lovely.

When we were alone, I just had to ask her, "Peggy, what makes your complexion so beautiful?"

"Simple," she said, "Palmolive care. It can help almost any girl be younger looking."

And Peggy was right. Palmolive care gave my complexion less oiliness, cleaner pores, fewer tiny blemishes. It made my skin fresher . . . helped me be younger looking.

I'm sure Palmolive care will help *you*, too. A simple one-minute massage with gentle Palmolive lather, twice a day. Try

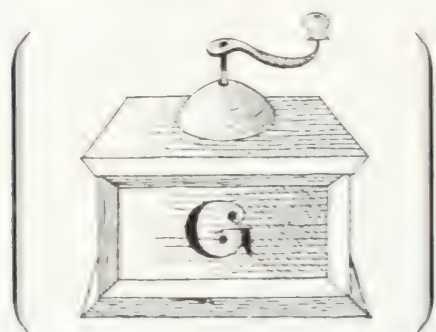
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ANDROCLES

children gathered in a circle. On a wave of warmth and laughter, everyone swept her back to the room where the big tarpaulin hung. Ross stepped forward and pulled a cord, revealing the heavy door bearing a new mahogany plaque lettered in gold. He made a graceful little dedication speech while Miss Osborne stared at the sign: THE OSBORNE ROOM.

It blurred.

Mr. Bee was buzzing now. He ushered her into the new room with the green-shaded lights glowing like emeralds above the mahogany tables and chairs. The books were

"I am," she said, and rubbed his ear.
"You made a wish, and it came true. I thought you would be pleased."
"I didn't deserve it."
"You earned it. If we got what we deserve we'd all have less."
"You're goodhearted, Androcles."
"I'm lionhearted."
"Mamma used to tell me I knew all about books and nothing about people. I guess that's why I created a world of my own."
He licked her hand. "I'm glad we met."
"It was nice of Mr. Bee to go ahead with it in spite of the way he felt."
"That's life—going ahead in spite of the way you feel," the lion said.

The big, bright, vital magazine devoted to Californians and the California way of living is on the newsstands now at a special price. And what a buy! Fabulous food ideas. Handsome houses. Distinctive decor. Flowers. Freeways. Plans. Paints. All the answers for busy, home-minded California families. Get a copy next time you go shopping.

"It is gratifying that The American Home editors are now joining their talents along with resident California editors in creating the California American Home — a magazine that will uniquely reflect the many-faceted young home-makers of California."

A message from
Governor Edmund G. Brown
concerning California American Home

CALIFORNIA HOME

CALIFORNIA edition of The American HOME

there, shelf after shelf, heavy volumes bound in real leather with gold tooling—and the Della Robbia bas-relief. . . .

Miss Osborne blinked at these treasures. "The Constable?" She couldn't help asking.

Four little girls came forward, carrying it by the corners, face up, like a tray. The painting had been restored and handsomely framed in gold. They curtsied and presented it to her as the library's parting gift.

Miss Osborne leaned against Androcles in the sunshine, waiting for Ross Lockworth to bring his car around to drive her home.

"You look sad," the lion said to her.

They smiled at each other. "I'm going to miss you, Androcles."

"Oh, I'm coming with you." He leaped down from his pedestal, as graceful as a cat. The sun glinted on his brass eyelashes. Was it a trick of the light—or did he wink? Miss Osborne never knew. She lifted her head, feeling no pain, and walked down the steps of the library and into the jungle, the king of beasts at her side. The birds suddenly were silenced. Tribal chieftains, lurking behind the greenery, dropped their feathered spears and crept forward—one by one—gazing in awe at the tawny lion and the beautiful white goddess.

• EN



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Design No. 2784 Young Junior and Teen Dress, Jumper and Blouse. Young sizes 9-13 (30½-33), Teen sizes 10-16 (30-36) \$5.00, in Canada \$6.00. Dress requires 1½ yards of 54" fabric without nap. Teen size 12.

Design No. 2818 Young Junior and Teen Quick 'N' Easy Dress. Young sizes 9-13 (30½-33), Teen sizes 10-16 (30-36) \$5.00, in Canada \$6.00. Dress shown requires 3¾ yards of 45" fabric without nap. Teen size 12.

Design No. 2782 Young Junior and Teen Shirdress. Young Junior sizes 9-13 (30½-33), Teen sizes 10-16 (30-36) \$6.00, in Canada \$7.00. Dress shown requires 5 yards of 54" fabric with nap (matching plaid). Teen size 12.

Design No. 2427 Young Junior and Teen Kilt and Skirt. Young Junior waist 3½-25½, Teen waist sizes 24-28, \$5.00, in Canada \$6.00. Kilt shown requires 2½ yards of 54" fabric with nap (matching plaid). Teen waist size 25.

Design No. 2816 Young Junior and Teen Blouse. Young Junior sizes 9-13 (30½-33), Teen sizes 10-16 (30-36) \$4.00, in Canada \$5.00. Blouse shown requires 2¼ yards of 36" fabric without nap. Teen size 12.

Design No. 2844 Young Junior and Teen Two-Piece Dress. Young Junior sizes 9-13 (30½-33), Teen sizes 10-16 (30-36) \$5.00, in Canada \$6.00. Two-Piece Dress requires 4½ yards of 36" fabric with nap (matching plaid). Teen size 12.

Design No. 2468 Young Junior and Teen Jewel-Necked Dress. Young Junior sizes 9-13 (30½-33), Teen sizes 10-16 (30-36) \$5.00, in Canada \$6.00. Dress shown requires 2¾ yards of 54" fabric without nap. Teen size 12.

Design No. 2637 Young Junior and Teen Two-Piece Dress. Young Junior sizes 9-13 (30½-33), Teen sizes 10-16 (30-36) \$5.00, in Canada \$6.00. Skirt requires 4½ yards of 55" fabric, Teen size 12. Jacket requires 1½ yards of 54" fabric, size 12.

IF YOU'RE 10 GOING ON 11 (see page 108)



Design No. 2790 Girl's Jumper and Blouse. 2-12 (21-30) \$5.00, in Canada \$6.00. Velvet dress shown requires 2½ yards of 36" fabric with nap, child's size 8. Jumper dress shown requires 1¾ yards of 60" fabric with nap, child's size 8.

Design No. 2865 Girl's Wrapped Skirt and Blouse. 7-14 (25-32) \$5.00, in Canada \$6.00. Skirt shown requires 1¾ yards of 36" fabric with nap, child's size 8. Blouse requires 1½ yards of 36" fabric without nap, child's size 8.

Design No. 2822 Girl's Bonus Basic Dress, Vest and Jacket. 7-14 (25-32) \$5.00, in Canada \$6.00. Dress shown requires 2¾ yards of 36" fabric without nap, child's size 8. Vest shown requires ½ yard of 36" fabric with nap, child's size 8.

Design No. 2230 Girl's Nightgown and Pajamas. 2-8 (21-26) \$5.00, in Canada \$6.00. Nightgown shown requires 3¼ yards of 35" fabric without nap, child's size 8.

Design No. 2647 Girl's Coat and Dress. 4-14 (23-32) \$5.00, in Canada \$6.00. Coat shown requires 2 yards of 59" fabric without nap, child's size 8.

Design No. 2864 Girl's Two-Piece Dress. 7-14 (25-32) \$5.00, in Canada \$6.00. Dress and Overblouse shown require 2 yards of 60" fabric without nap, child's size 8. Contrast Collar requires ¼ yard of 36" fabric without nap.

MIDSUMMER MAGIC

(see page 66)

IMPORTANT: We suggest you take out top and bottom hems on each sheet before laying out pattern. On border print for tunic, fold sheet in half lengthwise and place pattern on crosswise. Width of the sheet determines length of the tunic.



Design No. 5875 Nightgown and Robe 10-18 (31-38) \$1.00, in Canada \$1.10. Nightgown shown requires 3¾ yards of 45" fabric without nap, size 14. Robe requires one flowered double sheet (81"x108").

Design No. 5866 Housecoat, tunic, blouse, pants and sash. 10-18 (31-38) \$1.50, in Canada \$1.65. Pants shown require 2 yards of 45" fabric without nap, size 14. Tunic requires one double sheet (81"x108") and one matching pillowcase for sleeves.

Design No. 5830 Nightgown and Robe. 10-18 (31-38) \$1.00, in Canada \$1.10. Nightgown shown requires 3½ yards of 45" fabric without nap, size 14.

Design No. 5329 Nightgown, Pajamas and Robe. 4-8 (23-26) \$0.75, in Canada \$0.85. Mother and Daughter robes are made from one flowered double sheet (81"x108").

Vogue and Butterick Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by enclosing check or money order, from Vogue-Butterick Pattern Service, P.O. Box 4042, Terminal A, Toronto 1, Ont. Patterns sent third-class mail. If you desire them sent first-class mail, please include 50¢ additional for each pattern ordered. *Calif. and Pa. residents add sales tax.



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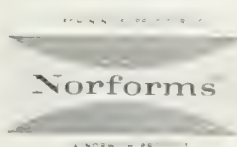
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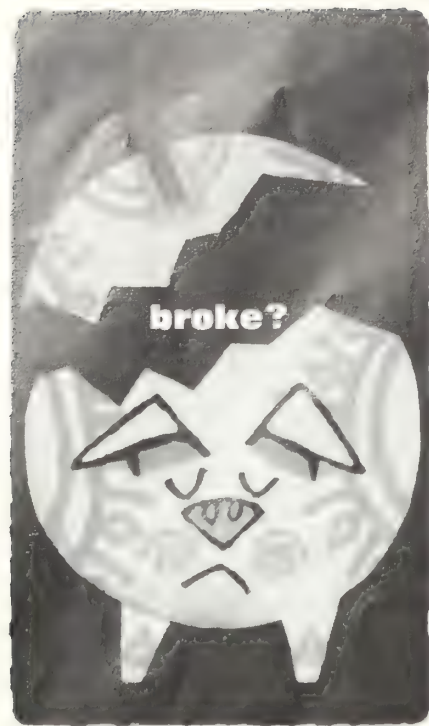
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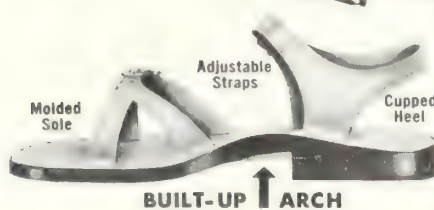
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Caravans

(Continued from page 86)

the investigators: "When Ellen came home from boarding school, she was pretty stuck up. She said things like, "This town is a real bore," and "Can you imagine living the rest of your life in Dorset and going to the country club every Saturday night? Big deal." She talked this way so much that I stopped dating her."

"Is Dorset so bad?" the acting ambassador asked.

"I asked for a report on that," Richardson replied. "Fine town, good families, good churches, good schools. I'd say Dorset was way above average. But when Ellen reached Bryn Mawr, her antagonism increased. The report says, 'Miss Jaspas's first college roommate told us, "Ellen Jaspas was a dear, sweet kid. She was loyal, responsive, and trustworthy. We had three dandy years together, and whatever she's done, she's done with her eyes wide open."'"

"Her second roommate gave us a somewhat different version. 'Ellen could grow quite bitter about what she called "the inescapable nothingness" of life in her family. She dreaded going back home to marry or live. I'd been to her home several times and I loved the place. Old town, old houses, real good people with lots to do. But she told me she was determined never to go back there to live. I never understood her bitterness.'"

"I'm terrified," Capt. Verbruggen cried. "Sounds just like my daughter."

Richardson continued. "We also have an instructive report from a boy who went to Haverford. Did very well in the Army. He told us: 'Ellen Jaspas had a world of class. I took her to several dances in her freshman year, and she was practically what you'd call a clock-stopper—very popular. If she hadn't turned so difficult in her sophomore year, something big could have developed. What it was that changed her I'll never know. But I'll take the blame for the bust-up; somebody else might have kept Ellen on the track. But I wasn't the man to do it.'"

"It must have been about then that she met Nazrullah," the acting ambassador observed. "How'd it happen?"

Richardson went through involved motions of lighting his pipe. "Her roommate covers that: 'In March, 1944, there was this Saturday dance at the Wharton School, and some joker invited four of us to go in to Philly. We went in by train, and at the station my date met me with a jalopy, but there beside him was this dark-skinned fellow with a red convertible and a turban. Ellen took one look at him, and that was that. She left college before exams and one weekend that summer she came to my home in Connecticut. Nazrullah had gone back to Afghanistan without her, but she had a passport and a couple of hundred dollars. She needed another \$1200. Like a fool I let her have it. I haven't heard from her since.'"

"Neither has anybody else," Captain Verbruggen growled. "What did her father say?"

Richardson was ready with a summary: "My name is Thomas Shalldean Jaspas. I own an important real estate and insurance business in Dorset, Pennsylvania, where my family has lived for seven generations. My wife is Esther Johnson Jaspas, and her family —"

"We can skip the begats," the acting ambassador snapped.

Richardson casually discarded a page and resumed reading. "Ellen was a good girl, never gave us a bit of trouble till her sophomore year in high school, when she got fed up with everything in Dorset, including her parents. When she reached Bryn Mawr, we

breathed a little easier, for she had two nice roommates and met some nice boys at Haverford College. Then everything went sour. Refused to date. Was downright hateful when she came home. Her behavior was ridiculous."

Here Richardson stopped, drew on his pipe, and observed, "I'm not going to read all of this, but one thing does strike me. Whenever Mr. Jaspas comes up against anything unusual, unknown or unfamiliar, he describes it as ridiculous."

"Excuse me," I interrupted, "but I think his use of 'ridiculous' is a clue. Since Mr. Jaspas stigmatized everything unusual with that word, his daughter was compelled to outrage the system. What was the most ridiculous thing she could do? Find herself an Afghan with a turban."

Richardson relighted his pipe and smiled at me. "Perhaps we should get back to Mr. Jaspas, who seems to have been a completely dull gentleman. 'At a well-chaperoned dance held at the Wharton School, a fine institution in Philadelphia, Ellen met a young man from Afghanistan and fell in love with him. We put detectives on his trail and found that he got good grades in college, and that he had been in Germany during the early days of the war. We reported this to the F.B.I., but they said he was cleared and was not a spy. After his examinations, the young man . . .'"

Richardson paused, then said, "You'll notice that Mr. Jaspas refuses to use Nazrullah's name. Probably considered it ridiculous. I'll go on. 'You know the rest. Week before exams Ellen ran away from college. She borrowed \$1200, which I later repaid, and then went to England. How she managed this we don't know, because at this time ordinary people couldn't get to England. I suppose the world is impressed by ridiculous adventurers, especially if they're pretty girls. We haven't heard a word from her since February, 1945.'"

Richardson shook his head. "No use reading the rest. Poor fellow never had a clue."

Nexler, the State Department career man, coughed modestly and produced a letter.

"I made some inquiries at Harvard University, where a Bryn Mawr professor is spending his sabbatical. A routine check by our people there. . . ." He turned condescendingly to Richardson. "After the meeting I'll give you the letter. It could prove relevant."

Richardson was justifiably furious that information had been withheld from him, but he masked his anger behind the ritual of lighting his pipe. "I'd like to hear what you've turned up," he said with studied amiability.

"Probably of no consequence," Nexler replied deprecatingly. "Comes from an assistant professor of music your people overlooked. Here's what he says, now. 'So far as I know, I was the only person with whom Ellen discussed her intention of marrying the young man from Afghanistan. He impressed me and my wife as one of the finest foreign students we had ever met. We told Ellen, "He's a fine person, but he will not solve your problem." "What is my problem?" she asked, and I said, "You have the disease that eats at our world. You cannot find peace in old conventions and beliefs, yet you are not sufficiently committed to anything to forge new beliefs for yourself." When you find Ellen, you will learn that it is not Nazrullah who has wronged her, but she who has wronged Nazrullah.'"

Abruptly Verbruggen turned to Nur Muhammad. "Nur, what do you make of it?"

Nur Muhammad was an agreed-upon convenience; he told the Afghans what wanted them to know, and through him the Afghans leaked official secrets to us. He had been invited to this meeting because we wanted him to warn the Afghan Government that we expected full cooperation in Kandahar.

Nur said cautiously, "Your Excellency cling to these fundamentals: Miss Jaspas is not held prisoner here in Kabul; Nazrullah did not murder her. She may be a prisoner at Qala Bist, but that seems unlikely. Remember what I've said—only women can keep a *ferangi* wife prisoner. Men cannot, therefore conclude that she tried to run to the British at Chaman and died in the attempt."

"Then why have we heard nothing?" Verbruggen growled.

"Nazrullah hopes she'll be found alive."

"Well," Verbruggen said, "you'll go south with Miller. Look after him. We don't want another missing American."

"He shall be my special charge," Nur Muhammad said, and at a nod from Verbruggen he left the room.

As soon as he was gone, Verbruggen said to me, "While you're down there, there's another matter I want you to look in to. Several of the embassies may join in hiring a doctor. We want a *ferangi*, of course. There's a German practicing in Kandahar—what's his name?"

Richardson consulted a memorandum "Otto Stiglitz."

"Seems to be a refugee from Nazi Germany," Verbruggen said. "But he might have come here to escape trial as a war criminal. Anyway, check him out. Maybe he'll know something about our girl, too."

I looked about the room to insure that no Afghan had entered unexpectedly. "There's one other thing, sir. Shah Khan has heard rumor regarding Ellen Jaspas so bizarre that he refuses even to discuss it. Could Ellen have murdered Nazrullah? And is the Afghan Government hushing it up?"

Richardson shook his head. "Shah Khan is the Afghan Government."

Verbruggen was not so easily satisfied. "Has any American seen Nazrullah alive?"

"Yes," Richardson replied, consulting his notes. "That irrigation expert from Colorado, Professor Pritchard, reported that on his way to study water flow along the Persian border he talked with Nazrullah at Qala Bist."

"Next guess," the acting ambassador snapped.

"Could she have defected to Russia?" asked. This was 1946, and most Americans would have heard my question with amazement, for in the States it was not yet recognized that Russia was our major enemy. In Afghanistan, living next door to Russia, we knew.

"The thought's been going through my head," the acting ambassador replied. "But if she had gone over to Russia—or China—those governments would use that fact to embarrass us. They haven't done so."

"On the other hand, sir," I argued, "the girl's attitude toward her home, everything indicates the kind of person who might turn traitor."

"You find out what happened, Miller," Verbruggen said.

"I'll do my best, sir."

"You'll find out," he growled, "or you damned well be back in the Navy." Everyone laughed, and Richardson left, following

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by Nexler. When we were alone, Captain Verbruggen said, "Miller, this is your first big mission. Ask a lot of questions. Learn the country. One of these days we could be driven into war across this terrain, and you'd be the only American who'd ever seen parts of it. Keep your eyes open."

While it was still dark, Nur Muhammad helped me pack the jeep for the trip to Kandahar. We stowed extra tins of motor oil, the precautionary spark plugs, rope, an extra jack, sleeping bags and medical supplies. We had requisitioned from the embassy four cases of Army K-rations, two extra tires and some jugs of boiled water for drinking.

Seeing us on that wintry morning, you would not have guessed that we were embarking on a routine trip from the capital of a sovereign nation to a secondary metropolis nearby. We looked more like adventurers in some dubious caravan.

The road from Kabul south to Kandahar was about 300 miles long and had been in existence for some 3000 years. The potholes were so deep that we could travel at no more than 20 miles an hour. Sometimes the entire roadbed vanished, and we had to drive across rutted fields. In the darkness we passed many disabled vehicles, their passengers sleeping unconcernedly, waiting for spare parts from Kabul.

Our first stopping point was Ghazni, the ancient capital of Afghanistan. In the earthen, unpaved square, bordered by dusty shops and a filthy restaurant, every man we saw was dressed in dirty white trousers, knee-length shirt, Western-style vest, shabby overcoat and voluminous turban. There was not a karakul cap to be seen. Nor were there any women, not even in *chaderi*.

Nur drove the jeep along a narrow alley, parked it, and hired two men to guard it. Finally he brought me to my first Afghan hotel. I will say merely that it had no glass in any window, no lock on any door, no water, no bed, no bedclothes. However, on the dirt floor of our room were piled five of the most beautiful Persian rugs I had ever seen. I was dismayed when Nur Muhammad began unloading onto the rugs every item of our cargo, including the two spare tires.

"Don't lug that stuff in here!" I protested. "Leave it in the jeep."

"In the jeep?" Nur gasped. "They'd steal everything we own."

"You hired two guards with shotguns," I argued.

"They're to see that nobody steals the wheels," Nur explained. "We can't even leave the room unguarded. One of us has to stay."

It was decided that I should eat first, and it was about three in the afternoon when I went out. All I could find was a filthy corner café. It contained one rickety table, three chairs, and a dirty water bottle. Its aroma, however, was another matter, for I had grown partial to Afghan food. The waiter, a man in a tattered overcoat and green turban, brought me a chunk of *nan*, a kind of thick, crunchy *tortilla* baked in slabs the size of snowshoes. He also plopped down a large dish of *pilau*—a steaming mixture of barley, cracked wheat, onions, raisins, pine nuts, orange peel, and shreds of roast lamb. On these two dishes *nan* and *pilau*, I would exist during my entire trip and I would never tire of either.

As I was paying for my meal some men in long coats ran across the square shouting,

The men in the café became excited and tugged at my sleeve. Soon I was in the midst of a mob streaming out of the city gates and converging on a spot where a heavy stake had been driven into the earth.

On the far side of the stake, which rose to a height of seven feet, stood four mullahs, mournful, aloof, and terrifying. The mullahs were praying. Four soldiers marched up, leading a barefooted woman covered by a coarse white *chaderi*. The soldiers drove several nails into the stake and lashed their prisoner's hands to the nails.

One of the mullahs shouted in Pashto, "This is the woman taken in adultery! This is the whore of Ghazni! This is the raging insult to all men who revere God!"

Another mullah stepped forward and cried, "We have studied the case of this woman taken in adultery, and she is guilty." He faced the crowd, his eyes blazing with anger. "We submit her to the judgment of the men of Ghazni."

I had turned to watch the mullahs walk away and did not see what happened next, but I heard a thudding sound and a gasp. I

looked around quickly. A large stone had struck the woman.

Now the men in the crowd knelt to find more stones, and soon all were armed and throwing. The woman did not cry out until a jagged rock of some size caught her in the breast. Blood spurted through the torn *chaderi* and at last the woman screamed.

I wanted to run away, but I was hemmed in by maniacs. Surely, I thought, the soldiers will release her now. But they watched impassively while men from all sides gathered fresh ammunition.

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sagging body was struck eight or times in the next fusillade, but mercifully the woman could not have known. A burly man shouted that he had the perfect rock and others must clear. He took careful aim, whirled his and launched his missile. It struck the unconscious woman in the face. The blow was so terrible that it wrenched the prisoner's hands from the nails and made her to collapse in a heap about the As she did so the crowd rushed to the body, smashing it with rocks which

no man could have thrown from a distance. They dropped huge rocks on the body until they crushed it completely.

In a state of shock I returned through the gates of Ghazni and got to the hotel. Nur Muhammad had sent a boy for some *pilau*, which he was eating with greasy fingers.

"Why are you so pale?" he asked.

"A woman taken in adultery."

"Stones?" he asked.

"Yes."

Nur put his hands over his face. "What a terrible disgrace! My poor country!"

"It was horrible," I said weakly. "How can you permit it? Why doesn't Shah Khan stop it?"

"If they tried to stop it, Miller Sahib, the men you watched today and their brothers in the hills would storm Kabul and kill you and me and the king too."

I was suddenly assaulted by a terrifying thought. "Is this what happened to Ellen Jasper?"

"No, Miller Sahib. If that had happened, we'd have known in Kabul."

I said, "I feel sick. Let's take a walk."

"I can't leave the goods," he protested. "Call one of the guards," I said sharply. "I've got to get some air. And I'm afraid to go alone."

Against his better judgment Nur summoned one of the guards. He told the bearded warrior, "If one thing is missing when we return, you'll be shot. Understand?" When we left, we heard the guard piling our goods against the door to keep out intruders.

We walked east along an old caravan route until we had lost sight of Ghazni. We must have covered four miles when I saw the black tents of a tribe of nomads.

"Povindahs," Nur exclaimed. Running ahead, he called, "Look at those women!"

From a distance I watched the nomad women, dressed in black with flashing jewelry. They moved with fierce grace and wore no *chaderi*. They were free, the wild nomads who traveled the upland plateaus of Asia. For more than 3,000 years their ancestors had moved back and forth across the boundaries of Asian countries, and no one had found a way to stop them. They must have looked with disgust at the way the Afghans hid their women in sacks and treated them like chattels.

"They're an insult to your whole system," I told Nur.

"You're right," he agreed. "But Afghan men are lured to these black tents like flies to honey. Many of my friends have tried to spend the night in there." He pointed to the tents where the women moved. "But the Povindah men are watchful."

One nomad rode up to us now, on a brown horse. He was a tall, dark-faced man with a moustache and a flowing turban. He pointed a rifle at us casually and said in Pashto, "Keep away." Spurring his horse, he rode back to the tents.

"Makes me feel good to know that such people are also a part of Afghanistan," I observed as we walked away.

"They're not our people," Nur corrected. "In the winter they go to India. In the summer they go north. They use Afghanistan only as a corridor."

"What country do they belong to?" I asked.

"I never thought about it," Nur replied. "Legally, I suppose, they're Indians."

The drive to Kandahar took all day. There were many rivers to ford. Once the jeep got stuck in a deep place, and we waited until a passing truck pulled us out.

Kandahar was a sprawling, dirty, camel-train metropolis. Nur found us a place to stay, much better than the hole in Ghazni, but without the Persian rugs. When the jeep was under armed guard, I said, "Since you know I'm here to see Doctor Stiglitz, could you find where he lives?"

"Now?" Nur asked.

"Now," I said.

He left—and soon returned to lead me down a mean, narrow street where from a mud wall projected the sign.

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"Want me to stay with you?" Nur asked.

"No, thanks."

"Kandahar is rougher than Kabul," Nur warned.

"I can handle myself," I said. But I didn't feel as confident as I sounded.

The doctor's waiting room had a dirt floor. Men in turbans occupied a bench and two old chairs. One rose to offer me his seat, but I said in Pashto, "I'll stand." The bronzed faces stared at me.

After some minutes the door leading to the doctor's office opened, and a turbaned

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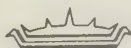
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man departed. The next patient in line moved in to see the doctor and he must have said that there was a *ferangi* outside, for the door burst open, and a man of middle years rushed out.

"Who are you?" he demanded in accented English. "What do you want?"

I tried to say that I'd wait until he was through, but he interrupted, shouting in Pashto, "These damned Americans expect special privilege. Well, he must wait in line."

In Pashto I said, "When you're through, doctor."

He eyed me coldly. "What is it you want?"

"Did you ever treat the American wife of Nazrullah?"

He glared at me and returned to his office, slamming the door. By the time the last Afghan had been seen, darkness had fallen. The wooden door creaked open, and Doctor Stiglitz said graciously, "Now perhaps we can talk."

He was balding, with a blond-gray German crew cut, and he had a pipe. He looked more frightened than bellicose. "Yes," he said, "I treated Madame Nazrullah—not quite a year ago. Since you're interested, you must be from the American embassy."

"I am."

"And you've been sent here to spy on me!"

"No," I said.

"You're lying. Right this minute you're thinking, 'What's a man like Stiglitz doing in a hole like Kandahar?' Go ahead and spy on me."

Stiglitz lighted his pipe. His hands were nervous, but I remembered that this was the end of a long day. He was inclined toward plumpness and was clearly no German superman. I thought, *He should move to Kabul, where the embassies could provide a good living.*

"Nazrullah's wife lived in this region for a little more than a year," he said grudgingly. "Why are you interested?"

"She's disappeared." He seemed to be astonished. "Her parents haven't heard from her in thirteen months."

"You Americans!" He began to laugh. "My parents haven't heard from me in four years, but they don't go running to the German embassy."

"With an American woman married to an Afghan the problem is different," I said.

"Any *ferangi* who marries an Afghan does so with her eyes open," Stiglitz replied impatiently. "I treated Madame Nazrullah several times."

"What for?"

Stiglitz looked at me coldly. "She was a well-adjusted, likable young woman. Quite happy with her husband and he with her. *Herr Miller*, are you hungry?"

"I am."

"Good. I'm starved." He hesitated. "*Herr Miller*, I wish that I was taking you to dinner. Frankly—you saw the fees they pay here."

"I'm taking you to dinner," I said.

"No. My own dinner I can afford."

He summoned a watchman, who appeared from a room in the back carrying a rifle and two daggers. Carefully Stiglitz locked the cupboard with its pitiful supply of drugs. He led me to an eating place on the public square.

Cautiously he asked, "Do you like beer?"

"Not particularly."

"Good." He sighed with relief. "I manage to find a few bottles each month, and it

makes life bearable. So if you don't mind, I'll not offer you any. Why don't you have an orange?"

"I usually drink tea."

"Better for you." He laughed uneasily.

When our meal was served, the waiter produced from some well-protected corner a bottle of lukewarm German beer. Doctor Stiglitz pried away the top, and took a long, slow draught, and placed the bottle reverently on the table.

"What would you have said," I asked, "if I had liked beer?"

He opened his eyes slowly. "I'd have said, 'How unfortunate. In Kandahar the mullahs allow no alcohol.'"

"Could you guess why Nazrullah's wife disappeared?"

"I haven't even heard she was missing."

"You hadn't?"

"Why should I?" he asked impatiently. "They left here last July to work at Qala Bist. Haven't seen them since."

"Was she all right when you knew her?"

"All right?" he asked angrily. "Who's all right? Maybe she was planning to murder her husband. Who can you point to in Afghanistan and say, 'That one's all right'? She was healthy, she laughed more than she cried, and she was well groomed."

When I awakened in the morning, I saw Nur Muhammad perched on our baggage, shaving contentedly.

After admiring his dexterity for a moment, I asked in Pashto, "Nur, what do you know about Stiglitz?"

He dried his face with ostentatious care. Apparently Nur had expected this question before we left Kabul and had asked government officials how to answer. He said, "We first heard of Otto Stiglitz in February of last year—that's 1945—when he crossed the border from Persia. Had no valid papers and was arrested in Herat. Never been to Kabul. He did carry documents that claimed a doctor's degree in medicine from some German university."

"His sign says Munich."

"I believe it was. When the war ended, we directed our ambassador in Paris to investigate, and he satisfied himself that Stiglitz was a legitimate doctor."

"But it's so difficult to get permission to enter Afghanistan," I pointed out. "How could an ordinary man like Stiglitz just walk in?"

"You forget," Nur said, "he wasn't an ordinary man. He was a doctor, and we need doctors. He was also a German. Our nation has been built by Germans."

"You believe he was a Nazi?"

"Weren't they all—legally?" Nur asked quietly, as he began to pack away his shaving gear. "For most Germans, Afghanistan is the end of their road. From here there are few places they can go. Six hundred Germans have reached Afghanistan, some with exalted credentials."

"All Nazis?"

"That's a matter of definition. Many were decent men and women who hated Hitler and who had scars on their backs and minds to prove it. I talked about this with Moheb Khan —"

"If Stiglitz is so good, why doesn't he come to Kabul?"

"If he proves himself in Kandahar, he could be invited to Kabul."

"Then he's not free to move around?"

"You aren't free to move around," he pointed out. "You had to get permission from Shah Khan."

I was amused when Stiglitz and Nur met at lunch that day. The German was much more careful with Nur than he had been with me, for he guessed that Nur might be an official with some power in Kabul. "It's



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a pleasure to meet Your Excellency," Stiglitz said ingratiatingly.

"I'm not an excellency," Nur parried. "I'm Miller Sahib's driver."

Stiglitz looked carefully at Nur's Western shoes, Western suit and expensive karakul cap and decided not to fall into that trap. "I must congratulate Herr Miller on having one of the finest drivers in Afghanistan. I wish I spoke English as well as you, Nur Sahib."

"I wish I were a doctor with a fine degree from Munich," Nur replied, and the pudgy German radiated gratification.

In succeeding days I saw a good deal of Stiglitz, and the more I saw, the more sure I was that he'd make a good doctor for the embassies. One day we lunched with Nur, and I said, "I've been praying that you'd take me to the house where Nazrullah lives when he's in Kandahar."

"I completed arrangements yesterday," Nur bowed. "Will you join us, doctor?"

"I would be honored," he said formally. He was about to dig into his pocket for some change when a pleasant thought struck him. "Is the *ferangi* paying for this lunch?"

"I am," I said.

Nur led us to a walled house, where the inevitable gate watcher inspected us grudgingly before letting us pass. The establishment had a garden, some fruit trees, mud walls, Persian rugs, and a male servant. There was a big colored photograph of Shah Khan.

From one of the doors appeared a woman in a blue silk *chaderi*. Nur Muhammad introduced me as the gentleman from the American embassy. The shrouded figure spoke in Pashto. "I am proud to welcome you to Nazrullah's house." Then she called a servant, who appeared with two children, a girl four years old and a baby boy.

"Nazrullah's children," Nur said approvingly. "The oldest is the age of my youngest."

"Is your wife Afghan?" I asked Nur.

"It's none of your business," Doctor Stiglitz snapped.

"She's from the north," Nur said obligingly.

We were speaking among ourselves because the presence of the woman in *chaderi* embarrassed us. Normally any Afghan man advanced enough to bring a *ferangi* into his home for presentation to his wife would tell her, "You can remove the *chaderi*, dear." And Mrs. Nazrullah must have wanted to do so. But Nur Muhammad, an official of the government, might favor retaining the *chaderi*. To protect her husband, she had to remain covered. Nur wanted to see the *chaderi* go, but he was afraid to say so lest someone report his words to Kabul.

So two people who knew the *chaderi* was doomed were locked into positions where in effect they defended it. I broke the impasse by asking Nur, in English, "Why didn't Mrs. Nazrullah accompany her husband to Qala Bist?"

"Ask her," Nur said. I restated my question in Pashto.

"There were no quarters for us," she replied softly.

"We'll be seeing your husband soon," I said. "Can we take him anything?"

"You're very thoughtful," she replied. Then she laughed charmingly, and I saw by the wall a box of things already waiting for us to take to Qala Bist.

"Nur's been here before me," I said with what gallantry I could command.

"Yes," she said easily. "But I'm pleased you have the same idea. I wouldn't want Nur to exceed his prerogatives." Her use of words was so precise that I had to readjust my concept of the triangle. Nazrullah's

Afghan wife was no barefoot desert girl, hurriedly acquired to produce heirs.

"Can you speak other than Pashto?" I inquired.

"French. And a little English."

"Wisely so," Stiglitz grunted. "Someday she'll be an ambassador's wife."

"Well," Madame Nazrullah said with that hands-folded, businesslike way women can adopt, "I've been told why you're here, Miller Sahib, and I wish I could help you. But I have no idea where my husband's other wife has gone."

"Isn't she with him?" I asked.

"I think not," she said.

"And she's not here?"

Madame Nazrullah laughed pleasantly. "No, we haven't had any *ferangi* wives walled up here in Kandahar for weeks and weeks."

"Forgive me," I said.

"I do want to assure you of one thing. During the short time Ellen and I shared a house in Kabul we behaved like sisters. She used to sing to my daughter."

"Had she been warned—a second wife, I mean?"

"Of course," the shrouded figure laughed. "On the day we met she kissed me and said, 'You're Karima. Nazrullah told me all about you.'"

"I can't believe it," I said flatly. "No American girl —"

"I know how difficult it must be to understand my country," Madame Nazrullah said softly. "But in your report cling to this fact, Miller Sahib. In Nazrullah's home Ellen was treated with love and respect. She treated us in the same manner. She was an adorable girl, and our family loved her—all of us." She rose, bowed graciously, and started to leave.

"One more question, please," I pleaded. "Have you any guess, no matter how bizarre —"

"As to what happened? No. She was in possession of all her faculties, and they were extraordinary. If evil has come to her, I am bereft, because there is one other thing you must know." She hesitated, and I believe she was crying behind the *chaderi*. "When Nazrullah brought her to Kandahar and left me behind in Kabul, it was Ellen who insisted that I rejoin them. When I arrived, she met me and said, 'I was so homesick for the baby.'"

She turned to leave, and said from the door, "Possibly she asked me to come to Kandahar because she knew I could have children, and apparently she couldn't. Doctor Stiglitz will confirm that."

When she had gone, I turned to Stiglitz and said, "About the matter of having children."

He barked something in German which I did not understand, then snapped in Pashto, "Such matters are no concern to an embassy."

That evening Nur and I missed Doctor Stiglitz at dinner, but after our *nan* and *pilau*, we met him across the square. I thought it was time to remind Stiglitz of what Shah Khan had told me—that he had heard rumors that something extremely bizarre had happened to Ellen Jaspar, so bizarre, in fact, that he wouldn't even repeat the rumor. Did Stiglitz have any idea what Shah Khan meant?

"I told you. I have no speculation," he growled.

"Have you?" I asked Nur.

"As I told you before, she's run away and perished."

"You're convinced that she wasn't killed by fanatical mullahs?"

Nur was plainly irritated. "Miller Sahib," he protested, "I've a brother who's a mullah and a lot better citizen than I am."

"It's a damned fine religion," Doctor Stiglitz interrupted. "Matter of fact, I became a Moslem last year."

"You've surrendered Christianity?"

"Why not? A religion has to function in a given time in a given place. If it doesn't function, it's no good, and you'd better get another. Have you ever considered how

Christianity functioned in Germany? The total perversion of society it permitted? The mass executions? The horrible betrayal of humanity? I swore when I reached Herat, 'If Christianity can't do any better than it did in Munich, I'll take whatever religion they use here.' It works out rather well."

Nur said, "I suppose you know that Ellen Jaspar also became a Moslem?"

"Sensible girl," Doctor Stiglitz said.

Two rivers ran through the part of Afghanistan in which I was traveling—the

Helmand, which started in the Koh-i-Baba west of Kabul, and the Arghandab, which flowed down past Kandahar. It was at Qala Bist that they met to combine for a dash across the desert, and it was at this confluence, in the most ancient times, that a powerful civilization developed. From the way Shah Khan had described it, I would have wanted to see Qala Bist even without knowing that Nazrullah was working there, and that Ellen Jasper had vanished from that point.

The ruins lay only 70 miles west of Kandahar, but much of the run was across open desert. We dressed for it like desert Afghans, and drove out of Kandahar with the first rays of sun. At first the road west led through fruit groves and well-established melon fields. Then, at the village of Girishk, we left the melon patches and turned south across the desert.

This desert was smaller and more savage than the better-known deserts of Arabia, Egypt and Libya. It was a bleak, barren waste, with no oases, no vegetation, across which the wind howled perpetually. Afghans called it the Dasht-i-Margo, the Desert of Death.

We had traversed the dangerous wastes for about two hours when we saw ahead, along the shores of the Helmand River, the arch of Qala Bist, an enormous clay-brick structure. As we approached I saw the outline of a great deserted city—walls that crept up from the river and enclosed enormous areas, turrets of majestic size, and battlements that had once accommodated thousands of soldiers.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Nobody knows," Nur said. "It's one of our smaller deserted cities." He pointed westward. "On the other side, where the Helmand disappears, there's an empty city seventy miles long."

"What do you mean, where the Helmand disappears?"

"This river," he said, indicating the powerful flow at our feet. "The Desert of Death is so dry that the river runs into a lake that just evaporates."

I saw one of the ramparts above me a bearded young man in his late twenties, dressed in desert costume. He could have been a young captain of the guard a thousand years ago.

"Eh, Nazrullah!" Nur shouted. "I've brought an American with me—from the embassy."

This news somewhat deflated the young man on the wall, but he scrambled down from the high wall and ran to greet us.

"Nur Muhammad!" he cried. They embraced in a manner suggesting that my driver was no ordinary Afghan. Nazrullah turned to me and said in English, "You are welcome to my humble abode, such as it is, four hundred rooms."

We laughed, and Nur said in Pashto, "This one speaks our language. And he will come to spy you out for the evil fellow you are."

It was apparent that Nur wanted Narullah and me to get along.

The news did not disturb the young man for he must have expected it. He said generously, "You're most welcome. Drive the way. We've cut a breach in the wall, and you can bring your jeep into the city." And he led us to the opening.

There he climbed in with us, for his campsite was some distance inside the wall. Nazrullah was an attractive fellow, wiry and well coordinated. His hair was rather long, possibly because barbers were rare in Qala Bist, but he was extremely clean, even though he was living in a rough way. I could understand why Moheb Khan and Doctor Stiglitz held him in high regard.

The deserted city was equally impressive. Stout walls 20 feet high swept over rolling ground for eight or nine miles, enclosing an area which once contained substantial farmlands, water systems, and villages. The brick city itself was a confusion of palace minarets and fortresses.

After a three-mile drive we reached a large field where Nazrullah had pitched his tents. From this base he was surveying the area that was to be irrigated by water from the Helmand River. He had at his disposal two jeeps, three engineers and four servants. No women were evident, but one tent, finer than the others, must have been the one in which Ellen Jaspar slept when she came to Qala Bist nine months ago. Nazrullah said, "That's where I live. Let's unload your jeep."

"Don't let us inconvenience you," apologized.

"You're my first guests from Kabul," I replied expansively. "Of course, you'll stay with me." He threw back the flaps of his tent and bade us enter. I remember two things—the floor was covered by an expensive Persian rug, and the desk held a portrait of Ellen Jaspas dressed in the surplice



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Nazrullah indicated where we were to sleep and sent his servants to fetch our gear. Then he took us to another tent, and here, seated on rugs, we had our inevitable lunch of *nan* and *pilau*. After the meal, when servants had washed our greasy fingers, we returned to Nazrullah's tent.

"Do you know what Afghanistan is?" he asked me.

"Until I saw the Desert of Death I thought I knew—a mountainous land marked by valleys and plateaus."

"Precisely. But four fifths of our nation looks like what you see outside these walls—desert, cut by rivers. We're going to build a gigantic dam up in the hills and capture all the river water you see going to waste out there."

He pointed beyond the river to the bleak desert, where wind was churning up the sand. "Wherever we can lead the water, we can grow crops. This dead city once supported half a million people. They lived by irrigation."

In the days that followed, Nazrullah talked about his work, but whenever I tried to speak of his wife, he put me off. Ellen was not at Qala Bist, of that I was sure.

One day a strange jeep sped into the walled city, throwing up a cloud of dust. An Afghan military officer jumped out and took Nazrullah aside. They talked in German. I gathered that something had happened to the American engineer Pritchard, who had crossed the Desert of Death some months before to measure the spring flow

of the Helmand River. Finally they took notice of me.

"Mr. Miller," Nazrullah said, "there's an official message for you."

He spoke to the Afghan officer, who handed me a paper containing directions which the American embassy had phoned down to Kandahar military headquarters that morning.

Miller. Proceed immediately to The City, thence to Chahar, where Pritchard broke his leg three weeks ago. Ask the German doctor to accompany you at our expense. Travel in at least two jeeps. Earlier investigators dispatched by the Afghan Government have not been heard from.

It was signed by Verbruggen, and I could imagine his rough, worried voice on the telephone. I asked Stiglitz if he would make the trip. "I'll pay two hundred dollars, plus twenty dollars for each day beyond five that we're out."

Stiglitz breathed deeply, and I judged that my offer was more generous than he dared to hope. "I accept. You've no idea, Herr Miller, how much beer costs."

"Agreed." Then I asked the Afghan officer, "Are you driving us?"

"He is not," Nazrullah said. "I am." He drew his staff about him and shot a series of questions. "Which of our jeeps is in best condition?" "Miller, will you turn over your K-rations to us?" "Water, crowbars, tow ropes?" When he had satisfactory answers, he said, "We'll leave Qala Bist in forty minutes. We're taking Miller's jeep and mine. Nur Muhammad to drive one. I'll drive the other. Stiglitz and Miller the only passengers. I want everything assembled in front of my tent at once. O.K.?"

As he ran for his tent he shouted, "Nur, stay with me," and in the next minutes I watched two Afghan gentlemen assume command of an expedition that could turn

out disastrously if anything went wrong. Nur, who understood jeeps, took care of matters in that area, while Nazrullah checked the logistics, then supervised the packing. "Turbans for the *ferangi*," Nazrullah shouted, and one of the engineers solved this by lifting two from the heads of the servants.

It was still several hours before dark. Nazrullah consulted for the last time with his staff and the Afghan officer. Taking a map, he drew a tentative line from Qala Bist across the desert to an extended area marked simply The City. There he turned his line south until it reached the remote village of Chahar.

"We'll be going this way," he said, "and if anything should happen, I promise I won't be far off this route." He watched while Nur and the officer traced the route on their maps.

"Now," Nazrullah asked sharply, "where do you think the missing men could be?"

He stared at his staff, at Nur, at the officer. The officer said, "Ten days ago we sent two men in a jeep —"

"One jeep?" Nazrullah stabbed angrily at the map. "Driving across that?"

"Yes," the officer replied, unruffled. "They left Kandahar ten days ago, drove to Girishk, and started across the desert on this course." On Nazrullah's map he drew a line which converged on our projected course about halfway across the desert.

Nazrullah reflected. "With the lines running that way we might spot them anywhere during the second half of the trip." He studied the map for some minutes. "I want you to change my route just a little. We'll drop up here and take a look." He drew a jog to the north, almost off the desert, and said, "We'll never be far from this route. Salaam aleikum."

With that he spun his wheels in a tight circle and drove toward the wall. In a moments we were headed west across desert, a simple caravan of two jeeps, marked by high poles from which fluttered large squares of white cloth.

The Afghan Dasht-i-Margo was part sand, partly shaly detritus. We found bits of this shale sometimes half a mile wide, along which our jeeps could race at 40 miles an hour.

We could not see a single living thing, no shrubs, no birds, no lizards, no eagles. There was only the most blazing, hot, wracked emptiness I had ever seen.

"How hot is it?" I asked Nur.

"Hundred and thirty, but it isn't a thermometer that worries us." He studied the desolate landscape, eying some drifting sand. "It's the wind. Thirty miles an hour. Later it'll rise to fifty. That's what kills on the desert."

I now began to appreciate the flags Nazrullah had provided for our jeeps. Our caravan moved across the desert, the jeeps were frequently separated, since neither driver could be sure that what looked like a potential road would turn out to be one. Often it was the driver in second position who found a good trail. Then the other driver would whirl about, look for his companion's flag, and set off in pursuit.

"Is it possible to work your way into a real dead end?" I asked.

"Sure. Probably what happened to the missing men. In this business you need to follow other flag."

We had been on the road for well over an hour when Nazrullah stopped abruptly, pointed to a small herd of gazelles. On their lookouts spotted us, and with an embodied grace the small animals turned and fled swiftly to the north.



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lah said, "They must have come from the caravanserai." We took out. We were near the jog that Nazd drawn to the north. "There's a he missing men might have made aravanserai," he said.

turned north. The sun was just when we saw a square, mud-walled y built around a central open space. e was by a solitary gate. The erai had been erected hundreds of o, and through the centuries had ntinuously, for it stood at the edge esert near a grassy little gully in agnant water accumulated.

had come, as we now came, thou- caravans needing protection for the was a rule of the desert that who- ceeded in entering a serai was safe ght, no matter what antagonist he red inside.

lah halted the jeeps and got down the sand. There was no sign of the men. "We'll eat here," he said. And us to the fort, where he and the gan laying blankets on the earthen r lighted two gasoline lanterns, and ring light threw enormous shadows ud walls. I thought, *Genghis Khan e through that door, and he'd be right*

birds of the way down the hall, a column about twelve feet in rose from the floor and continued the roof. It was built of plaster. s a beautiful column," I remarked. us too," Nazrullah replied.

for?" insides," he said. "Sometime 220, Genghis Khan ——" t thought of him," I cried. "I 'If Genghis Khan came in now, I be surprised.' "

"He was here," Nazrullah said.

"What about the pillar?" Stiglitz asked.

"Genghis Khan destroyed Afghanistan. In one assault on The City he killed nearly a million people. Some refugees fled to this caravanserai—this room. But the Mongols found them."

"And the pillar?" Stiglitz pressed.

"First Genghis erected a pole right through the roof. Then the Mongols bound their prisoners, laid the first batch on the floor and lashed their feet to the pole. All around. That's why the pillar is twelve feet across."

"Then what?" Stiglitz asked, perspiration standing on his forehead.

"They just kept on laying the prisoners down, one layer on top of the other until they reached the roof. The Mongols kept soldiers stationed with sticks to push back the tongues when they protruded. And while the pillar of people was still living—those that hadn't been pressed to death—they called in masons to plaster over the whole affair. If you'd scrape away the plaster, you'd find skulls. But the government takes a dim view of scraping. It's a kind of national monument. The Caravan-serai of the Tongues."

The meal was ready, but no one seemed hungry. Finally Nazrullah said, "Do you know what I expect? When a thousand men like me have rebuilt Kabul and made it as great as The City once was, either the Russians or the Americans will come with their airplanes and bomb it to rubble."

"Wait a minute," I protested.

"You won't destroy us in anger. Genghis Khan wasn't angry when he destroyed The City. Neither was Tamerlane or Nadir Shah or Baber." He shrugged. "It's inevitable. We go on building while we can."

After our meal we moved on. Before

leaving, Nazrullah wrote a note on a scrap of paper in Persian, Pashto and English:

On the evening of April 11, 1946, we stopped here to seek evidence of the missing soldiers, but found nothing.

Using a sharp piece of shale, he wedged the message into the door, and we started up the gully to the desert.

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The burning wind had abated, and the moon was nearly full, a huge center of light. We now traveled at less than 25 miles an hour, and since the path looked just as good as it had in the afternoon, I asked why we were advancing so slowly.

Nur explained, "At night we can't spot the gotch."

"The what?"

"Gotch. Patches of flaky white substance. I think you call it gypsum."

We heard a horn blowing, and I looked about for Nazrullah's flag. It was stationary in a valley ahead, and he was signaling us to stay back.

"He's already trapped in gotch," Nur said.

"Here's the rope," Nazrullah shouted. "Give me a little tug."

We edged our jeep forward, attached the rope, and pulled Nazrullah free.

We had driven about 40 miles deeper into the desert when I spied something unusual off to the north. At first I took it to be a pile of shale. Then I drew Nur Muhammad's attention. It was a jeep. Nur flashed his headlights to signal Nazrullah's jeep up ahead. Nazrullah promptly turned about and joined us.

Even from a distance we could see two men sitting in the jeep.

They had bogged down in gotch, tried to pile stones under the wheels to get traction, and probably burned out their clutch rocking the jeep's engine.

We hiked across the soft gypsum. The two men, dressed for desert travel, were completely dried out. They had been dead for eight or nine days, and the desiccating wind had mummified the bodies.

"We'll leave them here," Nazrullah said finally. "Nothing'll harm them now."

I studied the bodies for clues, but there were none. The jeep contained ample food, some gasoline, but no water. Nazrullah said, "Shift him over, Miller. I'll see if the clutch works." I lifted the driver away from the wheel while Nazrullah slipped in and started the car. The dead man weighed little. The engine choked, coughed, started. There was no clutch. "Poor devils," Nazrullah said.

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we were back at our jeeps, he asked me with him. Stiglitz got in with me and drove away, Nazrullah chuckled. I had fun riding with Stiglitz. He's so

sure that he's a Moslem?" "Not? He has to live here the rest of his life. He steps across our boundary, and we will arrest him, or the Russians. Crimes?" "Surely."

"Or just charges?" "I've seen the legal papers," he said. "I'd say the charges weren't legal."

"The Afghan Government has the dossier, I know why hasn't it been shared with our government, who's thinking of Stiglitz as a spy, the embassies?" I said, "Surely the government must know about him, if they've decided to arrest him."

"No," Nazrullah said. "As a government, they know his record, and if they arrest him in India, they'd arrest him. He gets clearance for Kabul, the people as individuals would consult with him."

"Where's Ellen?" "In a way."

"Now where?" "Exactly."

"Think she's alive?"

"I know she is," he said, clenching his hands on the steering wheel. "I'm morally sure." I guessed that he was still in Kandahar, yet he had a perfectly good wife waiting for him in Kandahar.

"Isn't it written to her parents in over a year?"

"You met her parents?" he asked. "I was fated to lose Ellen. I was fated to lose her." He leaned out of the jeep to look at the stars, west and east. "I'm sure somewhere in Afghanistan."

"At dawn that night, 60 miles east of Kandahar, at dawn we rose and headed west, making our way through heaps of sand which thundered the day's heat right at us. A strong wind dried us out."

Once I thought I would collapse if we didn't stop for a drink, but Nazrullah fell back to warn us, "We've plenty of water and cans of fruit juice, but we're not going to touch it until we're sure we'll reach The City today." He must have seen my disappointment, for he added, "You can discipline yourself, Miller."

So we pressed on, parched with heat. I had never known anything like this. I could feel water evaporating from my skin, and my thoughts constantly returned to the soldiers who had perished in the jeep. But I began to exercise the discipline of which Nazrullah spoke. I wasn't as thirsty as I thought, nor as near dead as I feared. I was on an ugly mission across inhospitable terrain that would kill me if I gave it a chance, but there were many ways to survive. Nazrullah now taught us one.

"We'd better put on the turbans," he said, and when we had done so, he produced a canister of river water, and poured water onto the turbans until they were dripping down our necks. We then drove on.

The turban, about eight yards of cloth, held a lot of water and released it slowly, lowering the temperature of our heads as it evaporated. But within twelve minutes the voracious wind had sucked all moisture from the cloth. So we stopped again and sloshed on more river water, and for a while we were cool, but after ten or twelve minutes the turbans were again dry.

At last we reached a narrow pass that dropped down between rocks and, having descended this canyon for about a mile, we reached a low plain. Ahead of us were trees and a village, beyond which lay an ancient city and a large body of water. We cheered and blew our horns.

A few Afghans in dirty clothes straggled out to greet us, but we did not stop. "Tell the sharif we'll be back," Nazrullah called, and we sped for the lake, where we quickly undressed and lay in the water.

It was here, in this vast shallow lake, that the great Helmand River ended; the desert sun and wind evaporated the water as fast as the mountains near Kabul delivered it. In late summer even this lake might be gone.

When we had dressed, the sharif joined us, bringing melons which dripped juice from our chins. He listened impassively as Nazrullah described the location of the dead

men in the missing jeep, and said that he'd dispatch a scouting party. No one was shocked by the deaths; if men crossed the desert often enough, some were bound to die.

Talk then turned to the American engineer Pritchard, who worked at Chahar, 70 miles to the south. The sharif reported that Pritchard had broken his leg 22 days ago while taking water levels. Local practitioners had tried to heal the leg. Then an infection had set in.

"Did the broken bones puncture the skin?" Doctor Stiglitz asked.

"We were told so," the sharif replied. "I'll send a guide with you." He ordered servants to refill our water bottles, and we were off.

I have said that when we dropped down off the desert, we saw a city by the lake. What we actually saw was one of the marvels of Asia, The City. For more than 70 miles this nameless metropolis stretched along the lake, the marshes, and the river forming the western boundary between Afghanistan and Persia. At the dawn of history it had been a stupendous settlement. In the age of Alexander it had been one of the world's major concentrations, and he had camped near its bazaars. For a millennium after his departure it flourished to become one of the prime targets of the Mongols, and Genghis Khan had once slaughtered most of the people in the area. Now it stood in majestic silence, mile after mile after mile.

I thought, *We're probably in error, calling this a city. It must have been like Route One, between New York and Richmond.*

At times there would be high walls running for miles, broken by majestic gates. At other times we saw municipal buildings which might have sent emissaries to Jerusalem 1,000 years before the time of Herod. And everything we saw was slowly eroding.

Nazrullah again asked me to ride with him. I tried to lead the conversation back to Ellen Jaspar, but was forestalled when our guide, perched on the spare tires behind me, sang out that we were approaching Chahar, where Pritchard lay.

It was an attractive village with an oversized caravanserai and cool pomegranate trees. The local sharif came out to greet us, a huge fellow well over six feet in height, and I thought, *How often we choose tall men to govern us.*

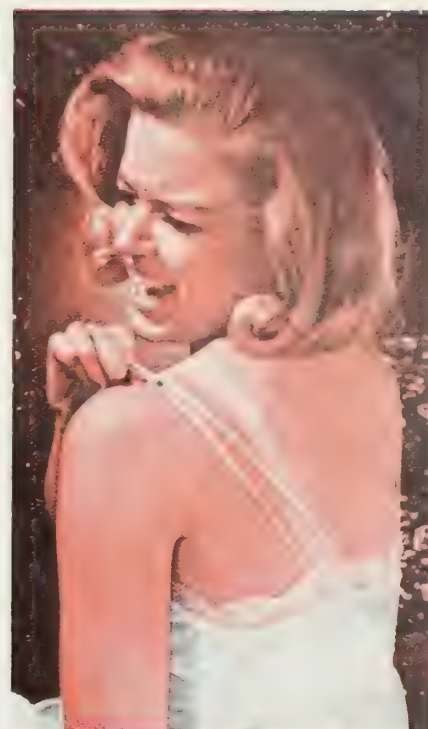
And this sharif governed, that was obvious. As absolute monarch of a tiny domain, he had his own army, his own judges, his own treasury. Since he lived so close to Persia and so far from Kabul, his little kingdom used Persian coins and Persian stamps. When you got sick in Chahar, the local medicine man cured you, or you died.

The sharif led us to a low, stifling hut, and there on a straw mattress laid over a rope bed we found the gaunt, gray-faced American engineer John Pritchard, a man in his late forties. "Hello, professor," Nazrullah said. "The American embassy's sent a man to get you out of here."

"I'm willing to go right now," Pritchard replied. The sharif's servants had kept him clean, fed and shaved, but he was in pitiful shape. His left leg had been punctured by two fractures and was now clearly gangrenous. The skin was taut and greenish.

Doctor Stiglitz studied the leg for some minutes, smelling his fingers as he did so. He then probed the man's groin and armpits. When he was done, he said quietly, "Herr Professor Pritchard, the leg must come off." The engineer groaned.

Stiglitz went on in a dispassionate professional voice. "We face a difficult choice. I can take the leg off here, but where would you recuperate? Or I can medicate the leg here and rush you back to Kandahar, where



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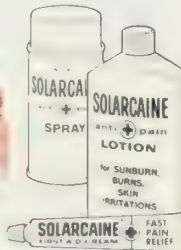
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you could recuperate at ease. The question is, could you stand the trip across the desert?"

Pritchard said, "If I stay here, I'll die." "We'll take him to Kandahar," Nazrullah said. He looked at his watch. "We must get back to The City before darkness falls. We'll sleep there and start across the desert at dawn."

He addressed Pritchard directly, "You're sure you can cross the desert?"

"Right now," the engineer replied.

"We go," Nazrullah announced.



"What a wonderful mirror."

But I was appalled. "Wait a minute," I protested. . . . "Doctor Stiglitz, is Professor Pritchard qualified to make this decision?" "Every minute we don't operate increases the risk," Stiglitz said. "But the risk to his life is just as great here, Herr Miller." "Give me an answer, yes or no," I demanded. "There is no answer, yes or no,"

the German replied stubbornly. "There is risk here and risk there." He turned to Pritchard and asked gently, "You know you're in grave danger, Herr Professor?" "Three days ago I thought I was dead," Pritchard said. He looked up at me. "Young fellow, I calculate my own chances as being best if we go to Kandahar." I was certain that once we got that leg on the desert it would insure his death, pumping poison throughout his body. I knew we must take the leg off at once. In my anguish I said to Nazrullah, "Could we walk in the

garden a moment?" Against his will I led him out beneath the pomegranate trees. "You're wasting time," Nazrullah said. "I need your advice," I said. "You have my advice—Kandahar." I hesitated. "All right. We take him to Kandahar." "That's your decision? Please put it in writing." "What for?" I cried. "Things like this often end badly," Nazrullah said cautiously. "Americans like to blame Afghans. If a stupid decision is being made, you'll make it and you'll put it in writing."

I went to the sickbed and before I spoke to Pritchard I looked at the bleak walls of the caravanserai and smelled the stale, baked air. I would not have wanted to live in that room, even in health. But to have lain in that stifling heat for three weeks while Afghan practitioners ruined my leg, to have watched it swell and grow green, would have been intolerable; and now to face the prospect of six more weeks would kill my spirit.

I sat on the bed and told Pritchard, "I guess it's up to you and me. Here or Kandahar?"

"I know I'm in bad shape. What'd you say your name was?"

"Miller. I'm from the embassy. Professor Pritchard, the ambassador sent me here. He's deeply worried about you."

"I didn't know anybody gave a damn." He turned his head, unable to control his tears. "This is the end of the world." I knew it was. "How the hell did I get here?" he mumbled. "Making a water study for a nation that just don't give a damn."

I called Nur Muhammad to bring my briefcase, and on official paper I wrote:

Chahar, Afghanistan
April 12, 1946

I have this day ordered the American irrigation engineer John Pritchard to be transported to the hospital in Kandahar, so that medical attention unavailable here may be given his badly infected left leg.

Mark Miller
United States Embassy
Kabul, Afghanistan

I handed Nazrullah the directive. He read it twice, showed it to Stiglitz and Nur Muhammad, and folded it carefully. "We'll leave in ten minutes, sleep at the edge of the desert, and start our crossing as soon as we can negotiate that bad approach."

But John Pritchard refused to leave until his water-level records were collected. "That is why I came here," he said. "If they want to build that dam, they'll need these records."

"A scientist should keep records," the German said approvingly.

So I was led by a guide to a spot two miles down the Helmand, where John Pritchard had been collecting the data on which Nazrullah would build his dam. And Pritchard's word would form the basis for riparian treaties between Afghanistan and Persia, averting war over the river. In a small shed we found some water gauges, and a sheaf of irreplaceable notes. The guide warned me to watch the steps leading to the shed, for it was here that Pritchard had broken his leg. As I stood in this lonely shack, at the end of the world, where the temperature was daily above 130, I thought of all the careless remarks about the cooky-pushers of the State Department and I wished that some of the speakers could have seen what John Pritchard had accomplished for our nation and for Afghanistan.

I was to ride with Nazrullah in his jeep, while Nur and Stiglitz carried Pritchard in the back of theirs. At frequent stops they

poured water over the stricken man to lower his temperature down; but before we traveled far, he asked that I ride with him as he wished to speak of America.

Thus we rode past the brooding, empty buildings of The City. In the cooler evening his fever abated, and we talked. He came from Fort Collins, Colorado, and had spent each autumn hunting in the Rockies. He said he knew a one-legged man in Love, who had no trouble hunting.

"I'm the kind of man," he said, "who won't give up till I learn how to walk on a wooden leg." But at the next stop Dr. Stiglitz decided to give Pritchard a knockout pill, and the engineer fell asleep, camped there.

As soon as morning light permitted we were on our way, stopping frequently to pour water on our turbans. At first I rode with Nur and the sick man, keeping his body under wet compresses, but he grew constantly worse, and at one of the stops Stiglitz insisted upon changing position with me.

I now rode with Nazrullah, and after we had discussed Pritchard's leg, he asked bluntly, "What else do you need to know about my wife?"

The question startled me. "You said she ran away?"

"Yes. Last September."

"That's seven months ago," I said lamely. "Why did she run away?"

"You wouldn't understand," he replied with a nervous laugh. The desert was incredibly hot, and we were both gasping for air. "This must be hell on Pritchard," he observed.

"It's what I was worried about yesterday," I reminded him.

"We've been through that," he mentioned. "I have your order, in writing."

"Did you warn Ellen Jaspas that?"

"That I was married? Yes." Nazrullah began to laugh. "You're sure that she walled up somewhere pining for freedom? Miller, when she arrived in Kabul, she and us—everybody—tried to make her feel at ease. You know what she did? One morning after the marriage she came out to breakfast wearing a *chaderi*. She was trying to be more Afghan than the Afghans. We explained that you don't wear a *chaderi* at breakfast. But I had one hell of a time keeping her from wearing it on the street."

The rear jeep signaled us to stop. Dr. Stiglitz walked up and said, "He wants to make it, Nazrullah. He wants to talk to Miller."

I walked back to ride with Pritchard, who gasped and rolled his eyes at me. Nur was weeping.

"I want you to give my wife a message," Pritchard whispered. "She lives in Fort Collins. Good woman. Tell her —"

I poured water on his turban and wiped wet rags to his leg. The river water was used up, and I told Nur to get some more drinking water. He looked at me in disbelief and studied the desert ahead. Pritchard groaned. "If he needs water, give it to him," Nur said.

I poured some of the drinking water over Pritchard's face, and he regained consciousness long enough to dictate a message to his wife was to consult with a Mr. Forgrave in Denver. The kids must graduate from college, both of them. Then he went into a long discourse about a new kind of paper he had seen described in a technical journal. It would cure their cellar problems.

"Pritchard," I broke in, "I think you'd better get Doctor Stiglitz."

"Don't. If I'm gonna die, let me die on my kind, not some damned Nazi." A profuse sweat broke out across his face, evaporating instantly in the swirling heat.



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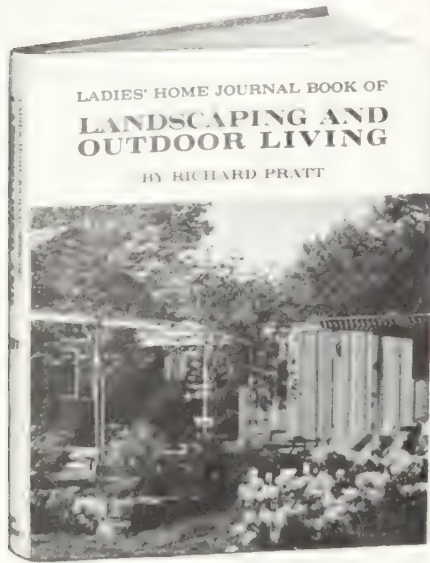
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Caravans

(Continued)

"I'm burning up," he shouted. Nur Muhammad began to cry openly and stopped the jeep.

"I will not drive a man to meet death," he shouted. "If death wants this man, death must come—here."

I saw the jeep ahead pulling away, so I blew the horn repeatedly. "Knock off the noise, you kids," Pritchard cried.

Nazrullah caught my signal and whirled about. He stormed at Nur. "What the hell's the matter with you?"

"I will not drive a man to meet death," Nur stubbornly repeated. Taking a small rug from his gear, he spread it on the sand and knelt in prayer.

Doctor Stiglitz hurried over to check the delirious engineer.

I said, "Oh, God, spare my countryman." At the mumbling of these words, John Pritchard died.

Nur Muhammad was quite incapable of driving, so I took charge of the second jeep, the one with the corpse, and we headed for Kandahar. When we reached about 40 miles an hour on the shale, I suddenly saw ahead a field of gotch. In swerving to avoid it, I threw the jeep against a series of jolting rocks which snapped the front axle.

Nazrullah absolved me of blame, and helped Doctor Stiglitz load the corpse into the workable jeep. He studied his map. "The Caravanserai of the Tongues must be a little distance to the north. We'll tow the broken jeep there and decide what to do."

We reached the caravanserai late in the afternoon. Nazrullah's note was still fastened to the door. We pushed the jeep into one of the honeycomb rooms. It was agreed that two men in the good jeep should try to get back to Qala Bist, taking Pritchard's body. It was no use risking four lives. The other two men, with what food could be spared, must remain at the caravanserai with the damaged jeep until a rescue party could return.

"There's only one question," Nazrullah said. "How shall we pair up?"

Nur Muhammad sniffled, "It's my duty to stay with Miller Sahib."

"Your duty is discharged," I replied in Pashto.

"The whole argument's irrelevant," Nazrullah said. "If anyone must cross the desert, it's got to be the Afghans. . . . Miller and Stiglitz, stay here. . . . Nur, jump in the jeep."

Nazrullah and I hiked with the jugs to the stagnant pool nearby. "Can you live on this stuff for three or four days?" he asked.

"You get back here before then," I said; but remembering the danger of traveling in a single jeep, I gave him all the sweet water. I last saw him speeding eastward, his flag whipping in the furnacelike air.

At dusk Doctor Stiglitz and I ate a frugal meal and drank a little of the brackish water. After dark, when the great stars and the white moon appeared, we entered the vast caravanserai and lighted our gasoline lamp, studiously avoiding the ghostly pillar. But it was there.

"This pillar fascinates me," he said. "It proves that the things we did in Germany—the really dreadful things—are what men have always done."

We spent the hours before midnight discussing this theory, and he marshaled strong support for his idea that what he had seen in Germany was a recurring sickness that might strike any nation at any time.

"To be specific," he said, "I'm positive that in your country there would be no difficulty in finding S.S. volunteers for the job of throwing Negroes into concentration camps."

"No," I said.

"Herr Miller, you're an idiot." He leaped to his feet and banged the pillar with his fist. "Do you think that Genghis Khan started with this pillar? No. He marched step by step until this pillar was nothing. Do you think I started with this?"

Breathing hard, he came and sat beside me. "I was a respectable doctor in Munich. My wife and I saw promotions available through the Nazi Party, so we joined. Many prudent men and women did. It was easy at first. The Jews were merely to be sequestered. That was all, sequestered."

"One day they asked me to check the health of the Jews they rounded up, and I did so, very carefully. Believe me, Herr Miller, there are many Jews alive today solely because I prescribed expensive medicine for them."

I guess that he had often conducted this dialogue with himself. He looked at me beseechingly, a tired, pudgy man with worried eyes. "Unexpectedly other problems arose. A Jew was to be certified mentally deficient so he could be sterilized."

His voice began to choke, as if he were going to cry. It was now about two in the morning, and in the flickering lamplight I could see his face was drawn. At last he got to the heart of his story.

"Finally, when we were winning the war on all fronts—it was 1941—they came to me and said, 'We're looking for a director of research. Military problems of the gravest significance.'

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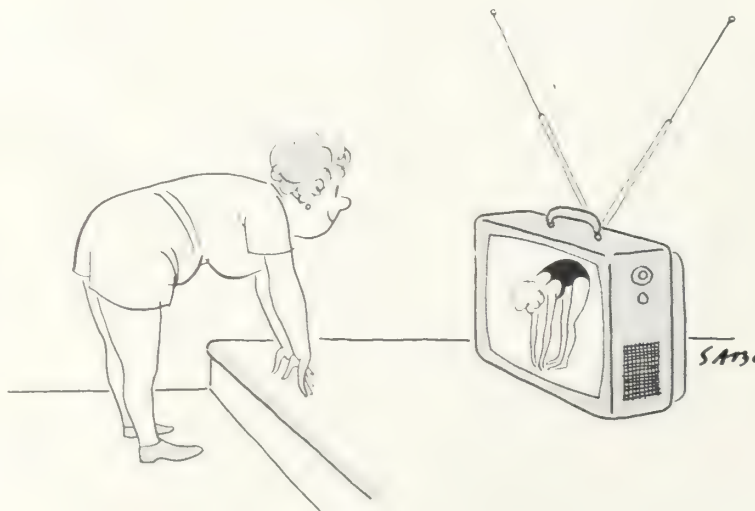
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ica now a cold remedy that came from searches.

When one day in 1943 they asked me to re a purely theoretical question: How cold can a human being tolerate? That's a nice question. I remember the phrasing because I wrote it down. ee, Herr Miller, I always keep records. Only from careful records that science . . ." His voice broke. "The English red my records."

rose, overcome by emotion, and d back and forth. "In the cage there his Jew. About fifty years old, a fine n being. His name was Sem Levin. I my aide, "That's the man. Now we'll hat's what."

must have seen the revulsion in my out he could not silence himself.

Each morning we put Sem Levin com- y naked into a room whose temper- could be exactly controlled. We ed it lower and lower, day after day. Each period of eight hours' exposure turned him to the cage filled with escript Jews. Two fat, middle-aged h women began caring for him. They his thin, frozen body and held it be- them, as if he were a baby.

grew to hate this Jew, because every he entered that room he announced y, "I am still alive." And when he said the Jews cheered. Finally we broke Would you believe it, Miller, he spent days stark naked in a room two de- above zero, your system. And he -two full weeks after we had pre- d. The man in charge was so infu- with the fat women that he sent the cage of Jews away."

way?" I shouted. "Where?" way," he repeated dully. "He signed der . . . the other man."

iglitz!" I shouted. "I am a Jew!" stared at me in awful disbelief and ran d the pillar.

m going to kill you," I shouted. I a strong feint to the right, then a to the left. He went down in a ming heap. Then I caught his throat hands.

e great door of the serai creaked open, ating daylight and a tall Afghan. He in Pashto, "Who would fight in a " I saw above me a dark-faced man moustaches and a flowing turban. s his chest were bandoleers and in his silver-handled dagger.

who would fight in a serai?" he re- d.

here was no reason," I replied in o, scrambling to my feet.

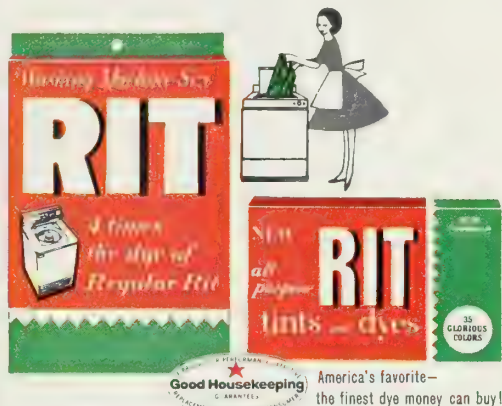
her men began filing into the fort and y a woman, tall and stalwart, with es in her nose. I recognized the Po- hs I had seen at Ghazni. This tall man the dagger was the one whom Nur and met that day on horseback.

seemed to recognize me too, for he d away and issued commands which I not hear. When he returned, other appeared bearing bits of wood and ils, which they carried to the center of om.

substantial fire was started. When it yell ablaze, with smoke drifting out a in the ceiling, three Povindah women ed in. They were dressed in gray es and black skirts, and since they no chaderies, I found them hand- —not beautiful, but handsome.

other Povindah entered, a bewitching, ailed girl of seventeen or eighteen, ed in red skirt and pink blouse. We d at each other until the man with the oleers cried roughly, "Mira!" The girl to him for some instructions, which I ot hear. She stood perplexed, until he

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cried, "Mira, do as I say," and shoved her out the door.

Soon she reappeared with a beautiful young woman—blond hair, fair complexion and sparkling blue eyes. She was dressed in black skirt and bracelets, like a Povindah. But it had to be Ellen Jaspar—tanned from long hours of marching in the sun, slim, vibrant, more challenging even than her photographs.

Now I understood why her husband, when I had asked him if she were in Afghanistan, had looked first to the eastern

and western stars, judging that it was the season when his wife would return to Afghanistan with the march of the nomads. It was to this band of Povindahs that Ellen Jaspar had run away.

I stepped forward to introduce myself and to say that I had come to rescue her. But she hurried past me to Doctor Stiglitz, who sat on the ground, dazed. He saw who it was and hid his face in his hands. She knelt beside him and asked quietly, "Are you all right?"

"Madame Nazrullah, I can't believe . . ."



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She left him and came to me, her blond hair peeking from beneath an embroidered Asian cap. "I'm Ellen Jaspar, and you must be Mark Miller from the embassy."

"How did you know me?" I asked.

"Our people followed you at the execution in Ghazni," she explained.

"I'm glad to find you alive."

She suppressed a smile and said, "The savages have treated me rather well." Then she moved to the side of the tall leader and linked her arm with his in an obvious gesture. Ellen Jaspar had run off with the

leader of a nomad caravan. This is the rumor that had reached Shah Khan.

"This is Zulfiqar," Ellen announced.

"Is the fight ended?" the big nomad asked. "Then let us eat."

We had not finished breakfast when two Povindah boys—the kind who steal you



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blind in a bazaar—came yelling that a jeep was hidden in one of the rooms. The Povindahs ran out to see the vehicle, and Zulfiqar asked, "Whose is it?"

"Mine," I said. I explained in Pashto about the broken axle and Pritchard's death. Then I began translating into English for Ellen, but she interrupted, in good Pashto, "I've learned the language."

When we returned to our breakfast, I asked Ellen, "When you first saw me how did you know who I was?"

She brushed back her blond hair and laughed. "Two minutes after you arrived in Ghazni, Mira saw you in the bazaar."

"There were no women in the bazaar."

"Mira is everywhere."

"Is that true of all Povindahs?"

The smile on Zulfiqar's face disappeared. "We're not Povindahs!" he exploded. "That's an ugly name given us by the British. It means that we're 'permitted' to cross into their lands. We are the Kochis, the wanderers, and we ask no nation's permission to cross boundaries."

Ellen resumed, "Mira saw you in the bazaar and ran back to warn us that a *ferangi* was in town. She already knew that you were from the embassy, had a jeep, and that you were headed for Kandahar. Don't ask me how she knew."

I looked at Zulfiqar and asked, "Why is Miss Jaspar here?"

"Last September," he said, "we camped for three days at Qala Bist. On our way to winter quarters at Jhelum. And this American woman came out from the fort to visit our children, our women. She spoke some Pashto, and our people talked. She asked them where we were going, and they said, the Jhelum. She asked by what route, and they told her Spinbaldak, Bannu, Nowshera, Rawalpindi. She came to me and said, 'I'd like to travel with your caravan.'"

"I said," Ellen interrupted in Pashto, "that I would like to march with the free people."

I asked her in English, "Is he married?"

She replied in Pashto, so that all the nomads could understand. "It seems I can love only married men." She pointed to one of the handsome older women. "That's Racha, Mira's mother."

It was obvious to all there what my question had been, and thus I began my acquaintance with Ellen Jaspar in irritation and embarrassment.

When we had finished eating, Zulfiqar asked Ellen, "Is the fat one a doctor?" Ellen replied that he was, and Zulfiqar said, "Ask him if he'd look at some of our people."

Ellen said, "Ask him yourself. He speaks Pashto."

"I'd be happy to help," Stiglitz said, eager to re-establish himself after the fight at the pillar.

Zulfiqar announced loudly, "The doctor will look at your sores," and the Kochis lined up to show torn fingers, scarred legs and wobbly teeth. As I watched Stiglitz work, he looked at me with a half-smile and said, in English, "For a people without doctors, the Kochis are quite healthy, aren't they?"

I felt no need to put him at ease, so I ignored the question and started toward the door. There I was met by a travesty of a nomad—short, scrawny, unshaved, dirty, and clothed in grimy rags. He grinned through broken teeth. A scar dropped from the corner of one eye to his jawbone.

He had been bitten by something, and showed his left arm to Doctor Stiglitz.

"This is Maftoon," Ellen explained. "He tends the camels. One of them got cranky and gummed his arm."

"Don't you mean bit?" I asked.

"No, I mean gummed. Camels have no upper teeth in front. When they get mad at you, they gum you. I'll show you." She took me out to the camels, and threw bits of *nan* at them, so that they opened their mouths wide. I could see she was right. She pointed out an enormous female, the one who had attacked Maftoon.

"This old devil hates Maftoon, but gets along well with me. Hey, hey!" she called, and the huge beast came close, lowered her head, and nuzzled Ellen for a piece of *nan*.

"I never tire of watching camels," Ellen said. "I suppose it goes back to my Sunday school in Dorset. At Christmas we traced camels on the wall. Goodness, that seems years ago."

I plunged right in, "Why don't you write to your parents?"

"What could I tell them? If they couldn't understand a simple problem like Nazrullah, how could they possibly understand this caravan?"

"Nazrullah is still in love with you. What happened?"

"He's very kind; he's very tedious," she replied.

"If you were a man," I said coldly, "I'd bust you in the nose. Why don't you tell your parents where you are?"

She shrugged. "Get me some paper."

I got her the paper from my briefcase, and she sat scrunched up on the rocks, biting my pen. She simply did not look like a disgruntled postadolescent. She was a mature, sensible-looking woman with a plenitude of charm.

"Will that do?" she asked, thrusting the finished letter at me. It read:

Dear Folks,
I'm terribly sorry I haven't written sooner, but some rather dramatic things have been happening and frankly, I found it almost impossible to explain in a letter. Let me say quickly that they leave me happier than I have ever been, in better spirits, secure in all things. I love you very much.
I am now sitting with a herd of camels on the edge of the desert talking to a perfectly delightful Yale man, Mark Miller. He will tell you that I am happy, healthy and alive.
Your loving daughter

She signed the letter, addressed the envelope carefully, then bit the pen for some moments. Extending the sealed letter provocatively toward me, she waved it twice, and tore it to bits. "I cannot send such evasions," she said hoarsely.

I slept that night on the dirt floor of the caravanserai, beside Doctor Stiglitz. When I awoke, in darkness, the big room was filled with the smell of cooking. Zulfiqar had

killed a sheep in honor of the *ferangi*, and it was roasting, with Ellen in charge. Children begged her for pieces of mutton, as if she were their mother, while against the wall lounged Kochi men, waiting silently. Other women were preparing *pilau* in stone vessels; Doctor Stiglitz and Zulfiqar opened K-rations.

"We eat," Zulfiqar announced at last. Ellen stood by the roasted sheep, passing out portions as if she had done so all her life. I recalled her words from the destroyed letter: "I am happy, healthy and alive." Later I told Zulfiqar how she had written to her parents and torn up the letter.

"You write, Mil-lair," the big Kochi chieftain said.

"But what shall I say?"

His wife Racha broke in. "Tell them that now we head for the Oxus and in the winter back to the Jhelum. We live between the rivers."

"But don't call it the Oxus in your letter," Ellen warned. "They won't find it on their maps. Correct name's the Amu Darya—about a thousand miles from the Jhelum—and we make the round trip each year."

"Two thousand miles?"

"Each year."

"You ride the camels?" I asked.

This occasioned great laughter, and Ellen explained, "Only the babies ride camels. The rest of us walk. Zulfiqar has a horse, but he must oversee the animals."

"Where is the Jhelum?" I asked.

"Far over the border in India," Zulfiqar said. "But now we are headed for Musa Darul, Daulat Deh—in twenty-five days, Kabul. Then Bamian, then Qabir."

"You go right to Kabul?" I asked.

"Come with us," Zulfiqar said. "They'll send soldiers to fetch the broken jeep."

"He's right, Herr Miller," Stiglitz said. "You should go and see the mountain passes. I'll stay with the jeep."

"You must come, too, doctor," Ellen said.

"How much money can you share with us?" Zulfiqar asked.

I had two hundred dollars Afghan, and Stiglitz much less, but he pointed out, "The Americans owe me money. When you pass Kandahar on the way back this autumn..."

I felt it my duty to warn Stiglitz of the risk he was taking. "With me it's simple. If Verbruggen gets mad, I'm sent home, that's all. But with you, doctor, if you antagonize the Afghan Government..."

"I'm a sick man, Herr Miller," he said weakly. "Unless I can find a rebirth..."

"You could be thrown out of the country," I warned. "You know what that would mean."





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"Unless I can purify myself. . ."

"You're placing a great burden on the Kochis," I pointed out.

At bedtime I had my first doubts. Suppose Nazrullah arrives with the rescue party? I'd have to go with them. Suppose the ambassador blows his stack when he gets back from Hong Kong? Suppose Shah

Khan makes an official protest? I'd be packed out like the two Marines. Then I heard Zulfiqar's powerful voice announcing, "We will move forward at four in the morning." Somehow this set my mind at rest. Once I started north with the Kochis, it didn't matter what the ambassador and Shah Khan thought. They couldn't do a thing about it till I reached Kabul.

I was awakened by the fearful clatter of Kochis preparing to launch their caravan for another day. Black tents were struck and folded. Protesting camels were loaded

with tradestuff. Donkeys and sheep were herded onto the trail, and children were assigned tasks which they attended promptly to avoid stout blows from Zulfiqar.

As we were about to leave the serai, I scribbled a note for Nazrullah stating simply that I had found his wife in good health and that I was hiking to Kabul with a caravan of Kochis. Would he advise the ambassador? I carried the note to the jeep, and tied it to the steering wheel with string.

We started our journey north in darkness. In the lead rode Zulfiqar on his horse,

complete with dagger, rifle and leather bandoleers. On the camels rode several infants and one sick woman. The rest walked, tending the sheep and keeping 91 camels in line. Donkeys burdened with panniers chugged along, and behind marched Ellen Jaspas, wearing stout sandals and pretty little Mira, in sandals.

A day's trip was about 14 miles. Early in the desert, where all travel had to stop at night, we walked from predawn till afternoon. The pitching and striking of the tent became the dominant beat of the rhythm.

The camels fascinated me. Once, while I was observing the old female who had attacked Maftoon, it occurred to me that she resembled my Aunt Rebecca in Boston. I started calling the camel "Aunt Rebecca" and she responded in a way that infuriated Maftoon. She would nip at him, bump him, cry bitterly when he approached, then turn to me as docile as an indulgent woman. I often hiked beside her during long marches.

My legs grew strong. I slept soundly. My appetite was unbelievable. But the illusions I had about the nomads as savages were dispelled on the sixth day when we reached the outskirts of the bazaar town of Musa Darul.

As soon as we struck camp, six Kochis and four camels headed for town to buy melons, shoes and other necessities. I made my report to the embassy, then wandered through the bazaar, seeking parcels of tobacco for Doctor Stiglitz. I was about to leave empty-handed when I was overtaken by a thin, ingratiating Afghan who spoke a little English.

"Sahib, you got car? I have bargain. He led me to the stall of an accommodation. There, amid fabrics from India, were relatively new automobile tires. "What thing, eh?" he asked admiringly.

I was startled by the tires. How could they have reached Musa Darul? There I spotted a jeep carburetor, an oil filter, a jack, a complete set of tools and practically everything else that could be removed from a jeep. There was even a steering wheel which was attached my letter to Nazrullah.

"Where'd you get these?" I asked. "Just came in this afternoon," he replied happily. "From Russia."

I stormed back to camp. The first person I met was Ellen Jaspas. "These damn crooks," I bellowed. "They stole my piece by piece." Ellen tried to control her laughter. "It's going to cost me a month's salary," I said.

"That's cheap, for a trip like this," she said. "And don't complain to Zulfiqar. It was a breach of honor, and he's ashamed. No man should be robbed while he is a caravanserai."

Mira came by and handed me three pounds of tobacco. "I got them at the bazaar from a doctor."

I looked at Ellen. "How did she get them? She has no money."

"Mira is very quick," Ellen said.

We were heading up the Helmand valley, west of the barren plains of Ghazni and away from the towering Koh-i-Baba mountains. For days we saw no villages, and only the bare outlines of trails. In our caravan there were about 200 Kochis, and on the march we were strung out over several miles, with camels and sheep predominant. It was Zulfiqar's responsibility, as inheritor of this clan, to ride constantly back and forth, supervising our progress.

I often walked with Mira, whose job was to help mind the sheep, which represented a large proportion of the caravan's wealth. "A man like you should not

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with the rest of us," she told me. "In your own country you would be a chief."

"Don't worry. I like to walk," I said.

"A chief ought to have his own horse. Look at my father! Would he be so powerful without a horse?"

The clan had ten large black tents, but many of the Kochis preferred sleeping on blankets in the open. Zulfiqar, his wife Racha, Ellen and Mira occupied one of the smaller tents, notable because it had an awning held up by two poles forming a kind of porch where rugs were thrown. In the late afternoons Zulfiqar would sit there cross-legged between Racha and Ellen, talking with his people.

I often joined them. The Kochi leader asked me many questions, but I learned more than I taught. The Kochis were Moslems, but they ignored the tyranny of the mullahs. One afternoon I asked Ellen whether Stiglitz had told her I was a Jew.

"You are? Zulfiqar! Miller is a Jew!" The big leader leaned forward to inspect me.

Ellen said in Pashto, "You should hear what this big fool believes about Jews."

Zulfiqar laughed boisterously, and stood beside me to compare his large Semitic nose to my small one. "I'm the real Jew," he shouted. Other Kochis stepped up to compare their faces to mine. Zulfiqar asked, "Mil-lair, are Jews really as avaricious as we say?"

I smiled at Ellen. "Let me put it this way," I said. "Zulfiqar, if you parked your jeep near a bunch of Jews, they'd steal the tires while you weren't looking."

Some of the lesser Kochis caught on before Zulfiqar. They obviously relished my gall. Zulfiqar exploded in laughter. Then he looked suspiciously at Ellen. "How did you know about the jeep?"

"In the bazaar at Musa Darul—they tried to sell it back to me."

My discovery of their duplicity amused the Kochis, and from that moment Miller the Jew became blood brother to the Aryan nomads. But to one aspect of Kochi life I never did become adjusted. As we marched week after week through the treeless valleys, four women worked at the rear of the caravan, gathering the fresh droppings of camels, sheep, and donkeys. They patted the manure into briquettes, which were hoarded in the donkeys' panniers. In a treeless land, dried dung was the best fuel.

One day Mira and I were following Aunt Becky, who as usual was straying, when the camel dropped a large deposit. I scooped up the precious stuff and ran it to the panniers. When I returned to Mira, she kissed me for the first time. "You're a real Kochi." Thereafter when I went to her father's awning-porch, it was to see her; and we took long walks among the hills.

Two days later we were hiking up a narrow valley where flowers were in bloom, and I thought sadly, *The Kochis know only two seasons, the best of spring and the best of autumn.* Mira must have sensed my melancholy, for she kissed me. But the moment was spoiled by Ellen's sharp voice.

"You'd better join the others, Mira."

When Mira had left us, Ellen said with asperity, "You be careful what you do with that girl. She takes nothing lightly, and remember, she is the chieftain's daughter."

It was after that intrusion that I began to notice that Ellen was taking risks too. On the trail she usually walked with Doctor Stiglitz, ahead of the camels; and under the canopy, when we gathered in the afternoons, she sat beside him. Ellen had studied

German and French and could thus converse with Stiglitz in four different languages. They had long discussions on philosophical matters.

Zulfiqar certainly did not act like the vengeful sheik of romantic fiction. I got the clear impression that, instead of being jealous of Stiglitz, he was relieved to have in the caravan a man who had time for arguing with his second woman.

My problem was somewhat different, for Mira was his daughter. I was sure that once or twice he had seen us kissing, and he must have noticed how we always sat together at meals; yet he treated Mira and me much as he did the others—infrequent conversation, inevitable smile.

On the night before we reached Kabul I asked Stiglitz, "Have you told Ellen what you told me at the pillar?"

"I've told her I can't leave Afghanistan." "Have you told her why?"

"Sooner or later everyone knows every thing," he replied. "If the Russians hang me, it's no matter. They're hanging a dead man. But if I'm allowed to live, I have willed myself to be reborn. When you saw me in Kandahar, I was a walking corpse concerned only with my bottle of beer. Now I shall be a human being."



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Has Ellen accomplished this?"
 "Yes," he said. "But what about you, Miller? What will *you* do after Mira wishes?"
 "I'll go back to the embassy," I said shyly. "Pick up where I left off."
 From the caravanserai to Kabul had been a distance of some 350 miles, which required days of marching. But we camped for one or three days at sites with adequate

forage, so it was the middle of May when we came over a pass and saw below us the sprawling capital.
 As soon as we pitched our black tents in the traditional nomad area, some miles west of the British embassy, we had visitors. First came Moheb Khan, driving a new car, to investigate my report that Ellen Jaspar was traveling with the Kochis. He consulted lengthily with Zulfiqar and

Ellen, while Mira and I lingered outside the tent trying to eavesdrop.
 A lesser official came to see Doctor Stiglitz, and they sat in a corner of our tent conversing at length in German. The upshot was that Stiglitz was not to be arrested, or sent back to Kandahar.
 My turn came when Richardson of Intelligence drove out in the afternoon, stroked his moustache, and said, "Miller, I'm afraid

there's hell to pay over that jeep. Going to cost you about six hundred dollars."
 I could feel the boom being lowered. "What's the bad word?" I asked.
 "Well, you saved your neck by that report from Musa Darul. We notified Washington, and the senator from Pennsylvania's mollified. But the girl's parents! Why doesn't she write to them?"

"There's too much to explain. I've drafted a letter which we can send—and a report."
 "Good. Washington's rather pleased that you rescued Miss Jaspar."

"Rescued her? She's never been happier in her life."

"You mean she's staying with the Kochis?" Richardson gasped.

I thought, *If I try to explain everything—Zulfiqar, Stiglitz—he'll get all balled up.* So I said, "I didn't rescue her. She rescued me."

"Now what the hell do you mean by that?" he asked huffily, drawing on his pipe.

"I'll explain in the office tomorrow."

"Maybe you won't be in the office tomorrow," he said. "You ever heard of Qabir?"

"I've heard the name, but I forget where."

"It's an important meeting place of the nomads," he said. "Somewhere in the Hindu Kush. Doesn't show on the map."

Then I remembered. "One night the chief was ticking off the route of the caravan. Musa Darul, Balkh. And he said he could use Doctor Stiglitz at Qabir."

"In what capacity?"

"He didn't say."

Richardson frowned. "Miller, could you stay with the Kochis till they get to Qabir?"

"Why?"

"It's damned important that our side have someone who's been there. We know nothing about it except that every summer the nomads gather there, and we think that Russians, Chinese, Uzbeks, the lot —"

"Supposing I could get there, what do you want me to do?"

"Just look. Find out who the Russians send, and how they get across the Oxus. Think you can arrange to stay with the caravan?"

"Possibly." I tried not to show the joy I felt.

"If you could," he said, "I think we'd forget about the jeep."

Late that afternoon, while Mira was scrounging the Kabul bazaars, Richardson brought out a batch of mail and, in a gesture unprecedented for him, shook my hand warmly. "Miller, do you even dimly comprehend the opportunity you have? For seven years we've been trying to get to Qabir. So have the British. So keep your eyes open."

"What did the ambassador say?"

"He said, 'Imagine such a job going to such a squirt.'"

When he left, I turned to my mail. Several girls had written, but I couldn't even remember their faces. A letter from my father gave local news; events in Boston, which once had been of significance, were now tedious. How could a group of Kochi women gathering camel dung seem more important than my aunts? How could my adventures with a gang of nomads and a mixed-up girl from Pennsylvania preoccupy my thoughts? More particularly, how could I manage to stay with Mira?

My problem was unexpectedly solved by Zulfiqar. Accompanied by Doctor Stiglitz, he came to my tent and said, "The doctor has official permission to stay with us. He's coming to Qabir."

"Where's that?" I asked, trying to appear nonchalant.

"Where the nomads meet each summer. In the Hindu Kush."



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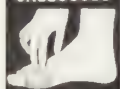


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Caravans

Continued

"Hope you have a good trip," I said to Stiglitz. "Sounds a long way off."

"It is," the German agreed. "But what we wanted to discuss—we need a lot of medicine."

I put on a serious face. "I suppose you could buy what you need in the bazaar."

"We were wondering," Stiglitz said. "Would you buy us the medicine if we took you to Balkh with us? You said you wanted to see it."

Pretending to hesitate, I asked, "How much money would you need?"

"About two hundred dollars," Zulfiqar replied.

"I have a hundred and fifty."

"Good," he cried.

Four hours later he and Stiglitz returned to camp with enough drugs and medical implements to stock a small pharmacy. They had been black-marketed from as far away as Paris and Manila, and up north they'd be worth a fortune.

Zulfiqar advised us to get to sleep promptly, for we were off to the mountains next morning at four. Before I could fall asleep, there came a scratching at my tent. I went out, expecting to meet Zulfiqar. Instead I saw Mira holding a beautiful white horse.

"It isn't right that you should walk, Miller," she said.

"Where'd you get this?" I asked, dumfounded.

"In Kabul," she said. "My present to you."

"But, Mira, where'd you find the money?"

I was about to protest her extravagance when I saw branded on the horse's right flank the letter W. It was Moheb Khan's favorite mount. When he discovered the theft, I could be arrested. Weakly I asked, "How did you know I was staying with the caravan?"

She replied gently, "My father and I have been trying to think of some trick that would keep you with us. Last night he told me, 'Go to sleep, Mira. I'll think of something.'"

Taking my hand, she led me far from camp to a spot where she had cached a blanket. Toward four the next morning, when we headed back toward camp, I had the most persuasive reason in the world for accompanying the Kochis to Balkh.

For many centuries there had been a circuitous highway leading from Kabul to the historic Vale of Bamian. Gifted travelers from the age of Alexander to the present had described the rugged beauties of this road. But Kochis avoided it, for they knew a caravan route which climbed directly into the Koh-i-Baba, passing through gorges and along cliffs.

The mountains were 16,000 feet high, forbidding bulwarks whose peaks no man had climbed. It seemed unlikely that anyone could penetrate them, let alone a caravan of camels. But under Zulfiqar's guidance we headed for one apparently solid wall after another, and somehow each barrier disclosed a gorge, or a green valley opening to the north.

Now the donkeys and fat-tailed sheep grew plump on abundant grass, and on some days even the camels modified their grumbling. We made shorter journeys than before, and when we found good pasture we halted for three or four days. It was these peaceful days in the mountains that Mira and I had our good times. We would leave my white horse in camp for the children to ride, and hike to some higher plateau where we would lie in the cold sun and talk.

To be with Mira was a primitive joy. She was like an elf, old enough to be married, but young enough to chase a herd of camels with a stick. She showed no inclination to accept any of the nomad men as her mate, nor did she think of me as a possible husband. On the fifth day north of Kabul she said, "It would be pleasant if you could ride with us forever, Miller. You're a strong man." Then she asked pertly, "If somebody asks you, 'How did you join the Kochis, Miller?' what will you say?"

"I'll say, 'A beautiful Kochi girl bought me with a white horse.'"

Mira kissed me and ran to a brook to catch me a drink of water in her felt cap.

"How did you get that horse?" I asked, with a nagging memory of Moheb Khan's virile looks.

"With the money I got from stealing the jeep, I bought the horse."

It was in daylight on the trail that I felt closest to Mira. When I was riding the white horse, moving up and down the column like Zulfiqar, I would occasionally overtake her when she did not see me, and would watch her swinging along the road in her loose sandals, her shawl falling across her shoulders, and her black pigtailed bobbing in the sun; and I would recognize her as the freest human being I had ever known.

I began to detect a change in Doctor Stiglitz. The strong sense of guilt that had marked him at the caravanserai was gone. He hiked briskly along the trail without turban or karakul, taking the sun on his close-cropped gray hair. At times he even looked happy, in a studied Germanic manner, and made overtures of friendship.

One day he left his position at the head of the camels and fell back to talk with me. Ignoring Mira, he said, "A man could march on like this forever."

I suggested, "Maybe it's because your health is better—the open air."

"No," he said. "I think the difference is the confession I made to you at the caravanserai, telling those things to a Jew."

"You feel you've purged yourself?" I asked coldly.



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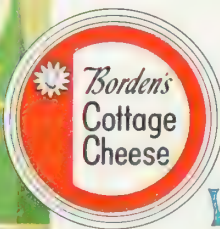
When it's hot, what could be more welcome than these refreshers? And, when they're Borden's—what could be better?

Borden's Buttermilk is so naturally fresh-tasting and tangy. Its protein and other nutritive content helps to restore many of the body's summer-heat losses, while its lower-in-fat calories help you keep deliciously cool. With important food elements that help tone up the digestive system, it perks up wilted summer appetites in the most

flavorsome way. A cooling delight for those long, hot summer days.

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BORDEN'S



VERY BIG ON FLAVOR

Miller, but I can learn to live with
to accept its full burden."
talked on to resume his customary
th Maftoon and the camels.
he was gone, Mira said, "He's in love
n. Pretty soon they will be in bed."
t will your father do?"
be he will kill him," she said.
two days I watched Stiglitz and
d I had to admit that Mira was
had never seen Ellen looking so
They were in love, and Zulfikar
I was convinced that he would kill
f honor required it.
re now in cold country, well above
et, with snow just above us. Ellen
aired a long gray burnoose, like
orn by Tajik mountaineers, that
to her ankles. Into its attached
cha had worked gold and silver
showing Ellen's lovely blond head
advantage. When she rode my
rse, as she sometimes did when I
hike with Mira, she was the image
young goddess leading her Aryans
mountain fortress. No wonder
tiglitz had fallen in love with her.
ninth day out of Kabul, well before
was lugging my sleeping gear to
he camels when I saw Ellen stand-
e darkness, waiting for me.
I we talk?" she asked.
w my gear to Maftoon and told
ould ride my horse. Ellen and I
king down the trail. We were about
the great Vale of Bamian, a lush,
valley, crowded with trees and cool
d pasture lands. To come upon it at
s an experience not to be forgotten.
ried, "Miller, I've fallen in love,"
anguish in her voice shook me.
you're in danger," I warned.
ot concerned with danger," she
y. "I left Bryn Mawr seeking some-
this. I left Qala Bist for the same
Now that I've found it—Miller,
ll I do?"
e ask your question another way,"
ed. "What are you already doing—
ong a caravan trail at four-thirty
rning in Central Asia? Ellen, what
doing?"
driven here. It wasn't Nazrullah,
a considerate husband, and it
ulfikar, whom any girl could ad-
ppose I was driven here by what
pening in the world—bigger bombs
bigger bombs."
s been feeding you this line?"
z says —"
he also say that he was a Nazi, in
killing Jews?"
she replied softly. "And that's why
ve with him—the rest of my life."
so infuriated with this foolishness
sed my hand to slap her. She drew
alk sense," I growled.
n crept toward the eastern hori-
ent shafts of light high across the
Ellen shook the gold-and-silver
her head.
talking sense," she said. "You
to understand."
f sheer curiosity, I will."
t know why I wanted to marry
a. He's exactly like my father.
rullah. He'll have paved roads in
an yet. I suppose I came here be-
hanistan was as far from American
I could get."
don't understand," I said.
of young people in America will,"
ured me. "They're beginning to

THE RED PHONE

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ROUGHEST RIVAL A WOMAN EVER FOUGHT!...ITS RING CAN SEND
HIM TO THE EDGE OF SPACE...FREEZE HER LOVE ON THE EDGE OF TIME!



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co-starring

with HENRY SILVA • KEVIN MCCARTHY • LEORA DANA • ROBERT LANSING • RICHARD ANDERSON and LEIF ERICKSON

Screenplay by ROBERT PIROSH • Directed by DELBERT MANN • Produced by SY BARTLETT



SOON AT MOTION PICTURE THEATRES THROUGHOUT THE NATION!



reject any society built by men like my father."

"Then God help America," I said bitterly.

The sun burst above the horizon and poured light into the Vale of Bamian, illuminating the white limestone cliffs that rimmed the northern boundary.

"When you see the world for the pathetic thing it is," Ellen said—at the moment I was inspecting one of the most glorious views in Asia—"you decide to find some simpler base. I thought Nazrullah was simpler than Dorset. Zulfikar was simpler

than Nazrullah. And now Otto Stiglitz is simpler than all."

"How can you say that? The man's an M.D. from a good university."

"He's simpler because he's a nonman. In Munich he descended into hell. Now he's fought free of the world and its burden. He's a nonman—the thing from which we begin all over."

"Have you slept with Stiglitz?" I asked.

"No, but I shall when he asks me."

"I suppose you know that Mira's afraid Zulfikar might kill Stiglitz—or you."

"That's of no consequence to either of us."

"It is to me," I countered.

"But you tried to kill Stiglitz yourself."

"I've grown beyond that."

"That's what I mean. Now can you understand me when I say that Stiglitz and I have grown beyond your prejudices? We are cleansed of this world, and whether Zulfikar kills us is of no significance, really no significance at all."

"You know that Stiglitz could be expelled, and hanged?"



A personal message from Dr. Frances Horwich to mothers of children from 4 to 10

A MOTHER'S responsibility for her child has increased tremendously in recent years. This age of social and educational change demands new approaches to the pattern of child development.

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delightful experience of receiving in the mail their very own copy of a magazine that is edited and designed for boys and girls from four to ten years of age. In terms of your own child's enjoyment and development, I honestly don't think there is a better way you could spend just thirty-three cents a month.

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Director of Children's Activities
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s. But a non-nation like Afghanistan—doesn't extradite non-men who have died."

Balkh we're only a few miles from Russia," I said. "Stiglitz could be dead."

"Civilized nations don't kidnap," she said. I thought it amusing that she had civilization when it suited her philosophy to do so, but fled to it for the sake of her hopes.

The second day north of Bamian, I had ridden off to explore a valley. I saw Ellen Jaspar and Stiglitz climbing over the rocks. They turned a corner which hid them from the caravan, and I reached them. As I turned away, a pebble struck me, and I realized someone perched on the high ledges looking the lovers was trying to warn me. I reined in the horse and saw a figure in red dress and pig-Mira.

I moved to her angrily—*Get off that!* But she pressed her fingers against her eyes, and after watching the lovers for a few minutes, she raised her hands threateningly over her head. By noon, Zulfiqar halted the caravan, it was shown throughout the clan that the long-predicted encounter had taken place. To my surprise, nothing hap-

penning succeeding days the lovers grew bolder. They were together under the stars, along the edge of camp, and in the afternoons Stiglitz no longer went with Zulfiqar and Racha beneath the tent awning. But on the march, Zulfiqar rode by on his horse, and I looked afraid.

The march from Bamian to Qabir required 11 days along the most spectacular portion of the caravan route. We penetrated the heart of the Hindu Kush, and while there were taller mountains in Asia, none surpassed these jagged peaks of Afghanistan for their combination of rocky grandeur and valley beauty. Sometimes we would swing over the end of a ridge and see before us for fifteen miles of green valley and a sign that men had ever been there before.

During these days Ellen came to me and we were unpacking to camp and I made a remark which set me wondering about her basic sincerity. "Miller, this journey is bound to end one day. Don't fool yourself by taking Mira too seriously." This from a girl whose love affair with Stiglitz was so intemperate it could bring murder. I was about to say when Mira came along. Ellen was away.

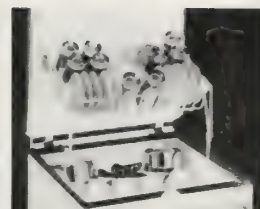
When I asked Mira what Zulfiqar had done to her when I left. "He can't do anything," she said. "Who would hurt his camels?" Could she find a man within the caravan when all she knew of her love for me? "If I have the camels, I have a husband."

Another day, when I was hiking with Mira, having turned the horse over to Maftoon, she observed, "Ellen is the prettiest woman I've ever seen. I'd like to look like Ellen. But I don't like to be like my mother Racha." I asked why, she replied, "All the people Racha touches are made ugly. That is not so with Ellen."

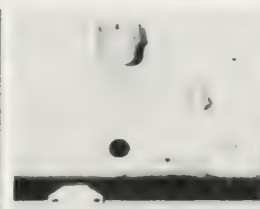
Look at all you get



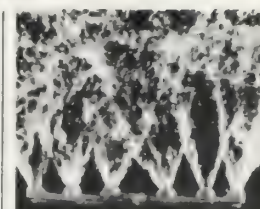
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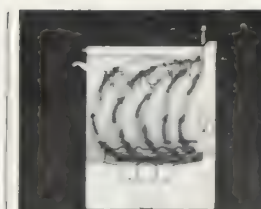
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DISHWASHERS

I objected, pointing to Doctor Stiglitz, whom Ellen had transformed.

Mira chuckled. "He was a dying man. Any woman could have saved him."

"What's going to happen to him—when Zulfiqar gets mad, I mean?"

"My father may kill him," she said. "Or he may be glad that Ellen has been taken off his hands."

"But he loves her."

"You don't know Racha," she said. "She helps women in childbirth, and handles the camels well, and knows how to care for sick sheep—and my father trusts her to put the caravan money in the bank at Jhelum." She paused, thinking of her mother. "Zulfiqar would be stupid to trade her for Ellen. He knows that."

Just then Zulfiqar rode up and shouted, "Follow me, Mill-air!" He spurred to the

crest of a ridge and pointed to a vast plateau below us. "That's Qabir."

Across the great plain two rivers met to form a stately Y. Along the tributaries and the main river, nomads had erected endless clusters of black tents.

I judged there were at least 400 caravans like ours—which, at 200 persons per caravan, meant . . . Startled, I asked Zulfiqar, "How many people?"

"Who cares?" Zulfiqar asked in boyish excitement. "Sixty thousand? Maybemore."

It was difficult to believe that for more than 1,000 years the nomads had been convening in this remote spot at the confluence of rivers, and that no national government was yet sure where the meeting place was, nor who attended, nor how the camp was

governed. Now that the war was over, airplanes would expose the secret; but just now, this was the last outpost of free men.

"Here we go!" Zulfiqar shouted, and spurred his horse into a gallop that carried him down among the gathering caravans. I got my horse and followed as boldly as I dared. My Kochi leader was hurrying from one caravan to the next, shouting to old friends, reporting on his winter in India, and making plans for trading sessions.

Crying, "Mill-air! Follow me!" he galloped along the left bank of the nearest

tributary, where an attractive area was unoccupied. "We'll camp here," he shouted. "You wait and tell the others." He dug his heels into his horse and sped off.

Around me swirled caravans from the heartland of Asia. I saw men and women from tribes I never had known existed, camels that had crossed the Oxus from areas 1,000 miles away, children with round red faces, and tanned women wearing fur boots. As a stranger on a white horse, I attracted attention, and some of the nomads tried to speak to me in strange tongues. To

all I made it clear that this choice spot by the river was reserved for Zulfiqar, and saw that people respected his name.

When the Kochis came out of the mountains to the campground, I saw our caravan in its entirety and realized what an impressive aggregation it was—200 people, nearly 100 camels laden with trade goods, several score of donkeys, some goats, and more than 500 fat sheep. This was my caravan; these were my people. Three of our men spotted me and shouted, "Here we are!"

"This is the place," I called back and, with a whip of the bridle, I sent the white horse speeding toward the caravan, where I leaped to the ground and kissed Mira in front of everyone.

It was in this manner that the nomads of Qabir discovered that we were in love, and if there was any one thing that made my mission at the encampment easier, it was this fact: As a strange American, I was bound to be conspicuous and ineffective; but as a young man in love with a spirited Kochi girl, I was so obvious that the nomads felt sorry for me, and I was accorded freedoms that no other stranger would have been permitted.

At dusk, when Ellen had taken her accustomed place to serve the portions of roast mutton, we heard a shout at the edge of our caravan, and Zulfiqar appeared, bringing with him some 30 leaders of other caravans, plus an orchestra of Tajik musicians.

They found a place by the fire and started banging their drums. "Ellen," Zulfiqar shouted, "leave the cooking!" And with a sweep of his arm he brought the American girl into the center of the crowd and danced with her vigorously. The visitors reached out for Kochi women to dance with. So Zulfiqar passed Ellen along to one of the Russians and came to me, out of breath.

"Mill-air," he said, "I want you to meet one of the leaders," and he took me through the gyrating dancers to where a tall, heavy baldheaded man stood in fur boots, round wool jacket and brass-studded belt. The slant of his eyes indicated Mongolian ancestry. Grasping him by the shoulder, Zulfiqar said, "This is Shakkur the Kirghiz. He smuggles guns. He sold me mine." The big Kirghiz nodded. "You English?" he asked in Pashto.

"American," I replied.

He made a machine gun with his arms. "Ah-ah-ah-ah. Chicago!" he cried. "see cinema."

On the spur of the moment I squatted with arms folded and did a poor imitation of a Russian dance. "I see cinema too," said, laughing.

"No!" He shouted at the Tajik musicians, and they began a new selection which he danced a passage of real Kirghiz violence. Here there was no mock click of the heels, but the heavy-booted stamp and whirl of the steppes.

"Time to eat!" he shouted, and Ellen started handing out chunks of mutton to the hungry visitors.

When the feasting ended, Zulfiqar asked Doctor Stiglitz to stand beside him. "This is a German doctor," he pronounced. "He has many medicines. If have any sick, bring them here tomorrow." "What charge?" Shakkur the Kirghiz asked.

"No charge," Zulfiqar assured him.

Next morning men and women, dressed in many tribal costumes, formed a line outside our tent. Stiglitz was assisted by Ellen who acted as his nurse. Zulfiqar appeared, leading my white horse. "Come along," said, and we rode to the other end of the encampment, where he began a systematic visit to all the caravans. At each stop



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FRUIT FESTIVAL PIE

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 cup KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKE CRUMBS | 2 tablespoons sugar |
| 1/2 cup soft or melted butter or margarine | |
| 2 envelopes KNOX UNFLAVORED GELATINE | 1 can (6 oz.) frozen lemonade concentrate* |
| 1/2 cup sugar | 1 teaspoon almond flavoring (optional) |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt | 1 cup icy-cold evaporated milk |
| 1 1/2 cups water | |
- Sliced strawberries or peaches, raspberries, blueberries or other well-drained fruit, fresh, frozen or canned

1. Combine corn flake crumbs, sugar and butter; mix well. Press evenly and firmly around sides and bottom of 9-inch pie pan. Chill.
 2. Mix gelatine, sugar and salt thoroughly in 2 1/2-quart saucepan. Add water and cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until gelatine is dissolved, about 3 minutes. Remove from heat; stir in undiluted concentrate and almond flavoring. Chill, stirring occasionally, until mixture is consistency of unbeaten egg whites.
 3. While gelatine is chilling, pour evaporated milk in ice cube tray and chill until soft ice crystals form around edge; whip until stiff. Fold into gelatine-concentrate mixture. Spread lightly in crumb crust. Arrange a ring of fruit on outside edge of filling next to crust. Chill until firm.
- Yield: 1 9-inch pie

*A 6-ounce can of frozen pink lemonade or limeade may be substituted for lemonade, if desired.



the traders how to earn more from their goods and invited each to send its sick to his German doctor. I was politicking like mad, but I know what for.

I made my way into the yurts of the north, those brown, hide-walled, circular tents where men with Oriental eyes sat easily while their buxom wives ate yak cheese and roast mutton. I was told that no Russian soldiers accompanied the nomads, and probably no commissars. I could not learn where Russian migrants crossed the Oxus. My father had ordered me not to take out at night I memorized the various subdivisions I had been with that tribes from India, Afghanistan and tribes from Russia, and the Chinese, Kashgar and Yarkand, and the hand-mountaineers of Gilgit and Hunza from everywhere—Persia, Afghanistan, Russia, China—came the Turkomans, and canny traders.

I began to feel a certain smugness that I, the foreigners in Afghanistan, should be the one to penetrate Qabir; but I had seen only the externals. On the day Zulfiqar saddled up the horses and rode to the confluence of the rivers where the camps had been marked, inside which only the leaders were allowed, and only the leaders of the nomads. We pulled up before a large, round, tent-style yurt, the center from which the camp was governed.

At the far end, a low table stood on a rug brought down from Samarkand. This rug sat the two *sharifs* who controlled Qabir. The first was Shakkur, the gunrunner who had danced at our wedding. The big hulk of man with penetrating eyes. The other *sharif* was an elderly man, a man of Mongol ancestry.

He spoke good Pashto and when I asked if Russians from Moscow attended the camp, he smiled, saying, "No Communists."

Toward the end of the fourth week a Tajik was caught stealing goods from an Uzbek, and the culprit was dragged to the big yurt.

We gathered about the white rug as the *sharifs* discussed the matter, and I realized that no nation exercised sovereignty over this congregation of 70,000 or 80,000 people. By consent, these two *sharifs* enjoyed absolute control. They decided the thief's right hand should be cut off.

Attendants grabbed the Tajik and whisked him outside. There was a scream; an Uzbek returned with a reddened dagger and the man's right hand. The Hazara *sharif*, seeing that I was shaken, took me aside and said in Pashto, "This is the last cruel judgment I shall make. Don't think unkindly of me."

"Are you retiring?" I asked.

"Tomorrow," he replied. "And there are many who think that your friend Zulfiqar should be the next *sharif*."

Then it became clear. Zulfiqar, having guessed the old Hazara's intention to step down, meant to be his successor. He had used Ellen, Stiglitz and me exactly as he would have used us had he been bucking for a promotion in New York. But a chilling thought possessed me: *This isn't New York*. If Zulfiqar tolerated Ellen's infidelity only because he wanted power here in Qabir, what would he do to Ellen and Stiglitz when he was through using them? For that matter, what would he do to me?

The next day Zulfiqar asked me to accompany him to the yurt, where I entered in time to hear the old Hazara merchant announce that he wanted to relinquish his duty as *sharif*. He said, "You must choose

a younger man, who can serve you for many years."

I never knew whether Zulfiqar had the meeting rigged, but a young Kirghiz rose and said, "Since one of our *sharifs* is my clansman Shakkur from north of the Oxus, I think the new man should come from the south."

Actually the retiring Hazara came from about as far north in Afghanistan as one could. But the trick worked, and an Uzbek who had often shared our hospitality asked, "Why should we not select the Kochi, Zulfiqar? He's reliable."

There was quiet discussion, and by a process which I did not understand my caravan leader Zulfiqar was elected *sharif* of the great encampment. It was a moment of triumph. I rode out to camp and broke the news to Stiglitz and Ellen.

"What does it mean?" Ellen asked.

"You saw the Tajik thief—no right hand. It means power."

She blanched. It was Stiglitz who grasped the implications. "Zulfiqar must have guessed there'd be an election—knew he could impress the caravans with me as a doctor, Ellen for entertaining, Miller for the money. He used all of us."

"I'd leave camp," I said, "right now."

"No!" Ellen cried. "We won't run away. If this is the way it's to end, it's better than anything I ever expected." I should have been impressed by Ellen's noble sentiment, but I wasn't. Perhaps her willingness to hurt Nazrullah and Zulfiqar made me doubt her sincerity.

In the days that followed, Zulfiqar treated me as a son-in-law. Unaware that I had been commissioned by our embassy to spy out Qabir, he was most helpful. He said, "We hear many rumors that this is the last year the Russians will let their nomads

cross the Oxus. That was one reason why I wanted the job of *sharif*. If next year Shakkur the Kirghiz cannot return. . . ."

Thus he exposed his final maneuver. If Shakkur had to relinquish his job as *sharif*, that would leave Zulfiqar as leading *sharif*, perhaps the only one. I asked him why the Russians were threatening to close the border.

"When India becomes a free nation," he said, "she'll close her borders, too. Someday the Kochis will have to stay home."

"What will you do then?" I asked.

"That's why Racha banks our money in Jhelum," he confided. "In a few years we'll buy land. When the irrigation dam is built, there will be much new land at the edge of the desert."

"And you mean to settle down?"

"A winter base," he replied. "In the spring, of course, we'll bring our goods to Qabir, but only a few of us. The rest will stay home to tend the fields."

I looked at the sprawling tents where I had been so happy. "Does Ellen know you think this way?"

"People like Ellen always have fixed ideas about how nomads should live—and think. I'm sorry if we are disappointing."

On the last day of the trading we rode to see the Russians dismantling the administration yurt and watched as a procession of Uzbek, Tajik and Hunza caravans wound slowly to the east, heading for the crevices of the Hindu Kush.

Each day we became more lonely. The Nuristanis next to us had departed, and so had the Tajiks to the west. A sense of doom enveloped our camp.

I was expecting retribution to overtake Ellen and Doctor Stiglitz, and I am sure they were too. The brooding figure of Zulfiqar seemed to be everywhere.

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Finally even Shakkur the Kirghiz departed with his 80 camels, and our caravan was alone on the high plateau. I overheard little Maftoon complaining to the other cameleers, "If we don't start soon for Balkh, the snows will trap us."

The next morning I heard a shouting at Zulfiqar's tent. I rushed over to find him standing with dagger in hand, towering over Doctor Stiglitz, who was unarmed and terrified. The fat German made a pitiful contrast to the powerful Kochi.

"Give him a dagger," Zulfiqar shouted at Maftoon.

Maftoon offered his dagger to the doctor, who didn't know how to use it; he held it in both hands, pointed out from his chest.

I scrambled through the crowd. "Zulfiqar! No!"

His men grabbed my arms. At the doorway to the tent some women held Ellen Jaspar. I looked beseechingly at Mira, who refused to meet my eyes. Ellen screamed, and I saw Zulfiqar dive at Stiglitz, who just managed to dodge the flashing blade.

Zulfiqar whirled expertly, but again the doctor jumped aside. Ellen, who had told him that death was of no consequence, now shouted, "Otto! Protect yourself!"

A roar went up as Zulfiqar made a savage lunge at Stiglitz, who drew himself in so that the Kochi dagger missed, then stabbed at Zulfiqar as he flashed by. Stiglitz had drawn blood, and the crowd murmured in astonishment.

With a roaring leap Zulfiqar struck his opponent with both boots and knocked him to the ground. Like a cat he pounced upon

him and wrenched away his dagger. Kneeling on the doctor's arms, he stared down at the terrified face.

Zulfiqar's dagger flashed in the air, and I turned away. I heard the crowd sigh. Then I heard voices. Zulfiqar had driven his dagger into the soft earth, an inch from the doctor's neck. He spat in Stiglitz's face.

"Leave the caravan!" he shouted. He stalked to the doorway of his tent and grabbed Ellen away from the women. With a swipe of his hand he knocked her off her feet. "Leave the caravan!"

Then he stepped across and gave me a blow that sent me staggering. "Get out," he roared. "Get out!"

Finally he grabbed little Maftoon and lifted him off the ground. "They're your friends!" he shouted. "Take them to Balkh. Now! Now!"

He tore into his tent and began throwing out Ellen's possessions. That done, he rushed to my tent, where he threw out my baggage and Stiglitz's. The doctor's medical bag landed on one corner and popped open, spilling bottles and phials which the Kochis scooped up.

"Put it back!" Zulfiqar shouted. "We want nothing of theirs."

In this manner he continued, with blood reddening his back, until he saw us packed, the white horse saddled, and Maftoon ready with the camel Aunt Becky, who carried a tent for us, and a donkey whose panniers contained some food.

"Get out!" he bellowed, and as we crept away down the river trail, I saw him rip off his shirt to inspect his wound. It was not deep, and he yelled for Racha to wash it. That was the last I ever saw of Zulfiqar.

We formed a pathetic caravan as we moved out of the Hindu Kush. Stiglitz was

allowed to ride the white horse, which he did in silence. Ellen was in a state of unbelief. Her jaw was sore and her vanity abused.

Little Maftoon found no pleasure in this caravan, nor did Aunt Becky, who grumbled when a trail descended, since it threw unaccustomed burdens on her awkward front legs. Nor was I exempt from the sense of melancholy; I had lost Mira, the elfin spirit of the caravan.

We had proceeded for two silent hours when I heard Maftoon cry, "Miller Sahib! Look!"

I turned to see what new misfortune had befallen us. Maftoon pointed back along the trail. There came Mira, in red skirt and pink blouse, running to overtake us.

"Her father will kill her," Maftoon lamented.

She was half a mile away, a marvelous little hummingbird skipping across the meadowland, and I started running back to meet her. The others came back to join us, all except Aunt Becky, who, when she started downhill, turned back for nothing. We looked at her gaunt brown figure plopping across the rocks and began to laugh.

Ellen ran to embrace Mira as if they were schoolgirl roommates. But Maftoon warned, "You should not have done this, Mira. Your father will kill you."

"He told me to come," Mira said.

"No!"

"I told him, 'I'd like to go to Balkh with Miller,' and he said, 'Why not?'"

"You mean that Zulfiqar —"

"He's not mad at anybody," Mira assured us.

"He knocked me down," Ellen protested. "He spat at me."

Again Mira embraced her friend. "He

had to do that, Ellen, to show his authority. The others were looking—the whole caravan."

"He almost killed me," Stiglitz said, rubbing his neck.

Mira looked condescendingly at the German. "His honor demanded that he say something about you, doctor. But he was angry. It was only make-believe—in front of the others. He sent you this, Doctor Stiglitz." From her pink blouse she produced the Damascus dagger Zulfiqar used in the duel. Handing the silver sheath gravely to the German, she said, "This wedding present to you. My father said, 'It will remind the wife that her husband was once willing to fight for her—your daggars.'"

Then she took me aside. "When you Miller, my father said, 'He was like my father. Why did I strike him?'"

With Mira restoring the levity we lost, we resumed our journeys. From Qashghar to Balkh was only 80 miles, which should have covered in five days, but we were in no hurry.

Ellen and Stiglitz worried about nothing. For them there was no past, no future responsibility. The days came and went, and the two lovers existed.

Mira said, "I think my father was lied when Ellen fell in love with Doctor Stiglitz. I think he'd had enough of her."

"A girl like Ellen?"

"Do you remember that first morning she asked, 'At the caravanserai? My father found you and the doctor fighting and out to warn us, 'Hide Ellen. The American is here looking for her.' But a few minutes later he ordered me to bring her back to you.'"

I tried to recall the scene. Zulfiqar had taken our knife and the Kochis had ente-

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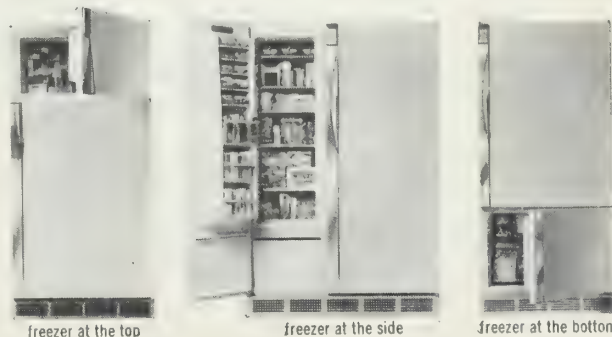
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Caravans (Continued)

Yes, Mira was right. Zulfiqar had intended me to find Ellen.

On the next day we penetrated the last range of hills separating the Hindu Kush from the arid plains leading to Balkh. When Aunt Becky stumbled out of the mountains and saw flat ground again, she gurgled happily and started loping across the dusty fields. The days grew hot, for this was mid-July, and we had to ration our water. We also reverted to the desert practice of traveling at night, under the moon. During the day we slept.

Toward midnight of our fourth day on the plains, I spotted in the silvery moonlight ahead an area marked by solitary mounds; it looked like a burial ground for giants. Maftoon said, "That is Balkh."

So this sweep of empty earth was Balkh, mother of cities, fair Balkh where Alexander had married Roxane, the learned city at the crossroads of the world, the leading metropolis of Central Asia! All the remembered travelers of Asia had recorded their impressions of this dazzling treasure house—Ibn Batuta, Hüsan Tsang, Genghis, Marco Polo, Tamerlane. Its history was resplendent. Its memory was obscured. And now even its outlines were destroyed. I felt lonely, as if I were lost in the paralyzing sweep of history, a shard left by time.

While Maftoon and Stiglitz unrolled the tent, Ellen led me aside. "I'm sorry," she said, "that we quarreled so much on this trip. I've been trying to find wisdom."

"Found any?"

"Some. When it looked as if Otto might die in the duel, I learned that life of itself is good. I found myself praying that he would live."

"One thing makes me feel better, Ellen," I said. "At last I have a glimmer of what you're talking about. But I'm like Nazrullah—committed to working for the civilization I'm caught in."

She smiled warmly and grasped my hands. "How adorable of you, Miller, to say a thing like that at Balkh."

"Why Balkh?" I asked.

"Don't you know that at the apex of their history, the people here talked just like you? The mullahs said, 'Allah has this city in his special care. No harm can befall it.' And the generals boasted, 'Our forts are impregnable.' And the bankers were especially reassuring: 'Last year our gross city product rose four percent. We can all afford

two slaves in every kitchen.' And here is Balkh. And here is New York."

"Do you honestly believe that the same thing will happen to New York?" I asked.

"I believe this is the future," Ellen replied. "But you mustn't, because you're young and hopeful. And I've always been so very old."

She kissed me on the lips, and for a moment I understood the passion which had carried her so far from home.

She gripped my shoulders and kissed me again, desperately. "I wish I'd met you in America. After you'd learned what you have in Afghanistan." Her body swayed backward. "They're busy with the tent," she whispered. She had kicked off her sandals. "What difference would it make if they did find us?"

"Stiglitz would make the difference," I said. "Mira too."

"I've done everything for Stiglitz I could," she said. "Besides, sooner or later the Russians are bound to get him."

I thought, *I'll bet she used the same kind of argument with Stiglitz when she was inviting him to move in on Zulfiqar. "But Otto, Zulfiqar's busy with other things. He won't care."* And she had been right.

"What happened to your concept of the nonpeople?" I asked.

"Ideas come and go," she replied. Recovering her sandals, she said, "You know very well what we ought to do. Get us a sleeping bag and leave that tent right now."

I drew away and started back toward the camp, where the black tent rose in the moonlight. Mira overtook me. It was now about three in the morning, and we made a little tea and *pilau* before going to bed. I dragged out my sleeping gear, and Mira lugged along a pillow, but before we had left the camp Maftoon took me aside and slipped me his dagger. "You must keep this, Miller."

"Why?"

"When you and Ellen were in the dunes, the German crept over to listen." The little cameleer sucked his teeth. "Remember, he has Zulfiqar's dagger."

"Does Mira know?" I asked.

"It was she who asked me to give you the dagger," he said.

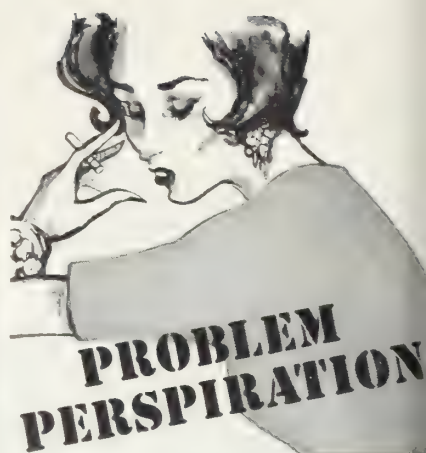
When I rejoined Mira, she ran her hands across my clothes till she felt Maftoon's dagger. "It's safer," she said.

There was nothing I could reply, and after a while she said, "I told you, Miller, that she was hungry for you, but you laughed."

I took her brown hands and kissed them. "I'm here because it's you I love."



"I still say you're spoiling him!"



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sun was well up when Maf hurried to warn me. "Important government car from Kabul. Man to you, Miller!"

I assumed this must be Richard of intelligence, but when I reached the tent area, I found it empty. Moheb Khan looking very official in a tan sharkskin suit and silver skull cap, and Nazrullah, come to reclaim his lawful wife.

Moheb Khan patted his stolen horse. "How'd you get him?" I temporized. "Mira bought him in Kabul."

Moheb brushed dust from his suit and asked, "You certainly knew it was mine. Didn't you guess it was mine?"

"Was it?" I bluffed.

But he was unable to continue the conversation and began laughing. "You know it is. You find a pretty girl. You find a horse. This is going to be a night of fun. But the girl slips away and you lose your horse."

Now Mira appeared, lugging the riding gear. When she saw Moheb Khan, she started running for the tent. Then she saw Nazrullah and recognized him by his beard. "You're my husband!" she cried, and the two of them moved protectively before Nazrullah revealed that Nazrullah's wife was inside.

I started for the tent, but I was stopped by Moheb Khan. "Is the big Kochi with you?" he asked.

Before I could answer, Ellen and Doctor Stiglitz emerged from the tent. What a scene of hateful truce they had managed up during the night I couldn't guess, but in the morning light Ellen Jaspar was dazzling. Her husband was still determined to get her back, I could sympathize. Nazrullah was bewildered, but he moved forward to greet his wife.

"Come to fetch you," he said. "I remember Moheb Khan. . . . Moheb, this is Doctor Otto Stiglitz." Moheb bowed gracefully. "We'll get you back to Qala Bist," he said to Ellen with a studied air.

"I'm not going," she said. Moheb shrugged. He had made a contrary offer, and it had been rejected.

"Please, Ellen," Nazrullah said. "I have the car waiting."

Stiglitz stepped in. "She's to stay with me. I'm sorry, Nazrullah."

Moheb blew a whistle, which was answered by a group of soldiers, who followed him in a truck. "I want the horse taken back to Kabul," he ordered. "This man," he snapped, pointing at Stiglitz, "is to be kept under arrest. The American man is not to leave this tent. . . . Miller, get in the car. I want to interrogate you at headquarters in Mazar-i-Sharif. . . . Nazrullah, come along." And while the soldiers moved quickly in response to his commands, Nazrullah and me to the car. We sped toward Mazar-i-Sharif, about 20 miles east of Kabul. At the government offices Moheb summoned a male secretary. "Now what shall the official state regarding that horse?" he asked.

"This for the record?"

"That's why I'm here. The horse, the American woman—both stolen." Mira said she bought the horse. "Who exactly is Mira?"



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"Daughter of Zulfikar," I explained.

"The same Zulfikar who took Nazrullah's wife?"

"Yes."

"Now as to the new developments regarding Ellen Jaspar. How do you explain her behavior?"

I pondered this question, reviewing Ellen's motivation as I understood it. It wasn't sex—her behavior with Nazrullah, Zulfikar and Stiglitz had an almost sexless quality. She was

neither driven by desire nor faithful to anyone who fulfilled it. At one point I had thought she might be a victim of nostalgia for a past age, but she would have been the same in Renaissance Florence or Victorian England; although she despised this age, no other would have suited her better.

"Put it down as rejection," I said. "She rejected the forms and structures of our society—yours as well as mine."

"It's about time somebody rejected her," Moheb snapped.

"Don't abuse her," Nazrullah pleaded.

"Would you still take her back?" Moheb asked incredulously.

"Yes," Nazrullah replied. "She's my wife."

"Suppose we deported Stiglitz?" Moheb suggested. I hesitated. The possibilities were gruesomely fascinating, particularly if I recalled the cageful of Jews he had destroyed.

"You may not know that I'm a Jew," I said. "Stiglitz has told me the horrible things he did to Jews in Munich."

"We know," Moheb said.

"I despise Stiglitz. He ought to hang. But he'll serve your country well, Moheb. Don't deport him; it would be morally wrong."



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Nazrullah broke in. "Is there nothing I can do to bring Ellen back?"

"Nothing," I said. "Even if you hang Stiglitz, you'll never get her back."

To my surprise Nazrullah dropped into a chair and buried his head in his arms. We watched in embarrassment.

"I know what I must do," Moheb said briskly. "Nazrullah . . . Miller, come along."

"Where?" Nazrullah asked.

"To find three white pebbles."

"No!" Nazrullah cried. "I won't."

"Then I will," Moheb replied matter-of-factly.

As we left the office, the secretary stopped us. "Don't forget your call to the British embassy."

"Of course!" Moheb sent us ahead. We could hear him shouting into the telephone, "Hello, hello, hello! Is that you, Your Excellency? Here is Moheb Khan. Your Excellency, I want the British Government to be alerted. . . ." We did not hear the rest.

On our trip back to the barren fields of Balkh, Moheb consoled Nazrullah by reciting verses from the Persian poets, but when the car stopped at our capsule caravan, it was Moheb who started hunting for the three white pebbles. Then Nazrullah walked to the black tent and called, "Ellen."

The soldiers brought her forth dressed in black skirt with gray blouse and three gold bracelets on her left wrist. Her tanned face was radiant in the sunlight, her marvelous blond hair framing it in wind-blown lines. As her legal husband approached, she looked solemnly at him and waited for his question: "Wife, will you come back with me to Qala Bist?"

"No," she replied in an icy voice, whereupon he threw one of the pebbles to the ground.

"I divorce thee," he announced. Again he looked at her, beseeching her to rejoin him, but again he had to throw a pebble to the ground. "I divorce thee," he said. Ellen listened without emotion. For the third time Nazrullah pleaded with her, and for the third time she rejected him. He dropped the last pebble.

"I divorce thee," he said in a ghostly whisper. And he turned and walked with dignity to the car.

"Bring out Stiglitz," Moheb ordered. The German was led forth, blinking in the sunlight. He must have guessed that Ellen intended to desert him, for he ignored her, and looked only at Moheb.

"Otto Stiglitz," Moheb began, "we've informed the British Government that you're being surrendered to them at Peshawar, in India. You're a criminal of war, and we have no place for you in Afghanistan." He blew his whistle, and other soldiers appeared. An officer started clapping handcuffs about the German's wrists.

But this was to be no easy arrest, for Stiglitz broke loose and threw himself at me. "Jew! Jew!" he screamed. "You've done this to me." He scratched at my face until one of the soldiers tore him away.

Then he lunged at Moheb Khan, pleading, "Excellency, he's a filthy Jew and he told you lies because he wants the girl himself. Yes! Yes!"

Moheb ordered the soldiers to pinion the doctor's arms, and when this was done, he said, "The Jew you condemn has just been pleading for your life. At your trial, I'm sure he'll testify for you."

Snapping his fingers, Moheb ordered the soldiers to take the prisoner. Stiglitz tried to grab my arm. "You will tell the judges what I said at the pillar? There are many Jews in Munich alive today because . . . You will testify for me?"

"I will," I said.

He was dragged away. The truck engine sputtered, wheels spun in the sand, and the soldiers were gone.

"Take the girl to the car," Moheb ordered Maftoon, and the cameleer led Ellen away.

Since I was to be left in Balkh until Zulfiqar's caravan arrived, I supposed that this was the last time I would see Ellen Jaspar. Moheb grabbed my arm. "You, too, Miller. We start for Kabul now. Shah Khan's orders."

"I've got to say good-by," I protested, bringing Mira to my side.

"Say it. In five minutes we go."

"What about my gear?"

"You," he shouted at Maftoon, "pack his stuff. Hers too."

I led Mira away from the tent to one of the mounds of Balkh, from which we could see the foothills of the Hindu Kush, where we had been so happy. "You will look after Ellen," she said. "She talks strong, but she needs help."

"Mira, Mira," was all I could say. Our parting had come so suddenly and was marred by so much ugliness, that any chance for a decent farewell had been destroyed.

"Qabir, Bamian, Musa Darul," she recited. "When we are at those places —" Tears formed in her eyes. "Without you the caravan will be a marching of ghosts. You were very handsome on your white horse."

At the car Moheb was blowing the horn.

"Inshallah," I said.

"Inshallah," she replied.

I hurried to the car, where Moheb sat at the wheel with Ellen beside him and Nazrullah in the rear. On the drive back to Mazar-i-Sharif no one spoke. Ellen's presence was more than we could cope with at the moment. I could not guess Moheb's plans, and he drove in imperious silence. To my surprise we drove straight through the city and picked up an ancient road, leading to the northeast. Along it plodded a camel caravan, and I saw Shakkur, the Kirghiz gunrunner, on his black horse.

"Ho, sharif!" Moheb called from the car.

The Russian saw me sitting gloomily in the rear and asked seriously, in broken Pashto, "You are a prisoner?"

"No," Moheb laughed. "We have a passenger for your caravan."

Now the big Kirghiz saw Ellen, whom he remembered from Qabir. "This one?"

"Yes."

"She have papers?"

"Yes." From his portfolio Moheb took Ellen's green passport and handed it to the sharif. In Arabic, Cyrillic, and Roman writing, signed jointly by Shah Khan and the Russian ambassador, it was stated that the bearer had permission to transit Russia on her way home to America. On a special page, for me to see, was the official notation that Ellen Jaspar, having been legally divorced from her Afghan husband, was free to leave the country. Moheb Khan handed Ellen the precious document and pronounced, "Madam, you are being kicked out of Afghanistan."

To the Kirghiz he gave a number of Afghan coins. "This will pay her passage to Moscow."

"You can't do this!" I exploded. "How do you know what will happen to this girl?"

Moheb was helping Ellen from the car. "This girl? Nothing will ever happen to this girl." And he escorted her to the Kirghiz.

I took Ellen by the arm and asked, "Ellen, do you appreciate what's happening?"

She ignored me and asked the sharif, "Where are we going?"

He pointed northeast. "We cross the Oxus at Rushan, cut through the Pamirs, then Garm, Samarkand, Tashkent." It was a trip I would have given a year's salary to take, and Ellen smiled at me with satisfaction. For ten weeks I had tried to find out where the Russian nomads cross the Oxus. Now the top man tells me.

I said, "Ellen, I could force the Afghan Government —"

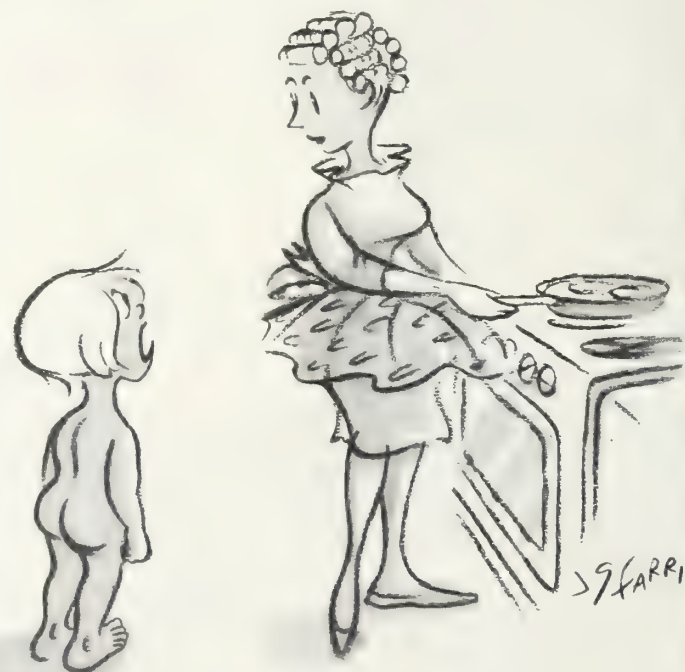
"I'm not afraid." She held out her hand and kissed me. "I do wish we'd met in America," she said.

She turned away and swung into the rhythm of her new caravan. I watched the big Kirghiz galloped back to the head of his camels, spurring them on, for the caravan was headed for towering passes that must be cleared before snow fell and blocked them.

The last camel passed us, and we stood alone on the ancient road, watching the caravan as it lost itself in dust. I last saw Ellen Jaspar, with her blond hair and black skirt, marching east toward the mountains.

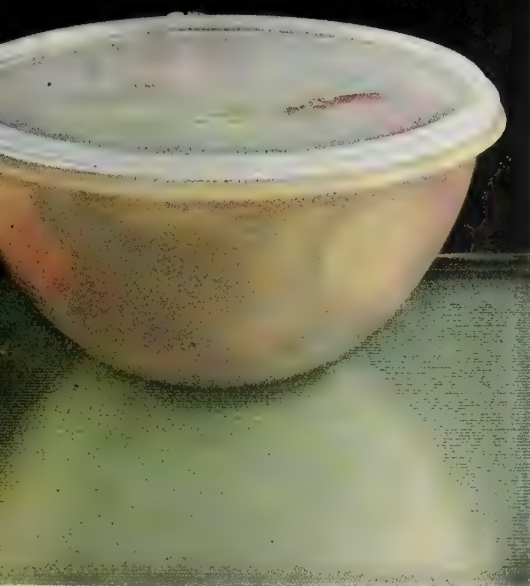
"It's barbaric," I protested weakly, and Nazrullah agreed.

"She would have destroyed you both," said Moheb Khan.



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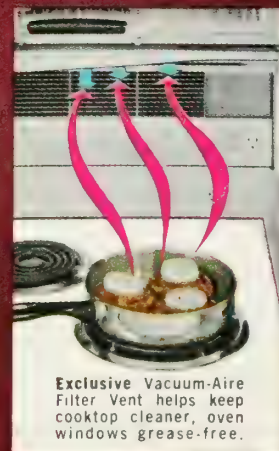


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All in the same boat: the Corbeill-Hall family. "I'll keep steering the ship as long as the family needs me," says Pappy. "Then I'll go wandering."

PAPPY TAKES OVER THE HOUSE

BY GLENN WHITE

The drama in the Corbeill-Hall household in Schenectady, New York, has a large cast, so you will need a list of characters for easy reference, if you are to follow the action. First, there's George Sidney Corbeill, 68, more often called "Pappy," retired chief petty officer, U.S.N., a happy-eyed young man who wears a full, single-wave, salt-and-pepper beard. You don't need to treat that beard with any deference, for he doesn't. He is amused by it and proud of it in the way a college boy would be if he could grow

such a fine appendage. Pappy didn't go to college—he enlisted in the Navy in 1912 at the age of 17—but a visitor can't talk with him for more than five minutes without realizing that Pappy is an astoundingly well-informed man.

Pappy has a great storyteller's gift—"total recall." He remembers everything he has ever read or experienced—and even more. And he has read or experienced almost everything. If one of the older children asks him a question about American



Much to Lorraine and Betty Hall's amusement, Pappy takes to the twist as exuberantly as 15-year-old Dianne. His gruff, hearty participation in family activities has captivated his grandchildren.



Betty Hall's kitchen is the focal point of busy family activity. Early in the morning Betty goes down to pack the children's school lunches and prepare breakfast. Her "little helpers" are daughters Lorraine and Madonna.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN LAUNOIS

Three generations

history, he describes in detail scenes of battle, the terrain, color of foliage, the sounds, the men, the action, the touch of cold steel, the sight, smell and taste of smoke. That's Pappy—a man who has lived a full life with all of his senses and has never concerned himself with vague abstraction. When the children check on him in encyclopedias their father used to sell and find he's right, they say, "Pappy, how do you know so much about history?" Pappy answers, "I was there!" He was. He will take you there, too, if you let him.

Next—the most important character by far, hardly so colorful as her father—is Betty Hall, 41, divorced mother of seven children. A pleasant, dark-haired, thin-faced person with the cheerful composure that sometimes comes to those who have endured much. With Pappy's help, she asserts a strong control over her children, but it is a loving control, and she seldom raises her voice. To help support her brood, she makes women's and children's dresses in her upstairs bedroom she has converted into a sewing workshop. Betty has a talent for designing children's dresses, one that might command high income if she could leave the children. "Maybe, someday . . ." she says and smiles wistfully. "You see," she goes on more brightly, "I really have two families of children—an older one, George, Alan, and



At Dianne's birthday party her mother said, "You're fifteen, and soon you'll want to go to dances. I wanted to make you a pretty party dress but I just couldn't find the time."

But Betty Hall will take the time to fulfill her promise when Dianne is ready for her big party. Pappy's gift, newspaper-wrapped, was a six-pack of ginger ale and a

...the people equal the Corbeill-Hall household.

...ne, then a lapse, then the younger set, Stephen, Madonna, and Lorraine." ...e children. You will have to catch them ...e fly with little time for character ...sis. They're all different. Maybe the way to meet them is as they file in ...gh the kitchen door for a meal.

...st through the door is black-haired ...ine, four, who begins struggling with ...et shoes after playing in a water ...e. She is supposed to be the baby, but ...sn't anymore. She is a mysterious, ...htful, and calculatingly winsome little ...Madonna, a slightly larger bundle of ...inity, comes in with her. She is six ...old and has great dignity.

...xt—Stephen, eight, and Gary David, ...hoosh! No matter; you can study them ...But notice Dianne's loquacious eyes ...rkest hazel—and catch that smile. It's ...t always there, registering something ...en sweetness and deviltry. At 15, ...he doesn't say much. She doesn't need ...er eyes can caress or kill.

...n, lanky and lean, serious and manly, ...well into the silent stage of the teens. ...s busy with school, extracurricular ...ties, and friends. He does what is ...of him stolidly, usually without com- ...Of all the children it is obviously ...who feels most sensitively the burden ...father's absence and his own responsi- ...for himself and for the family.

...orge, the oldest son, walks in heavily ...the afternoon after futile efforts to ...job. He smiles agreeably, though. At ...George is "the old man" of the family— ...ne ways he seems older than Pappy. ...ge has had a rough day. He has had a ...rough days.

...an infant, Betty explains, he suffered ...a brain injury caused by an accumula- ...f fluid within his skull, which was cor- ...d by a long and difficult operation ...performed successfully. Last June, ...Betsy sent the surgeon who performed ...operation an announcement of George's ...ation from Bishop Gibbons High ...l, he replied with a warm note of con- ...lations, expressing amazement that a ...so seriously injured could have ac- ...lished so much.

...don't think he would ever have made ...hout Pappy's loving help," Betty says. ...studied George's school books in the ...noon and tutored him at night. Oh, ...hat boy worked!"

...now George has a high-school diploma ...though slightly lame as a result of that ...brain injury, he has good posture and ...ture appearance. But the limp does ...cap him for most jobs. He knows it, ...sometimes his annoyance shows. He ...een unsuccessful in finding steady em- ...ment, although Pappy has been work- ...ard with him to help him pass civil- ...e exams.

...papy is the head of this family—helping ...daughter Betty rear his seven grand- ...ren in retirement, as it were, and on ...little money. How he got the job is ...a story. You would expect it to be a ...c story, but somehow with Pappy at ...elm it becomes simply a human story ...mostly a happy one. What befell the ...family happens to thousands of fam- ...n the United States, and he realizes this.

"I don't think our performance under stress has been spectacular," says Pappy. "Betty and I are just pleasantly surprised that we have survived what at first seemed to be an ordeal with dismal prospects. But we're doing it—maintaining a happy family, too, a belly laugh every day. What we have done should be routine stuff in any family faced with similar circumstances."

You look around the bright and pleasant Hall home, with seven calm, mannerly children scattered quietly about, and you wonder how routine Pappy's and Betty's accomplishment is, even under the best of circumstances and with ample income. It's a simple Cape Cod-style dwelling in a good suburban neighborhood. The furnishings are ample—primarily Early American, and featuring a fine old officer's sea chest in the living room. No television. Betty makes her own draperies and slipcovers, and re-upholsters when needed. There are five bedrooms and two baths, as well as the living room, dining room and kitchen.

The house cost \$13,750 when Betty and her husband bought it in 1957. There was a \$12,100 mortgage, and monthly payments were \$126. Their income was nearly \$10,000 a year. The living ought to have been good if not altogether easy. Betty's husband had recently been separated from the Marine Corps after twenty years of active duty as a noncommissioned officer. As a Marine he had seen many months of combat in World War II and in the Korean War. But he found the battle of civilian life to be the worst of all. He had taken a job selling encyclopedias door-to-door in Falls Church, Virginia, and had done so well that he was promoted to district sales manager and transferred to Schenectady. His troubles began during the winter of 1957-58.

He was trying to sell in one of the most difficult territories in the United States, and business was bad. Decorated for bravery in battle, always closely supported by other tough Marines, he was not prepared for the highly competitive, individualistic life of a salesman. The change was too difficult and too quick. He experienced the salesman's classic cause for total despondency: He could no longer sell his product. His relationship with his family and friends deteriorated; he became a bitterly suspicious and unhappy man, alternately belligerent and remorseful, often weeping.

In July, 1958, he was persuaded by Betty and their priest to enter a hospital for psychiatric observation and treatment. In his more lucid moments, he knew himself to be a very sick man. "His conditions for entering the hospital," Betty recalls, "were if somebody would provide a thousand dollars for our checking account, and if Dad would come back from Alaska to help. Uncle Joe let us have the money, and when Dad got my SOS he answered the call."

"I'm a pretty adaptable fellow," Pappy admits. "I headed my old jeep for Schenectady and drove nearly five thousand miles in just under fourteen days. When I turned into Betty's driveway, the old jeep just sighed and quit dead. Betty was pregnant with child number seven. She threw her arms around me and began crying."

Since that day, it has been pretty much Pappy's show. Betty has stopped crying.

Corbeill-Hall Monthly Expenditures

INCOME

Mr. Corbeill's Social Security allotment	\$84.00
Mr. Corbeill's Navy pension	143.00*
Mrs. Hall's average sewing earnings	100.00
	<u>\$327.00</u>

EXPENSES

Food from commissary	166.00
Clothing (includes shoes)	30.00
Mortgage payments	110.00
Utilities and telephone	61.00
Furniture, appliances, interior decorations	12.00
Household cleaning supplies	6.00
Property repairs, paint, plumbing, hardware, etc.	10.00
Dry cleaning, shoe repair ("A neighbor owns a laundry," Pappy says.)	3.00
Car expenses	32.00
Medical and dental	9.00
Insurance	8.00
Church	5.00
Recreation	4.00
Children's school expenses (includes token tuition of \$5 for three in grade school—tuition is same for one or ten children of the same family, and for daily milk at school. Alan's tuition—\$150 a year—is paid by his Aunt Ginny; Dianne's school tuition—\$100 a year—is paid by her Aunt Jean).	14.00
Magazines, newspapers, etc.	7.00
Cigarettes	2.00
Miscellaneous (Red Cross, Boy and Girl Scouts, American Legion dues, Retired Navy Association dues, contributions, etc.)	6.00
	<u>\$485.00</u>

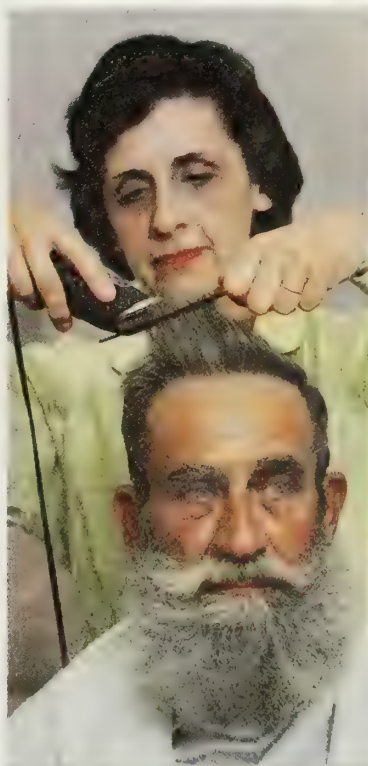
TOTAL Monthly Deficit \$158.00
*Mr. Corbeill's Navy pension is \$208. Personal expenses committed by previous obligation amount to \$50. G.I. insurance premiums are \$15. He pays neither Federal nor state income taxes.



Bill for week's food staggers even Pappy.



Betty drapes Dianne's party-dress-to-be.



Price of Pappy's haircut: Betty's time.



Betty sits up late to sew in "sweat shop."



Alan, the family "loner," seeks solace in music.

Pappy has *not* stopped telling stories. Somehow, the bills are being paid, the children are growing happily in a home that is orderly and peaceful.

An old sea dog who had seen most of the ports of the world, Pappy became a land wanderer in 1957, driving his second-hand jeep 40,000 miles from coast to coast, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Canadian Border, Mexico to Alaska. He will say he's ready to go again, but you get the notion, too, that maybe *he* needed being needed at just the time he was. In any event, he is now the patriarch of a young and handsome family. He has a good built-in audience, both at home and elsewhere in the city. He is a showman. Pappy is having fun—and everybody else around him is having fun.

"Don't you think it's all been beer and skittles," Pappy remarks. "When I came here, there was a constant stream of youngsters through the house. I think Steve and Gary were charging them a penny to look at me, two cents to feel my beard. I had to crack down a time or two. You know, you can't fool kids; they don't care a damn about duty—yours or theirs. You'll get no sympathy or co-operation simply because you look out for their welfare as a duty. If you can't show them by your actions that you're doing it because you like to do it, and that it is not a burden, you'll get nowhere. You win their loyalty only by sensible and affectionate discipline. My formula for rearing children is simple: praise them, correct them, reward them and don't be afraid to *boot* them!"

With kids, Pappy has the rhythm and the beat. "You begin by letting them alone," he explains. "Normality in a home with seven children means a certain amount of battling—so they can grow to adult status and battle normally then. Take the words and phrases of the average day: 'Shaddup!' and 'None of your business!' and 'Mom, he hit me, I didn't do nothing,' 'I'm hungry,' 'Oh, darn, I'm not allowed to do *anything*,' 'Naw, nothing happened at school.' I hear them but I don't hear them. I don't take sides, there's no war on. It's just a series of skirmishes interspersed by a few periods of clannish peace.

"Comes the evening circle time, there's compensation. The kids want stories and songs. I sing 'Bless 'em All,' 'Rolling Down to Rio,' 'Steamboat Bill,' 'Squaws Along the Yukon,' and such."

The real father of the family has not returned. Several years ago he was released from a naval hospital in the South and went to his home state, Alabama, where he sued for divorce, charging abandonment. Acting on the advice of her priest, relatives and

friends, Betty did not contest the suit; the divorce was granted. The judge ordered small monthly payments for the support of the children, but none has been received.

Betty Hall and her children are Roman Catholic, but her ex-husband was not. All of the children attend Catholic schools, their tuition paid by two of Betty's unmarried sisters. Pappy doesn't practice any formal religion or attend church, but he has helped the younger children to learn their catechism. "I believe in Lady Luck," Pappy says, "but Betty has a great deal of faith in Somebody Else. Between the two, we make out pretty well."

They needed both luck and faith when Pappy came. There was literally less than no money at all, for they had debts to pay. A rolling stone, separated from his wife, Pappy had gathered no moss, but he had a Navy pension of around \$200 a month and a Social Security allotment of \$84. He also had a variety of paid-up insurance policies, including a \$10,000 Government insurance policy dating from World War I. He was able to borrow \$4,100 on that. He also has cashed in the paid-up \$1,000 policies he still had on each of his own six children. With this stake, he has had extremely good luck in investments in common stock, which he sold before the market declined last year. He now owns none.

Betty's contribution to the family income from sewing fees—she calls her upstairs workroom her "sweatshop"—now averages nearly \$100 per month. (One Christmas it was \$164.74.) "This is a tremendous help," Pappy says. "My function is to buy time for this family. Betty and I decided when I first got here that the best thing we could do for the children was to keep her at home where she is needed. I thought then our resources would last about six months. Now, four years later, I think we'll make it, barring any catastrophe like major illness."

"We haven't had an illness requiring a doctor in five years," Betty remarks. "It's our greatest blessing."

"Our budget is 'No!'" Pappy sums up. "When one of the kids wants a pair of shoes, we yell 'No!' Then we hold a conference. It usually turns out he needs the shoes, so we buy them. But everything else—'No!'"

Although the monthly deficit of the Corbeil-Hall household averages \$158 (see budget box), Pappy seems to be doing a good job of juggling the family finances. "Every time we get in real trouble," he says, "I just go down to the bottom of my old sea chest and find some old policy or security or something." The family doesn't owe a dime, and all purchases are cash.

Pappy does the family shopping every Saturday morning at a naval commissary 10 miles away, saving, he figures, at least \$40 a month. He has found ways to keep the children well nourished at the lowest possible cost. They eat "tons" of dry cereal,

drink at least 24 quarts of milk a week. Half of the milk he makes with water and powdered milk. Bread and potato consumption is also phenomenal. "We don't buy steaks and roasts and plan a menu around them," he explains. "We buy what's cheapest in meat and vegetables and work from there—and all leftovers become stew."

Pappy finds the freezer a great help in his precise navy way of feeding nine. They eat well and do not waste a morsel.

To take advantage of a property-tax exemption he can get as a veteran in New York, Pappy took over the \$11,500 mortgage remaining on the house, which cut monthly payments from \$126 to \$110. He has also added to his income by doing odd jobs for neighbors; single-handed he painted the exterior of two houses, although he had never done any painting before. He also painted their house, learned to do minor plumbing jobs, wiring, carpentry and to service household appliances. He installed a large deluxe hot-water heater, which he had been able to buy for \$25. He built a back porch. The children also earn money by doing odd jobs for the neighbors. They are allowed to keep such earnings, but spending is supervised. "Dianne can't fill all the demands for baby-sitting, so Alan gets some of the spillover," Pappy discloses. Alan and Dianne receive a monthly allowance of five dollars each from their aunts.

When Betty is busy with sewing jobs, Pappy does the cooking, laundry, and housecleaning (with help from the children). Laundry must be done almost daily, and Pappy usually supervises the operation of a recalcitrant automatic washer he has taken apart and put together a half dozen times. Until joining the Hall household, he had never done any mechanical labor. In the Navy he was a yeoman, whose duties are largely paperwork; as a civilian he worked for nine years as an assistant in a law office. "But I found there's a book on about every subject you want to know about," he said with a shrug. "I get 'em and I study 'em."

All through the house you spot shelves of books. Stretched gracefully across a chair, Dianne is reading. Steve and Gary are placidly playing with trains on the living-room floor. Alan is on the telephone, talking low. Madonna is lying on her back, just thinking. Lorraine is snuggled down with Pappy in his favorite chair.

"I don't have any problems," Betty will tell you. "Oh, doesn't that sound arrogant?"

"People ask why I took over this job and hang onto it," Pappy says. "Maybe it's because I don't have to do it. You know, I must start off again one day. I won't find what I'm looking for because I don't know what it is, but it's always exciting to reach for the horizon. I remember one time when I was in Australia. . . ."

You know it's going to be another long story, and another good one, so you settle back in your chair to listen. • END





Lorraine and Madonna adore hearing Pappy read. They used to ask about "a father," but not anymore. Pappy has now taken over the paternal role.



Your diet may be a great success—but . . .

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Dieting is worth every delicious bite of cake you didn't eat if those scales fall short of last week's mark. But while you're getting slim and sylphlike, don't lose your man with "dieter's breath."

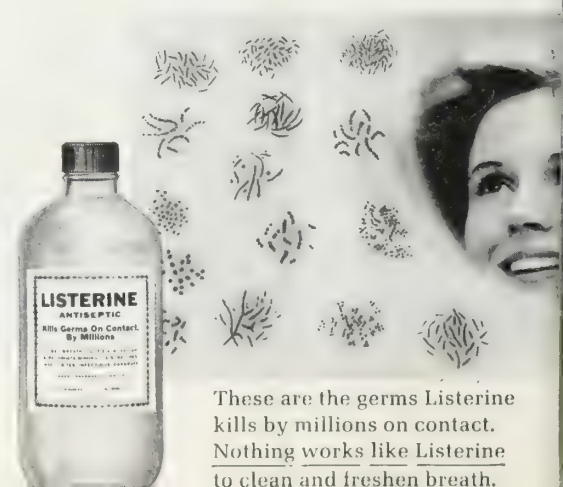
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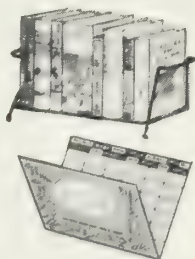
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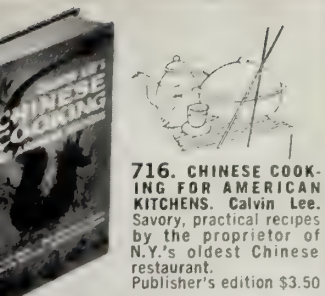
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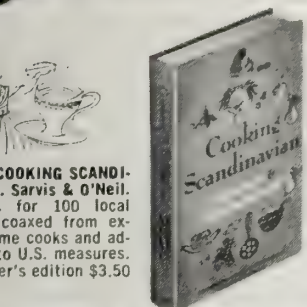


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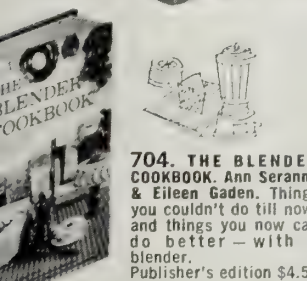
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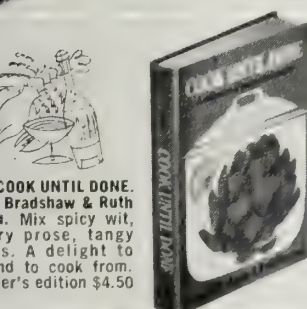
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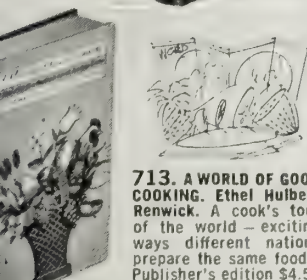
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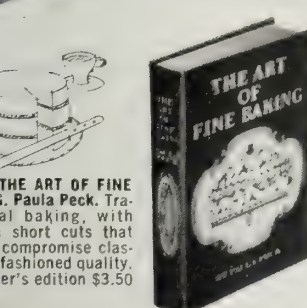
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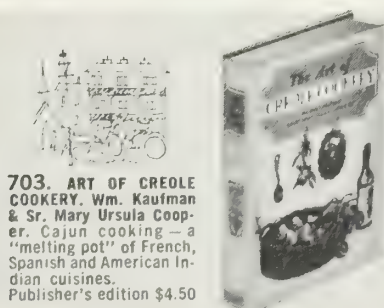
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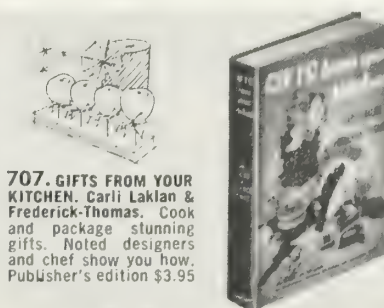
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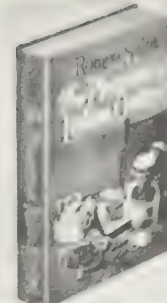
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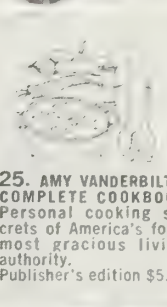
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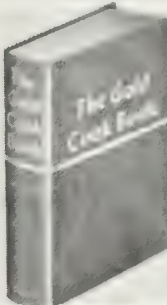
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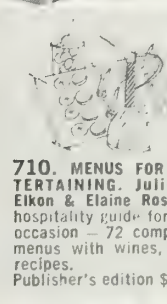
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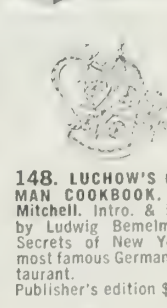
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- Lush gardens bloom indoors.** Cynthia Kellogg 80

HOME MANAGEMENT

- Look where the laundry is.** Margaret Davidson 84

Cover: Chic Audrey Hepburn, one of the world's best-dressed women, is set for fall in the Sportive Look. She wears a turtleneck fill-in which goes well with many of the tweed suits and other ensembles of this season's tailored fashions (pages 46 to 57). *Journal* readers can knit this turtleneck fill-in. See page 109 for directions. Miss Hepburn, who lives in Switzerland with her husband, Mel Ferrer, and young son, Sean, will be seen next in the Universal Pictures-Stanley Donen production, *Charade*, scheduled for release in December. The cover is the work of New York photographer Howell Conant and was taken especially for the *Journal*.

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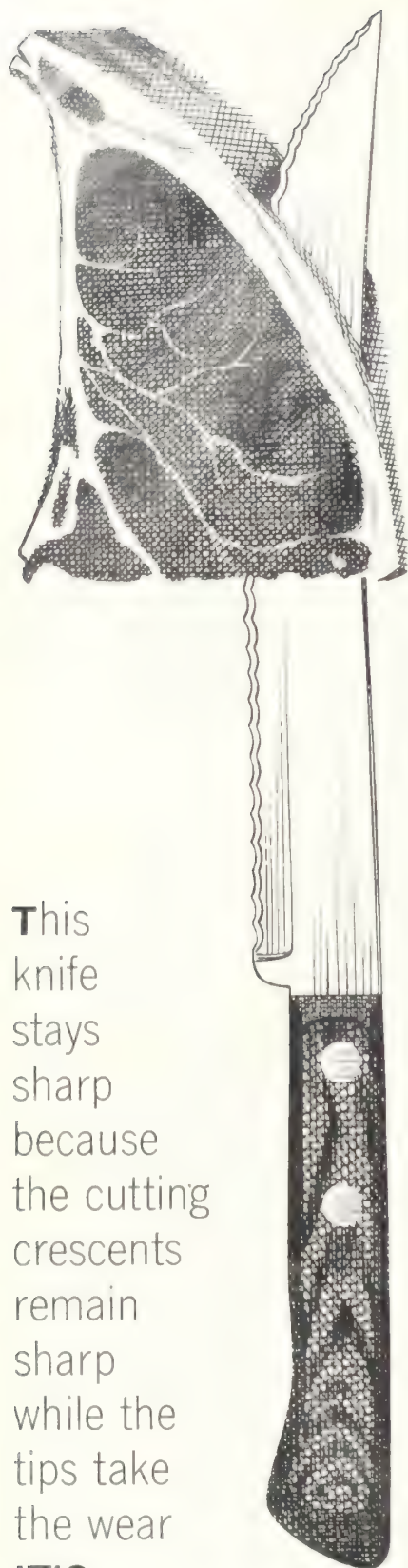
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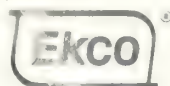
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NAIAO

The "new" summer Journal

Dear Editors: You did it! At last you found a layout department that knows how to plan a readable magazine. Just a flip through the pages of this latest issue proves you were as tired of the clutter and confusion as I.

Fifteen, 20, even 30 years ago, the *Journal* was something very special to me. Perhaps it can be again.

MRS. DAVID W. ANNIS
Hanover, Mass.

Dear Editors: My husband's comment on your startling summer cover: "A perfect picture of the modern woman's dilemma. She's cool, polished, slim, beautiful—and completely overwhelmed and frightened by what those huge, earthy, sensuous stone figures from the past represent." Did you do it deliberately?

MRS. L. M. CLARK
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

• Any woman in a Pucci dress should feel self-possessed no matter what is happening around her.—ED.

Michener's big book

Dear Editors: There are many fine women's magazines, but I have always preferred the *Journal* because of the fine quality and quantity of fiction. So I am glad to see James Michener's *Caravans* in your summer issue. More, please.

MRS. CLARENCE DAVIDSON
Rogersville, Tenn.

Dear Editors: Your fiction "bonus" was a frost. I struggled through *Caravans*—the trashy story of a street-walker without a street!

ALMEDA MORELY
Cambridge, Md.

Dear Editors: I couldn't stand that self-centered, nitwit heroine of Mr. Michener's new novel, but at least this was adult fiction which didn't insult my intelligence or sugarcoat reality. I'm really so weary of boy-meets-girl-in-New-York stories!

CONNIE FORD
Boston, Mass.

Fable or fabulous?

Dear Editors: Thanks for the real truth about Doris Day. That awful woman! She won't drink whiskey or wear low-

cut dresses! She likes popcorn and hot dogs and to think happy thoughts! I think she's *subversive*—let's investigate her!

LOIS TERRY
Fort Worth, Tex.

Dear Editors: There is really nothing mysterious about Doris Day. She simply fails to see the leadership role that is hers because of her fame, talent and drive. Unable to tell her success story for fear that people will poke fun, she resorts to hiding and hard work; but few of us would laugh if she were to speak intelligently.

MARTHA CONFRAY
Riverside, Ill.

Dear Editors: I've seen only one or two of Doris Day's movies; she's anything but one of my favorite actresses. But your article about her was in poor taste. When a writer refers to "distressing rumors" about a person, he becomes a petty gossip. I think you owe Doris Day and your readers an apology.

JUDY HIGBEE
Indianapolis, Ind.

Fashions for the family

Dear Editors: Bless you for those wonderful fashions for teen-agers (July-August *Journal*). These are the kind of clothes which will give my daughter a feeling of grown-up confidence (when her figure is at such an awkward stage), and yet won't make me feel embarrassed when I'm with her!

NAME WITHHELD, PLEASE
Columbus, Ohio

TV for culture

Dear Editors: Miss Marya Mannes' praise of educational TV (July-August *Journal*) is well deserved. But for most of us, this is no answer to the usual appalling network programs. Since most of educational TV time is devoted—as perhaps it should be—to courses, we still lack the drama, music and theater programs which can only come to us through commercial sources.

As long as the networks refuse to consider minority tastes, those of us who hunger for solid food will just have to starve.

HELEN STANLEY
Laurel, Miss.

SURPRISINGLY SIMPLE... FLOWER POT SANDWICHES

A striking way to serve a new, colorful and delicious array of sandwich fillings! Just be sure you spread the bread and make the fillings with creamy-smooth Real Mayonnaise, Best Foods, of course! Extra delicate and light, Best Foods highlights the natural flavors of other foods, never hides them.

TO ASSEMBLE FLOWER POT:

Cut two 3-1/2", one 3" and two 2-1/2" rounds from 5 bread slices. Spread with Real Mayonnaise, then with filling (about 1/2 cup per sandwich). Stack, use smallest rounds on bottom.

For flowers, insert food picks or skewers into radishes, cherry tomatoes, olives, cucumber or carrot slices. For leaves, use celery, parsley or green pepper.

DATE NUT FILLING:

1 2 cup finely chopped dates or prunes, 1/2 cup chopped nuts, 1/4 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise. Combine ingredients. Makes 1 cup.

SWEET HAM FILLING:

1 cup ground ham, 1/4 cup BEST FOODS® Real Mayonnaise, 3 tablespoons orange marmalade, 1 teaspoon dry mustard. Combine ingredients. Makes 1-1/2 cups.

CHEESE SALAD FILLING:

1/2 pound Swiss cheese, finely shredded (about 2 cups) 1/2 cup chopped tomato 3 tablespoons chopped pimiento stuffed green olives 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper 1/2 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise Salt
Combine ingredients. Makes 2 cups of filling.

TARTAR EGG FILLING:

3 hard cooked eggs, chopped 1/3 cup chopped, drained dill pickle 1/2 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise 1 teaspoon dry mustard 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion 1 teaspoon capers
Combine ingredients. Makes 1-3/4 cups.

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*FLOWER
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Can this marriage be saved?



Only their religion kept them together

Who shall be boss in the family? Many a wife quotes Henry Ford, who said that the question, "Who ought to be boss?" is like asking, "Who ought to be tenor in the quartet?" Obviously, the man who can do the job, Mr. Ford declared. Yet, even though she feels that she can do the job better than her husband, she does not feel satisfied in doing so! One of the delicate problems in our marriage-counseling work is to establish an equilibrium at this point—a task made more difficult by the many mothers who prevent their sons from developing initiative and taking responsibility. On the other side, many girls grow up to compete with men rather than to cooperate with them. (Incidentally, it is often said that Northern girls are much more trained in this pattern than are Southern girls.) The key to success in this, as in most other aspects of counseling, is not talk but action. When the couple are shown how to work together and play together in situations where the man can take a lead and be comfortable in doing so, and when his wife can show appreciation of good leadership, the balance is righted. The counselor in this case was Dale H. Meyer.

—PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D.

The American Institute of Family Relations

TINA TELLS HER SIDE: "Spiritual glue holds my marriage together—nothing else," said 35-year-old Tina, trimly dressed and 14 years a housewife. "If Guy and I were not Mormons, I imagine we would have been divorced long ago. But we were married in the Temple in Salt Lake City and both of us believe the vows we exchanged are sacred, binding—and irrevocable.

"Life outside the church is, to us, unthinkable, but, believe me, life inside marriage sometimes seems unbearable. For a dozen years now we have struggled to put up a harmonious front in public, and perhaps have fooled outsiders. But behind closed doors and drawn window shades we quarrel all the time.

"I don't want to sound melodramatic, but the truth is our marriage is a fraud and a sham. We quarrel over everything—the children, my parents, my housekeeping, Guy's selfishness, tongue and temper. We are destroying ourselves and our daughters with endless dissension. Eleven-year-old Ruth has superior intelligence, but is so nervous she can't learn to read adequately. The two younger girls reflect the unhappiness in our home and suffer from inner tensions. Janey has terrible nightmares, and Carol is a stutterer.

'Last night Guy arrived two hours late for dinner and without telephoning. Many wives would

By Dorothy Cameron Disney

have fed their youngsters and sent them to bed. But Guy has an absolute phobia about family dinner—all of us must sit down together. So the girls waited and got hungry and whiney.

"When Guy reproved the children for their sullenness, I unwisely defended them. His tardiness, I said, accounted for the ill-natured household. Ruth, who should have kept still, then jumped into the argument, and Guy lit into her; he brought up her reading deficiencies and demanded to see her latest report card. That put both Ruth and me on the spot. Just the day before I had signed the report card and sent it back to school—the child's grades were so poor I didn't want him to see them. I told Guy what I had done, and he hit the ceiling.

"A conspiracy between mother and daughter, said he, constituted 'sly practice.' Well, I had been *devious*, but I was trying to avert a paternal explosion. We got the explosion anyway. Ruth rushed away from the table and was sick at her stomach. The younger girls went to bed in tears. There was no escape for me. For the rest of the evening, for hour after hour, Guy lectured me as though I were a juvenile delinquent.

"Guy is the original angry man. And he wants to supervise everything. Several months ago he and our next-door neighbor—one of the few friends we've made since we moved to Southern California from Idaho—agreed to build a cypress fence together. Guy gave so many orders that Tom walked off the job and hasn't spoken to us since. Nor has his wife dropped in on me for coffee. Guy has his work and apparently doesn't need companionship, but I get miserably bored and lonesome.

"We go almost nowhere. He prefers to sit at home with his shoes off and hand down orders and pick flaws in me and the girls. He is hypercritical, a weakness he defines as being honest but that wins no popularity prizes for him. Once I told his mother that I admired an unflattering costume. He interrupted, flatly contradicted me and later, in a furious quarrel, called me dishonest and a moral coward. I say I was tactful.

"Guy picks my clothes and attempts to pick our daughters' clothes. The other day he broke Ruth's heart by sending back a very attractive shift my mother had bought for her. Too expensive and too extreme, said Guy, although her school classmates appear in similar dresses. He oversees the marketing, decides what bargains he is to pay for and I

am to cook. He tells me to wash his shirts on Monday, to iron on Tuesday, when to vacuum and scrub and how to do it. However, he doesn't help me. On the contrary, he scatters his clothes like sunflower seeds and he always leaves the bathtub looking like a sheep dip.

"I want to be fair. I can't deny that Guy has many solid virtues. An economist and tax expert, he is a good provider and we have a nice home. He won't tell me exactly what he earns—a mere wife isn't entitled to business confidences—but I estimate his income at \$12,000 or \$14,000 a year.

"Guy neither smokes nor drinks, and I am sure the idea of infidelity has never crossed his mind. We are both faithful about church attendance; I play the organ there on Sunday. It's one of my few outlets, since I get so little chance to circulate. We have no second car; a needless expense, says Guy, and adds that he doesn't trust my driving. When my parents are vacationing in their nearby beach cottage, things are easier. Mother chauffeurs us then, and the girls and I get a little recreation.

"My father is a prosperous Idaho banker, whom my mother once described as an iron-tailed dinosaur, the sole survivor of the paleolithic age. Father made all four of us children—I'm the youngest—toe the line in everything. As a child I was scared to death of him, although my brothers declared I was the only one who could 'get around him.' On Sundays as we drove home from church, the boys would pinch me and whisper, 'Ask him. Ask him.' So I would wheedle until Father stopped the car and bought ice-cream cones for all. And then Mother and I would smile at each other.

"Guy and I were born not 50 miles apart, but we did not meet until I was a junior at the state university. Although Guy was a freshman, he was four years older and I regarded him as a man of the world. He was tall and handsome, an excellent dancer, had an outstanding war record. We were married the June I graduated; Guy still had two years to go. My parents weren't too happy about it, but they gave us a fine wedding.

"My father offered to foot the bill for a honeymoon trip, but Guy declined. I was proud of his independence and content to honeymoon in our little campus apartment. Marriage seemed wonderful then; Guy was thoughtful, considerate, kind; I came first in everything. But that rosy interlude did not last long. My mother-in-law was injured in an automobile accident. Someone had to take care of her, and we gave up our place and moved into her house. (Continued on page 12)

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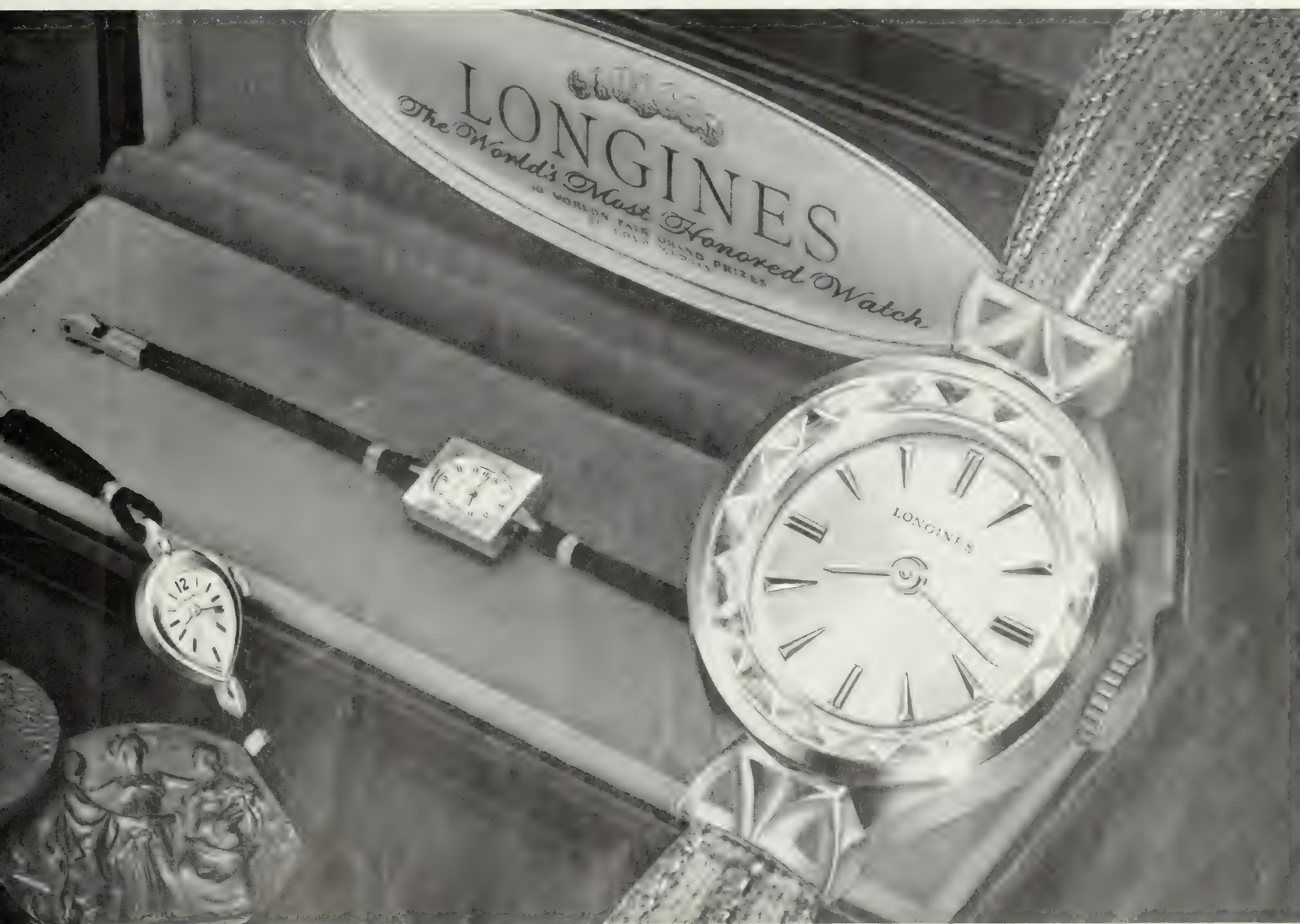
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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

(Continued from page 10) "My mother-in-law is a person I don't understand and never will. It is true she has had a hard life. Guy's father died when he was six, and she went to work to support the two of them. But such a disposition! For fourteen months I looked after her and her house and never received a kind word. When she criticized my housekeeping, Guy leaped to my defense—but the balance of the time he was criticizing me too. And we really had no private life whatever.

"When I became pregnant with Ruth, I felt almost suicidal. We were deeply in debt because of the medical expenses, and I was determined that I would not have my child under that woman's roof. So I went to my father, borrowed enough money to pay the bills and to hire a practical nurse. Dad made the down payment on a house for us away across town, and we moved out. Oddly enough, my mother-in-law was back on her feet in less than a month and she went back to her job.

"Guy and I have never really re-established our marriage on a satisfactory basis since that time. For one thing, he deeply resents my parents and tries to keep us apart. They have been good to us, as he admits. I consider his attitude ungrateful and unfair. Perhaps he thinks Father looks down on him because his people were hard-scrabble farmers. I just don't know.

"But I do know that one of the reasons I married Guy was that he seemed so unlike my father. Dad can be pretty much the Old Testament patriarch. Guy seems to have developed some of the same tendencies. I guess patriarchs find it beneath their dignity to help with the diapers and the dishes."

GUY TELLS HIS SIDE: "Last night Tina called me a misogynist, a woman hater," said Guy. "In part, Tina was correct. Perhaps I don't dislike the feminine sex as a whole, but I despise feminine wiles and trickery, feminine bossiness. The women I've known best—my mother, my wife, my mother-in-law—have given me a hard time.

"My mother, a tyrant in petticoats, did her level best to tie me to her apron strings and turn me into a Little Lord Fauntleroy. One of my few recollections of my father was his jerking me from Mother's iron embrace the day before I entered school. Then he sprinted toward the car so he could drive me to the barbershop for a haircut. As I recall, she threw a tack hammer after us, and it hit him on the shoulder. Until then, to my shame and embarrassment, I had worn shoulder-long blond curls.

"After Father's death, Mother clung to me as though I were her only hope, and I suppose I shouldn't blame her. For years she and I lived with shirttail relatives on a run-down farm; there she worked from dawn to dusk to justify our keep. Summers and after school, I worked along with her. To me it seemed that education offered the only key that might unlock my prison and free both of us from bone-breaking drudgery.

"Mother didn't agree. Her goals weren't high. Daily she assured me that a high-school diploma was a luxury beyond my talents, and unnecessary anyway. Despite her, I went to town, enrolled in high school and got a job jerking soda. She followed and landed a job as a cashier in the same drug-store. Both of us were far better off than we'd been with our hard, harsh kin, but she never said so to me. On graduation night, when I was valedictorian, she didn't either compliment or praise me.

"I wanted to join the Army. Military glory wasn't my aim, although I later saw combat in Korea. I had my eye on the Bill and a future college education. In those days, if under age, you had to have parental consent to volunteer. My mother wouldn't sign the necessary papers for me. So I scratched around at dull, small-time jobs until the day I reached my majority and then I immediately joined up.

"During the four years I spent in the service I kept my nose clean, saved my money and had little use for girls. To tell the truth, I shrank from the type of girl—both at home and abroad—who is interested in uniforms and especially in spending the paychecks on first-class privates.

"Matriculation at the university was high spot for me. And then I met Tina. To me she was a dazzling, very-distant star. Before she hadn't spoken to me first, it's possible I would never have mustered the courage to speak to her. Tina bowled me over.

"Because I liked her parents, I naively supposed they liked me. I was hungry for male companionship and looked forward to the time my father-in-law would be a genuine friend. But it wasn't long until I became aware of the fact that he was disappointed in Tina's choice of a husband, and that neither he nor her mother wanted to let their little lamb go.

"Tina and I were married on a cloudy and unseasonably cold day. That night there was a terrific thunderstorm and the morning rain continued to fall in torrents. Tina and I felt cozy, sheltered, happy in our campus apartment. Our sexual relationship was perfect and remained so until a constant quarreling spoiled it. Toward noon as we enjoyed our first breakfast together, we heard heavy footsteps coming up the stairs. Thump, thump, thump—and then a crashing knock on the door. I opened it and in strode my father-in-law. He carried a note from Tina's mother inviting us to come to their house for lunch right away and reminding her to wear rubbers and a raincoat.

"As the only girl, Tina had been babied and indulged by her mother. I soon learned she couldn't cook, couldn't clean, and expected me to hang up her clothes as well as my own. Hard as my mother worked outside the home, she had always seen to it that our meager quarters were scrubbed and shining. Tina is now a fair housekeeper, only because I lay down the law, outlined her daily tasks and keep after her until they are accomplished. If I didn't watch the supermarket specials and do most of the marketing, our pantry shelves would be bare—or I would be bankrupt. To this day Tina pays no attention to the price of groceries; she just expects me to provide.

"As a bridegroom I tried to be patient with her inefficiency. Her conception of housekeeping was to shove things under the bed, under the sofa, anywhere out of sight. One afternoon I brought a visiting professor to our place for a cup of tea. When I opened the hall closet to put away his hat, an avalanche of dirty laundry gushed forth and buried me to the knees. Tina and guest burst out laughing, but I missed the humor of the occasion.

"Nor was I amused when I discovered her mother was smuggling into our home the cakes and pies I innocently supposed were baked by my bride. We had no money to send out laundry—I was determined we should live on my earnings—and was pleased by how quickly Tina learned to wash and iron my shirts. I then discovered my thanks should have been paid on to the laundress employed by my father-in-law.

(Continued on page



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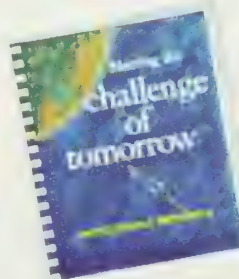
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SCOTT  MAKES IT BETTER FOR YOU

ed from page 12) "Three years marriage was in such bad shape I thought the only solution would be to get away from all our in-laws. I decided we should move. I took a business and relocated in Southern California. What happened? Six months later my parents bought a beach cottage a day.

My old gentleman guards his interests too much of the time, but Tina's behavior seems to vacation perennially here.

Tina visit or talk on the phone every day. Behind my back the two are constantly laying plots and calculating to undermine my authority or defeat my wishes.

Recently I told my eldest daughter I didn't have a new dress until she brought her reading marks. Ruth's grandmother came up with the dress as a 'surprise.' That surprise, I'm positive, was by Tina, and maybe my 11-year-old daughter was also a member of the board. How do you suppose that made me feel?

She complains she has no friends and is alone nowhere. Frankly, I hate to be alone in a crowd. In my view most conversations are pretty shallow stuff, but Tina, who smiles and nods and echoes my words, strikes me as insincere and might be hypocritical. Anyhow, Tina needs friends; she has her mother. I've never mentioned my business to Tina because she would run for her father. Nevertheless, I have to work long hours and keep my toes to stay even with the game. I can't sit down at the table and have dinner with my family, but if I don't get up by six o'clock, Tina thinks herself

I give no consideration from my wife. I have the love and the respect of my children but I'm not getting it. Tina is too controlling over our girls and refers all matters of discipline to me. When I come in the door, the youngsters often skitter off and hide. I want my kids to be afraid of me. And I correct them at Tina's request, I do not stand behind me.

Now I lose my temper too easily. I talk too much, just as Tina says, I'm too impatient and critical. Most of the time I feel so trapped and frustrated I'm in a rage at the whole world. Tina isn't living up to our ideals and expectations. I would willingly sacrifice a great deal if she and I could find calm and peace in our marriage and in our lives."

MARRIAGE COUNSELOR SAYS: "Despite the estrangement and disharmony of their family life, Tina and Guy had the anchor of religious faith to keep them from being blown away by the tempests of temper. This was a union of two obviously strong people. Each had subconsciously decided to lean upon the other.

Guy was the son of a neurotic mother who had a grudge against everybody because of her widowhood and poverty. As a young boy, Guy acquired a sense of social inferiority based on his kinship to the skin-deep relatives for whom his mother had been forced to work. During this period his life became badly torn—for, even as he loved his mother, he waged a silent battle against relentless maternal efforts to mold his will and shape his future.

From the beginning, Guy was prepared to follow Tina's wealthy, influential father. He secretly admired his father-in-

law's lordly bearing and intransigence. Happily, Guy was the type of man who finds it hard to forgive a favor. When his father-in-law bailed him out of early financial difficulties, he fancied his own independence was in peril. Tina's behavior only increased his fearfulness on this score.

"Her techniques at handling a husband borrowed from her mother, a confirmed manipulator and conniver, aroused all Guy's latent doubts of his strength and manhood. As a boy he reacted to feelings of frustration and inadequacy with rebellion and furious anger. As an adult, his automatic response to such feelings remained the same. Rage and fear are often fellow travelers.

"When Tina explored her relationship with her husband, she realized she was treating Guy in the manner both she in her girlhood and her mother had treated her father. She had maneuvered Guy to gain her own purposes, subtly teased and even taunted him. Deeply affronted, feeling his masculinity belittled and endangered, he had paid her back with violent scenes.

"Once Tina and Guy perceived the underlying emotional causes of their many bitter quarrels, they were able to mend their ways. Tina tried to give Guy some of the consideration he so badly needed. She stopped quoting her father and stirring up his jealousy; she cut down on the telephone calls to her mother, eliminated the intrigue. Guy began to discuss his business worries with her as soon as he felt assured she wouldn't report his confidences to his in-laws. He also bought a second car, which they could well afford, and Tina then called less on her mother to be a chauffeur.

"Guy made other concessions; he no longer nagged his wife when he expected to be taken to dinner, and consequently received a warmer greeting. He now allows Tina to choose wardrobes for herself and the girls, and make out the menus for their meals.

"We counselors don't hold with the concept of parceling out blame over human frailties. However, it did come to me that Guy was too self-righteous, dedicated to the absolute truth, and that people with blunt personal remarks gave overextended explanations of his actions in all matters. On the other hand, in the use of tact and expediency, Tina was a little too careless with facts. Both tried their best to curb these tendencies, and a considerable degree of success.

"After Tina curtailed visits to her mother, Guy recognized her need for companionship and diversion. He began to take her out once twice a week. When he talked less dogmatically, he became a more agreeable guest at parties and he found he actually enjoyed listening to the conversation of other people.

"The improvement in the well-being of the three girls, as the battles of their adolescence subsided, was swift and dramatic. Tina still stutters, but Ruth's reading progress has disappeared, along with Janey's nightmares. Tina and Guy's progress toward peace and calm was more gradual. However, Tina recently sent me a postcard written aboard a plane bound for Europe. She reported that the youngsters were dividing their time among grandparents, that she and Guy were flying by jet toward a second honeymoon and were radiantly happy.

"It should be remembered, of course, that Tina and Guy had a very definite advantage on their side. They believed in the institution of marriage and were determined to stick with it. Most marriages can be repaired when both husband and wife refuse to entertain the idea of divorce." • END



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FOR THAT YOUNG IVORY LOOK

Dr. Spock speaks to mothers



Why Some Babies Become Too Attached to Their Bottles

ears it baffled me that some es become *more* attached to tles in the last half of their first t at the age when other infants d with bottle or breast. Results dy of ours seem to provide an with practical implications for trying to wean their babies.

nt or nine months, a baby of the e may be described as follows: his bottle, seizes it eagerly, t and murmurs to it while he to the last drop. At five or six he took sips of milk willingly e cup. Now he bats it away. ably, though, he still takes water from the cup.

y of the second type may have ast-fed, though some bottle-fed behave similarly. When he's x months old his mother will a feeding as follows: He no urses for 20 minutes. He stops few minutes, smiles, babbles, o play. Nudged back to feed, to lose interest again quickly. s ready for gradual weaning.

his difference? It is important nber that at about six months a beginning to show significant He is trying to sit up. He may r be willing to take his bottle in his mother's arms but wants it sitting upright in her lap. to keep his hands on his bottle to hold it himself. These devel-

indicate that he is becoming at he's a separate person from her. He no longer wants to eveloped by her. He wants to is independence, at least in a y.

study which we conducted at Reserve Medical School we connection between this striv- independence and the question some babies give up the bottle at the age when others become atuated with it.

ined one clue long ago. A baby ne bottle to take to bed, I'd is more likely to become at- o it—and to want to hang onto he age of one and a half or two; uld never find the full explana- our study, each mother was not to give the baby the bottle o bed, and almost all the babies aned to the cup by a year.

scussed the favorite soft objects h young children become at- a blanket, diaper or stuffed An English pediatrician, D. W. tt, has called these "transi- objects." He meant that they are

not a part of the baby as is his thumb, his first pleasurable plaything, yet are not separate from him as the conventional playthings which he is given later. The baby makes this transitional object his source of security.

Doctor Winnicott did not include nursing bottles among the transitional objects. But it struck me that the bottle which a child takes to bed is similar to the transitional object. It becomes precious to him at the same age—six months. He needs it most when he is tired and sleepy, when he wants to retreat to that earlier age at which he wasn't trying to be independent. The bottle brings back the sucking pleasure of those good old days (just as the soft object brings back the pleasure of touching his mother's skin or clothing when he used to be cradled in her arms). As a result, the baby refuses to accept a substitute—the cup.

But though he now wants to retreat (regress) somewhat at bedtime—and we believe this is the most significant finding—he doesn't want to go all the way back. The degree of independence he has won at six months is too important. The value of the soft object and of the bottle is that they give the security his mother provided, and yet he can still feel independent of her. He can have his cake and eat it too. No wonder he has a new attachment to his bottle and a suspicion of the cup.

What are the practical applications of this concept? It reinforces my belief that if a mother wishes to wean her baby to a cup before a year she had better not give him his bottle in bed. If she does, he may become so dependent on it that he won't be able to go to sleep without it, whereas a bottle given to the baby in the mother's lap cannot become a mother-substitute.

Is there any harm in continuing the bottle until two years? I think it preferable that a baby be weaned to the cup by a year because he is ready for the cup then. If a child is encouraged in some infantile habit long beyond when he could have outgrown it, it may hamper him in his emotional development.

I do not want to go so far as to say that this habit will invariably handicap a baby—even a little. I just think it preferable for him to be weaned as soon as he seems ready. I'm convinced, from the way the babies in our study behaved, that most infants have all the suckling they need by the age of six months, as shown by their indifference to breast or bottle, and can be weaned without deprivation. • END

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M. D.



Tween Age is
that wondering, wishing,
terribly busy
eight-to-twelve time.

A time for
making up her own mind.
A time for
seriously looking at herself
in the mirror.

A time for
knowing something
you don't know.
A time when her shoes
simply have to have
a certain special look.

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JOURNAL ORIGINAL No. 5

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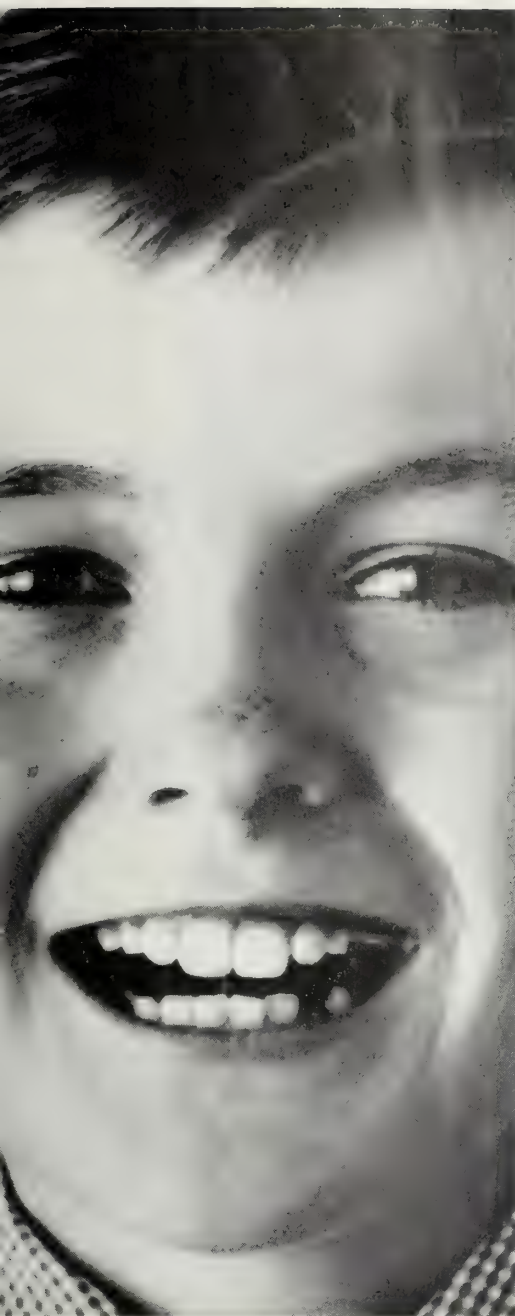
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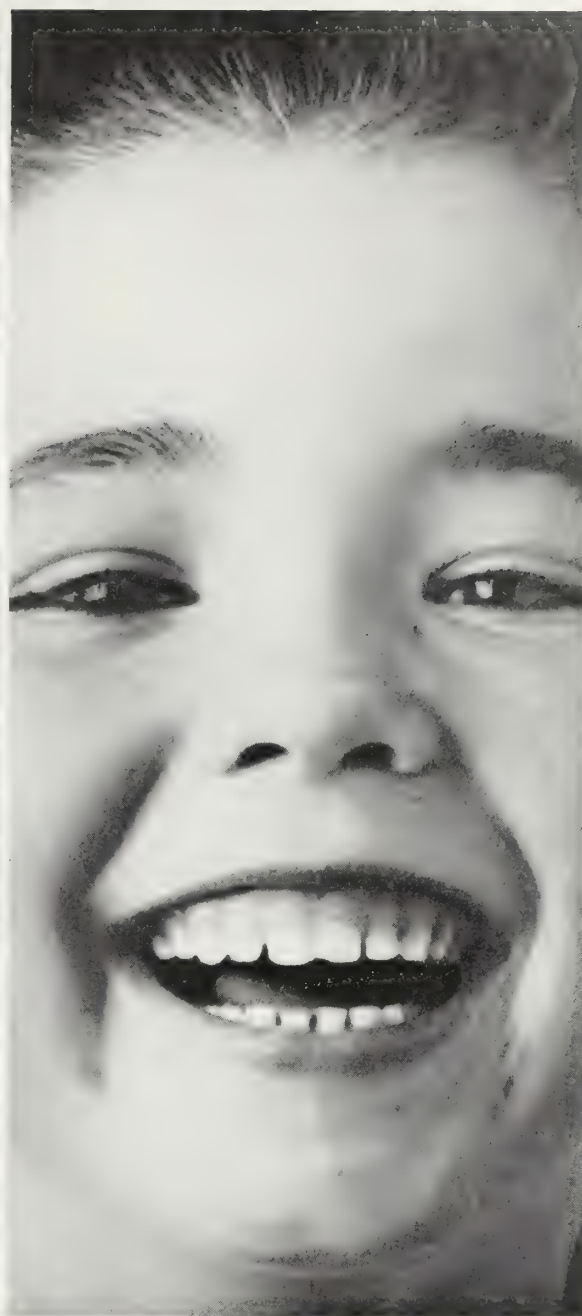
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Journal of Dentistry for Children, First Quarter, 1963, pp. 17-25

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By Hannah Lees

NEW OPEN DOOR POLICY FOR WAYWARD GIRLS

Troubled teen-agers are getting a second chance through a Wisconsin program that places them in home environments.



A Harris ward fights the blues to the tune of "When Will I Be Loved?"—favorite record of the girls struggling to escape past miseries.

"I been cheated . . . I been mistreated . . . when will I be loved?" chant the moaning voices of the singers on a record that spins wearily over and over again in a basement recreation room in Sparta, Wisconsin. For the seven teen-age girls who listen to it endlessly, wearing faded jeans, boys' shirts, hair rolled up in knockwurst-sized curlers, it is more than a pop song. It is a personal confession, a cry for understanding.

The girls are delinquents—part of the human flotsam that society neither understands nor wants.

But a pair of grandparents, Max and Evelyn Harris, and 24 other couples scattered across Wisconsin are trying to make up for society. They are doing this by providing a home and a measure of understanding and love to youngsters who have been rejected by their parents and have found only misery from their efforts to fight back against a hostile world.

Most of the girls come from broken homes. In their young lives they have seen alcoholism, adultery, brutality, poverty, incest—the panorama of human sickness and degradation. In their blind and angry efforts to survive, in their pathetically desperate search for love and attention, they struck out at society—and at themselves—with an almost unbelievable viciousness born of loneliness and despair.

In the last five years the Harrises have taken into their home: a girl who choked the matron of a county detention home into

unconsciousness with a brassiere and locked her in a closet; a girl who forged hundreds of dollars in checks; a dozen chronic shoplifters, a 14-year-old alcoholic. Some were truants and runaways. Others were blatantly promiscuous. Many brought with them their defense against the world—an assortment of weapons that included knives, razors, sharpened files and beer-can openers. All would have been committed to the Wisconsin State School for Girls. Some were.

These problem kids lived with the Harris family from one to three years. All but a few have gradually shed their delinquent skins and emerged as responsible citizens. Eleven are now married and leading normal lives. Several others work and support themselves. The seven now living with the Harrises attend school regularly and get better than passing grades.

The Wisconsin Group Home Project is a relatively new approach to the old problem of juvenile delinquency. It is an attempt to restore these youngsters to society by removing the initial causes of their antisocial behavior. The group idea is based on the belief that the girls feel more comfortable in a foster home if they have others with them who have shared their unhappy situation and understand them. It boils down to the old bromide: "misery loves company."

The couples in the project are paid by the state. They receive \$30 a month for every bed held available whether it is occupied or not; \$80 a month for each youngster living at their home; plus \$10 for each girl's cloth-

ing, complete medical and dental care, and \$10 for pocket money. But if a girl is sent to jail for even a day, the Group Home parents aren't paid for that day.

A good part of the money goes for just feeding the girls, whose appetites seem to be stimulated by their emotional problems. A typical evening meal for eight girls, Mrs. Harris says, includes ten pounds of potatoes, a six-to-eight-pound roast, salad, two other vegetables, and dessert. "They like the dessert best," says Mrs. Harris with a smile.

The girls take turns saying grace at meals except when one of them has been bad. "Then it's automatically her turn," Mrs. Harris says. Mrs. Harris instructs the girls in cooking, Mr. Harris in table manners.

When you ask any of the Group parents why they do it, it is clear which motive—love or money—predominates. "Why, we've always liked kids." "Helping them makes us feel good." "Because we love these kids." "They make life interesting."

The last comment is an understatement. The Harrises' first group of girls had a knife-throwing contest in the upstairs hall soon after they arrived. (Max later learned to impound all weapons). Using an antique chest for a target they pretended it was Mrs. Edith Sommer, the state probation officer who works with the Harrises.

Alice, a 14-year-old with the face of an ingenue, told Max Harris the night she arrived, "Wanta know how to get money out of a parking meter, Uncle Max? You can do it easy with a bobby pin. For a pay


phone you have to use an eraser on the end of a pencil." This girl is now happily married, keeps an immaculate house and is about to have a baby.

"I got an A in typing, Aunt Ev," said Janice, who stole a carton of cigarettes," reported Janice one day after school. Mrs. Harris sent her back to pay for the cigarettes and gave her five dollars to bring home groceries, which she did with precise accounting. "That's the hardest thing for the girls to do," says Mrs. Harris, "to go down and face up to the people they've stolen from. The store's manager now has complete faith in Janice's honesty."

Another girl, built along the lines of an Amazon, would habitually put her hand on her head and flex her biceps at Max Harris whenever he scolded her. "She was telling me," chuckles Max, "'Watch yourself, you little squirt, or I'll throw you out of your own house.'"

What sort of people take on a project like this? Max Harris is short, sixtyish, medium-built man with a crop of snow-white hair around the sides of his bald head and a seemingly perpetual twinkle in his eye. He ran a café-restaurant in Sparta (pop. 6,000) for 25 years and then went into home building. He built the present Harris house himself.

"When we first went into this business," he says, "they really sent us some dill. They're hungry for love. They'll do anything. They even faint for attention. You get used to it." (Continued on page



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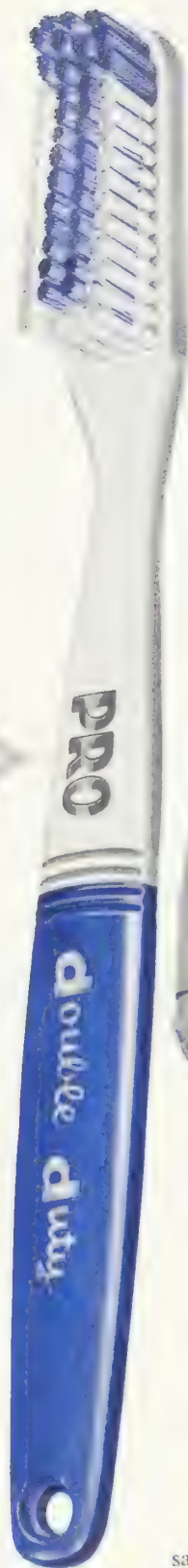


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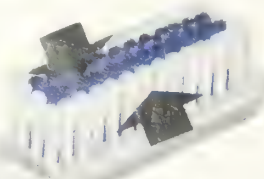
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TUNE IN ARTHUR GODFREY SHOW, CBS RADIO

WAYWARD GIRLS

(Continued from page 26) Mrs. Harris is a pleasant-looking woman, with a large store of compassion. "Those kids break your heart and walk on it," she says, "then turn around and are so appreciative it chokes you up. Oh, the notes they write us after they've been mean. It's as if they couldn't live without us to love them."

The Harrises' biggest problem is their virtual imprisonment. They must remain available to the girls at all times. "When the girls are under pressure," Mrs. Harris says, "you never know what they're going to do." Because of this instability, most people don't want to stay with them. To get someone to stay with the girls the Harrises have to pay as much as ten dollars for a day or three dollars for a few hours, in order to get away from the house. "Most people don't want the responsibility," Mrs. Harris says. "The hardest part of all this, something no amount of money can pay for, is the confinement. If only we could have a weekend off every three months."

Even their entertaining at home has been curtailed. Many couples are reluctant to visit the house. Also, the Harrises now extend fewer invitations than they used to because they are afraid of upsetting the girls. And they no longer keep any liquor in the house for entertaining.

Worst of all, the Harrises see their own children and nine grandchildren less. The girls, because of their intense need for affection, are jealous of anyone competing for that affection—even the Harrises' own family. When a son or daughter or grandchild visits, the girls pout and sulk. As a result, family visits are now infrequent.

Why are the girls so desperate for affection? Take the case of Lana, a pretty 16-year-old with darkish-blond hair. Both her mother and father worked, managing to stay sober during working hours and quite drunk the rest of the time. At the age of 11, she was sexually attacked by a man while she was baby-sitting for his five children. Her parents were too drunk to know or care. "To show my folks I didn't care," she says, she started sleeping with boys who would bring her whiskey. She didn't like the taste, but it helped her get drunk. The next four years of her life were a whiskey-filled orgy of sex and violence.

She came to the Harrises last year, does average work in school and is planning to get married upon graduation. "As soon as I graduate," she says, "we're going to ask to get married. I know my folks'll sign—they don't care." She says she wants to have at least three children, or "as many as we can afford. I'd like my kids to have clothes . . . and . . . mostly love."

Roberta, 17, has an almost plaintive, acquiescent aspect. Born on a farm in Northern Wisconsin, she had her first sexual experience when she was ten, promoted by her older brother for his friends. Her parents were divorced when she was 12. Her father wanted to keep what little money the family had for the children, but her mother was more interested in alcohol. When Roberta's father refused to buy more liquor, her mother took up with other men, including an uncle. She even took some of the children with her when she went to meet her lovers. The children finally told the father. Later, Roberta ran away from home because there wasn't enough food, and she was placed in the Wisconsin State School for Girls. The school authorities, however, wisely realized that Roberta hadn't done anything wrong, and recommended that she be sent to the Harrises.

At the Harrises, Roberta receives the love and attention she had always missed.

"I sort of dread leaving here," she says. "I don't want to go. I'd rather be here than anyplace." She will have to go when she reaches her 18th birthday. The state's responsibility for her will then end. She hopes to get married after graduating from high school. When asked what she'll do if she doesn't get married, Roberta shrugs almost helplessly. She hasn't thought about it and probably doesn't want to. She'll resign herself to accept more of society's buffeting.

"These girls have lived," says Ed Sommer, the probation officer. "There's nothing they haven't known. Only one of these girls has parents living together; the others, like the majority of the parents, are chronic drunks. One alcoholic mother living with her third husband, who recently broke her jaw. The father of another I committed suicide years ago; her mother had fifteen children, half of them illegitimate, and then deserted them all. The mothers of two of the girls had boyfriends living with them and didn't want the daughters around. One girl was molested by her grandfather before she was ten. Even one of them has grown up taking brawls, stealing and promiscuity for granted."

The National Council on Crime and Delinquency, which has watched and periodically evaluated the Wisconsin program since it began in 1956—the first of two in the country, the other in Minnesota—considers it an important breakthrough in the handling of delinquents. Ten years ago an underage wayward girl picked up by the police was committed as a delinquent to the Wisconsin State School for Girls. After release from jail the girl was sent back home to reinfect with a corrupt way of life. The Wisconsin program began placing delinquents in foster homes, on probation, as a stepping stone from the state school to adult life. Some did well. Others became more disturbed living alone with foster parents whom they considered the adult enemy.

Seven years ago Lester Wogahn, supervisor in the Division of Corrections, wondered if youngsters might not feel more comfortable in groups of four or more, supposedly foster parents could handle them. Wogahn worked out details with two of his probation agents, and with a \$2,000 grant from the Children's Bureau in Washington and the permission of Wisconsin's progressive Director of Corrections, Sanger Powers, found two couples willing to try the experiment.

"No family can really believe what they are getting into. The Harrises are angry. I couldn't stay with these girls day after night," says Mrs. Sommer, a straight-backed, rosy woman in her late 50's who has been part of the experiment from the beginning.

"I gloss over nothing and even try to exaggerate the difficulties to foster parents, but the sheer savagery of these youngsters always comes as a surprise. Preparing parents is only one part of the problem. Preparing a community to receive a household of delinquents is a harder task."

In each proposed group-home community, the local judge, sheriff and police, the neighborhood minister and priest, and the principal of the high school the youngsters would attend are contacted and told the aims of the program. At least one community refused outright to allow a group home in the area. Others were passively hostile at first, but extended their co-operation after some of their fears were calmed by the results of the program in other areas.

"Mrs. Sommer talked to me before she opened the Harris home to state girls," says the Sparta high-school principal. "We had the understanding that if the kids caused trouble she would step in and handle it. We had some rough times at first. For a while I had a girl in my

(Continued on page 27)

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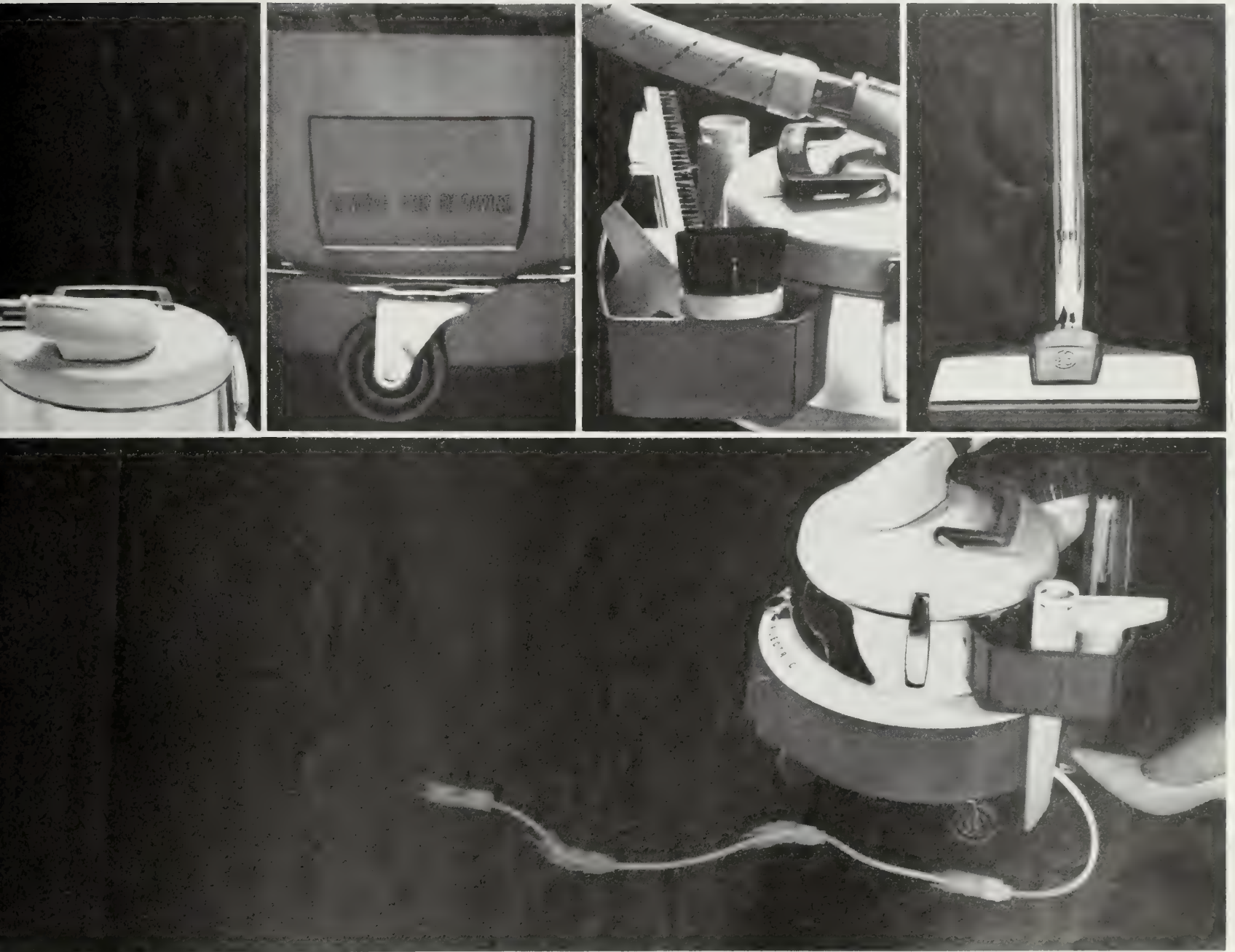
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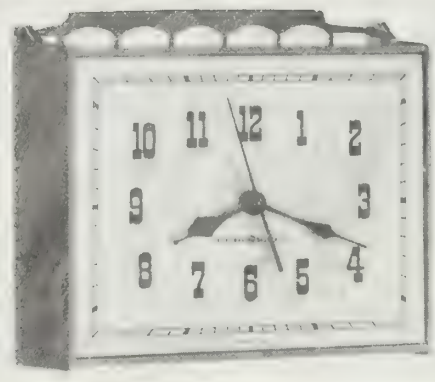
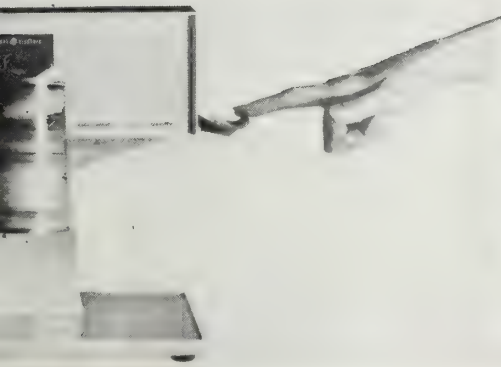
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Soft pink covering.



girls enjoy nightly talks with the Harrises—"Uncle Max and Aunt Ev."

WAYWARD GIRLS

from page 28) office about even I haven't had one in a year." Mrs. Sommer accepts the home now. "I think it's a wonderful job," says a girl across the street from the Harris home. There's a lot of hooting and holler-neighborhood, but not at that county judge, who is also the judge, was against the idea at the time. He felt Sparta had more than enough delinquents already. The first group of girls who came to the Harris home heard how he felt after they arrived. They called on him but consulting the Harrises, led by the boy who had choked the detention home with her brassiere. "I told me everything," says the couple of them had been in gangs in Milwaukee. One was beaten up because she thought she squealed. I was in mind and ended by letting one work for us a few hours a week on her accordion lessons. She is married now."

"I like knows," says Mrs. Sommer, "every girl we put in his town, we get the local delinquents and put them here else."

Once by adults has come more than the Harris girls than acceptance of a group of teen-agers. "The delinquents don't bother them," says the counselor, "but we have a lot of delinquents who rub them the wrong way. The Harris girls really want to get a new start. They're not troublemakers, less than many girls really."

Call us the Harris Queens and a girl says one of the girls about her "but we call them some pretty names too."

They resent a community standard where the real crime is getting caught. "Our classmates have done everything we've done and more," one girl replies. "We know it, but they don't hide it or their parents get it." The Harris girls try to prove they are more respectable than their delinquent classmates. It is not easy in the past.

When the program started, the girls were not allowed to date boys who had been in trouble with the police. "But we found this out," says Mrs. Harris. "The boys

with better backgrounds aren't usually allowed to date our girls. Our girls are bound to go with the other boys, and often they turn out to be good for each other. Of the present girls, three are going with boys who are or have been on probation. Polly, though only sixteen, wears a small diamond given her by a young man, twenty-two, who hopes to marry her soon. Margo dates a boy who took her out drinking and was jailed for contributing to the delinquency of a minor. But he's sorry. And Margo is sure he'd never do it again."

Not all problems are so easily, and happily, solved. Occasionally an unmanageable girl is sent back to the state school, but Mrs. Sommer brings her back to the group home again as soon as she thinks the girl deserves another chance. Often Mrs. Sommer solves a problem by transferring a difficult girl to a different group home.

More than 500 boys and girls have been placed in group homes since the project began, and the state Division of Corrections estimates that about 90 percent have finally done well. The Harrises consider only four of the 39 girls who have stayed with them to have been real failures. "In La Crosse County alone," says Mrs. Sommer, "thirty-five teen-agers have already graduated from high school who would never have done so under any other circumstances."

Though the Division of Corrections is more interested in helping delinquent young people than in saving money, it has been agreeably surprised to find that keeping a child in a group home costs much less month by month than in an institution. Without this foster-home program, moreover, Wisconsin would need to build at least one more training school that would cost at least \$7 million. Setting up more group homes is a continuing task which falls on the shoulders of the already over-worked probation agents.

Families such as the Harrises carry their share of the load without whimper, although in the Harrises' case, their sons urge them to give up the incredibly hard task of mothering the wayward. "The girls have just taken over our lives," says Evelyn Harris. "I don't know how long we can keep on, but on the other hand I don't know what we'd do without them."

The vastly more important question to ponder is what would happen to the delinquent youngsters of Wisconsin without the group-home project? • END



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By PHYLLIS McGINLEY

WHITE GLOVES AND RITUAL CURTSIES

Are good manners a Victorian relic, or do they also serve as "the gesture that instructs the mind?" A famous author ponders the problem of formal manners in an informal world.

When you ask a question of life, it isn't often you get a straight and immediate answer. Last week, however, I made such a query and received a response as patly as if a stage director had arranged it. Both events happened on visits; and the first was rather an unsettling experience. I had dropped in for tea with a friend down the street to find her in tears. "It's Elaine and the children," she confided to me, wiping her eyes absently on a napkin. "They were all over here this morning, and we had a disagreement."

I knew my friend's daughter-in-law, a delightful young woman of impeccable breeding. I had also encountered her pair of flaxen-haired, rosy-cheeked young fiends in human form, so I picked my way with care among consolatory sentences.

"Being a grandmother is a mixed blessing," I said cautiously. "It's the difference in the generations. When Monica and Tony are old enough to have some manners, everything will be easier."

"That's the trouble," my friend wailed. "Elaine thinks teaching them manners is nonsense. She says her life was nearly ruined by being brought up so rigidly—calls it the 'white glove syndrome.' Her children aren't going to live by all those silly rules. She claims it's self-reliance and character she's after, not frills."

I mumbled something noncommittal, but my hostess was too agitated to be fobbed off with dubious comfort. "I know she's wrong, but the stupid thing is I can't think of a good argument to contradict her. If manners are nothing but frills, Elaine is perfectly justified. I suppose we *don't* have time for frills in this age. It's so awful, though," and here my friend relapsed into real despair. "I just know those two are going to grow up horrid, oafish people—and I can't bear it!"

"Oh, well," I said awkwardly, "they'll probably turn out as charming as their mother in spite of Elaine's theories. Children do, you know."

For, at the moment, like her, I could think of nothing constructive with which to parry her daughter-in-law's raw logic. There was a fallacy somewhere, but I couldn't put a reasonable finger on it.

The answer was handed to me a day or two later on a trip through the New England countryside. I had stopped off to visit a boarding school for girls where the Headmistress is a friend of mine and where some of my family had been educated. This is an old school as American establishments go, and its customs tend to linger. In spite of its formidably modern equip-

ment, tradition still wreathes it tighter than the woodbine on its brick walls. And the Head's domain changes no more than do the rules. The wide hall smells the same as always, of furniture polish, books and children. The stairs still sweep grandly down from a mysterious upper floor of offices and dormitories. And it was on this formal stairway that I saw a girl go through an acrobatic performance as absurd as it was charming.

She was in uniform, of course, her arms burdened with books, on her way in a rush to some desperate student goal. Then she encountered the Head and me. And caught so in midflight, balanced improbably on one step, clumsy with her great load of papers and texts, she still managed what custom here demanded. She put one foot behind her and dropped a ritual curtsy. It took courage and it took athletic skill. It was also, I felt, quite ridiculous. I murmured something of the sort to the Head.

"You still have them doing it, I see. And do they still get demerits if they forget?"

She looked at me with amusement. "Yes, my dear, they do—and I know exactly what you're thinking. A Victorian relic, quite useless so far as jobs and College Boards are concerned. We have it out in committee every year."

"Well," I confessed, "you have to admit it's pretty inessential. A curtsy in this day and age—and on the stairs. It's appealing, but does it really count?"

"Good manners always count," said the Head serenely. "We could omit the curtsy, if you like. It's only a school ceremony. But we can't drop this drill on manners. It's one way of teaching morality."

"Morality?"

"Certainly." Her voice was gentle but assured. "Manners and morals are all of a piece. One is only proof of the other. That child you smiled at just now wasn't doing just a difficult gymnastic stunt. She was showing respect to superior wisdom, sagacity, and"—here the Head glanced at me slyly—"age."

"But she was in a hurry," I protested. "And it's such a—such a *salute*."

"Artificial, you mean? Quite true. But you don't object to saluting the flag, do you? She was doing honor to another sort of standard—our importance. And who knows? If we keep on training her, these manners, the curtsies and respectful answers and artificial niceties, may become something more than

automatic reflexes. Her heart may be touched as well. She may learn really to respect authority and wisdom, value courtesy for its own sake, as well as go through the motions."

I thought it over for a moment. "You mean a gesture can instruct the mind?"

"We think so here," said the Head. "We believe in the philosophy that 'you become what you imitate.' And we can also teach children certain physical responses before they are clever enough or good enough to understand genuine kindness. The young are hard-hearted, you know. Selfishness has to be exercised out of them."

I laughed to myself as I was driving home, being particularly polite to other cars on the highway, as I always am after a session with the Head, whose exquisite manners are contagious. How revolted Elaine would have been with that exhibition! It was her loathed White Glove Syndrome at its most exaggerated. And yet, I mused, were the two women so far apart in their aims? Both wanted their children to grow up to be people of worth. It was in their methods they so ludicrously differed. But where Elaine was reacting, the Head was acting. And it seemed to me that for all her unworldliness, the Head had the root of the matter in her. She had, in fact, given me that answer Elaine's mother-in-law and I had tried unsuccessfully to phrase.

Manners unimportant? They were vital. For all that curtsies might be out of date, white gloves no longer necessary for a Sunday call, what Elaine had damned as frills—soft answers, inoffensive customs at table, courtesy to one's elders, betters, equals, and inferiors—were simple practical evidence of the kind hearts she valued and the solid character she desired to build. They were the first small steps to the House of Merit in which she truly wanted them to live.

"Demonstrations of virtue," I said aloud. "That's what good manners ought to be. And nobody can learn them too young."

Tooling along the road at a legal 50 miles an hour I began to sort out those virtues. Chiefly I classified the ones which had bearing on my friend's problem, her grandchildren's upbringing.

Since for me morality had been nicely packaged a long while ago in something called the Ten Commandments, I ran through the ancient list. There was one which

(Continued on Page 36)



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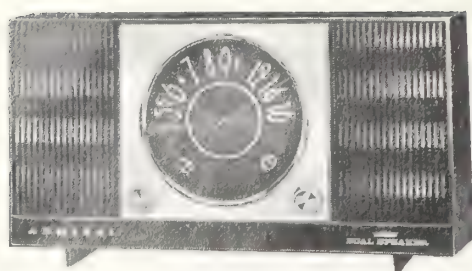


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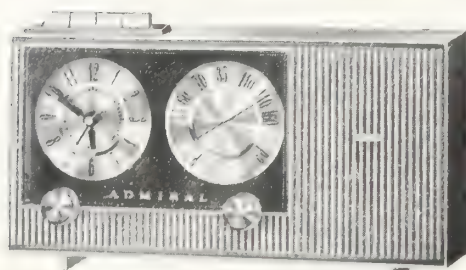
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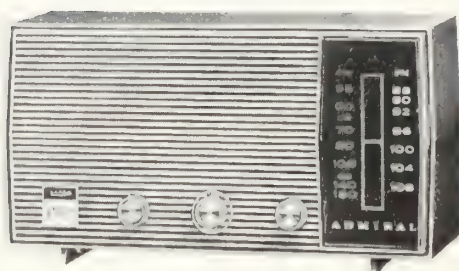
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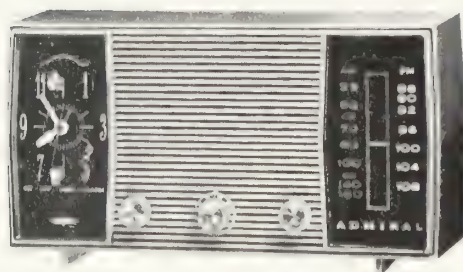
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(Continued from Page 34) mentioned honoring thy father and thy mother and therefore all one's seniors. To her it would seem outdated as the polka. Elaine, I reflected, was really a bit behind the times. She subscribed to a brand of thought, already discredited, which wished from children not honor but comradeship and would likely receive neither. She would be amused but not shocked by an anecdote told me by a friend who taught in a school where permissive behavior had its apotheosis.

One of the parents had visited at noon to speak to the principal. She was caught in the corridors by a crowd of hungry youngsters surging to the cafeteria. She was jostled, pushed out of the way, finally knocked down completely. Her bag spilled open, her hat was trod on. And out of the mob only one boy rushed to her relief. He helped her get dazedly to her feet, brushed off her clothes, and handed her back her handbag. Just as she was feeling herself gingerly for broken bones, an instructor hurried up, panting with confusion and chagrin. "Oh, I am so sorry," she cried. "You must excuse that boy. He's new here."

Apocryphal or not, it remains a story which explains much about the manners of a generation just coming to maturity. It explains also why parents like me and my generation fought such lonely skirmishes along the behaviorist front. Flinching from automatic "I won'ts" and "You can't make mes" of the young, we had to evolve our own alibis for wielding unfashionable authority. In our own family we just decided that so long as we were bigger and stronger than our offspring it behooved them to do as we said. How much easier it would have been and still would be if good manners—a respectful tongue, an attentive ear, obedience this side of slavishness—were equated with morality. However, understanding the Elaines of this world, I resignedly ruled out the oldest and most dignified of natural laws and went on to more specific ones.

"*Thou shalt not steal*," I considered. *Couldn't that be stretched to fit a lot of things? Being tidy in one's room, not using the phone too much, taking care of other people's property.* And recalling the time when Monica, at my house, had ingeniously detached a Meissen cup from its hook in the china cabinet and broken the handle, with no more than an unconcerned cluck from her mother as reprimand, I added, *Breaking and entering is a felony any way you look at it. You could point that out to children. Quarrels, too—you might stop a lot of them, if everybody were reminded that we aren't supposed to covet or be angry or bear false witness.*

Good breeding does not raise its voice in controversy. It refrains from temper tantrums. It does not call its brother "fool." The soft answer and the reasonable apology, the control of one's own ego—the social animal acquired those after he had acquired a belief in theological virtues. Savages have no manners. And children are savages until they have learned to imitate the civilized.

None of those things would be good enough to convince Elaine, I thought. *If I just told her that anger is a major sin, she would say sin is relative. Or nonexistent.*

Still, Elaine, however dogmatic about psychological shibboleths, was a notably splendid young woman with a social conscience. There was one enormous virtue she believed in with all her heart.

Charity, I thought with the clarity of revelation. *She believes in charity, and that's what manners prove.*

Thank heaven and democratic progress, charity is one traditional virtue the modern world is willing to applaud. But what a lot

we talk about it these days and how often we miss its implications. Charity is not simply a donation to the Community Chest or a gift to the Hundred Neediest Cases at Christmastime. Charity is graciousness of tact. Charity is a guarded tongue. It is putting up one's toys, giving a hand with dinner dishes, writing a bread-and-butter letter to one's hostess. It is turning off the television at a respectable hour so one's neighbor can sleep in peace. It is thanking salesladies in shops, forbearing to pass on a bit of malicious gossip so tempting to the wielding knife and fork so that we do not aesthetically offend.

"Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up," wrote Saint Paul. He might well have added that charity (before it progresses to such great bounties and is still a child) learns not to monopolize the telephone. It comes when it is called, asks leave to go to the movies or to use the car, remembers that adults have nerves and frustrations, and is agreeable to guests in the house.

At the school where the Head presided, "Consideration for Others," is noted on report cards along with Promptness, English Aptitude and Mathematical Improvement. Once I had been beguiled by the quaintness of the phrasing. Now it seemed to me to embody the total of man's social duties as well as childhood's great necessary training. It is even the heart of Law.

Elaine was guilty of false reasoning, I decided. Because young people were trained to automatic pleasantries it did not follow that they would lose the sterner virtues of a courteous person is not by definition a shallow person, nor is a rude one better for his rudeness. Indeed, rudeness implies egotism which is the exact opposite of charity. Opening doors or letting an older woman precede into a room means nothing. But preparing the mind for kindnesses by teaching that flourishes means a great deal. Character is a sturdy cloth, woven of hundreds of threads and every thread is important. Elaine was letting Monica and Tony weaken that cloth by forcing them to make no effort at sacrifice or control.

"Frills, frills," I could hear Elaine replying to my arguments. "What about virtue? What about peace? What about social justice? What about race relations? How can learning to drop a curtsy or hold one's tongue in those terribly urgent reforms?"

"Reformers get further when they do not antagonize," I might tell her. And it would be true. But I knew a simpler answer could point to an example in the school where the Head had dominion—one so simple and pleasant and subtle that I had forgotten it was an example.

Among all the teachers there, the children had a favorite. She takes the fourth grade, trains the choir, and is so beloved that the girls yield to her an automatic duty. Sometimes she gives grudgingly to lesser instructors. She is also a Negro, as beautiful and dark as Nefertiti. Surely children grow up there in that aura of good breeding, dropping her a curtsy in the classroom, waiting on the stairs, giving her their hearts and obedience, are learning as much about correct race relations as if they carried banners in parades or sat in at segregated lunch counters. They are doing better than we. They are forgetting such a thing as racial separation exists.

"Manners are morals," I repeated. "They are the exercises of the body for the sake of the mind and soul." It would be something sound to tell my friend. It would be something excellent to remember myself. And while I was on the subject of manners, I would that minute set to trying to improve my own.

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Drawing by Julian Levi

Tomorrow is Now

By Eleanor Roosevelt

Foreword Eleanor Roosevelt began working on her last book, excerpted here, in the summer of 1962. At the time of her death last November, her manuscript was completed in rough draft form. Her collaborator, Elinore Denniston, arranged the material for publication this month by Harper & Row. A moving account of Mrs. Roosevelt's last days is given by Miss Denniston:

"That last summer began much as others before it had. There were young people staying at the Hyde Park cottage, and often so many guests that an extra table was set up for lunch. And one morning, after planning the

meals and helping her guests arrange their day, Mrs. Roosevelt launched upon what was to be her last book.

"She began to talk, much as she lectured, without notes, knowing clearly what she had to express. There were, as usual, constant interruptions, telephone calls from Washington, from across the continent.

"During those hot weeks the book progressed rapidly, then more slowly. Mrs. Roosevelt grew so tired she could no longer serve her guests herself. We told her to rest. But there were busloads of young people coming to see her; she couldn't refuse them. There

were daily chores: the column, the talks, the endless committees.

"And one day she lifted a shaking hand for me to see. 'I can't work,' she said, bewildered. 'I don't understand it.'

"She went to the hospital then and sank very low. 'One thing I have learned,' she said. 'I'm not afraid to die.'

"So we finished the first draft of this last book, while her voice grew so very low that it was frequently difficult to hear her. When the first chilly days of autumn came, she lay quietly. There was no more work she could do. She had given us—all of us—all she had."

“We face the future fortified only with the lessons
we have learned from the past. It is today that we must create the world of the
future, for in a very real sense, *tomorrow is now.*”

Nothing that has happened to me, or to anyone, has value unless it is a preparation for what lies ahead. We face the future fortified only with the lessons we have learned from the past. It is today that we must create the world of the future, for in a very real sense, *tomorrow is now.* We do make our history, we are making it now—today—by the choices that shape our course.

It is essential that we remind ourselves frequently of our past, that we recall the shining promise that it offered to all men everywhere who would be free, the promise that it is still our destiny to fulfill.

Yet, addressing groups of students, I have been appalled to discover how few of them are familiar with the background of the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, the Declaration of Independence.

Certainly we can't defend our American institutions if our young people do not understand what they are, and what makes them essential to the maintenance of freedom and human dignity.

If we are to cope successfully with our revolutions in science, in the economy, in social areas, we must prepare for a revolution in education. Without a totally new approach to education our young people won't be able to cope with the world of the future.

It should be our aim to train minds as tools that can be used for a lifetime, inquiring minds, curious minds, constantly refreshing their ideas and their information. Certainly, this means a new concept of education to fit the young for the new world in which they must play the leading part. Or, if we continue as we are going in education, they may play no part at all.

Have we been honest enough to make clear to our young people that we could not, if we would, provide the specific education that would equip them for the coming world, whose face no one knows? Have we told them bluntly that the best we can do is to give them skills, to train the mind so that it becomes a flexible tool, to provide techniques for learning and for finding information, that

will work to solve new problems? Above all, have we attempted to give our own minds the flexibility to accept change, and to welcome rather than fear it?

Unless people are willing to face the unfamiliar they cannot be creative in any sense, for creativity always means the breaking of new ground. It is from this creative element, which we should be stimulating now, that all the new ideas of the future will come.

It is this creative element, which, when activated, can afford perhaps the keenest satisfaction a human being can experience. Often, I think, our young people have not been trained to see where the real satisfactions of life are to be found. In school we stress play and having fun. There are, I have heard, some 200,000 to 300,000 teachers in the United States who are teaching “frill and fun subjects.”

Children rush from school to basketball games or television programs. At the age of keenest curiosity, they are, it seems to me, missing the boat altogether.

With all the furor, with all the thousands of books on educational theory and philosophy and methods, with all the complaints about the inadequacy of our educational system as it exists today, we are doing almost nothing to rectify the situation. Rates of teachers' pay remain too low to attract the best teachers unless they are dedicated enough to make sacrifices. One result of this policy is that industry has to spend vast sums to take up the slack in training employees for their jobs. Another loss occurs to the country as a whole. The high-school graduate, on an average, earns during his lifetime \$150,000 more than the grade-school graduate; the college graduate \$150,000 more than the high-school graduate.

Compare the money spent in this country on education with that spent on alcohol, on tobacco, on cosmetics. Congress is willing to allot huge sums for vague purposes of

whose ultimate success they have no assurance, but not for education, whose incontestable benefits we know well. There is little federal money forthcoming for adequate school buildings. Evidently Congress would rather build air-raid shelters under the schools than improve the buildings themselves, although there is no plan for what happens when they eventually come out from the shelters.

This kind of psychology is one of defeat, which evades all the main issues and does nothing to prepare young people to cope with life any better than their fathers.

Now and then we hear the ominous phrase, “Education for survival.” This seems to me a hideous concept. This is placing the bogeyman of fear at the forefront of our objectives. It is not fear, it is freedom we must maintain.

Our first job is to have a clear picture of what we want our educational methods to achieve. The democratic system implies the development of a human being to his fullest potentiality. We must, of course, teach the basic skills—reading, writing, and arithmetic. I say “of course,” and yet, as a result of recent methods of teaching, these basic skills appear to be deteriorating.

Through the right kind of reading, education becomes a continuing process. The person who becomes “too busy to have time for a book,” has permitted his education to come to a stop. Of all the nations in the Western world, the United States, with the most money and time, has the fewest readers of books per capita. This is an incalculable loss.

Democracy and ignorance do not go together. The good citizen is an informed citizen. It is not enough to love democracy, and to believe in it; the citizen has to understand it.

Unlike the indoctrinated Soviet youth, our young people must be able to make judgments about the truth and see how statements fit in with personal observation.

There is one Russian aim, however, that seems to me invaluable.

They study the potentialities of every child so that no talent, no ability, no skill may be wasted. Talent is recognized and developed as early as possible. Schooling is taken seriously; hours of work are long; the students, on the whole, learn more in a shorter number of years than they do here.

Actually this is true of many other countries. In the United States it takes sixteen years to go through grammar school, high school and college. On the Continent this same amount of work is done in thirteen years. This does not mean that our young people are slower to learn; it means that less is required of them in a given time. Their school day is shorter; their school year is much shorter.

In Denmark, for instance, the school year consists of 280 days as compared with 180 days in our country. In other words, a Danish child gets in nine years the equivalent of fourteen of our school years.

Many of our young people are still going to school in their middle twenties, a period when the creative process is supposed to be at its peak, and they could be putting their energies to use in a job or profession of their choice.

Here is where the influence of parents is most insidious. It is the parent who urges his friends to "take it easy." It is the parent who wants to devote fewer hours to his life's work. It is the parent who refers to his profession as "the rat race." These attitudes are not calculated to stir a young person into working longer hours to equip himself for his job in life, or to respect that job.

Too often American parents are inclined to shrug off the problem of our educational inadequacies by stating that, after all, ours is the best system in the world.

These parents also point out that the Russians don't teach initiative or individual enterprise. Well, honestly, are we doing that now? Apparently our schools are so involved with problems of what they call "life adjustment" that the net result is to teach the child conformity; to prepare him, without pain, to become an organization man.

One obvious area of improvement in education is in the learning of foreign languages. We must revolutionize our teaching of languages, and begin with the earliest grades, when children learn languages as naturally as they breathe. The world of the future is a world of international contact on a wider and wider scale.

What we need first is to provide tools through which languages can be learned easily. The Russians do this better than we do. They teach Latin and Greek and they begin teaching at the time when the child first goes to school. Each child acquires one language of his own choice; it may be German, Chinese, English—with either a British or American accent. By the time he has finished ten years of schooling he speaks and reads and understands that language well.

In one respect the Soviets are providing an essential aid to higher education through government support of students. In this country too many young people who are fit for higher education must forgo it because of lack of funds. It is my belief that the American Government should supply funds for college as well as public-school education.

All this brings us to the necessity of a revolution in teaching teachers. We have done so much to intimidate our teachers, to belittle their position in the community, to discourage their thinking independently, to underpay them, that it is most unfair now to expect them to be prepared to meet the new conditions.

Perhaps it would be a sound idea to begin where the core of responsibility lies—with the school boards. Their work should be closely scrutinized; their ability to provide adequate education should be analyzed. Is there any reason why members of school boards should not take yearly refresher courses in problems of modern education?

Occasionally we find a truly great teacher, one who is able to arouse curiosity, to stir excitement, to generate ideas, to open wide the windows on new vistas and the doors on new pathways. Such teachers are beyond price. But for the most part we have hundreds who have little or no conception of their job beyond daily drilling in subject matter. There are few who can impart any great interest. There are fewer who make a study of their students and their potentialities.

The time has long since passed for education to be haphazard. Without delay we should set up standards that must be fulfilled. For instance, a high-school diploma should represent a certain clearly defined amount of knowledge. Every year, 35 million people in the United States move from one section to another, from one state to another. Their children are subjected to many kinds of standards in education, depending

entirely upon the state or the particular school for the quality of education they receive, for the value of the particular high-school diploma they happen to earn.

This is unfair to our children. Standards in food and drugs are rigidly enforced. Does it matter so little what goes into the minds in comparison with what goes into the stomachs?

Another advantage of establishing standards—and much higher standards—is that, inevitably, a rise in teaching standards must follow as the night the day. We are in a race with Communism to see whose education system best prepares youth for the world of modern science and technology. Today the Soviets are graduating 120,000 scientists annually. We are graduating only 40,000. Every day we postpone improving and upgrading our education is a day's advance for the Soviets.

One of the most important things for our young people to learn is the difficult art of being at home in the world. Let me illustrate this point with a story.

A few months ago one of my grandsons returned from Tanganyika, where he had spent a summer in a famine area. It was his job to distribute food, American corn. In return for the food, the people of the villages were asked to build earthen dams that would hold rain water, for irrigation in dry seasons.

In preparation for the journey, my grandson had learned Swahili, but he discovered that every village had a different dialect, so he took an interpreter along. He is, like most young Americans, impatient. When he reached the first village, he tried to get the people to go to work on their dams at once. No one moved.

What was wrong? He urged the interpreter to hurry them up. The interpreter explained that the people wanted to hold a welcoming ceremony. They presented my grandson with a token of bread and salt. They asked him at length about the health and welfare of every member of his family. When they had finished, he was prompted by the interpreter to ask detailed questions about them, their children, their parents, their aunts and uncles.

After that the people set to with a will, working enthusiastically to build their small dams.

"It was an eye-opener to me," my grandson confessed, when he visited me. What he had gained was respect and understanding for the ways of another civilization.

Dealing with people is never a one-way process. I believe that we, as a people, are apt to profit more by the work of the Peace Corps than are the countries which the Peace Corps groups are attempting to help. When these people—most of them young—return to us, it will be with a deeper knowledge and respect for the peoples among whom they have worked, a knowledge which they can share with us.

Not long ago a group of Peace Corps workers came to see me. These were dedicated young men and women, of a high intellectual level.

"What has your training given you?" I asked them.

"When I first began," one of them replied, "I thought I would be told how to approach the secondary-school students I was going to teach. What I have learned is that I have to learn this myself. That startled me at first. I realize that I must learn to be much more sensitive about what other people think and feel."

A young woman said, "My training has given me a feeling for the need for understanding, and for progressing slowly until I feel sure about the extent of my understanding."

One of the best features of the Peace Corps is that its members are required to live in the ways of the people of the country to which they are going, and on the same economic level. This not only intensifies their understanding of the problems but it prevents them from being set apart.

Next year the Peace Corps is to be increased to 13,000. What I should like to see is a way of continuing to use the information and understanding its members bring back from other lands. I should like to see these young people used in schools scattered around the country, or be on a kind of loan basis to other countries where their experience might be needed.

In fact, I should like to see a sort of bank of human talent set up by means of which young American doctors or accountants, engineers or shoemakers, teachers or truck drivers, farmers or scientists, might be loaned to the countries that required their services.

One of my warnings to the Peace Corps members who called on me last summer was: "Tell the truth about us, wherever you go. Don't claim that we have no failures. But do explain why we have our successes and what they are."

When young foreign people come to this country and look at it for themselves, they see how democracy

functions in daily life; see men and women going about their lives without fear, in fields they have chosen. On most of them the effect is staggering. So much that we take for granted seems incredible to them.

Here, indeed, the Russians have no comparable thing to offer. In their country, visitors see a disciplined people, fixed in the lot to which they have been assigned. Even with our failure to solve our race problem, even with prejudice and injustice and occasional brutality shown in the South, we still have a glowing picture to offer.

It is not chance that, in spite of desperate wooing by the Soviets, not one of the forty-two new nations in Africa has committed itself to Communism.

Even so, it seems that we sometimes fail to communicate with the peoples of the world. Because we are proud of our high standard of living, we frequently make propaganda use of the wrong features of our life. We boast to the impoverished of our luxurious living. We stress our materialistic values to people who give more weight to high spiritual values. We describe our aggressive drives to "get ahead" to non-aggressive people. "Get ahead of whom?" they wonder in some alarm.

Then again, we give the impression of trying to compete with Russia on Russia's terms. We do not sound like people with a vibrant democratic faith of our own, going steadily toward a goal in which we believe with all our hearts. Are we, I wonder, making any attempt to point out the areas of Russia's weaknesses? Let's take a look at some of them:

1. The Soviets still dare not expose their people to Western ideas.

2. The divided city of Berlin provides an object lesson to the world in contrasts. The Berlin wall had to be constructed to prevent the people of the East from escaping the Communist regime. In recent years more than a million people have come West, some of them at terrible risk.

3. Their satellites were conquered by force of arms and their so-called "liberation" has fooled nobody.

4. Today the countries of Western Europe have more money, more prosperity, more potential military manpower than Soviet Russia.

5. Satellite countries, like colonies, are not economically sound; they produce less and they cost more to control than do free people.

6. Their training does not develop free minds and therefore cannot produce independent leaders.

7. The Russians dare not permit visitors to view for themselves the conditions of their country as a whole, while even our bad spots prove to the visitor to be infinitely better than he has been told.

We so often hear that we are not understood in other countries. As a whole, the people whom we are addressing live in poverty. Perpetually hungry, they hear our boasts of lavish spending on non-essentials. Then they hear we are loath to spend money for improvement in education, or that we fight against giving economic aid to underdeveloped nations. Naturally they wonder how much real sacrifice we are willing to make for a better world.

They hear of great difficulties in solving our racial problems, and wonder whether we really believe that white people should have all the privileges of the earth. They hear that in this land, where the standard of living is very high, there are areas where poverty exists almost equal to theirs. They wonder about a people who cannot solve these problems when they have so much of this world's goods and so few basic worries.

They understand that there is food in this country, food enough for everybody, too much food, and that some people are hungry because they cannot pay for it. To them this seems like poor management. We must have forgotten to plan.

Perhaps the most bewildering thing other people hear about us is that we are afraid of the Soviets. This is astonishing to them. We have so much—and yet we are afraid of a nation that has to bleed its people in order to keep up with us.

Lately we have allowed the Soviets to put us in a position of answering their challenge, rather than finding ways in which we could be challenging them. We assume that if people want to know about us they can come here and find out. We offer a few scholarships, and when the students come we let them study; but often they never see the inside of an American home.

And here I should like to tell a story that illustrates how *not* to create a picture of American generosity.

After the Second World War a young Japanese girl won a scholarship to study for a year in an American university. The daughter of one of Japan's most distinguished professional men, she had lived in considerable luxury, in a household with many servants, until the American bombing of Tokyo destroyed everything.

Well, the Japanese girl came to the United States and attended college for a year. Her record was so brilliant, her grades were so high, that the scholarship was renewed for a second year. But how was she to maintain herself during the summer vacation months?

A wealthy American woman heard of the case and offered to receive the girl as her house guest for the summer. Not only that, she gave interviews to the press, proclaiming her own generosity. But—and this she did not publicize—she let her house servants go for that summer and put her Japanese “guest” to work to earn her room and board. This would have been unattractive enough, as an act of essential dishonesty, but the Oriental question of face was involved too; the girl came from a rigid class system.

This is only one example of the kind of selfish stupidity we sometimes indulge in.

We in the United States have become so intoxicated by our new methods of communication that we have failed to look closely at what we are communicating—or failing to communicate. If people do not understand us we think it must be their fault. This is a poor time for misunderstanding. Let us acquaint ourselves with the people to whom we speak, so we can address them in terms that have meaning for them.

Today, everyone in the world stands in constant peril from irresponsible use of nuclear power. But today, also, we have the only machinery for peace that has ever functioned: the United Nations. The only real hope we can have of the survival of the human race lies in showing this new generation coming along how to improve that machinery to prevent our self-destruction.

Because it is the work of men and women, of fallible human beings, the United Nations is not a perfect instrument. *But it is all we have.* If we are conscious of its imperfections then it is up to every one of us to try to find ways of improving it. I am reminded of the Constitutional Convention. There was, perhaps, not a single man there who approved wholeheartedly of that great document. *But it was all they had.*

One of the great stumbling blocks in the acceptance of our Constitution, of course, was the distrust between state and federal groups. Everyone was afraid of having to give up a little. At present the chief stumbling block

in widespread backing of the United Nations is the fear each nation has that it will have to give up a little. In the case of our thirteen American colonies, years passed before the increased strength and benefits for all became truly evident. It will doubtless take longer for us to lose our fear and distrust of other nations, other ways of life; to overcome our fear of losing some small part of our sovereignty for the common good.

Suppose the United States were to withdraw completely from world affairs. Would we have assured our own independence and sovereignty and safety? Certainly not. Instead we would lose the only machinery for peace that exists, while the Communist tide would rise unchecked—and the Bomb would still be there.

Any step, however small, that leads to international peace, to strengthening the machinery of the United Nations is a good step. Before we can hope to achieve universal disarmament we must create a climate of psychological disarmament. The people must want peace, and they must work for it. It is not alone the few warmongers who create danger; it is, to a much greater extent, the apathetic.

It is curious to look back at the wars that have engaged the Western world during the past two hundred years. As a result of those wars, millions upon millions of human beings have died. And the more “advanced” we have become the more horribly many of them have died.

In each of these wars almost everyone, on each side, believed that his was the cause of righteousness, that the man against whom he fought stood for all the forces of evil.

But a war ends and there is a shuffle in the cards of power politics. The man who was our enemy is now our friend; the friend at whose side we fought so gladly has now become the enemy. From a long-range viewpoint all this appears to be nothing but criminal stupidity.

I am aware that if we commit ourselves wholeheartedly to the strengthening of the United Nations there will be outcries from people complaining, “That is a risk.”

Of course it is.

“How do we know,” these people ask, “that the nations of the world will act wisely, that they will not all follow one ideology or another?”

Of course we don’t know.

But there is no better course than to put our collective trust in a group of trained people such as one finds, in

the majority of cases, among those serving with the United Nations.

In this public forum, whose actions and opinions are heard in every corner of the world, we can put before the world the choices that must be made. We can appeal always to the enormous strength of public opinion. And this, it seems obvious, is the best risk we could take.

It is the United Nations influence on the opinion of the world that has made the Soviets so determined to destroy its usefulness. Year after year we have seen their efforts to render the U.N. impotent. Are we to say meekly, “Oh, the Soviets don’t want the United Nations to succeed; they are afraid of what it is accomplishing. So we’ll play along and pay no attention to it either.”

Main sources of conflict in the United Nations obviously have been the admission of new nations, and the disarmament problem, complicated by the development of atomic power.

The unpalatable fact with which we must start is this: If we want to save ourselves—and that means all the world, for fallout is no respecter of nations—we must accept the restraints that would apply to all nations which have nuclear power. A taboo for one must be a taboo for all. It is fatuous to assume that the United States or the Soviet Union should have special privileges in the use of this deadly power.

Indeed, we have only two major choices at this time: We may continue to make nuclear bombs, or we may try to stop their use for warfare. That means that the United States, as well as the Soviets, would have to stop building the bombs.

The only way we can free ourselves from the fear of the Bomb is to remove it as an instrument of war completely, and that can be done only by placing full control of all nuclear force in the hands of an international power, the United Nations. The United Nations is responsible to the world as a whole and I take it that the world as a whole doesn’t favor nuclear destruction.

It was Bernard Baruch who in 1946 first presented the plan of the United States for the regulation and control of atomic weapons. This was to be an International Atomic Development Authority, which would have a monopoly of the world’s production of atomic energy. It would have the sole authority to engage in atomic research. No other nation has ever made so broad a proposal for a world system of control.

The Soviets rejected the plan as "thoroughly vicious and unacceptable." Today, however, it might be wise to press once more for this form of control, which would take atomic power forever out of the hands of belligerent nations. If the Soviets again rejected this kind of control it would give the lie forever to their claims of peaceful intentions.

One thing should be obvious to everyone. We cannot discuss disarmament, we cannot provide for collective security in any meaningful sense as long as we pretend that Red China does not exist. The Chinese have the secret of nuclear power and will, certain scientists have declared, soon have the Bomb itself.

It is therefore idiotic to go on ignoring the existence of this dangerous power. No one can afford to disarm while an aggressive military power like Red China remains outside a disarmament agreement. But if Red China were in the United Nations, if she were bound by the same agreements as the other nations, if the peoples of the world were in a position to watch the Chinese, to hear what they are thinking, world opinion could be rallied on the side of peace.

In my opinion, every nation in the world should be admitted to the United Nations *for the protection of all*. Every nation will eventually have the knowledge of nuclear fission. The only eventual security against nuclear weapons is disarmament. We cannot contemplate any kind of peace machinery that leaves out 650 million militant people. To leave Red China, or any great power, outside such control agreements would be to give them control of whatever part of the world they want.

One great strength of the United Nations is often not recognized; indeed, it is often regarded as a weakness. That is the amount of talk that goes on.

Now, the value of a public forum where people can protest their wrongs is enormous. In the first place, they are able to bring their problems before world opinion and to arouse wide discussion. Besides, talk is a wonderful way of letting off steam. As long as men are arguing about problems, they are not trying to solve them with bullets.

This reminds me of the conclusion of a very long talk which I had with Mr. Khrushchev when I went to Russia. I can't recall any point of agreement, but when we parted he asked whether he could tell the press that it had been a friendly meeting.

"You can tell them," I suggested, "that we agreed to disagree."

"At least," he pointed out, "we weren't shooting at each other."

It is up to every one of us as individuals to see what can be done to create a climate of peace. Here, I feel, there is an urgent need for the women of America to work to strengthen the United Nations and to spread information about its value.

We should arouse public opinion to demand that, as far as possible, we work through the United Nations in dealing with foreign nations, and not bypass it to act on our own.

Not long ago I was talking with some of the women peace marchers. I said that I could understand why our youngsters wanted to demonstrate outside the White House, but it seemed to me a futile action for grown women, a waste of energy.

Why, I asked them, instead of expending their energy in this pointless fashion, did they not devote it to trying to think out the first step we could take toward peace? I repeat: *every step taken toward peace is a good step.*

One such step has occurred to me. It has been my experience that whenever I talk to foreign delegates they say: "You Americans do not really want a peaceful world and disarmament. If you stopped manufacturing munitions you would have a financial disaster. Your economy depends on war production, on not having peace."

They have a legitimate point. If we are going to convince the world that we are not merely paying lip service to the idea of disarmament, we must be able to answer this criticism satisfactorily. This means that it is our job, as individual citizens, to begin to educate our executives and our government representatives. We can call on them either at home or in Washington. We can suggest that the time has come to deal with the problem *by planning*.

We might suggest that the President call a meeting of leaders in industry and labor and say to them something like this:

"Gentlemen, we must be prepared for disarmament. Let us plan for such a situation. What would you convert to? How long would it take to retool the factories? What would you expect the government to do in the way of tax reduction, or the retraining of labor in new skills?"

If this kind of planning were being done today we could answer our doubting friends with perfect assurance. We could say, "We have a

plan. We know exactly what we will do and how long it will take and what it will require. So you see we do mean what we say when we talk about disarmament."

Certainly this is a positive first step, of more value than parading before the White House. Every such step is worth all the speeches and the gestures and the shoe banging in the world.

While we are appealing to industry, labor and government to plan for conversion to peaceful manufacture, we could go a step farther and carry the whole problem to the United Nations. We could ask the delegates from other nations: "How many of you will do this?"

This would be a direct challenge to the Soviets, who would have to face world opinion if they rejected the plan, and make clear that their propaganda about the warmongering Americans is utterly untrue.

As individuals we can influence our government at every level; but we must accept this responsibility: We must know what we think and we must speak out, even at the risk of unpopularity.

I stress this point because of the growing tendency among Americans today, men and women, college boys and girls, to evade personal responsibility, to hesitate at expressing an opinion, to take comfort in being part of the herd.

We have to take a new look at ourselves, at what our kind of government requires of us, and then prepare to take a stand. In the long run there is no more exhilarating experience than to determine one's position, state it bravely and then *act boldly*. Today we need to be our own Patrick Henrys, calling for action.

We are the government. The basic power still lies in the hands of the citizens, but we must use it. That means that in every small unit of government, each citizen must do the best with his citizenship that he can. This is not just a question of voting on primary day or election day but of making up your mind what party you think best represents your own beliefs, then setting out to help its representatives, and using them at every level of government to carry out the ideas you think are sound.

If you believe in the people who are running for office, work in the campaign. It does not make any difference whether you lick stamps or make speeches as long as you do what you can to make your citizenship effective. Reach out and try to influence as many people as possible

to join with you in this most important and active type of citizenship.

Very often I am asked what the average housewife can do to make a contribution to her country and to the peace race. I sometimes wonder if women have any real conception of the extent of the power and the influence they can wield not only in their communities but, little by little, over the whole country.

The average housewife can be a real force in her community. She can join the organizations that represent her ideas, and those that are working for peace. She can follow the activities of the representatives of her political party and make sure they are people who are working to prevent war. This is *our* country, *our* government. These are *our* representatives. These are *our* laws.

Wherever we turn we find that indifference has permitted our weaknesses to exist. Our pockets of poverty did not grow up overnight; they grew because it was nobody's business to wipe them out. Automation, which could be a blessing, looms as a new threat because it is nobody's business to do the kind of planning that would allow us to profit by new methods.

But, someone will say, how are we going to find the answers to these questions? We must keep on trying, again and again and again. We must hang on one more minute.

George Orwell in his book *1984*, and Aldous Huxley in his *Brave New World*, provided us with an appalling picture of mankind, a life dominated by scientific method in which the human spirit had been destroyed. This picture is based on the astonishing idea that man will supinely let himself be governed by science, instead of using science to make his world a happier one, guarding human dignity and independence.

Our choice is not, as these alarmed novelists appear to believe, between science or the humanities. What we must learn to do is to create unbreakable bonds between the sciences and the humanities. We cannot procrastinate. The world of the future is in our making. *Tomorrow is now.*

Dr. Glenn T. Seaborg, addressing the National School Boards Association, has said, "Our population will nearly double by the year 2000. Meeting increased needs for food, homes, education, jobs and recreation will strain our resources to the utmost. We must give urgent attention to problems of farm production, conser-

vation of national resources, replacement of fossil fuel energy sources with the development of new energy sources, such as nuclear energy."

In less than forty years vast changes will affect the United States in every area. We must plan now to meet the challenge of the future. The year 2000 sounds remote, far away, but it will come in the lifetime of people who are now thirty years old.

I am not afraid of 1984—or the year 2000. I believe that, with proper education to enable us to master the secrets of science, with a strong sense of responsibility for our own actions, with a clear awareness that our future is linked with the welfare of the world as a whole, we may expect that the life of the next generation will be richer, more peaceful, more rewarding than any we have ever known.

What we do here will influence every part of the world; what happens in every part of the world will influence us. So we are faced by the most difficult problem of all—that of man's dealing with his fellows on a basis of mutual respect and goodwill.

For instance, in the unsolved problem of the poorer nations, if we do some long-range planning, based on actual needs and on future growth, we will not only stimulate world economy, we will not only build the purchasing power of the poor nations, but we will be building future markets for ourselves.

I do not feel that we have been particularly intelligent in this respect. Our economic aid, in particular, does not seem to be achieving its purpose. In almost every new country there are natural resources which we need, and will need increasingly, in our own production. Why do we not study this situation, help develop the things we need and buy them?

Finally, if we are to build this genuinely Brave New World, which lies within our grasp, we must remember the key word "brave." We must learn to cast out crippling fear. How strange it is that we all seem to be afraid of one another!

I recall an amusing occurrence on a recent July the Fourth; I was asked to receive the Soviet cultural attaché and his party at Hyde Park. I pointed out that the visit would take place on July the Fourth but I was assured that this did not matter.

I followed the custom of many years. There was a picnic for all the young people and after lunch I read aloud the Declaration of Indepen-

dence and the Bill of Rights, explaining the background and the reason for each of these safeguards to our personal freedom. I was aware that this exposition could not be very palatable to my Russian guests.

Later they asked to visit the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library and we started out in my car. I had forgotten the annual July the Fourth parade in Hyde Park so we were held up at a crossroads while it passed.

The Russians had been indoctrinated, of course, with the image of warmongering America, so on this, our great national holiday, they apparently expected to see a display of military strength.

A group of people went by in uniform.

"Military?" my guests asked.

"Boy Scouts," I explained.

Another group marched by in uniform.

"Military?" they asked again.

"The volunteer fire department," I said.

At length a car went by. Four middle-aged war veterans, who had been stuffed into uniforms they had long grown too stout to wear in comfort, were driven past.

"Military," I said triumphantly.

Long ago there was a noble word, *liberal*, which derives from the Latin word meaning *free*. A strange thing happened to that word. A man named Hitler made it a term of abuse, a matter of suspicion, because liberals had no use for Hitler. And then another man named McCarthy cast the same opprobrium on the word. Indeed, there was a brief period of time when many Americans began to distrust the word which derived from *free*.

One thing we must all do: We must cherish and honor the word *free*, or it will cease to apply to us. And that would be an inconceivable situation.

This I know. This I believe with all my heart. If we want a free and a peaceful world, if we want to make the deserts bloom and man grow to greater dignity as a human being—*we can do it!*

I would like to conclude with these words of Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr: "Nothing that is worth doing can be achieved in a lifetime; therefore we must be saved by hope. Nothing which is true or beautiful or good makes complete sense in any immediate context of history; therefore we must be saved by faith. Nothing we do, however virtuous, can be accomplished alone. Therefore we are saved by love." • END

A four-part suit: two parts pale oatmeal wool tweed over taupe velveteen and blue silk. By Ellen Brooke for Sportswear Couture. Wear-Right string glove





By Catherine di Montezemolo

Photographs by Frances McLaughlin-Gill

The American Look for Fall 1963

American designers, leading a rebellion in fall fashion, have decreed severe tailoring to replace the dressmaker look. Country clothes have come to town along with such accessories as walking sticks, boots and riding hats.

Certainly the biggest fashion news this fall is the sudden swing in coats and suits for day and late-day wear from the dressmaker look to a severely tailored one. Paris hinted at this a season ago, and U.S. designers have stamped an immense exclamation point on it. Never, in fact, has a look seemed more American. In suits, the riding-habit jacket and the tailored suit are back. In coats, the trench and coachman style and their variations are more important than ever. Many daytime clothes are designed in haberdasher-type fabrics such as twills, bold glen plaids, and houndstooth checks in cereal colors. The look is carried out from head to toe. What women had once typed as "country" they will now wear in town—for instance, turtleneck sweaters under suits and coats, riding hats, knee socks, boots and walking shoes. Above is this look in its most extreme, with more about it on the pattern pages (52 to 57). Here, left and right and the succeeding pages: the tailored look the way you will see it worn. There is, in addition, an at-home dressing trend that has a tailored look to it. And there are coats, including a raincoat for everyday. Finally, the happiest news of all, the revival of the toe-length dinner coat. Notice how many clothes multiply their use: suits with three parts in three surprising fabrics, a bright coat that could go out day or evening, and a dinner suit that with skirt switch becomes a 9 A.M. suit.



Blond tweed riding jacket over Sherlock Holmes checked wool tweed dress with its own ascot. Jacket and dress go separate ways in a wardrobe of skirts and coats. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner.

Above: Henri Bendel, New York; Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D.C. Opposite: Lord & Taylor, New York; Neiman Marcus, Dallas and Houston; Ransohoff's, San Francisco.



For at-home dress-up. Up front, in jump-suit form of Jacques Maisel
 and Deeb. Of black rayon and acetate crepe, with a wide, ruffled collar and elasticized waist.

In the rear, bell bottoms banded with frivolous ruffles with a middy top.
 Of black rayon and acetate crepe, by Anne Klein for Junior Sophisticates.

Above: Both at Henri Bendel, New York; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia. Opposite: B. Altman, New York; Halle Bros., Cleveland; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas and Houston; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.

Below, a dinner suit that multiplies. A bold black-and-white houndstooth jacket, white rayon-and-acetate shirt, velveteen vest and matching dinner skirt. Without shirt you have a dinner dress. By Briarbrook.



Three coats for town or country have a smart new tailored look.

Actually a raincoat, it could be an everyday coat. It is colored in taupe whipcord cotton twill and lined with Tibetan lamb. By Modelia. Capezio chocolate suede boots, Echo foulard scarf, Korrigan turtleneck pullover.



To belt or not: shirtcoat in a fluffy neon jade mohair fleece. Wear in town or country—even at night over white, for example. By Elle Brooke for Sportswear Couture. Pseudo-alligator gillies by Risqu





iest coat news is the revival of the long dinner coat. This one is of
hite melton in a coachman style and can be worn over any silhouette

or color. On blustery nights, wear warm knee-high boots and carry a fur muff.
You will look like a contemporary Anna Karenina. By Murray Nieman for Linker.

agdale's, New York; Hurwitch Bros., Boston; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia. Opposite: left, Lord & Taylor, New York; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas and Houston; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; right, Lord & Taylor, New York; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia



An anti-... horse-blanket plaid (by Troy Mills) makes a colorful sportive cape. The horse wears a blanket to match. Cape and slacks, Vogue D

Layered Fashions: A shirt, a vest, a jacket—under a cape or a coat.

THE DASHING, SPORTIVE LOOK

*Zesty outdoor life
is the inspiration for fall's fabulous
collections. Make this
flattering, ageless look your first
sewing project this season.*

By NORA O'LEARY

The look for fall is Sportive. It is a morning, noon and night look, a city, country look. It goes everywhere. The look begins with wonderful mohair checks, colorful horse-blanket plaids, beautiful handloomed Irish tweeds and heavy cavalry twills. With these clothes you may select hand-knit turtleneck fill-ins, such as the one Audrey Hepburn wears on the cover. The jaunty jockey caps to match a suit are new because they are sportive. You will see the same dome shape for hats in furs and a wide variety of outdoor fabrics. Leathers, real and fake, are very much in the fall scene. You will see them in boots, gloves, hats and bindings (sold by the yard) to trim your tweeds. Even the latest jewelry is made up in exciting leathers. Knee-length rib socks and textured stockings have acquired new importance. Other views, sizes, prices of these Vogue patterns are shown on page 109.

Glen plaid in a men'swear cashmere tailors into a stunning suit for her, a smart sport jacket for him. Her jacket has a bias cut front, a white turtleneck fill-in (see the simple instructions on page 109). Vogue International Couturier No. 1273. Fedora by John Frederics, and high boots by Golo.





The Sportive Look is an arresting combination of vibrant color and luxurious fabric . . . for instance, turquoise velvet, yellow silk and plaid mohair in one ensemble.

What could be more sportive than this wonderful black-and-white mohair check (Anglo) skirt topped with a white piqué blouse with French cuffs and a red flannel (Carleter) jacket? Her jaunty ponyskin jockey hat is by Winter Furs. Boots by Goto. Vogue Design No. 5966.



For an evening at home or brunch in the country: a mohair (Forge Mills) skirt, shantung (daga) blouse, velvet vest. Skirt and skirt Vogue Design No. 6027, vest No. 6099



A suit to go any place in: pink-and-red checks (by Felco). Vogue P. O. M. No. 1270. The trim, matching hat cut on the bias is by Sally Victor. Cranberry handbag by Koret. Pin is by Van S.



For a touch of drama: this exciting artificial leopard overblouse worn with black jersey slacks, and matching head scarf. Vogue Design No. 5744.



A handloomed Irish tweed is an avant-garde combination of red and green. The jacket is straight, the sleeves button like a shirt. Vogue Design No. 6040. Jockey hat by John Frederics.

An outstanding coat with slight flare and detachable cape, right, is of beige cavalry twill by Anglo. Double-breasted buttons are of shiny brass. Vogue Design No. 6009. Completing the outfit are a Sherlock Holmes hat by John Frederics and boots by Golo.

Multicolored tweed (by Carleter) cape is lined and bound in gold, buttoned in brass. The cape is Vogue Design No. 6032. Make a companion skirt, No. 5374. To complete the Sportire Look, wear a matching head scarf and turtleneck fill-in. Boots by Capezio.



*Tailored tweeds and
striking silhouettes work fashion magic
with the bold, sportive look.*



Every one of Campbell's **38** delicious soups is **How many of them have you tried?**

Can't you just hear your family saying, "Hey, Mom, we've never had this soup before. Let's have it again soon"? And can't you picture all the deliciously different meals you'll be able to plan with such an exciting variety of soups?

Which soups should you try? First, let your eyes take a delicious trip all over these pages. Next, check off your favorite soups and double-check the ones you're not acquainted with. Then, when you're shopping, pick up the family's favorites and also some kinds they've never enjoyed before.

You will discover soups that will help make a light meal a triumph and a big meal a feast. Whether for

lunches or snacks or Sunday dinners, you'll find all of the 38 Campbell's Soups are just great. And you'll find the versatile cream soups are also superb as pour-on sauces and cooking ingredients.

Did you ever realize there are so many delicious Campbell's Soups? Don't forget—every time you shop, pick up your favorites and take home some new ones, too. And surprise your family by serving their soup in these beautiful mugs and bowls (see free offer below).



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neone's favorite.



Look at this variety...38 different soups and every one is someone's favorite. Check off your favorites. Double-check the ones you've never tried before. Then try them soon.

CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 <input type="checkbox"/> Bean with Bacon | 17 <input type="checkbox"/> Cream of Mushroom |
| 2 <input type="checkbox"/> Beef | 18 <input type="checkbox"/> Cream of Vegetable |
| 3 <input type="checkbox"/> Beef Broth | 19 <input type="checkbox"/> Green Pea |
| 4 <input type="checkbox"/> Beef Noodle | 20 <input type="checkbox"/> Minestrone |
| 5 <input type="checkbox"/> Black Bean | 21 <input type="checkbox"/> Old-fashioned Tomato Rice |
| 6 <input type="checkbox"/> Cheddar Cheese | 22 <input type="checkbox"/> Onion |
| 7 <input type="checkbox"/> Chicken Gumbo | 23 <input type="checkbox"/> Pepper Pot |
| 8 <input type="checkbox"/> Chicken Noodle | 24 <input type="checkbox"/> Scotch Broth |
| 9 <input type="checkbox"/> Chicken with Rice | 25 <input type="checkbox"/> Split Pea with Ham |
| 10 <input type="checkbox"/> Chicken Vegetable | 26 <input type="checkbox"/> Tomato |
| 11 <input type="checkbox"/> Chili Beef | 27 <input type="checkbox"/> Turkey Noodle |
| 12 <input type="checkbox"/> Clam Chowder (Manhattan Style) | 28 <input type="checkbox"/> Turkey Vegetable |
| 13 <input type="checkbox"/> Consommé | 29 <input type="checkbox"/> Vegetable |
| 14 <input type="checkbox"/> Cream of Asparagus | 30 <input type="checkbox"/> Vegetable Bean |
| 15 <input type="checkbox"/> Cream of Celery | 31 <input type="checkbox"/> Vegetable Beef |
| 16 <input type="checkbox"/> Cream of Chicken | 32 <input type="checkbox"/> Vegetarian Vegetable |

CAMPBELL'S FROZEN SOUPS

- | | |
|--|---|
| 33 <input type="checkbox"/> Clam Chowder (New England Style) | 36 <input type="checkbox"/> Green Pea with Ham |
| 34 <input type="checkbox"/> Cream of Potato | 37 <input type="checkbox"/> Old-Fashioned Vegetable with Beef |
| 35 <input type="checkbox"/> Cream of Shrimp | 38 <input type="checkbox"/> Oyster Stew |



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● These Waverly Ware mugs and bowls are made of a durable plastic that resists chipping and staining. 12-oz. bowls and 10-oz. mugs look like finest china.

● Mail your labels from 12 different Campbell's Soups and your name and address (indicating your choice of mugs or bowls) to **Mugs & Bowls, Box 10, Camden, N.J.** Offer expires November 30, 1963. Good only in U.S.A. Subject to state and local restrictions; void if taxed, restricted or forbidden by law.

FROZEN SOUPS COUNT, TOO!

Since there are no labels on frozen soup cans, take a piece of paper, jot down the code numbers stamped on the end of the can. Send them in along with the labels from our condensed soups—a total of 12 different labels and/or code numbers—for your set of mugs or bowls.



...ner in space: "Try it yourself sometime."

Comely Cosmonaut

An exclusive interview with the first spacewoman reveals a feminine but dedicated pioneer whose childhood ambition was to pilot a railroad locomotive

By Edmund Stevens

Edmund Stevens has worked 17 years as a correspondent in the Soviet Union for various U.S. publications, speaks fluent Russian, is married to a Russian woman, Nina Andreyevna. Their daughter Anastasia, a dancer, is the only U.S. citizen ever accepted by the Bolshoi Ballet. Stevens won a Pulitzer Prize in 1950 for a series of articles in the Christian Science Monitor. "This is Russia—Uncensored."

MOSCOW.

I joined the happy crowd of Muscovites—100 of them—streaming into Red Square in the shadow of the Kremlin, to greet the 27-year-old Valentina V. Tereshkova, the first woman to fly into space. They called her "Valya" affectionately, and it was obvious that she had won the hearts of her countrymen. Premier Nikita Khrushchev, standing with her and the other Soviet cosmonauts atop the Lenin Mausoleum, kissed and embraced her before the throng. She was awarded the Hero of the Soviet Union and Pilot-Astronaut citations, the Order of Lenin, and the Gold Star medal. She looked strong and healthy after her 16 hours and 50 minutes in space, which had carried her around the earth 48 times in her Vostok VI spacecraft. Valya smiled down at the cheering crowd as Mr. Khrushchev told them that "our Soviet woman showed the American astronauts a thing or two. Her flight was longer than that of all the American astronauts put together. There is no weaker sex." (Americans, in four flights, have completed a total of 34 orbits.)

I wondered what sort of girl she was. What lay behind the propaganda personage waving down at the crowd? Was she the sort of Communist superwoman? Up close, she was the Junior Lieutenant Tereshkova, cosmonaut, or Valya Tereshkova, woman? I determined to seek the answer. I tracked her to a loge in Moscow's Bolshoi Theater even as Don José's fatal passion for Carmen was building up onstage. She and her party had slipped into the loge as the lights were dimmed, but she was promptly spotted and thereafter given more attention than the performers on stage.

Sitting with her were her older sister Ludmilla, who looks almost like her twin—only one year divides them—and her mother, a comely woman who could easily be taken for a sister. When I barged into the loge, Valentina managed to control her astonishment. After I explained my purpose, she said she would gladly talk with me, but this



Listening to translation at World Women's Congress in Moscow, Valya hears tributes.

was hardly the time or place. Could I meet her the following day at the World Congress of Women? She knew of a place where we would be able to chat. At six o'clock sharp one of her entourage would be waiting for me at the side entrance of the white-marbled, ultramodern Kremlin Place of Congress to lead me to her.

"It's a date," I replied.

Valentina was as good as her word. At the appointed time I was met and led through several corridors to a small waiting room with chairs lining the walls. Valentina sat in one and motioned me to sit next to her.

Press reports had described her—wrongly—as everything from "mannish" to a "chunky Ingrid Bergman." Nor had the photograph done her justice. She is decidedly feminine, trim five foot seven, neither overly slim nor overly plump, retaining all of the seductive curves of an attractive woman. Her eyes are clear gray, set wide apart, above a straight, well-proportioned nose and a mouth with full lips sufficiently red without lipstick. Her full round face is framed by dark chestnut hair kept in place by a marcel wave so natural that when she landed after nearly 7 hours in orbit, she looked as if she'd just come from the hairdresser.

There was nothing frumpy about her attire either. Her dresses and tailored suits appeared simple but well-cut. Her color combinations indicated a quiet good taste. Actually this was not surprising, for before joining the cosmonauts, Valentina had been a textile worker and had an almost professional interest in fashions. She has designed and made much of her own wardrobe.

"Please tell me in your own words," I asked, "about your life and background and how you, a textile worker, happened to become the first girl cosmonaut."

In her low, melodious voice, she told me of her childhood years on a collective farm 150 miles northeast of Moscow. Her father, a tractor driver, moved into the driver's seat of a tank and was killed in the first days of the German invasion during World War II. Mrs. Tereshkova, widowed at 27 with three children to raise, worked as a dairy maid on the farm. Later the family moved to a nearby provincial center, Yaroslavl, where Mama took a job in the big textile combine called Krasny Perekop.

After finishing the seventh grade in 1953, sister Ludmilla joined her mother at Krasny Perekop as a loom operator. Valentina transferred to night school the following year and got a daytime job in the Yaroslavl tire factory. A year later she switched to the ribbon

every woman who has been over-washing her hair...

A shampoo so rich
you only need to "lather once"!



NATALIE WOOD starring in "Love With The Proper Stranger," A Paramount Pictures' release, uses new "Lather Once" Lustre-Creme shampoo and her hair behaves beautifully! Yours will, too, because—instead of over-washing your hair, stripping away the oils, leaving it dry and hard to manage—you only need to lather once with rich, instant-foaming Lustre-Creme shampoo. Then your hair has more life and body; any hair style behaves beautifully. Try it and see!

NEW "Lather Once" Lustre-Creme Shampoo

"The night before takeoff I slept splendidly, without any dreams."



Arriving at airport after historic flight, Valya gets bear hug from Nikita Khrushchev.

Valya weeps with emotion as delegates at Women's Congress eulogize her in speeches.



COMELY COSMONAUT

department in the textile mill so that she could work near her mother and sister. The third and youngest child of the family, Vladimir, named after his father, also went to work at the mill after he had completed the seventh grade. Now 23 years old, he drives a truck during the day and studies textile engineering at night.

"Meantime, after finishing the ninth grade at night school," Valentina recalled, "I enrolled in the textile-industry textile-correspondence school while continuing to work in one of the Krasny Perekop textile mills. I made music my hobby and played the mandolin in an all-girl orchestra.

"My passionate childhood dream was to be a locomotive engineer—that was my great ambition—but when I was graduated from the seventh grade, I was still much too small for that, and though I pleaded, they wouldn't let me take up that line of work. Mama was dead set against it. Afterwards I read lots of books and articles about our aviators and parachutists.

"In 1958 the idea dawned on me: Why not try my own ability, especially as I had a girl friend, an engineering student named Galina Shashkova, who had taken up parachute jumping. When she came to see me, her eyes would shine as she described how wonderful it was to sail through the air."

Valentina joined the local aeroclub, took up parachuting and made her first jump in the spring of 1959. To date, she's chalked up more than 160 jumps, including special jumps made with full equipment, at night, into water and under other kinds of arduous conditions. She may have the manner of a gentle and feminine woman, but I discovered from her handshake that she possesses considerable strength.

Her association with the aeroclub eventually gave her the idea to apply to the Cosmonaut Training Center. "After Gagarin's flight," she said, "I kept pondering to myself more and more: 'Very well, others progress from parachuting to airplane piloting and then to rocketing. So why shouldn't I make a try?' Frankly, I was rather frightened by the thought at first. But when, a few months later, after Gherman Titov's flight, there was a gathering at the aeroclub to discuss the subject, one of the boys remarked: 'Of course, in due course, a woman, some future woman cosmonaut, will blast off.' And then we all tried to imagine what she would be like. We tried to picture her as very beautiful, very strong and clever."

Valentina applied to the training center in February, 1962, and, after careful processing and completion of a special preliminary program, was accepted.

At the training center, she recalled, she was given intensive flight practice in many types of aircraft so that she would be thoroughly at home in the air.

"The night before takeoff I slept splendidly, without any dreams," she said. "As always, I fell asleep almost as soon as my head hit the pillow. I also slept well in space.

"The blast-off didn't bother me a bit. The gravity pull was no greater than what I had been subjected to as part of the training program. During the descent from orbit the transition from weightlessness back to gravity also went very smoothly. When you first start to feel the pull, there's something kind of pleasant and earthy about it.

"One adapts oneself to weightlessness quite quickly and easily," she explained.

"That is to say, everything floats in the air inside the cabin—even water. It doesn't flow or disintegrate into drops, but forms a kind of blob as if in a cellophane bag. You get so used to weightlessness that you almost forget about it. Take the flight log book. From force of habit you place it on your lap; then you move slightly and it sails away from you, and that reminds you of weightlessness. But there was no nausea or other unpleasant sensations."

"What about swallowing food," I asked. "No problem," she said. "You swallow just as you do on earth. Try it yourself sometime." (I let that one pass.)

Soviet reaction to Valya's flight inevitably went beyond the purely patriotic emotions. Her most fervent fans were the Soviet women, who saw in her a champion of their sex in shining armor and who vicariously rocketed with her into orbit. "A woman has been in space," they commented, "but there are still lots of areas right here on Earth where women aren't admitted."

One masculine view, however, was expressed with wry tongue-in-cheek humor by the salty old Don Cossack writer Mikhail Sholokhov, who commented: "My age and somewhat conservative makeup compelled me to believe we men were arbiters of the mind—soldiers and salt of the earth. But what do we see now? A woman in space. So what you will, but this is incomprehensible. She'll now have proposals of hand and hear showered on her by thousands. Alas, I, who've carried the cross of married life these forty years can offer her neither heart nor hand, but I embrace her and wish her all the best." (True to Sholokhov's prediction, Soviet men have sent Valya hundreds of proposals through the mail.)

A lifetime "sputnik"?

The inevitable rumors and romantic speculation associated with any attractive young woman in the spotlight have not left Valentina untouched. The "matchmakers" in this case have linked her with Cosmonaut No. 8 Maj. Andrian G. Nikolayev, who is the only bachelor among the present Soviet spacemen. At the Red Square reception it was reported that Major Nikolayev was obviously maneuvered by his fellow cosmonaut next to Valentina. The crowd roared approval when he embraced her.

"At the press conference," I said, "you were asked a rather personal question about your choice of a lifetime *sputnik* [companion]. Could you elaborate?"

"As regards a lifetime *sputnik*," Valentina said carefully, "many of my cosmonaut friends, including the girls, have families. So why shouldn't I? Indeed, why not?" she added with a chuckle. "Of course I shall have a family and children of my own. That will not interfere in the slightest with my work, my new profession of cosmonaut. And as for the choice of my lifetime *sputnik*, so far I haven't made the choice. But I am sure there will be one."

Whoever Valentina eventually marries will probably be getting a very competent housewife. While still living at home and working in the textile mill, she practically ran the household for her mother, elder sister and brother. She did the cleaning, mending, laundry and marketing.

"I am," she confided, "a good plain cook. No frills. I make the kind of things our workers like: borsch, *blini*, *pel'meni*—and, said the first woman into space, "my strawberry jam is second to none."

REGULAR OR NEW FAMILY-SIZE PACKAGE

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Million dollar Desserts

By ELAINE WARD-HANNA

With a little ingenuity and skill you can transform everyday food into fabulous desserts. A spectacular finale makes any meal more memorable, so frame it in an elegant setting with your loveliest silver and crystal. Pictured here: dramatic Croquembouche—a glistening tower of tiny cream puffs, each filled with sweet orange cream; a frosty pink soufflé—concocted of strawberries and Grand Marnier; and a feather-light Butterfly Cake that's deceptively simple thanks to "mixes." Turn the page for other desserts with a million-dollar look and taste—delicate white coconut cake, golden crepes with rainbow-hued fruit syrups, satin-smooth peaches-and-cream mold, and others designed "to make the end most sweet."

FROZEN STRAWBERRY SOUFFLÉ:

(1) Prepare an 8-cup soufflé dish. Make a "collar" to extend 3 inches above the top of the dish, using a double strip of aluminum foil 4–5 inches wide and long enough to go around the dish. Secure with paper clips and a rubber band to hold it in place. (2) Purée 2 (10-oz.) packages frozen sliced strawberries (thawed), using a blender or a food mill. You need about 2 cups purée. (3) Beat 6 egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored, mix with 1 cup sugar. Add half the strawberry purée, mixing well. Cook over *simmering* water, in the top of a double boiler, until mixture thickens, 15–20 minutes. Stir often. Cool. Stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Grand Marnier. (4) In a small saucepan combine 1 cup sugar and $\frac{1}{8}$ cup orange juice. Heat, stirring, until sugar dissolves. Then cook without stirring until a soft ball forms when a little is dropped into cold water, or to 232° F.–234° F. on a candy thermometer. (5) Beat 6 egg whites until very stiff. Very slowly pour hot syrup in a thin stream over them, beating at high speed, until all syrup is used and mixture stands in stiff peaks. Cool. (6) Beat 3 cups heavy cream until thick and glossy. Fold into egg yolk-strawberry mixture along with remaining 1 cup purée. Fold in the meringue, mixing well. Stir in a few drops red food coloring. Turn into soufflé dish, and freeze several hours or overnight, until firm. (7) To serve, remove collar and press chopped walnuts into the sides of the soufflé. Decorate with fluffs of whipped cream and a few strawberries. Return to freezer while you prepare sauce (optional, not shown). (8) Put 1 quart fresh strawberries, washed, hulled and halved, or 3 (10-oz.) packages frozen sliced (thawed) strawberries, in a small saucepan with sugar to taste. Heat until strawberries are hot, but not mushy. Remove from heat and stir in 3–4 tablespoons Grand Marnier. Serve sauce warm. Makes 12 servings.







SOUTHERN COCONUT CAKE

Filling (1) Melt $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or margarine in a double boiler. (2) Mix in 1 cup sugar. (3) Stir in 3 beaten eggs, juice of $1\frac{1}{2}$ lemons and grated rind of 1 lemon. (4) Cook, stirring constantly, until thick, 20–30 minutes. Chill several hours. **Cake** (5) Prepare 2 (about 1-lb.-4-oz.) boxes white cake mix according to package directions, adding $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated coconut and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon almond extract to *each* batter. (6) Bake in four 9-inch layer pans according to package directions. Freeze one layer for later use. (7) Put 3 layers together with filling. **Frosting** (8) Combine $\frac{2}{3}$ cup sugar, 3 tablespoons each light corn syrup and water in a small saucepan. Bring to a boil and continue cooking to 244° F. or until syrup spins a 6–8-inch thread. (9) Beat 2 egg whites until stiff. (10) Pour syrup in a thin stream into egg whites, beating continuously until frosting is stiff and glossy. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Spread on cake. Sprinkle cake with shredded coconut. Makes 10–12 servings.

FRENCH CREPES WITH FRUIT SYRUPS

(1) Combine 1 cup flour, 2 tablespoons sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt. (2) Add 3 eggs, beaten, and 1 cup milk, and beat until smooth. (3) Stir in 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine. Let stand for about 1 hour. (4) Lightly grease and heat a small heavy skillet, about 6 inches in diameter. (5) Pour in just enough batter to coat the bottom of the pan when it is tipped back and forth. The crepe should be very thin. (6) Cook until crepe is golden on one side; turn and brown other side. Fold into quarters, and keep warm. Makes about 16 crepes. To serve: heat crepes in chafing dish or crepes-suzette pan with *one* of the following syrups—let your guests choose the flavor they prefer.

Orange Syrup: Combine 1 cup orange juice, 1 cup sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon orange rind in a small saucepan and bring to a boil. Simmer gently until thickened, 5–10 minutes. Makes 1– $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups.

Cherry Syrup: Combine 1 jar (8-oz.) cherry jelly, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar and $\frac{1}{8}$ cup water in a small saucepan and bring to a boil. Simmer until thickened, 5–10 minutes. Add 3–4 tablespoons Kirsch. Makes 1– $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups.

Pineapple Syrup: Combine 1 cup pineapple juice, 1 cup sugar and 1 tablespoon lemon juice in a small saucepan and bring to a boil. Simmer until thickened, 5–10 minutes. Makes 1– $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups.

Lemon-Lime Syrup: Combine $\frac{1}{8}$ cup lemon juice, 2 tablespoons lime juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon lime rind and a drop of green food coloring. Bring mixture to a boil and simmer until thickened, about 5–10 minutes. Makes 1– $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups.



PEACH COEUR A LA CRÈME

(1) Soften 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin in $\frac{1}{3}$ cup cold water. Scald 1 cup light cream; add gelatin and stir until dissolved. Cool. (2) Soften 6 (3-oz.) packages cream cheese. Beat until light. Slowly add 2 cups heavy cream, beating constantly until mixture is smooth. Add 1 cup sugar. Buzz 1 package (10-oz.) frozen sliced peaches, thawed, in a blender or purée the peaches in a food mill. Add to cheese mixture. Mix well and stir in a few drops red and yellow food coloring for a more pronounced "peach" color. (3) Combine both mixtures. Pour into a lightly oiled 6-cup heart-shaped mold. Refrigerate several hours until set. Unmold and decorate with additional fresh, canned or frozen, thawed, sliced peaches. Makes 8–10 servings.



ELEGANCE

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CROQUEMBOUCHE

(Pictured on Page 65)

(Pronounced krok-om-BOOSH)

- | | |
|--|--|
| Cream Puffs | 3 tablespoons honey |
| $\frac{3}{4}$ cup butter or margarine | 2 tablespoons grated orange rind |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water | Glaze |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour | 2 cups sugar |
| 6 eggs | $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups water |
| Filling | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar |
| $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups heavy cream | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon butter or margarine |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup confectioners' sugar | Sifted confectioners' sugar |

Cream Puffs (1) Put butter or margarine in a saucepan; add water and heat until melted. Stir in flour all at once, and stir until batter leaves the sides of the pan clean and forms a ball. (2) Remove from heat and let stand 5 minutes. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Mixture will be glossy and stiff. (3) Drop batter by rounded teaspoonfuls, 2 inches apart, on greased baking sheets. Bake in a moderate oven, 375°F., 30–35 minutes, until puffs are browned. They should be crisp. If they seem soft, bake a few minutes longer. Cool on racks, and with the tip of a knife make a little hole in the bottom of each. Store in a container, covered loosely. You may prepare these several days in advance. Makes about 90 puffs, enough for 1 pyramid.

Filling (1) Whip the cream until just thick. Add the remaining ingredients and beat until the cream is stiff. (2) Spoon some of the mixture into a pastry bag fitted with a large plain tube (No. 4–6). Fill each puff by inserting the tube point deep into the bottom. Refill the pastry bag as needed, keeping the cream chilled. Refrigerate the filled puffs.

Cut a 9-inch circle from a piece of cardboard. Cover with foil.

Glaze (1) Combine sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water and cream of tartar in a heavy skillet. Bring to a boil, stirring until the sugar dissolves. Lower heat and cook until the syrup is just light amber. Lower heat until it is barely simmering. (2) Set foil-covered circle on larger piece of foil near the range so you can work quickly. Have some cream puffs close at hand. (3) To build the pyramid, lightly dip one side of a puff in syrup and place on the outer edge of the foil circle, glazed-side down and the top facing out. Repeat with 9 or 10 more. The syrup will harden and act as an adhesive. For the second row arrange a slightly smaller row of puffs over the spaces in between the puffs of the first row, inclining them inward. (4) Fill in the center area behind the first two rows with more puffs; they will act as support. (5) Continue building the pyramid in decreasing circles, filling in support area as needed, until you have 6 rows completed. Top with 1 puff. Refrigerate. You will need to work quickly, always dipping puffs lightly in the syrup. If the syrup should thicken before the Croquembouche is completed, add a little water and melt over low heat. Do not let the syrup burn. The Croquembouche may be assembled on the morning of the party and refrigerated until serving time. (6) Add 1 cup water to the remaining syrup in the skillet and the butter or margarine. Cook, stirring occasionally until a soft ball forms in a little cold water, or until syrup reaches 232°F. on a candy thermometer. Pour syrup into small bowl and let stand at room temperature. (7) At serving time remove the Croquembouche from the refrigerator. Lightly drizzle the reserved syrup on pyramid, not covering it completely. Sprinkle sifted confectioners' sugar over the surface. (8) To serve, use 2 forks or serving tongs, and loosen the puffs one by one. Serve 4–5 puffs to each person and pass the Butterscotch-Rum Sauce. Makes about 15 servings.

BUTTERSCOTCH RUM SAUCE

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar | 2 cups light cream |
| $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups light corn syrup | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or margarine | 2–3 tablespoons light rum |

(1) Cook sugar, corn syrup, butter or margarine and 1 cup cream until it reaches 246°F. on a candy thermometer, or a little forms a hard ball when dropped in cold water. (2) Stir in remaining 1 cup cream and bring to a boil. Lower heat and cook until thickened, 15–20 minutes. Add vanilla and rum. Cool, and refrigerate. Let stand at room temperature about 1 hour before serving. Makes 3 cups sauce. May be made well in advance of serving. Also delicious with ice cream.

BUTTERFLY CAKE

(Pictured on Page 65)



- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 package (1-lb.-
3 $\frac{1}{2}$ -oz.) orange
cake mix | 1 package (13.8-oz.)
lemon
creamy-type
frosting mix |
| Lime and orange
candy-fruit slices | |

(1) Line the bottoms of a 9-inch spring-form pan and a 9-inch layer pan with wax paper. Grease and flour the sides. (2) Prepare cake mix according to package directions. (3) Place $1\frac{1}{3}$ cups batter in the layer pan and the remaining batter in the spring-form pan. (4) Bake in a moderate oven, 350°F., 10–15 minutes for the layer pan and about 35 minutes for the spring-form pan. Thin layer will pull away from sides of pan when done; large cake should be tested with a cake tester. Cool 5 minutes before removing from pans; finish cooling on cake rack. (5) Prepare lemon-frosting mix according to package directions. (6) Place the large layer on serving plate. Cut the thin layer in half. (7) Using a decorating tube and star tip, with the frosting secure the halves to the base at 45° angle to form "wings." (8) Pack the frosting under the "wings" to support them. See illustration above. (9) Decorate the edges of the "wings" and the cake. (10) Cut thin triangular pieces of the candy-fruit slices, and use to form "butterflies" on the frosting. Cut tiny pieces of candy-fruit slices and dot them around edge of cake. To serve: cut into wedge-shaped pieces avoiding the "wings." Makes 8–10 servings.

IMPERIAL 8-LAYER VIENNA TORTE

(Not pictured)

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| Cake | Frosting |
| 12 eggs, separated | 5 squares unsweetened chocolate |
| 1 cup sugar | 1 lb. box confectioners' sugar |
| 6 tablespoons water | 6 tablespoons hot water |
| 1 teaspoon vanilla | 2 eggs |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour | $\frac{2}{3}$ cup butter or margarine |
| 2 teaspoons baking powder | 2 teaspoons vanilla |
| Filling | |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. sweet baking chocolate | |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup strong coffee | |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups confectioners' sugar | |
| 1 lb. unsalted butter | Walnut halves (garnish) |

Cake (1) Beat egg yolks until light. Add the sugar and continue beating until very light colored and thick (the consistency of mayonnaise). (2) Add the water, vanilla and the flour that has been sifted with the baking powder. (3) Beat the egg whites until stiff but not dry. Carefully fold them into the batter. (4) Grease 4 jelly-roll pans and divide batter evenly among pans. If you have only 1 pan, use $\frac{1}{4}$ of the batter at a time, and refrigerate the remainder. The batter should barely cover the bottom of the pans, as thin layers are important in this cake. (5) Bake in a moderate oven, 375°F., for 15 minutes. Remove from pan and cool on wire racks. Continue until you have 4 layers. These may be made ahead and frozen. (6) Cut each cake in half crosswise, so you have 8 layers. Cover cakes with a towel while you prepare the filling and frosting. **Filling** (7) Break the chocolate into pieces. Cook with the coffee and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup confectioners' sugar until it reaches 220°F. on a candy thermometer. Cool. (8) Meanwhile, cream the butter and remaining 1 cup sugar until fluffy. Stir in the chocolate mixture and chill until spreading consistency. (9) Assemble cake with filling divided equally among layers. **Frosting** (10) Melt chocolate in mixing bowl over hot water. Mix in sugar and water using a rotary beater. Add remaining ingredients and beat well. Mixture will be thin at this point. Place bowl in ice water and beat until just firm enough to spread easily. (11) Frost top and sides of cake, making swirls with the back of a spoon. Refrigerate the cake overnight for easier slicing. (12) Decorate the top and sides with walnut halves. (13) Cut cake in 1-inch slices, then each piece in half. Makes 20 servings. This cake is very rich; ideal for large parties, and keeps well.

NEAPOLITAN MERINGUE BOMBE

(Not pictured)

Ice Cream Filling

- 1 quart chocolate ice cream
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints vanilla ice cream
- 1 pint strawberry ice cream

Brownie Base

- 1 package (1-lb.) fudge brownie mix or butterscotch squares mix
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts

Meringue

- 5 egg whites
- Pinch salt
- $\frac{2}{3}$ cup sugar

(1) Line a 2-quart metal mixing bowl with aluminum foil. Leave about 2 inches extending over the rim. Place bowl in freezer. (2) Soften chocolate ice cream slightly. Working quickly, spread it evenly over bottom and sides of bowl. Freeze until firm. Repeat with a layer of vanilla ice cream, then the strawberry, packing them in well. Level off top. Cover and freeze several hours until firm. (3) Prepare brownie or butterscotch squares according to package directions, adding the nuts at the last. Bake in a greased 8-inch layer-cake pan, according to package directions. Remove from pan and cool. (4) For the meringue, beat egg whites and salt until stiff. Add the sugar, a little at a time, and continue beating until stiff peaks are formed and the sugar is dissolved. (5) To assemble bombe, place brownie base on a foil-covered wooden board or a baking tray. Invert ice cream mold on top of brownie base. Lift off bowl and peel off foil. (6) Working quickly, cover ice cream and brownie base with meringue, swirling it with the back of a spoon to form peaks. Place on lowest rack in a very hot oven, 500°F., to brown meringue, about 3–4 minutes. Let stand a few minutes for easier cutting. Makes 10–12 servings. Entire bombe, including the meringue, may be assembled and frozen a day or so ahead. Just remove from freezer and brown as above. • END



Illustration by MIA CARPENTER

Joanna stood in the prow of the boat that wends its way with mail and passengers from island to island in the Aegean Sea, and let the wind blow her hair wild. It seemed hardly believable that she was off on a month's painting holiday at last, after the years and years of waiting for this moment, years of war, years of near starvation, years of such stress and horror that she was determined to put them behind her.

© 1963 BY MAY SARTON

A painting of a coastal scene. In the foreground, there is a field of bright yellow flowers, possibly sunflowers, with green leaves. In the middle ground, there are several white buildings with blue accents, possibly a village or a resort. In the background, there is a blue sky with a few white clouds and two sailboats on the water. The overall style is impressionistic and colorful.

*He was a pathetic donkey, but he
inspired her to live and love and paint.*

*He made her Aegean holiday
one she would always remember.*

Joanna & Ulysses

By May Sarton

had been hot when she embarked at Piraeus, lugging
ses and easel strapped together, as well as her two
ses. Her father had objected to the bright-blue-and-
striped slacks. "Dear girl, must you look like a gypsy?"
t's a holiday, Papa! And one may look like a gypsy!"
e banter covered a difficult moment of parting. Always
arried with her anxiety about her frail father. He was

too old to rally as she had done, but she felt she could, by the
intensity of her caring, keep death away. Keep death away.
Not look back. For a month she was to give herself to joy,
to paint, to think, to feel youth, buried so long, rising up in
her like sap into the branches of a battered tree.

Joanna was thirty, but often she felt very old, old enough
at least to have earned a commitment, not to others but to

herself, to her painting, which was not her profession—she worked in an office in Athens—but had become her way of finding out what she thought about things, where she was. And it was this sense of effort and joy ahead that made her tense with excitement, a joy drawn so taut that she wished she could cry it aloud like a sea gull: "Listen, sky! Listen, gulls and sea, I am Joanna! Joanna, the painter!" For although Joanna was no longer a young girl, she had kept her innocence, her sense of herself as a wild creature, a person who could address God or the sky on a personal basis. Let us say, simply, that she was a Greek, this tall dark woman, in brilliant slacks, standing in the prow of the shabby boat, exultantly alive.

She had seen one island after another rise up out of the cerulean-blue sea, first as a distant hump, then an escarpment of rocks, sometimes the blond semicircle of a beach. Always the white houses gathered like nests wherever there was the shelter of a small harbor. Now at last they were approaching the steepest, the most dramatic harbor of them all—Santorini. She had chosen Santorini because it is as inaccessible and remote as a dream.

This island is guarded by the sinister hump of the barren, coal-black volcano, which erupted years ago and, in the ensuing quake, buried half the village in the sea. The sheer cliff on which the new village stands is really the lip of a crater, looking down on the dangerous Cerberus which guards and threatens it. Already, from her vantage point, Joanna could see the narrow zigzagging path, twisting up from the cluster of buildings on the quay, to the village itself far away on the height. Here within the deep harbor the water was magically still, and the whole dramatic scene composed itself in flat planes like a painting. It looked hardly real. But the roar of the anchor grinding down was real enough, and Joanna ran back to collect her luggage, to be ready to disembark into the small boat already close to the ship's ladder.

She was in a sea daze, and the quay seemed to rock slightly as she stood there, among the shouts and cries of the donkey drivers already competing for the five or six passengers who had disembarked. She stood there, bewildered, beside her pile of luggage, smiling at the sight of so many donkeys, donkeys of every size, color, each with a different saddle or bright blanket thrown over him. Their masters looked, Joanna thought, like delightful bandits in a child's story.

What made her see beyond this another scene, so terrible that at first she turned her eyes away? I have not come here, all this way, to be wrenched apart again, to be wrenched apart by a donkey, she thought and the thought was a prayer: Please let me not see what I see. But she did see.

What she saw was a tiny gray donkey, the most miserable animal one could imagine, for his whole belly was an open wound; and on the back of this misery two gypsies were leading an enormous wine cask.

At that second, her daze vanished and she strode past the clamor of reputable donkey drivers without a glance, her eyes blazing. As she drew closer, she could see the hundreds of flies settling like a black film on the great sores and, worse, the matchstick legs trembling, trembling, as if they would crack under the preposterous burden just forced upon them.

"Murderers!" The word leaped to her lips but she did not utter it. Instead she glared at the two men. One was stooped, a harsh stubble of white beard on his face, an old

man breathing heavily from the effort of lifting the cask. The other man had a look of sadistic pleasure in what he was doing. He felt her burning eyes upon him and gave her an uneasy, belligerent glance, then spat.

Joanna forced herself to walk two steps forward, then said quietly, without taking her eyes from his face, "You are going to kill the donkey."

The old man lifted his head and looked at her with lifeless eyes.

The young man slouched toward her and spoke in an angry, whining singsong, "He might last to the top," he said. "We'll work him till he drops, and that's that. Do you think we are rich?" He spat again. "We can't afford to keep a sick animal. If he dies, all right, kaput!"

Joanna flinched before the German word. The memories of cruelty and violence swept over her, cruelty about which one could do nothing; she experienced again the corroding poison of helplessness before violence. Suddenly she felt weak, as weak as the donkey. The donkey lacked the strength, it seemed, even to wag its tail at the flies. It stood there, just barely able to stand, its head drooping a little. The patience and suffering of the donkey was awful.

Joanna, in her weakness, turned away. What could she do after all? What use to stand here and witness an agony for which she could do nothing? It was not her business. Then she heard the whack of a stick and rage gave her courage. Before she knew what she was doing, she had seized the stick by one end and shouted,

"No! No!"

"Leave me alone. I know what I'm doing!" Joanna felt the rough stick torn from her hands. The old man was pushing the miserable beast from behind, and slowly, slowly, the matchstick legs stumbled a faltering step forward.

"I'll buy it!" Joanna said, beside herself. "I'll give you five hundred drachmas!" It was the first sum that came into her head—she had no idea what a donkey costs—but it seemed a lot. It must be enough, quickly, quickly, before the donkey crumpled up and died there before her eyes.

The young man said something in a language that she did not understand, and the old man stopped pushing and wiped his face on a dirty rag.

"Five hundred?" The young man mocked her. "Are you crazy?"

"Six hundred?" She murmured, not taking her eyes from his. She was caught. She was a prisoner of their greed and her weakness. And they took 800 drachmas before they lifted the cask off the poor beast.

There she was, on the quay, where she had stepped so lightheartedly only half an hour ago, as if it were now enemy country. She stood there, shivering, with a dying donkey at her side and nowhere to sleep.

"It will be all right," she said to the donkey. She saw him wince as she laid a hand gently on his forehead, as if he expected a blow. How hot his head was, poor beast! They stood there a few seconds, leaning together like two orphans; then Joanna looked up at the climb ahead with dismay.

"Come," she said, taking the frayed rope in her hands. The donkey followed at once, before she had given the slightest tug, and this was the first sign between them. He followed her to the pile of luggage. If she strapped the easel and canvases to her back, she could manage to carry the suitcases; hiring a donkey was out of the question now. They had all left. Even the gypsies had disappeared.

"I must be mad," she said to the donkey, who stood there, wrapped in his patience. The immensity of what she had undertaken swept over her. She sensed that here in this poor village where all lived close to poverty, an act such as hers would seem unpleasant, even indecent. Only the very rich could afford such whims. But the joke was on her, for she was not rich, only mad. And the truth was that she felt exhaustion before the effort ahead.

"Well, Ulysses, let's go!" She had found a name for the donkey, without even considering the matter. She grasped the two bags and slowly began to climb the winding path upward. It was not possible to keep hold of the rope, and she soon let it fall, for Ulysses kept close behind her, his ears pointing forward, and perhaps it was just as well for him that they moved slowly, with frequent halts, while Joanna struggled to recover from each lap with great heavy breaths. "Oh, my dear soul," she uttered once, when it looked as if they would never make it to the top. It seemed the higher they climbed, the farther there was to go. "Why did I choose Santorini, of all places? We might at least have met each other on a flat island!"

Near the top they began to see villagers, widows in black with shawls over their

heads who looked with amazement approaching caravan: a shameless man in gaudy pants leading a donkey who had neglected the point of cruelty, longed to explain, but by now she had breath even to speak to Ulysses. She drew her eyes and looked at the stones under feet, counting steps, and resting after 100 to look down at the serene blue so far below.

The sunlight reflected sharply on white houses, and Joanna felt dizzy. "I have to have some coffee, Ulysses. A water for you," she said. The third coffee led her on, up the last hairpin to the final parapet. There she sat heavily on a stone step, unable to go further. Ulysses stood two steps below her, happened that she could look straight his face for the first time and see how tired and dark his eyes were, rumpled lashes. Again she laid a hand gently forehead and caressed his soft nose, she did this, his drooping ears pricked he bent his head a little. But unfortunately she could now see even better than how dreadful the sores on his belly. She brushed a fly away from his right and watched it settle on the oozing. She gave a sigh that came from deep a sigh in which fear before what she undertaken, and pity and loathing suffering she had witnessed, all came together and lay around her heart like a weight.

Her arrival at Santorini was very different from what she had imagined when left Athens that morning, but it was completely in character.

II

They had reached the top, but this was only the beginning of a day in which name Ulysses seemed to have been of prophetic. No doubt she herself queer enough to the peasant women covered in thick black skirts with black chiefs covering their heads, a tropic flown down into their midst. Perhaps could understand the bundle of easel canvases, but they could not understand donkey. Sometimes her tale got a shy but then the wrinkled faces closed a old heads shook: "No, we have no room a donkey. Besides, it would eat the grass. On Santorini, where every drop of water earth has had to be lifted up in keys, each tomato plant and each flower survives is a sort of miracle, the idea of all-devouring donkey, a useless pet, extravagance they simply could not do. The answer had been "no" so times that finally, as the sun was and the whole bay below suffused with rose, Joanna sat down on the steps village bakery and—thoroughly as of herself—cried. She pulled the donkey head toward her and let the tears fall in a total abandonment of hope.

"Oh, my dear, dear, what are we to do now? Ah!" she wept, and it seemed all the tears she had held back through were now falling on Ulysses' head, eyes were half-closed. He had eaten slice of bread and drunk a little water had begged for him. But he must tired himself. And she had been so minded to find a haven, a place to sleep she had done nothing about his sorrow felt at this moment a heap of female ness, a useless foolish woman, a sentimental woman, she told herself. This last hurled insult roused her pride. She drew her eyes and turned her head upward baker was getting ready to close his. And suddenly she was furious.

Continued on p.



"There's nothing wrong with it, dear. I've just been pressing the wrong button."

Cooking...
canning...
cleaning up...



ScotTowels help you wrap up work and throw it away!



Sort fruit for canning over a big, absorbent ScotTowel. Toss away the stems, leaves, unusable fruit in the ScotTowel. No mess on counter. No stained cloth or sponge to rinse. (Sliced lemon will remove fruit stains from your hands.)

2. Wipe juice and paraffin from jelly jars with strong ScotTowels. Perfect seal assured—less danger of spoiling. And no stained rags to wash and bleach.

3. Rest stirring spoons, beater, spatula on a big ScotTowel. It catches drips—keeps stove-top neat and clean. No need to dirty a plate or counter.



4. Whisk away spills with thirsty ScotTowels. They stay strong when wet. No mop to rinse and hang out.



5. A ScotTowel Holder in the bath keeps ScotTowels handy for tots' half-washed hands. Cuts down laundry!



6. Drain parboiled green peppers on strong, absorbent ScotTowels. Fill peppers over the same ScotTowels. No moisture or spilled stuffing on counter. (Keep small peppers from toppling over by baking in well-greased muffin tins.)

7. Take starch off iron with a soft ScotTowel you have dampened and dipped in baking soda. Wipe clean with a second damp ScotTowel. No scratches on soleplate. No messy rags.

8. Drain fried bacon on fresh, absorbent ScotTowels. No grease on counter. (Special tip! Bacon strips don't twist and curl when you dip them in cold water before frying.)



9. Sprinkle copper with salt—wipe with a strong ScotTowel dipped in vinegar. Copper shines! No dirty rags.

Here's why ScotTowels do all these jobs so well

They are a unique combination of all the things you want in a towel. ScotTowels are super absorbent to give you extra drying power. And they have a new softness too! Ideal for everything from wiping spills to drying hands. Save laundry too. No wonder ScotTowels far outsell every other brand! Get the Regular or Big Roll in pink, yellow, white or new turquoise.



Put a ScotTowel between you and messy clean-up chores

He loved her and she needed him, he was quite sure of that. But he had a Broadway play to produce, so many other very important things to do.

Don't forget

By Garson Kanin

Among the birthday gifts that had been sent to Hal Evers's office was a box containing 144 memo pads.

HAL EVERS
DON'T FORGET!

was printed in red at the top of each page of each pad; and across the bottom, in modest pink:

O'BOYLE THEATRICAL TRANSFER CO.
344 W. 46TH ST., NEW YORK 36,
KL 5-7422

Hal and his secretary looked at the card: "O'Boyle Theatrical Transfer Co. thanks you for your past Patronage and wishes you Continued Success."

"Continued Success," he read scornfully. "I guess they haven't heard about our three catastrophes this season."

"I'm sure they have," she said. "That's why they only sent you a hundred and forty-four. Successful producers probably get three gross, or four."

"Shall I open another bottle of this delicious lukewarm champagne?" he asked.

"Sure. Isn't it thrilling when you think it came all the way from upstate New York! And when we've finished it, you can chase me around the desk a few times—this is a party, isn't it?—and then we can go home."

"Not me," he said.

"Not go home, or not chase?"

"Not chase."

"Why not?"

"I might catch you. Then what?"

"I never thought of that."

He popped the cork of the champagne. The wine gushed out, emptying about half the pint bottle.

"That's a break," he said. "Less to drink."

She laughed. "But you'd never think to throw it away, would you? Because it came free. Like those silly memo pads."

"You're pretty fresh. Remind me to fire you in a few years."

"You New Englanders. It's really true what they say, isn't it? String-savers. Paper-bag-putter-awaysers."

He poured champagne into two teacups. They raised the cups in toast and clicked them.

"Happy birthday," she said, and they drank.

It turned out to be quite a party after all. They sat, talking about themselves and about each other. The room grew dark, hours passed, but still they sat, enjoying a quiet sociability they rarely had time for in the course of the frenetic life they shared throughout the year. When the champagne ran out, he opened a bottle of bourbon. Two drinks later he was startled to hear her say, "Do you think you're ever going to get married?"

"What?"

"When you didn't with Alice Bundy, I figured you never would anybody."

"You may be right," he said, looking into his cup.

"What happened?" she asked softly.

He lit a cigarette and thought for a few moments. "I could talk for hours about it, I suppose, and at the end what it would come down to is—she's too beautiful."

"How could that be?"

"Too beautiful for me. Look at me."

"I like the way you look," she said.

"Damn right," he said. "That's part of what you get paid for. But it's not the prevailing opinion. You and my mother don't count. I remember once *Time* magazine described me as 'hawk-faced' and I was sore as hell till I took a look at myself in the mirror, and so help me, they're right."

"What's that got to do with anything?"

"Everything. You never heard of the law of natural selection? Darwin, Einstein, somebody. They tell about how all the Mediterranean seaports are filled with beautiful people. Why? Because the handsome sailors, when they dropped in, would pick the beauties, and vice versa."

"I never heard that."

"It goes deeper," he said. "It's a sickness I've got and there's no pill for it. A few years ago I hit the couch for a stretch to try to dig it out. No go. And with somebody like Alice—I suppose she must be just about the most beautiful creature in the world, wouldn't you say?"

"Just about."

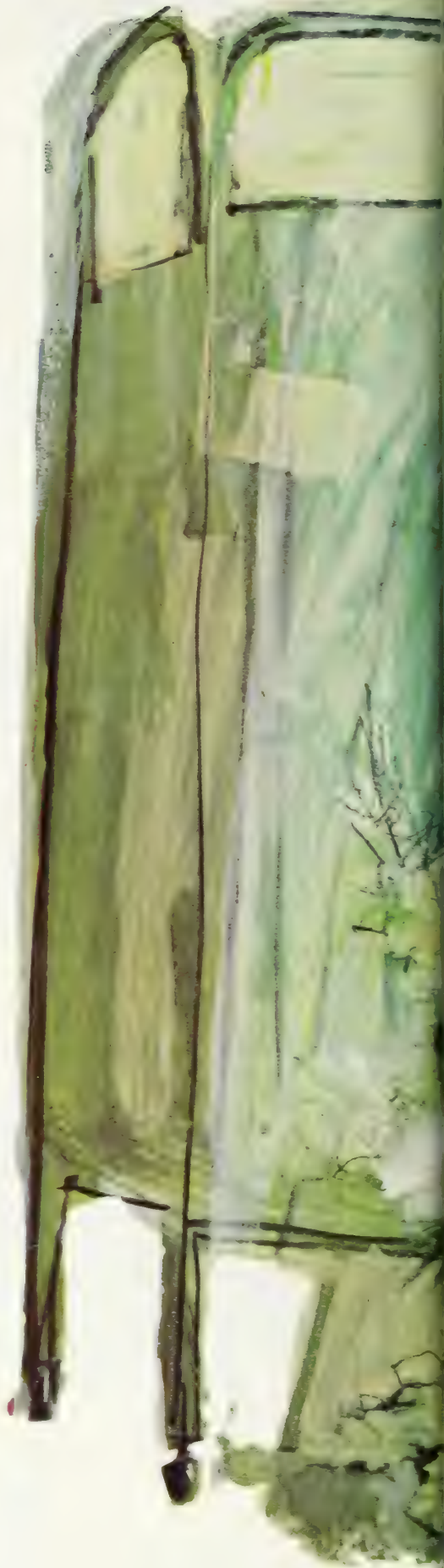
"Every hour was a kind of torture. She was always the center of attention. Everywhere. And the kind of jealousy it — Oh, hell, don't make me talk about it."

"All right," she said.

"It's shaming, you know?"

"It shouldn't be. Not if you understand it."

"I don't. I only *know* about it. I used to break out in hives. That summer we went to Martha's Vineyard. The first day on the beach—everyone looking at her—I —" He put down his cup and reached for a cigarette and lit it. His hands were trembling.





e looked across the desk and, in her secret voice, said, "Don't forget your dinner tomorrow night."

put it in your book. Quarter to eight, tie."

and Miss Hamburger says please can you the Crosby play over the weekend."

ll right," he said. "I'll read it, and you a candle for the play."

gladly."

ll take you home."

"No, no," she said. "I can stumble my way."

"Take a cab," he said, "and put it on the expense account."

Alice Bundy's automobile accident was one of the more serious that New Year's Eve. She had been on her way to a party in Newtown, Connecticut, driving alone. An early celebrator, driving a nine-year-old car, lost control of it, crossed the parkway divider and struck her head on. Her little foreign car took the impact badly. Caught grotesquely in the

tangled wreckage, severely injured, she gained and lost consciousness in erratic waves.

At one point some movement about her brought her to, and she heard a man's voice say, "Go 'way, Charlie. Don't look."

Another voice: "Why not?"

The first voice: "Last time you threw up, remember?"

The second voice: "Bad?"

"She's gone, this one. Head smashed."

Blackness.

Next, she saw stars and was surprised to find that they were real stars in a real sky. She

Skip
chafing

skip skip

odor... odor...

skip skip

belts... belts...

skip skip

pins... pins...

skip skip

pads... pads...

skip skip

it it

!



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Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

Don't forget (Continued)

felt no pain, only an over-all numbness, but the taste of blood was in her mouth.

Hal was one of the first to hear of it.

He had been spending the holiday at home. In earlier years he had been a dance-band drummer, and New Year's Eve had been the worst night of each of those years. Now it was a holiday he refused to observe; he tried, whenever possible, to be in bed and asleep before midnight.

He had been wandering about his apartment, drinking beer and browsing through old magazines. When he saw that it was a minute or so before eleven, he decided to watch the television news. A report of the accident came on toward the end. Few details were given, and he had to call the network news department to find out where Alice was. The Bridgeport Hospital. He called a limousine service and explained the situation, and they sent a car to take him to Bridgeport. He reached the hospital shortly after one and spent a maddening hour seeking information. The emergency staff was dealing with the case. He was told only that Alice's condition was "critical."

From a phone booth in a corridor he made frantic calls. He called Alice's sister Fran. He called his own doctor, Ben Axelrod, and got the answering service. He insisted that they make every effort to reach Doctor Axelrod immediately. He called friends and begged them to call *their* doctors. He was, in his way, screaming for help. Nothing happened for almost two hours; then, within five minutes, Doctor Axelrod arrived; Alice's sister arrived with *her* doctor and her husband, Bill; and Doctor Bush, one of the hospital's chief surgeons, came in.

All of them, led by Doctor Bush, made their way to the corridor outside the emergency room. The doctors went in together. Hal waited in the corridor with Alice's sister and brother-in-law.

"The main thing is to stay sensible," Hal said. "Getting emotional just upsets things more."

Fran looked at him. "You know something I don't know!"

"There you go. Exactly what I asked you not to do."

"He's right, Fran," her husband said. "Take it easy."

"Is she dead?" Fran asked.

Bill and Hal exchanged looks.

"No," Hal said, "not so far as I know."

"But it's bad?"

"So they say."

She moaned and sat down.

When the doctors came out into the corridor again, their expressions made Hal even more uneasy.

Fran stood up as they approached. Bill steadied her. Hal searched Doctor Axelrod's face for a clue, but both he and the doctor Fran had brought deferred to Doctor Bush.

"I'm her sister," Fran said.

"I see," Doctor Bush said. "Well, let's put it this way. She's got a chance."

"What does it depend on?" Hal asked.

Doctor Bush shrugged. "Resistance. Will. Blood. Luck, mostly."

Bill spoke. "Is she—well—intact?"

"Yes," the doctor said. "There's a certain amount of brain injury. We can't gauge the extent of it yet."

"What about her face?" Hal asked.

Doctor Bush seemed irritated. "What?"

"Her face?" Hal repeated.

"Let's not worry about that right now."

"Of course," Hal said. "It's just that she's an actress, doctor, and naturally —"

Doctor Bush interrupted him coldly. "Our problem for a while is going to be her *life*, not her career."

In time, pain came and remained, and she learned to welcome the sudden pricks in her arm, her thigh, her hip, that made the pain go away.

Through it all what troubled her most was her inability to articulate so much as a single word.

"Can you hear me? Can you hear me? Alice? Alice Bundy? Can you hear me? Alice? Miss Bundy? Say yes. Can you hear me? Are you hearing me?"

She kept saying yes, but no sound came. It was her brain saying yes; her lips and tongue could not.

"Alice? Alice Bundy? If you can't speak, make a sign. Make a sign. Can you hear me?" A handclap close to her ear. She felt herself twitch.

A voice, farther away: "She heard that, I think."

The near voice: "Damn it, no! Only her *body* may have heard it, don't you see? I'm trying to find out if *she* can hear anything."

Move something, she thought. *No, not yet. Wait.*

"Alice? Miss Bundy? Alice Bundy? Hello. Hello. Can you hear me? Make a sign."

Now! She tried sending messages everywhere. Eventually one got through to her wrist. She flapped her hand.

"Wait a second! Was that something? Nurse, get that arm out!"

Her limbs moving. Slight pain. Arms asleep.

The voice again: "Hello? If you can hear me, move something. Do what you did before. Anything. Can you hear me?"

Another message to her wrist.

The voice, exultant now: "There it is! Miss Bundy? Alice? Don't move it until I tell you, but move it *when* I tell you. Now!"

She moved it.

A long wait. "Now!"

She moved it.

"Now move it twice. Twice, do you hear? Two times."

She did so, and prayed that the voice would not ask her to do it again. She exhausted.

The voice said, "Good girl!" She felt her hand grasped and heard the voice say "Rest now."

Although Hal was not permitted to see her, he made the trip from New York to Bridgeport almost every day and often spent the night at a hotel near the hospital. Financial problems came up immediately—technicalities of insurance, bills that could not wait. Alice's funds were exhausted after the first week. Fran and her husband, with children to support, could not help. Hal undertook the responsibility, although his bank account was low. He borrowed heavily in order to provide private nurses for three shifts, and endless consultations with neurologists.

Late one afternoon, three weeks after the accident, he arrived at the hospital to find Fran sobbing in the corridor. Grasping her shoulders, he demanded "What is it?"

"I just saw her," Fran said. "Her face was all—oh, my God!"

"But she's all right? She's not —"

"No, but you can't imagine—wouldn't know her. It's as though she's —"

"Did you talk to her?"

"Yes. She seems to understand, but has trouble talking."

Hal was out of patience. "Well, it's been three weeks. What do you expect?"

Fran began to weep again. "No, he said she'll never . . . that it'll never . . . face . . . because —"

"Who says? What're you talking about?"

"Doctor Bush. He told me he —"



"She's not home—would you care to leave a rumor?"

re getting her back to New
w days, then we'll see. Don't

see Alice that day, but Doctor
not let him. Nor was he allowed
om for the rest of her stay in
another eleven days.

was moved to New York and
Doctors Hospital with Doctor
harge, Hal was permitted to
om, but her bed was screened

inning of the second week in
Doctor Axelrod said, "She's
y good sense now, even de-
nk we ought to leave it to her
you see her. You've got to re-
s a girl and a mighty feminine
She's spunky as hell, I'll say
Full of confidence. If she wants
stick with her."

al said.
in. Maybe we can break the ice
mind if I stay with you."
ed the flower-filled room. Doc-
isappeared behind the screens.
company, missy," Hal heard
re was a murmur from the bed.
you, darling?" Hal called out.
ound came in reply. "Hah-all."
ed. He had managed to find his
sound, but not her voice. He
noises and, after a time, knew
rying. Doctor Axelrod stepped
ind the screens and shook his
set her. Hell."

l toward the screens and said,
en. Please take it easy. Help
I'm right here. Don't worry
ng. Everything's going to be

he heard. A pause and then:
her pause. "Everything."

Doctor Axelrod signaled that it was time
to go.

In the corridor Hal sat down on a bench
and lit a cigarette. He felt Doctor Axelrod's
fingers on his wrist and realized that his
pulse was being taken.

"I'm all right," he said.

"I'll tell you how you are," the doctor
said. "That's *my* job."

"Fine," he said. "Prescribe a drink."

Doctor Axelrod nodded. "Doubles was
what I had in mind."

They sat in a booth in a bar three blocks
from the hospital.

"Right now," Doctor Axelrod said, "is
one of her tough stretches. Those sounds, for
instance. She *thinks* it right, says it wrong,
but hears it right. She's perfectly aware of
everything. It's a question of retraining for
function. That may take a while."

"Looking at it from the most hopeful
point of view, what about her work? Will
she be—never mind when—when?"

The doctor took a long swallow of his
drink. "I don't know," he said.

"I know you don't, Ben. But don't horse
me around. I'm asking for your opinion."

"All right," the doctor said. "I won't
horse you around. My opinion. No. Nothing.
Never."

"Thanks."

"It's a miracle she's alive. In time, with
care and—you remember what Doctor Bush
said?—luck, she'll make a lot of recovery.
She'll walk, talk, eat, sleep, with very little
interference." He looked at Hal. "She can
have children."

Hal frowned. "Then why —"

"Left side," Doctor Axelrod said. "Arm,
hip, leg. She'll be able to use them, but not
perfectly. That partial paralysis will extend
to her face. The plastic guys can do a lot, but
there's not one of them that's God."

"She'll be an actress if she wants to be,"

Hal said grimly.

"All right."

"What's the matter with you? You think
only beautiful women are actresses?"

"No," replied the doctor, "I think only
beautiful women are beautiful."

Two weeks later Alice was ready to have
Hal see her. He took two tranquilizers be-
fore he left his office for the hospital.

It was clear that she had prepared care-
fully for the visit. She was sitting up, wear-
ing a yellow bed jacket. He went to her and
kissed her tenderly. He moved a chair close
to the bed and took her hand. The top of her
head and her left eye and ear were band-
aged. What he could see of her face was
misshapen and discolored.

She touched the bandage. "Terrible, huh?"
she said in a surprisingly clear voice.

"I don't know," he said. "You look sort
of like the Sheik of Araby."

"You look fine," she said.

"And you sound fine. Last time you seemed
to have some trouble talking."

"Shot of something they gave me." She
smiled. "I'm doped up. Like you."

"Me?"

"You took something. Your eyes."

"Well! Nothing gets by you."

"Nothing," she said, "including that
damned car."

"Was it fierce? Tell me."

"Isn't it great?" she said. "I don't re-
member anything. Just bang! No details."

He stood up. "Alice? Hurry up and get
out of here. We've got a lot to do."

"Like what?"

"Like get married."

She looked at him for a full minute with-
out replying. He said nothing more, kissed
her, and left.

He asked her again the next day, and the
day after that, and the day after that. Each
time her reply was a long stare. The next
afternoon he came in, said, "Hello," and
heard her say, "No."

"What?"

"But wonderful of you to ask. I'm lucky.
You're a friend."

"I've got enough friends," he said. "What
I want is a wife."

"You deserve one," she said. "The best."

"Sign here," he said. She laughed. "What
is it, Alice? Why not?"

"The time, the place, the reason."

"How do *you* know so much?" he asked.

"You and your busted coco."

"Ah, yes," she said, smiling, "but you
forget my ladar."

He frowned.

"Don't worry," she said. "I'm not goofing
again. I *meant* to say 'ladar.' L-a-d-a-r."

"What the hell's that?"

"New word. *My* word. Made of 'lady'
and 'radar.' See? Ladar."

"Your ladar needs a checkup," he said.
"It doesn't know everything."

"How so?"

"It doesn't know, for instance, that I'm
flying to London tomorrow at four o'clock.
For a week, maybe ten days. Depends how
it goes."

"What goes?"

"The deal. It could be my big one at last.
Remember Ronnie Telfer?"

"Of course."

"Well, Ronnie, of all people, has written a
smash. Opened Tuesday in London."

"Lord."

"Everybody's after it, but Ronnie says
it's mine if I want it. On the phone he kept
saying he owes it to me, and I swear I
couldn't remember why. Then it came to
me. Years ago, when he was still acting, we

Mommy's bigger...

Suzy's big...

I'm small...

But

Carter's

has

SPANKY

PANTS

for us all!

nts, tints, styles and sizes, sizes are what Carter's cotton knit Spanky Pants have
nty of. Sizes for all size mothers. For big sisters. In-betweeners. Even grand-
thers. Even aunts. Just as many Spanky Pants as there are girls to wear them.
hing like them for fit. For looking pretty. Ask Suzy. Ask my mother. Ask me, too.

Children's sizes: 2-4, 4-6, 6-8, 8-10, 10-12, 12-14, 14-16, 16-18, 18-20, 20-22, 22-24, 24-26, 26-28, 28-30, 30-32, 32-34, 34-36, 36-38, 38-40, 40-42, 42-44, 44-46, 46-48, 48-50, 50-52, 52-54, 54-56, 56-58, 58-60, 60-62, 62-64, 64-66, 66-68, 68-70, 70-72, 72-74, 74-76, 76-78, 78-80, 80-82, 82-84, 84-86, 86-88, 88-90, 90-92, 92-94, 94-96, 96-98, 98-100, 100-102, 102-104, 104-106, 106-108, 108-110, 110-112, 112-114, 114-116, 116-118, 118-120, 120-122, 122-124, 124-126, 126-128, 128-130, 130-132, 132-134, 134-136, 136-138, 138-140, 140-142, 142-144, 144-146, 146-148, 148-150, 150-152, 152-154, 154-156, 156-158, 158-160, 160-162, 162-164, 164-166, 166-168, 168-170, 170-172, 172-174, 174-176, 176-178, 178-180, 180-182, 182-184, 184-186, 186-188, 188-190, 190-192, 192-194, 194-196, 196-198, 198-200, 200-202, 202-204, 204-206, 206-208, 208-210, 210-212, 212-214, 214-216, 216-218, 218-220, 220-222, 222-224, 224-226, 226-228, 228-230, 230-232, 232-234, 234-236, 236-238, 238-240, 240-242, 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Don't forget *Continued*

let him out of a run-of-the-play contract so he could take a movie job. I don't know why but gratitude like that makes me nervous."

"I know why."

"Why?"

"Because it's unreal."

"Anyway, I'm going to have a look at his play, and if it's what they say, it'll be for early next season and see what the boys in the back room'll have."

He saw tears in the eye not hidden by bandages as she said, "I'm happy for you, Hal. Among other things, the money. I know about — And I'm going to pay you back. Every penny."

"You'd better," he said, "or I'll take it out of your hide."

"Will you come in tomorrow before —"

"You bet."

"Thank you."

"I'll come in tomorrow to ask you again. See that you say yes—hear?"

He came in, but she did not say yes.

He telephoned her his first day in London and again the second day. On the third day, there was a cable from Doctor Axelrod:

PLEASE NOT PHONE STRAIN UNWISE WRITE
CABLE INSTEAD

AXELROD

He cabled Alice and wrote her as well, every day of the following week. Then difficulties arose in the deal for the American rights to Ronnie Telfer's play, and he had to stay in London longer than he'd planned. He went on cabling Alice every day, but wrote only twice that second week.

In order to wind up the negotiations, he found it necessary to fly down to Biarritz, where one of his backers was vacationing. The large advance demanded by the London producer had to be raised swiftly. For five days he was out of touch with New York. When he got back to London, he disregarded Axelrod's admonition and put in a telephone call to Alice at the hospital. He was told that she had left. He called Fran and reached her husband, who said, "They're in Fort Lauderdale."

"Who's 'they'?"

"Fran and Alice. They left Sunday. The doctor thinks two or three months."

"Well, that's good, though, isn't it?"

Hal asked. "If she can travel and all that?"

"Coming along fine."

He took the address and telephone number. He decided it was too early to call Alice, but he wrote her a long letter. He told her everything he had been doing—except for his sudden, unexpected affair with Diana Saville, the leading lady of Telfer's play.

Writing evasively made him uncomfortable. He mailed the letter and walked the London streets most of the night, trying to understand his behavior. The affair, he decided, was symptomatic, a sign that something was wrong in some other relationship. Could it be that Alice's "ladar" had been accurate after all? In his persistent proposals, was he being motivated by pity rather than by love? Or was it that the destruction of her beauty had removed the old specter? He could not find answers in the shimmering waters of the Thames, or in the lights of London, or within himself. He returned to his hotel at dawn, slept for an hour and then, on impulse, decided to go to Brighton for a few days, to hole up there alone and think. He spent a wild afternoon with Diana Saville and left for Brighton that evening.

After three days of walking, resting, and studying the Telfer play, he found himself still troubled and knew that he would have to get back to New York. He began to organize the day of his arrival. He took a memo pad from his briefcase and, as was his habit, used a separate sheet for each reminder. On the first he wrote, "Call Alice." On the next, "Call Axelrod." On the next two, "Inquire availability Davis understudy men" and "Phone Diana 2 P.M. London time."

He returned to London, went directly on to Paris to see a new musical that night, and flew to New York the next morning.

His first day back was hectic, occupied mainly with the preparation and release of the announcement of the new play. It was not until the second day that he was able to deal with the memos. He placed the call to Alice, and was told that she could not be reached. He went on to the other notes, crossing off each item he had attended to, but not throwing the slip away. After all, the other side could still be used.

He flew to Fort Lauderdale. Fran met him at the airport.

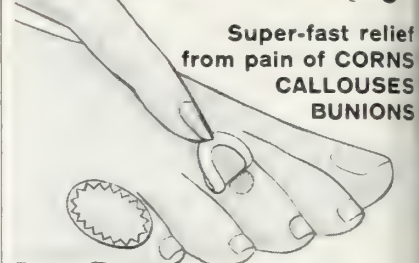
"How is she?" he asked when they were in the car.

Fran shrugged. "You'll see."

"Tell me."

"She was all right until this morning. Now she's got herself worked into a snit."

END PAIN OF CORNS NOW!

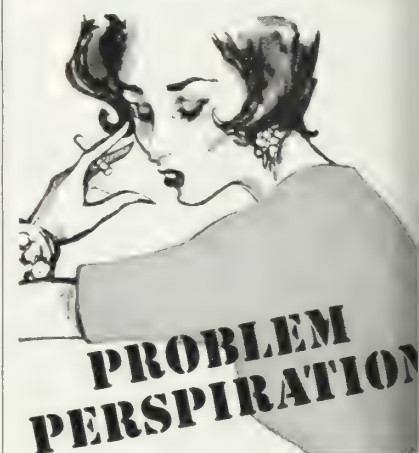


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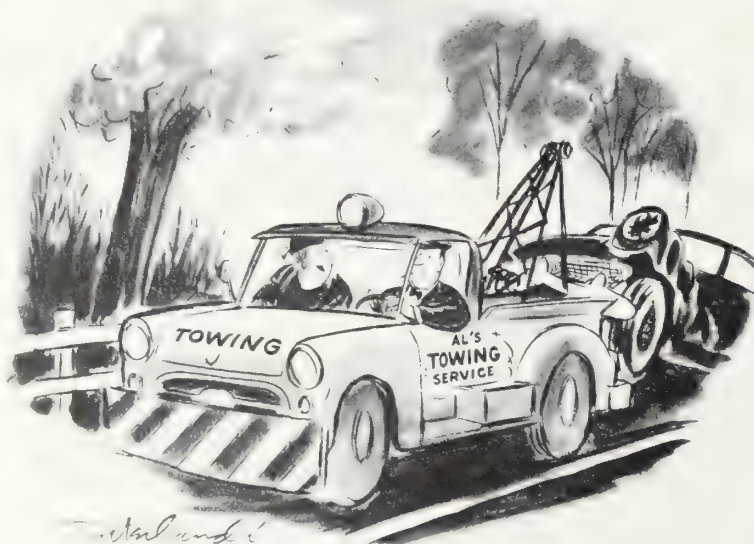
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"I'd like to try a little story on you as a man. Let me know what you think of it."

bandages have been off. But this he sent for the doctor and made age her all up again."

"for?"

"do you *think* for? Camouflage." Is it that bad?"

"pretty bad."

"temporary."

"knows?" Fran said wearily.

Hal and Alice sat on the terrace of low, facing the sea. He had mailed London, a copy of the play. Now ed, in full professional detail, the production and the performances— exception.

"Diana Saville?" Alice asked.

"he said. 'I've got to get her for .'"

"ou?"

"ve said no up to now, but I'll keep London they don't mind replace— much as we do, and if I don't start ember, they'll have had her for s."

"s she like?"

"it's a trick she does," Hal said. s cool and proper British beauty t and a half, and suddenly she and comes on with everything— l—and rocks 'em. She certainly ."

Alice said quietly.

ght, that's enough about that. rything down here?"

"see," she said. "Sun and citrus. ent paradise."

"s that got to do with *you*?"

"led. 'Oh, I'm retired, sort of. I s peaceful.'"

"you're going to get married."

"?"

"he said, 'to a charming Broadway Sorry. Make that—to a charm- ssful Broadway producer.' Aged ."

"believe everything you write," "I'm a long way from marriage." says?"

"ends, the night voices. *They* says." hey know," Hal said.

"ong can you stay?"

"as a long pause before he replied, w."

"her lips and smiled again. "Oh." s so damned much to do."

"rse."

"about dinner?" he asked. "Is Italian place? All of a sudden, I ol' *pasta*."

"doing it here."

"It's an occasion. We'll dress up. everything."

on, Alice."

"ok at me!" she protested.

"bandages?" he said. "Take them on't need them."

"oked toward the house. "That e said.

"ad dinner at the bungalow with all three of them drank too much. morning he said good-bye. "I'll down again end of next week. promise."

"t want you to promise," Alice said.

York Hal discovered that London ling the sale of film rights to the ardizing the New York produc- r a dozen transatlantic telephone ecided he had better go back to He wrote Alice, explaining the and saying that he would be gone w days. Even as he wrote he tor- himself with questions. Was he cause he had to, or because of What if there were no Diana? still be going?

He mailed the letter and flew to London. He was busy, and he did not call Alice or write to her for more than a week. He straightened out the business about the film rights and signed Diana Saville for the New York production. Then he took Diana to supper at the Savoy, and told her that he was going to be married.

"Well," she said, "hard cheese! But manly of you to tell me. Blast! I'm going to have two desserts."

He sent a cable to Alice:

DEAREST ALL WENT WELL INCLUDING SAVILLE SEWN UP RETURNING TUESDAY MORNING SEE YOU TUESDAY NIGHT WARM UP LADAR ALL LOVE HAL

When he got off the plane at Idlewild, he saw a disquieting sight—his secretary and Fran's husband and Ben Axelrod. There was no reason any of them should be meeting him, let alone all three.

"What is it?" he asked.

"In a minute," Doctor Axelrod said. They went to a small, private room in the Pan-American lounge.

Closing the door, Doctor Axelrod said, "The news is bad."

He handed Hal two clippings. Hal read the first.

ACTRESS, 26,
DIES OF INJURIES

He looked up. "What happened?"

"She hurt herself out," Doctor Axelrod said.

"When?"

"Day before yesterday."

Hal looked at Fran's husband. "Did she get my cable? My last one?"

"No," Bill said.

He glanced at the second clipping, which said also that death had resulted from injuries suffered in an accident some months before.

"You all right?" Doctor Axelrod asked.

"I don't know," Hal said.

Five months later he sat in the same room, waiting for Diana Saville's plane, which had been delayed, to land. He began to go through his briefcase, throwing away old letters and transferring notes to fresh pads. He picked up a slip of pink paper that read: "Talk Goldman re Patrick billing clause." He had already talked to Goldman. He was about to throw the slip away, but there was something written on the other side and he turned it over.

Printed in red at the top:

HAL EVERS
DON'T FORGET!

And below, in his own handwriting:

Call Alice

He began to tremble. His fist crumpled the paper. He put it into an ashtray and lit it with a match and watched it burn.

He was still trembling when, half an hour later, Diana Saville got off the plane. She took his arm as they were being photographed by the airline's public-relations staff.

"What is it?" she asked.

"What?"

"You're shivering."

"I am?"

"Is it me?" she asked. "Or a blood condition?"

A photographer spoke. "Let's have a nice big smile, please!"

They obliged. Diana clutched his arm. "Honestly, what is it?"

"What's the difference?" he said. "It'll stop."

• END



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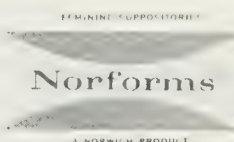
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 tray, both at the Greenhouse. Spiky *Dracaena marginata*
 soars from a white *câche* pot, \$13 at Leigh Hammond.
 Begonias crowd brass planter, \$14.95, Bloomingdale's.
 African violets are grouped in pan of pebbles in wicker
 basket, \$4.95, Bloomingdale's. Bonsai trees live in

handmade ceramic pots, \$1.50 to \$15, according to size
 at the Planters. A wax plant curls out of a ceramic
 "rock," \$5 at Designed for Living. In the center, left
 right: Piggyback grows in a crystal compote, \$16.35,
 Bloomingdale's. Crystal egg-on-a-stem is a terrarium.
 Peperomia and Pittosporum, \$12.95, Georg Jensen. B.



The ceramic cache pot from Spain, which houses a plant, \$3, Serendipity. Terra-cotta "face pots" like Oxalis and mossy Peperomia, \$40 for a set of three (only three shown), Designed for Living. Stained glass watering can, in foreground, \$14.50, George. Quarry tile floor is from the American Tile Council.

Lush gardens bloom indoors

Live green plants give such natural beauty to a house all year, they are becoming the freshest decorating fashion.

By Cynthia Kellogg
Photographs by Richard Jeffery

Summer's greens will soon be fading. But smart homemakers are discovering that, thanks to house plants, the change of seasons need hardly be noticeable indoors.

The trend to lavish indoor plantings for decorative purposes has been burgeoning over the past five years and this winter it seems ready to burst into a national rage for greenery. Living rooms all across the country may become jungles, judging from the boom in flower shops and the growing variety of plants they offer.

The current passion for plants, which extends to such chilly business establishments as banks and impersonal offices, is the result of the rise of the "modern" style in architecture. The glassy, streamlined interiors of modern buildings plead for some softening touch. Plants are a natural answer, with their interesting, sculptural shapes.

Today, plants are the most fashionable—and the freshest—accessory a room can wear. Only art rivals their popularity in home decorating.

There are happy by-products of this decorating fashion. Many gardeners grow to love plants for themselves as well as for their good looks and develop a serious interest in botany and horticulture.

Another delightful aspect of indoor gardening is that all its challenge, interest and pleasure need cost very little. Some big-city florists have giant specimens ticketed at \$100 or more, but one can fill a shopping bag for \$5.

Even the five-and-ten offers a wide choice of plants. Almost all house plants are tropical. "Exotica," the classic work on house plants, pictures over 12,000 different plants. (The volume weighs 14 pounds, costs \$38 and enjoys healthy sales.)

Despite this large selection—or perhaps because of it—some plants become so popular that they are almost status symbols. Three years ago, the most "in" plant in New York was one that looked like a stringbean Christmas tree, Podocarpus. It declined in favor, giving way to Ficus (the rubber tree family), which has also had its vogue. The plant that is "in" now in indoor gardening is the hardy Dracaena marginata, the spiky plant in the white pot in our large photograph.

Status standings aside, there are enough different plants for every indoor gardener to indulge her individual tastes. And the variety of display possibilities can also give her garden a personal stamp.

Plants can be displayed from floor to ceiling in today's home. Tall ones can be grouped on the floor in jardinières or in metal trays paved with pebbles. These trays can be ordered from a tin-smith. A weighty plant can be placed on a mobile "plant dolly," a low wood stand on casters.

A window can be converted into a miniature conservatory by building shelves across it, provid-



Metal or ceramic baskets suspended from the ceiling, as in the New York house of interior designer Howard Perry Rothberg, are one new fashion in plant display.

ing the sun it receives is not too strong. Plants can be bracketed or shelved on a wall by a window.

Depending on the brightness of the room, plants can be placed on coffee or end tables. If they are displayed on a small table or a tea cart, they can be moved easily to catch the sun.

Hanging plants indoors is an airy, new idea. If you use a ceramic hanging planter, put pebbles in the bottom for drainage. If you use a wire basket, line it with peat moss, insert a plastic bowl with pebbles and then add your plant pot.

One of the great rewards in growing plants is that it is the individual gardener with her horticultural good sense that makes the difference between a plant thriving or dying. "So much depends on the person," emphasizes Robert R. Russo, general foreman of the propagating greenhouses at the New York Botanical Garden.

Mr. Russo has this advice for Journal readers: Let plants tell you what they want. If a plant is

Unusual placement and decorative containers show off your plants to their best advantage.



Shelves convert a window to a greenhouse in New York home of interior designer Virginia W. Kelly.

wilting, it needs water, of course; if it turns yellow, it needs food or, possibly, more water or less water; if its branches get leggy, it needs more light; if its green fades or blotches with brown it is burning and needs less light. If the part of the plant you can see looks too large for its pot, it may need a larger container.

Correct watering is more important than light for plants, Mr. Russo and other experts agree. He advocates watering on demand, i.e., when the plant is dry. Test for dryness by sticking a toothpick or your finger an inch deep into the soil.

Water the plant well—"don't just dribble water on the top," Mr. Russo says. Plunge the plant into a bucket or sink of water. If you use a watering can, fill the pot up to the rim—and do it twice.

Never let plants sit in water. Place them on beds of pebbles or gravel, which you can get at an aquarium or flower shop. The gravel will let the plants drain, and as the water evaporates from the gravel it will humidify the plant.

Light: Most plants need the indirect light that floods a room on a bright day. According to Mr. Russo, "The important thing about sunlight is not so much which plants need it but that, in winter, all plants get as much of it as possible." In summer, he advises shading all plants, even flowering ones, from the sun's too-hot rays.

Daylight should be supplemented by artificial light at night, according to the experts. Plants benefit from either general illumination in a room or the localized light from a table lamp. If you use special lighting for plants, choose fluorescent over incandescent, which can be so hot it burns plants.

You might try the new Sylvania Gro-Lux light tube, which is especially designed for plants.

Temperature also affects the well-being of the indoor garden, Mr. Russo points out. Luckily, most plants are happy in the climate that is comfortable for human beings—including an air conditioned one. Be careful of placing plants too near a source of heat in the winter, he cautions, since it will force plants to grow.

The final key to success with indoor gardening, according to Mr. Russo and other experts, is to treat plants like people. Or as one avid penthouse gardener told us, "Plants need love—that's the most important thing."

As a guide to the amateur home-gardener, here are useful listings of and facts about plants and plant manuals.

Hardy Plants, which can live in dim light and survive neglect: Aspidistra (old-fashioned plant with leathery leaves like spears), Chinese evergreen (slim, lilylike plant that can live in water too), inch plant (also called wandering Jew, a trailing plant with tiny pointed leaves, many varieties), Philodendron (varies from small plants with heart-shaped leaves to huge specimens with fingered leaves), snake plant (erect sheaves of sword-like leaves with markings like a snake's skin).

Plants That Need Indirect Light or subdued sun: African violet (low clumps of fleshy leaves brightened with tiny pink, white or lavender flowers), Anthurium (broad leaves with leaf-shaped flowers that look like red or white patent leather), Aphelandra (small shrub with elliptical leaves, tolerates dim light), Aralia (erect plants with maplelike leaves or lacy, saw-toothed ones), Asparagus sprengeri (fluffy mass of feathery stems with soft, green needles), Bromeliads (related to the pineapple, do well in shade or light, can survive dry conditions), Caladium (huge, handsomely marked leaves that look like elephant ears), Dieffenbachia (large variegated leaves some of which look like sheer yellow silk), Dracaena (spiky plants that can resemble green fountains, retain their foliage a long time), Fatsy (erect plant with leaves that look like large ivy ones), ferns (many kinds, ranging from feathery fronds to more solid, fingered leaves, hate the cold and drafts, must have humidity), Ficus (the rubber-plant family, some have leaves that are like broad swords, others are small trees with foliage like maple leaves), Gloxinia (large, velvety leaves that cluster at the base of fabulous trumpetlike flowers), grape ivy (trailing plant with leaves that resemble those of grapes), lipstick plant (trailing type with tiny, velvety leaves), Norfolk Island pine (resembles a small, feather pine tree with symmetrical branches), palms (many kinds, the most popular being the Kentia, used in ballrooms, and the Neanthe bella, smaller, more delicate one used in old-fashioned parlors), Pandanus (spiky plant with variegated leaves that look like the Easter palm), Peperomia (ranges from tiny mosslike specimens to low plants that have broadly striped oval leaves, can exist also in dim light), Pilea (leaves streaked with silver, one called the "aluminum plant"), Podocarpus (looks like a stringy Christmas tree, comes in sizes from seedling to ceiling height), Schefflera (its fingery leaves form small umbrellas, grows quickly), Scindapsus (resembles Philodendron in leaf shapes, often streaked with white), spider plant (small fountains of green-and-white leaves

from which shoot tiny plantlets), Streptocarpus (trumpet flowers, violetlike leaves).

Plants that need the sunlight are the flowering varieties: Begonias (enormous family, the houseplant types having crisp, succulent stems and waxy leaves, often tinged with red), Crossandra (glossy oval leaves with clusters of salmon-red tubular flowers), crown of thorns (looks like a cactus tree with tiny blood-red flowers), garden cactus (beautiful glossy green leaves with waxy white blooms), geraniums (can be upright or trailing, available in a variety of leaf markings and flower colorings). Plants that can take full sun all the time are: cactus (bristly plants like small cushion trees and towers, also trailing varieties), succulents (small fleshy plants that look like rosettes).

Guides: "Garden in Your House", by Ernest Drinker Ballard, 256 pages, \$6.50, Harper & Row (Concerned with what to grow.) *Selecting and Growing House Plants*, by Henry M. Cathey, published by the United States Department of Agriculture, 15c from the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C. (What to grow plus sections on raising plants in dim light, making terrariums, preserving flowering holiday plants from the florist.) *Foliage Plants for Interiors*, New Jersey Extension Bulletin No. 327 (contains a section on special lighting of house plants) and *Care of House Plants*, New Jersey Extension Bulletin No. 337 (includes section on curing plant ills). Each is available for 35c (25c in New Jersey) from the Publications Office of the College of Agriculture, Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N.J.



Plant tables of lightweight wicker and plastic are easy to move in or out of the sunlight in this room.

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Look where the laundry is

Equipment is more efficient and automatic than ever, but laundry layouts still leave much to be desired.

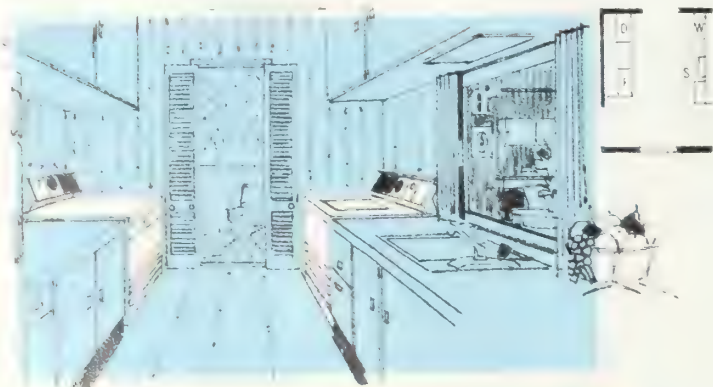
By MARGARET DAVIDSON

Washday woes should be ancient history. New appliances, the amazing array of laundry accessories plus wardrobes of easiest-to-care-for fabrics should have made them so. But laundry blues are still very much with us—women rate washing and ironing as both a bore and a chore. Why? Their laundry center is neither complete nor convenient. To organize one that is, check these essential ABC's.

Accessible Location: a laundry should be near the daily work orbit to allow a wash-as-you-go plan (a sound cure for put-off-itis). Favorite locations: by the kitchen (but not in it) or by bedrooms and bath (where the most soiled clothes collect—this plan can save steps and simplify plumbing connections). Not good: a laundry in the kitchen where cooking and clothes compete for space. Worst bet: a basement (too many extra up-and-down steps). Plumbed-in appliances can go where they're convenient for the whole family.



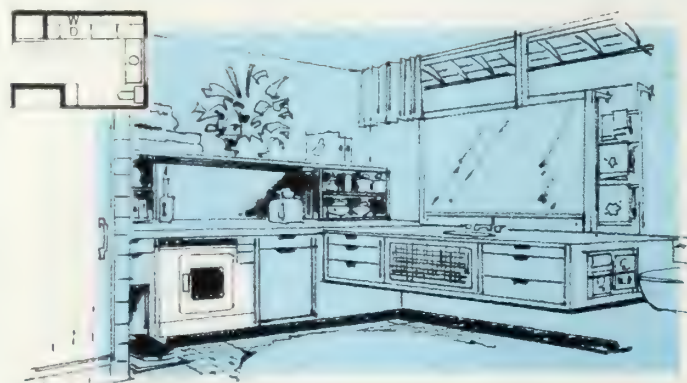
Family room A laundry in a small room or a section of the room is easily accessible. This compact and complete unit has a durable tile counter. Side-by-side washer and dryer by Maytag can accommodate loads easily.



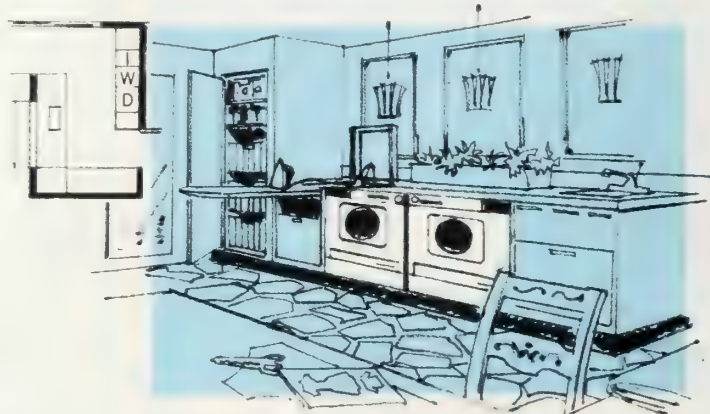
Entry A special floor plan where the laundry area flanks rear hall. Norge washer and gas dryer are each designed to do 14 pounds or up to 10 sheets at a time. A side-faucet sink also serves family room on other side of partition.

Basic Equipment: a laundry limited to a washer and a dryer (or combination) is no more complete than a kitchen equipped with just a refrigerator and a range. It must have hampers (both for things to be washed and those waiting to be ironed); a sink for handwashing and pretreating stains; storage space for supplies; a table or counter for folding finished clothes. An ironing center is part of the complete laundry. However, it's sometimes preferable to put it someplace other than where the washing is done.

Convenient Layout: There are logical stages in laundry work, and unless there is some provision for them, the result is as frustrating as attempting setting-up exercises in a clothes closet. An organized system includes collecting soiled clothes, treating spots and stains, washing, drying, and finally the ironing and finishing. The washing-drying setup is, naturally, the core of all the laundries pictured here. With a sink and a storage area within arm's reach, all of the usual laundry problems can be coped with conveniently.



Bath In this unique arrangement the hamper collects the loads, the shower serves for those drip-dry fabrics, and the basin is used for hand-washing. A washer-dryer unit by General Electric fits neatly under the counter, as does storage.



Sewing center Complete laundry center under a counter has appliances set between sink at one end and Swanson ironing center at the other. In smaller space, put Westinghouse Spacemate dryer on top of washer.

Clorox needed here.

Clorox needed here.

Clorox needed here.

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"It's a monstrous village," she said. "I have begged shelter all afternoon and you close your doors. Monsters! Heathen!" she shouted at the baker, a big man with a full black beard and a red mouth, now open with astonishment. He was not used to meeting the furies on his doorstep, this sedate bourgeois of the village.

"Look!" She pointed at the donkey. "He's sick. And I'm exhausted."

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The man scratched his head in a bewildered way.

"What am I to do?" he asked rather meekly.

"Find us somewhere to sleep, or you won't sleep yourself!" She was standing now and looking straight at his dark eyes, which glowed with a faint ruby light and reminded her of the eyes of a small bull. Then suddenly she laughed.

It was the laugh, perhaps, that did it.

"I know I'm a fool," she admitted, "but even fools have a right to shelter."

The baker was frowning as if the invention of a place to sleep were an effort such as that Zeus himself made when he created Pallas Athene. Then the light slowly broke; the red mouth opened to show astonishingly white teeth.

"Would you mind sleeping in a chapel?" he asked. "Just tonight?"

"A chapel?" Joanna asked. Would they allow a donkey in a church, even though he did, like all his fellows, bear the mark of the cross on his back, an uneven cross, as if stroked in with a rough brush?

"It's a little one; my family built it to give thanks when my mother's uncle was rescued in a storm. But the roof doesn't leak"—as if it would rain!—"and the walls are thick." He began to warm to his own plan. "I can lend you some sheepskins."

"Oh, yes, yes," Joanna cried. "A little chapel is just what we need."

"Wait a minute." The baker disappeared into his shop and came back with the sheepskins and a loaf of bread. "It's yesterday's, but it's yours if you want it."

While he turned back to lock the door, Joanna wanted very much to give the donkey a large hunk of bread, but she was afraid of shocking the baker out of his kindness. "Just wait, Ulysses, it is going to be all right," she whispered into one of his ears.

The baker did not offer to help her, so she lifted the two bags and the easel once more and followed meekly behind his comforting bulk. It seemed an interminable journey; in the course of it she dropped the donkey's rope, but he followed after, his head nodding as if he were half asleep. Finally in a field above the village they came to a small square white building with a round dome and a cross on it, like hundreds of others she had seen without ever imagining that she would one day sleep in one with a donkey.

The door creaked open into darkness. But there was still a little light in the sky. She let the bags fall with immense relief—there they could lie for the night.

The baker was showing off his chapel as if it were a palace. He had suddenly become the host and she an honored guest. He showed her where she might sleep, on a rise in the earthen floor where presumably the altar had once been. He arranged the sheepskins for her, and as he stood to leave, she caught a suddenly human twinkle in his blank, bull's gaze.

"My great-uncle, God rest his soul, would have enjoyed the thought of a pretty woman sleeping in his chapel. . . . Come in!" he roared at the donkey who was standing, drooping, in the doorway as if waiting for an invitation. "Great-uncle would not have approved of you, but he'll never know, so come in."

But Ulysses waited for Joanna to give a slight tug to his collar before he stepped daintily inside.

"There," said the baker.

He seemed as delighted as if he had led them into a palace. "Sweet dreams!"

Joanna watched him go down the field and drop out of sight among the flat roofs of the village below.

"Well, here we are, Ulysses," she said, breaking off some bread. "This is for you."

She felt the soft lips nibbling at her hand, and was grateful when he swallowed a few bites. But Ulysses was not as hungry as she was. Poor beast, tomorrow we'll get some salve and cure you, she thought. Now we must sleep, we must sleep. She had never been so tired in her whole life, nor so hungry. She pulled off pieces of bread and ate while she opened up a bag and finally found the flashlight. When she turned it on the walls, a dozen huge cockroaches scuttled away. Joanna would have preferred to find herself in a lion's den than in a cockroach-infested chapel. Sleep fled. She lay down on the sheepskins with the flashlight in her hand and played it around every five minutes—and in the dark intervals imagined a cockroach walking across her hand or neck.

Meanwhile Ulysses stood perfectly still, his eyes closed, his head drooping. Perhaps he slept.

Nevertheless, white night though it was, she had lost the sense of utter desolation and abandonment that had taken hold of her on the baker's front steps.

"After all, we have shelter, Ulysses, and a loaf of bread. That is, perhaps, more than a mad woman and a sick donkey could expect." She felt her way to the door, opened it and stole out.

It must have been about midnight. The stars looked huge, as huge as daisies. The sky was so bright that she could see each stone in the field, and the village below looked like a magic city.

Joanna sighed deeply and heard the donkey stir. "Dear soul, you are safe," she murmured. "No one shall ever hurt you again."

III

Joanna must have slept. Toward daybreak she was awakened by a terrific noise, ear-splitting, a noise she did not at first recognize. She leaped up, wide awake and terrified, only to realize suddenly that the noise, which was loud and monstrous enough to come from an elephant in distress, was merely Ulysses greeting the dawn!

"Either you are feeling much better or much worse," she said, putting her arms around his neck and leaning her forehead against his forehead. At this instant his

bray was answered by a chorus of other donkeys below in the town. Here, high he had been the first to welcome the through a crack in the door. His bray made white puffs in the semidarkness.

Joanna opened the door and shivered with pleasure. It was a perfect morning, the sea soft and silken blue and sky still flushed with rose. The air itself like some strange nourishment, a tonic she drew in deep breaths and stretched arms over her head. Yesterday had been a nightmare, but today would be quite different, she decided. When she had combed her hair and found a clean shirt in her luggage she tied Ulysses to the door, and walked slowly down to the village. When she got to the end of the field where the path made a sharp dip, she turned back to wave. Ulysses looked awfully small and frail standing there, but he did not strain on the rope if he knew she would come back soon.

First she went to a *taverna* and drank three cups of bitter black coffee. She tried to admit to herself that life became more easier without the donkey. People who frowned the day before gave her the is greeting now, and the owner of the *taverna*, a young man with a limp, even offered to help her find a place to stay. "No workmen come to Santorini, it is so beautiful," he said, looking down into the bay below where one yacht lay at anchor. He paid him and found that she did after have several thousand drachmas left. The *taverna* owner gave her the address of an old woman who sometimes rented a room in her house; she decided to visit the druggist first. The young man accompanied part of the way to the druggist's shop, would not get lost in the labyrinthine streets. But she did not tell him why she needed the druggist's help. She who had never been wily until the war, now how to be wily, and that was a lucky thing for the donkey.

The druggist was sleepy and disgruntled. "What do you want?" he asked grumbly voice, "so early in the morning?"

"I want salve for an open wound."

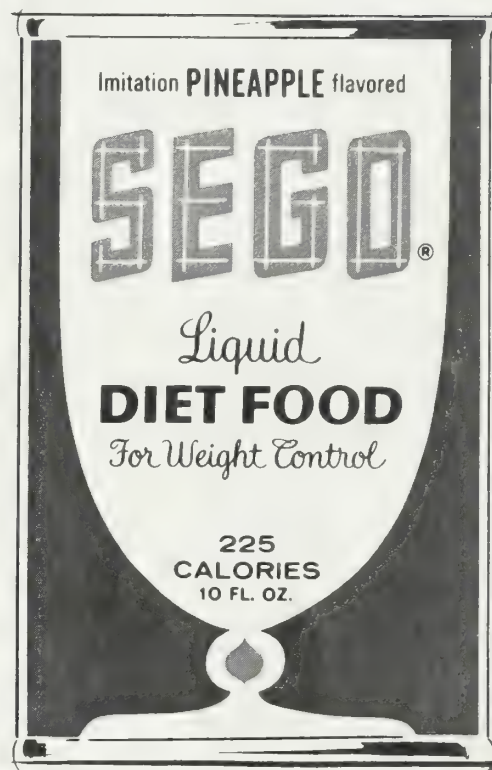
His heavy black eyebrows knitted together. "Gunshot?"

"No, I scraped my knee. It has healed."



"Van Gogh had his sunflowers; Michelangelo had his Sistine Chapel, and I—I have you, Mrs. Stanton!"

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Joanna & Ulysses (Continued)

He peered down at her tight trousers, and the beetling brows which had frowned made arcs of astonishment. "Oh?" he said, and smiled a secretive smile. "It should be bandaged, of course." He sniffed his contempt of elegant women whom vanity kept from bandaging a sore knee.

"Do you have bandages?" she asked meekly.

"Yes," he nodded and began to open dusty wooden drawers behind him, rummaging about, and finally drawing forth a roll of bandage with a large red cross on the wrapper. He winked. "War matériel."

She looked at the splendid big roll longingly, but when the druggist, whose interest was warming up, brought out a tiny tube of salve about an inch and a half long, she was dismayed. It would never cover Ulysses' belly, only a fraction of it, and in her mind's eye she saw the horrible black icing of flies. "Oh, dear."

"What's wrong? This is the best there is. I guarantee it." He saw that she was worried. "It is expensive, of course. Everything is expensive these days," and he shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes, of course... yes. I'll take four tubes," she said in a loud determined voice.

"Four tubes? Are you crazy?" The man laughed aloud.

"I am always getting scratched, hauling my painting things about on the rocks. I would like to have a reserve."

"Well, take five, take six!" The very thought of so many tubes of precious salve seemed to make him angry. "What do I care?"

"Yes, perhaps six would be better," she said dreamily. Every time she considered Ulysses' belly it seemed to grow bigger, and even six tubes seemed hardly enough.

All the time while the druggist wrapped up the six tubes and the bandage in an old newspaper and tied it with an end of string he found in one of the drawers, he was muttering curses and prayers to himself. "Mad, utterly mad, holy Jesus and Mary, forgive us our sins. Protect us from the evil eye."

She couldn't wait to get away, and when she did, she ran down the street like a thief with her precious bundle, not daring to look back, though she was certain he must be standing in the door watching her as if she were a wild animal.

When she had turned a corner, she leaned against the wall of a house, panting. Then the absurdity of her situation dawned and she laughed aloud.

An old woman, feeling her way down the street with a stick, paused in amazement. And Joanna put a hand to her mouth—they really will think I am mad if I don't look out. And I am mad, of course. Papa would agree with them. But I must try to conceal the fact as long as possible.

For the rest of the way to the house the owner of the *taverna* had suggested, she kept her head down and tried to look like a respectable citizen. And she must have succeeded, because in a few minutes she had rented a small dark room in the old woman's house for a month. The room was small, but the bed looked clean and there was not a cockroach in sight. There was also a small garden in front where a few roses and calendulas bloomed. Joanna imagined Ulysses in an Italian straw hat with a necklace of blue beads round his neck, peacefully munching—not the flowers, of course, but hay. She must see to that.

The old woman counted the drachmas in her hand with visible satisfaction. "God has sent you," she said, smiling a toothless smile. Her eyes were such a milky brown

that Joanna thought she must be almost blind.

"Well, I am glad too," said Joanna, "for I slept in an abandoned chapel last night and was devoured by cockroaches."

"In a chapel? The saints preserve us! And weren't you afraid?"

"I didn't have time to be afraid, I guess."

The old woman shook her head. These Athenians, they were afraid of nothing. She imagined there were no ghosts in Athens; it was too noisy and crowded perhaps. And she watched the strange girl in her gaudy trousers run down the street to get her baggage. It's early in the season and God is good, the old woman thought to herself. She is rich, a painter, and she paid the whole month in advance. I can't lose.

It was nearly eleven by the time Joanna appeared over the steep declivity from the field. Would Ulysses still be there? The sun felt hot now, and she feared the heat would be bad for his sores. But she was too occupied with pushing and trundling a small bale of hay up the path to do more than make sure he was still there. Her idea was to keep the hay here in the chapel and bring Ulysses up every morning. Then he would be out of the way of those flowers!

"There," she said with one last heave. "It's for you, Ulysses."

Already his neck was stretched out, pulling at the rope; he was hungry and that was a good sign. Only now she faced the fear she had had that he might die in the night. She looked down and saw the sores still bleeding, still covered with a black foam of flies. "We must get to work, my friend."

While Ulysses pulled at the hay and munched methodically, Joanna opened up the bandage and sat down as close to his belly as she could get. It had, she noticed, an awful smell of sickness and decay. Would he kick her if she tried to touch him there? Still, it was essential to get the flies off: she waved her hands and they rose briefly, then settled again to their bloody feast. Nausea rose in her throat.

There was nothing to do but go at it and hope for the best. She opened one tube of salve and squeezed frantically; the minute her hand touched the sore, Ulysses shivered. His whole skin reacted as at the prick of a pin.

"I can't help it," she admonished him. "It is going to hurt."

Then she gritted her teeth and smeared a full tube all over the worst place. Ulysses, after that first tremor of fear, stayed quite still. He stopped munching. His ears drooped forward, but he seemed to know what she was doing, and put on his ancient cloak of patient suffering. Once he turned his head toward her, and she saw the marvelous deep brown eyes looking at her as if he were saying, "It hurts, but I am grateful." And pretty soon she had forgotten her fear of being kicked and went about the sorry business as deftly and quickly as she could. When his whole underbelly was covered with salve, she unrolled the bandage and wound it round him. Alas, it went only halfway, and she realized that she must find burlap bags, string, something that would keep the wounds covered. Still, she had learned that a donkey can understand and bear a great deal. She would not be afraid again.

"You are going to get well," she said, when she got up and could stroke his ears. "You are going to be the healthiest beast on Santorini."

The salve smelled strongly of antiseptic. She could almost feel its healing powers. But she had used up all six tubes in one dressing. However would she explain to the druggist tomorrow that she needed six

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and the next day six more? How long
it take, she wondered in a panic?
rs? Twenty days?

IV

had been so absorbed for the last
four hours that she had nearly for-
gotten promise to her father to write at
she had altogether forgotten that she
come to Santorini to become a
nurse. If she did not now devise a
the days ahead, and keep herself
she could see how lightly and non-
y the whole precious month might
y.
ve to work, Ulysses," she told him,
one of his ears. The other ear pricked
as if he were listening hard. "Yes, I
work," she said letting the other
slide through her fingers. The top
donkey's head was already warm and
d feel the brilliant sunlight hot on
a neck. At the base of the ears
head felt damp—fever? But of
she must buy him a straw hat!
long," she said, suddenly impatient
what seemed like a million small
s, to get away from thoughts of a
—oh, yes—a necklace of blue beads
all well-dressed donkeys wear, not
decorative purposes but to keep
evil spirits. Perhaps if she bought
anket, she could manage to rest the
his back; and if he could carry this
den, it would make the daily search
ce to paint a great deal easier.
e along," she said, giving the rope a
e have an immeasurable amount to
first of all I must write a postcard
"

y she was now so determined to
all errands that she quite forgot
village might look at her apparition
them with a sick donkey at her
hardly noticed the stares that
nied her passage first to the post
en to thank the baker for his kind-
to buy a fresh loaf of bread, some
nd a few tomatoes, for she felt
linarily light and hungry. They
d up at her lodgings, she decided,
e she would eat and perhaps have a
hen in the evening light she might
the strength to go back once more,
all the luggage, and sit down and
th her sketch book, for "thinking"
a meant drawing something. Per-
at broken-down stone wall on the
rn. Perhaps. . . . She lit a cigarette
ed for a moment in the cool shadow
use. Although she was standing
l looked quite relaxed, she was
beginning to feel a wild impatience
o work. It was as if her whole
um were shifting and some inner
being set up, which she could not
n any way except by sitting down
centrating all her powers. In this
e found herself analyzing every-
e looked at in terms of mass, tex-
at and shade. She now focused her
the wall of the house opposite, at
onal shadow that cut across the
all.

at moment Ulysses sneezed.
dear soul, are you cold?" It was
had forgotten all about his hat, his
his blue beads! And off they went
of a shop which specialized in
wear. In a village like Santorini,
ere are as many donkeys as people,
did not have far to go. She pushed
into a dark room rather like Alad-
ve—such a flash of buckles and
and belts and bunches of blue beads
from the ceiling, and such an array
hanging like huge flowers all
her!

G

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"Hey," the shopkeeper called out. "Don't let him in!" For Ulysses had pushed his soft nose in behind her.

"He's perfectly gentle."

"Gentle, maybe—but he'll eat the hats!"

Joanna laughed. "He doesn't want to eat a hat, he wants to wear one," she said, busily examining a splendid one with a red rose at one side, holes for ears, of course, one that seemed to give ample shade. "May I try it on?" she asked, as the shopkeeper seemed someone easily offended.

It slipped on as if it had been made es-

pecially for Ulysses, and Joanna walked a few steps away to look at it critically; then she couldn't help laughing, for it was absurdly becoming—only it made the rest of poor Ulysses look naked suddenly, incongruous in the rough bandage tied with string. His ears drooped and he shook his head. Joanna ran to hug him and to tell him that she was not actually laughing at him; he must understand.

"Yes," she said, "I'll take that one, but we must have something to put on his back. A blanket or perhaps something with bags

so he could help me carry my easel and painting things?"

The shopkeeper, aware that he had been handed a good thing, bustled about his shop and produced magnificent Moroccan saddlebags of tooled leather with red-and-gold tassels.

"How much?" Joanna asked. "No, they are too expensive for us," she said, giggling suddenly. "Prices would go up wherever we were seen." She had the image of a sort of Rolls-Royce donkey, so grand that she would have to change her whole style of

ing. "Don't even tell me. I am a painter. d painters are not rich."

"Even in Athens where everyone is h?" the shopkeeper teased her. "I will take you a bargain."

"No," Joanna put her hands to her ears. "Let me see the saddlebags of Santorini, those all the donkeys wear —"

"We are not weavers," he grunted. "Go Mykonos for that." And he threw down

some coarse handwoven saddlebags, with a bold black-and-white design.

"That's it. That's perfect," Joanna cried, imagining each bag bulging with paints, loaves of bread, even hay. Everything had become real again, believable. She would be able to cure Ulysses, and paint, and it was not all some crazy madness. But just to be sure that she would not now be punished for her pride, she hastily chose a particularly splendid collar of blue beads with a pendant hanging from it made of leather studded with tiny white and yellow beads.

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Of course, these first days were bound to be expensive, she consoled herself, as she handed out two more big bills. "Once we have settled down, we can live on nothing," she assured Ulysses. She laid the saddlebags over his back, and knelt to arrange the necklace around his neck.

"There," she said, "now you are beautiful as well as wise."

It was the shopkeeper's turn to laugh. Joanna was hurt. She turned on him. "I know," she said. "He looks miserable because of his sores. But that is not his fault." She stood and faced the shopkeeper and said quite crossly, "If you had something, some burlap or old cloths I could tie around his belly, it would be a help."

He turned back into the shop, shaking his head, and it was hard to tell whether he had gone for good, or whether . . . Joanna waited a moment. Yes, he was coming back.

"Here," he said, tossing two quite clean-looking burlap bags at her. Then, appalled by such an act of generosity which had been apparently wrenched out of him despite himself, he spat, and turned back without a further word, as if he didn't want her thanks.

"Now, home, Ulysses!" she said, giving the rope a tug. She heard the cheerful clatter of the little hoofs behind her; Ulysses was actually trotting!

The old woman was sitting in front of her house on a chair, knitting a sock, and watching the street for her new tenant. When she saw what looked like a gypsy caravan arriving, she could not believe her eyes. A donkey—and what a donkey! Half dead, and dressed up as if for a funeral—his own, no doubt. And where was the luggage?

"Here I am," Joanna said. "We are going to have something to eat, and a siesta, and then we will go and get the luggage."

The old woman heard "we" but did not take it in.

"But . . . but . . ." she muttered, looking down and wiping her hands absentmindedly on her apron. "But —"

"His name is Ulysses," Joanna said. "I am trying to heal his sores, and then we shall see. I know, I didn't tell you I had a donkey," she added. "But he will be no trouble."

The old woman cast an apprehensive eye at her flowers.

"I'll pay for any damage he does."

The old woman stood there silently, and Joanna waited.

"We'll be off painting all day," she said pleadingly. Oh, please, she prayed silently, don't stop me now. Don't spoil the day. I do so want to get started.

"Look," Joanna said, in a determined voice which surprised her by its firmness. "I'll just fasten his rope to the shutter here, and he'll do no harm, surely."

She had received neither a yes nor a no when she went into the house and closed the door behind her on her dark room. She found it an immense relief to be alone, to be unseen. Once there, she lay down on the bed, her hands under her head, and stared at the ceiling. For the first time the excitement and demands of her adventure, which had kept her going until this moment, fell away, and she faced the fact that Ulysses was going to ask her endurance as well as her love. She felt rather overwhelmed, until she remembered that the real trouble was that she was hungry. It was wonderful what a difference bread, cheese and tomatoes could make to a person's state of mind. When she had eaten, she lay down and buried her head in the pillow and was fast asleep before she knew it.

It was past four o'clock when she woke with a start, not remembering where she was, nor what she was doing here, and hav-

ing totally forgotten Ulysses' existence. She put her hands in the precious jug of water on the stand in a corner of the room and then cooled off her face with her wet hands. It had been a magic sleep: She knew exactly what she wanted to do. When one has been starved for a long time, one wants first very simple food, bread and milk. It seemed to Joanna that what she must do was get back to the corner of broken stone wall from which a steep cliff dropped straight down to the lapis-blue sea—must sit and look at it and sense its shape, its substance, the worn shapes of the stones, the texture of it, and the small bouquet of grasses that had managed to grow in a interstice. The need to set down just what this felt like in her fingers was imperative.

The light, when she pushed open the door, was dazzling, and for a second she could see nothing. Then what she saw was too amazing to take in at first glance. Not a single one of the roses and calendulas in their low stone boxes had been left; Ulysses was standing, innocently, beside the naked boxes quietly munching the remainder of his hat. The rose disappeared as Joanna gave a cry of despair, but she could not help laughing just the same.

"Oh, how could you do it? You wretched donkey!"

Ulysses pricked his ears toward her and turned his head and gave her a long, dark, tender look. It was clear that he had spent a very enjoyable afternoon.

V

If Ulysses showed exemplary patience, so did Joanna. And as one colossally blue holiday rose and flowered and faded, the slowly achieved a way of living together. The village, too, accepted the mad woman and her donkey. The druggist no longer experienced shock when Joanna bought twelve tubes of salve every two days; the old woman decided that money might be as good as flowers; and the baker agreed to allow the donkey to be tethered to the chapel at night provided that he ate on hay bought by Joanna and did not crop the few bits of dried grass in the field.

Ulysses did not devour his second Italian hat, which bore no such temptation as rich red rose on it, but only a severe dark blue rosette instead. And slowly the sore healed, and here and there a patch of scaly curly hair grew in on his belly. The day began to have a rhythm, as Joanna, who felt that she had been as agitated as an aspen for years, began to walk rather than run about her business, began to take deep breaths, began to relax. By half past eight after the regular routine of three cups of black coffee and a walk to the chapel, where she rubbed salve into Ulysses' wounds, she bandaged him and took him to drink at the village well—they were off. The village people had grown accustomed to seeing the odd procession, the tall woman in her garb trousers, followed by the tiny donkey in straw hat, bearing an easel and a paint box on his back, a loaf of bread emerging from one saddlebag and sometimes a bottle of wine from the other. Once in a while a little boy scrambled up the rocks beside her and stood watching while she set up her easel.

"Why do you paint stones?" one of the ragged ones asked, his eyes bright and curious. "Why not the village?"

"Because I am clumsy," Joanna answered. "I have to begin with first things I can see the stones; I cannot yet see the village."

One bare foot scraped against the other while he considered this, and then considered Ulysses, who was delicately sniffing his way among the dry bushes hoping to uncover some unexpected delicacy.

those horrid
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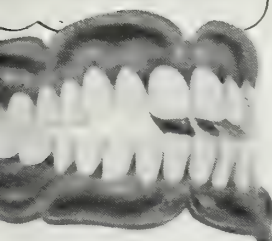
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"How long will you stay here?"

The question flew down so swiftly it took
Joanna by surprise. It seemed to stay there
like an ominous bird settling on her easel.

"It's a holiday. Holidays are not very
long."

There was a silence. Already the sun be-
gan to burn. The scent of thyme breathed
up from the ground.

"I have to work now," Joanna said.

"Why do you have to, if it's a holiday?"

"It's like fishing. Do you like to fish?"

"I go with my father to fish."

"And it's a holiday?"

"But we sell the fish," he said proudly.

"People eat them."

Joanna smiled. "Only Ulysses eats my
paintings now and then, I'm afraid."
Ulysses had developed an appetite for
sketchbook paper, although he preferred
ice cream.

"Does Ulysses live with you in Athens?"

"You must run along now," Joanna said
quite sharply. For the child had hit on
something she refused to think about this
week: what to do with Ulysses when the
time came.

"Yes," the boy agreed. "I'll go now. Only
tell me: If this is like fishing, what are you
fishing for?"

For a second Joanna laid down the black
crayon in her hand and stood looking out
over the stubby pasture, so barren and
spacious, high up over the sea. "It's a good
question," she said seriously. "Let me
think it over."

"Very well," he said, "you can tell me
tomorrow," and he was off down the field.
After a few moments Joanna could hear
him whistling, a shrill whistling song. For a
second she felt lonely. The child had filled
the landscape with his presence as if he had
been a small god. Now she felt the empti-
ness, the solitude all around her. And far
off in the distance the whistling sounded
strangely melancholy in this early morning
world so austere—and so demanding.

"What am I fishing for?" she murmured,
picking up the black pencil. Within an hour
such questions had become irrelevant. She
had torn up three attempts and was sitting
cross-legged on the ground smoking a cig-
arette. Ulysses, hearing the sound of
crumpled paper, trotted up, and stood
munching beside her. "You are a vacuum
cleaner," said Joanna, and he rubbed her
back with his head. He was apt to come and
do this two or three times in a morning, as
if to say, "Good to find you still here."

"Yes, I'm here," she answered then, rub-
bing his nose. "But I'm stuck, Ulysses.
thoroughly and absolutely stuck."

She had been trying altogether too hard
this morning. For it was a fact that one
caught no fish by trying too hard. She
turned over on her stomach and pulled the
big straw hat down over her eyes. Ulysses
stood over her, quite still. Every now and
then she could feel his warm breath on her
back. And in her doze Joanna was thinking
in the only way she knew, as a painter
thinks.

Just before noon, when the light had
become so white and brilliant that it seemed
quite hopeless to see anything, let alone
draw it (draw the center of a flame?), she
found herself setting down, almost as if it
were a memory and not what in fact she
had been looking at all morning, a piece of
broken wall with a single delicate tuft of
flowers growing through a crevice. And this
she did not tear up.

"Why am I fishing?" she asked herself,
as she screwed up her eyes one last time,
and then laid down the pencil. "Because if
I can see these stones and this tuft of grass
with absolute clarity, for itself alone, I
somehow feel clear in myself."



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When she and Ulysses had shared the loaf
of bread and she had eaten a tomato and a
hunk of goat cheese and washed it all down
with two glasses of wine, Joanna wrote a
letter to her father. Until now it had been
hard not to mention Ulysses. She was here
to paint—not to become an Animal Rescue
League. She was well aware that a letter
about Ulysses read in an apartment in
Athens would somehow lose its reality.
Better wait and see before mentioning any-
thing so disturbing to her father, alone and
feeling his loneliness acutely.

So Joanna wrote to her father:

You know the islands. I do not need to tell
you the sort of field I sit in, high up over the
village, a field of broken stone walls and stub-
ble, where one finds pure elation, because of the
height, because of the amazing clear air (now
at noon, it burns like flame) and the shimmer-
ing blue of the sea far below. The sea is the
only extravagance in all this austerity. I have
not yet dared to contemplate it as a painter. I
am painting nothing but stones, broken stone
walls, tufts of grass and flowers. What I want
is absolute reality and poetry at the same time.
The poetry must never be vague or romantic
but come from exactitude, severity, more than
an atmosphere, if you understand what I am
trying to say.

The smartest feet go back to school in Edwards

The shoe for children
Philadelphia 7, Penna.



Joanna & Ulysses' Continued

You ask whether I am lonely. Not at all. I miss you, of course, and the books and carpets and paintings and all the richness of our life together in Athens. But, just for the moment, all this seems irrelevant. I am stripped down to an essential life. You said I looked like a gypsy; it is more true now; I am toasted brown. I live between the extraordinary light up here in the fields where I paint and my closed sealed room in a peasant's house in the village. There I have a bed, a chair, a washstand; it is always cool and always dark. I sleep all afternoon, and then go out again after four when the shadows begin to give some form to what is now only glare.

You know better than I that I shall never be a painter. I shall never, alas, warm your pride with a show in Athens, nor move a single critic to being my champion. And you might well ask, as a little boy who had followed me up from the village asked this morning, "What are you doing all this for? What are you fishing for?" Yet this morning I achieved something for myself. I knew happiness.

Dear father, you have wished other things for me. You have hoped I would marry. I, too, have sometimes hoped for marriage. But what I want to say, as I sit here, with a straw hat pulled down over my eyes against the white light that dazzles, is that I take a Greek pride in devoting myself to the impossible, and that, perhaps, there lies joy. . . . If I had become a professional painter, with all that implies of competition and status, I might never have found the joy that was with me this morning when I saw the essence of a few stones and was able to communicate it, at least to myself.

Joanna felt Ulysses' head rubbing gently against her back. This time she knew it meant, "It is time for our siesta." And, up to a point obedient, she got up and began to stow the paraphernalia on his back. "I wonder, Ulysses, would I have had the courage to climb so high without your help?"

They went slowly, in the heat of noon, each under a protecting hat, down to the village, where the preoccupations of that morning would have seemed ludicrous indeed.

VI

Down in the village Joanna was observed, as are all creatures without a mate, with a mixture of scorn and envy.

In the *lavernas* over the ritual glass of *ouzo* at sunset, the men occasionally talked about her as a mysterious being. Full-breasted, narrow-legged, aloof, she walked among them with a distant air which made the young men uneasy and the old men remember ribald jokes they had not told for years. And they all resented Ulysses, rescued, pampered, and apparently dearer to this strange creature than any of them would ever be. A woman who seems happy to be alone arouses mixed emotions; she threatens something people do not talk about; and if she is not very lucky indeed, she will be punished in one way or another for being a threat.

Fortunately perhaps, Joanna was not aware of the emotions she aroused. "Come, angel," she would say to Ulysses as they walked down the village street, with no idea what reverberations that "angel," addressed to a small no-account donkey, left in her wake. But she would not have denied that Ulysses was taking a rather large space in her consciousness. Her father, in his increasing nervousness and captiousness since the tragedies of the war, had not wanted a pet. So she realized now that some part of her had been starved, a part that was slowly coming alive again as she stroked the soft nose of Ulysses.

"But what, oh, what shall I do with you when I have to go, my little vacuum cleaner?"

And just because this was such an insoluble question, Joanna refused to allow it to break into her happiness for the moment. In two weeks . . . maybe After all, anything may happen in two weeks. But for the time being she was going to

savor every hour of this miraculous holiday and rub her face in Ulysses' soft fur which she felt like it.

She had acquired a friend in the last days—the little boy was apt to appear sometime during the morning, although often went off on expeditions that took right to the other side of the island. It became a game for him, she suspected, to track her down; and when he appeared suddenly on a high rock above her or along the cliff edge, he shouted and waved as if she were some long-lost treasure. So times she heard his lonely haunting whistle far off, carried by the wind, although he was nowhere in sight. And when he leaped down the rocks to her side, his whole face was one huge smile, she had got into the habit of sharing her lunch with him. For this thing, she didn't mind talking while she was eating, but she did not want to be distracted during her work time. So they sat on a warm ledge side by side, with Ulysses' long ears sometimes bending down between them to catch a nibble of the tomatoes which he loved.

The little boy asked the question without doubt the older men in the village bandied about among themselves. Did he relate her answers when he swaggered down the village street, big with secrets? Well, he did. Joanna did not mind. She only wanted him to tell the truth.

When he asked, "Why are you alone?" scanning her face with such intensity—she felt sometimes as if his eyes were nibbling at her as Ulysses' soft lips sometimes accidentally did—when he asked this fundamental question, she took a long swallow of tea and looked out at the long sweep of bay below them.

"I wonder," she answered half to herself, "Why am I alone?"

"Don't you know?" The voice was low, with surprise and disappointment.

Joanna laughed then and turned the question on him, "Why are you alone, you suppose?"

He looked at her askance then with a wild, blank look of a goat.

"I'm not alone. I live with my father, my mother and two sisters."

"But you are alone here, now, and all sometimes, aren't you?"

"I want to see things for myself. I want to know . . ." he frowned. "I want to be alone."

"Well, then, so do I. I, too, live with father, but sometimes I have to get away to be myself."

He watched gravely while she broke another piece of cheese and handed him with a piece of bread. For a moment they each chewed in silence. Then Ulysses gave a loud sigh—something between a sigh and a Bronx cheer, blowing the bread out loudly through his nose. It meant he had forgotten me.

"Here, here's a tomato for you," Joanna, and then they all munched in silence.

"But," the little boy began again when he had swallowed and burped. "You are a woman. Women marry."

"It's as simple as that, little donkey."

"I'm not a donkey," the little boy answered, flushing. "In the village, they say about why you are not married."

"Oh, and what do they say in the village?"

"Some say you are queer, a witch, a sorceress. They say you are proud, an Athenian woman with her nose in the air."

"They can say what they please," Joanna said. She felt suddenly exposed. The solitude she had imagined she was experiencing had been an illusion then. In fact, she was bound to every pair of curious eyes

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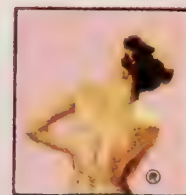


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atched her go down the street from behind closed shutters. I am their prey, she thought with violent distaste. And I do not belong here.

"But you could tell me," the little boy leaded. "I, too, ask why you are not married." He stood his ground, looking her straight in the eyes.

For just a second a wave of blackness fell between Joanna's eyes and the world

around her, and she felt dizzy. The past that she had willed to leave behind her now flooded back, and the pain was so acute that she instinctively pressed her hand to her heart.

"I came to Santorini to forget for a while," she said when she opened her eyes. "Look at the sea, how peaceful it is."

"Yes, it is peaceful," said the little boy. He took a stone and threw it as far as he could, a gesture in which there was some anger.

And Joanna felt that she was being tugged back, despite herself, drawn back into the complex human world. For a little while she had been allowed to escape with Ulysses into the partial world of animals, where the means of communication are so limited and natural—stroking a nose, putting salve on a wound—that one's whole being rests.

Now she was being suddenly asked by a dirty little boy to grow up all in a moment from the animal world, from the world of poetry, where the stones had been speaking to her but no human being had addressed her as a human being. She was being asked now to answer for herself.

"Sit down, Nicholas," she said gently. It was the first time she had called him by his name. Until now he had been in her mind, just "the boy" as he might have been "the donkey" or "the stone." And this was true even though he had told her his name several days ago.

He sat cross-legged in front of her, his dark eyes once more concentrated on her face, with that total attention she had come to dread. It asked too much, she felt—more, perhaps, than she had to give.

"You do not remember the war, little Nicholas," she began.

"No," he frowned, and then smiled proudly, "but I remember the earthquake!"

"You do, do you?"

"Yes, I remember how our dog howled all the day before and the cats in the village meowed, and the stillness. I remember—half the village fell into the sea!" he said with pride as if this fantastic phenomenon and terror had been a sort of glory. "The destroyers could not get in for days. . . . There was no water."

"War is like that," Joanna told him, and he nodded. "It is an earthquake."

They sat side by side looking down on the stretched silk bay far below. It was easier

to talk because Nicholas no longer stared at her face, but he, too, was looking out over the sea as if he sensed that one does not look grief in the eye.

"You see, my mother . . . Oh it is a long story." At this moment the story lay on her shoulders like a burden heavier than she could carry. After all, when it was all over, they had never talked of it, she and her father. They had buried it in silence, because that seemed the only way to go on. They must not look back, or looking back would become an illness. Instead of thinking she—Joanna—had stood in lines for coal, for meat, for potatoes, for infinitesimal amounts of fat which was often rancid by the time it reached Athens via the Red Cross or some other charitable organization. She learned how to stand for long hours and not think, stand like an animal, head bent, just waiting. And she learned to come home and make her father eat, by becoming a nurse with a small child who was pining away. She had scrubbed the floors and done the laundry, had invented impossible tasks, just to be sure she would fall into bed so tired that she could sleep.

How long had she been away, far away in the past? She was waked out of her silence by Ulysses, who had come to rub his head on her back.

"Nicholas," she said, starting awake. "People who come out of a war like this are changed. They are cut off from the real past as if there were a wall standing there."

"But they are glad to be alive?"

"Yes," she said, tears suddenly starting in her eyes, "they are glad to be alive."

"So . . ." He glanced at her shyly and then away.

"So?"

"So, whatever happened, it is all right now."

"Is it all right that half the village fell into the sea? Will it ever be all right?" She turned on him, with sudden anger.

"We have rebuilt it," he said proudly.

"Bravo, Nicholas. You are a Greek. A Greek like my mother. That is how she would have spoken."

"She died?"

"My mother helped prisoners escape. It was dangerous. She knew that, but one doesn't choose. Things happen. The first one was an English airman with a broken knee. He dragged himself to the back door of the dress shop where she worked. Could



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Joanna & Ulysses (Continued)

she turn him away? And so it began, and so it went on—until finally she was caught. By then she had become a leader, as the Germans well knew. So they did not make it easy for her."

Joanna got up and began to walk up and down. Ulysses stood there with his ears drooping. And Nicholas was afraid.

"What did they do?"

"They put burning cigarettes in my brother's ears, to make her talk. And my brother screamed, 'Don't tell, mother, don't tell!'"

Joanna saw the tears shining in the boy's eyes. His voice came out rather shrill and defiant. "And she didn't tell?"

"No, she did not tell. And finally, when she was no use to them or to anyone else, they shot her."

"I cry because I am proud," said Nicholas, wiping his face with his sleeve. "I am so proud of your mother. I am so proud of your brother."

Joanna went on in a dead voice. "My brother is stone deaf. My father, who was a sensitive man, a man in some ways like a child, has never recovered. For one year I sat by his bed in a dark room while he tried to die. You see, little Nicholas, a village can be rebuilt, but sometimes people cannot. As long as my father lives, I must stay with him." And she was ashamed now to have laid her burden upon a child, ashamed to see how tense his face was against the tears. So she smiled. "And now you know why I am alone."

"I will tell the old men to shut up," said Nicholas.

Ulysses, who had wandered off, now suddenly stretched out his neck and gave an ear-splitting bray. Coming as it did after the contemplation of so much that was nearly unbearable, it had the effect of making Nicholas laugh and laugh, and his laugh was so infectious that Joanna, too, heaved with laughter. When Nicholas had caught his breath, he pointed to a donkey far below, tied to a boulder while his master tried to pry out a precious piece of driftwood from between two rocks.

"He's braying because he saw the donkey down there!"

And now they saw the other donkey lift his head and send forth an answer, which echoed among the rocks under the silent sky like the voice of some demon in agony. It was very funny—such unholy sounds emerging from such a meek creature, and especially as they were sounds of love.

"Time for a siesta," Joanna said. "Good heavens, yes, it's nearly two o'clock! I am dreadfully sleepy. . . ."

Nicholas looked up at her for a second as if he had something he wanted to say, but decided not to. Instead he ran down the hill, jumping over stones, as if he were rejoicing in his freedom, as if he needed to run like a goat, showing off a little, but when he was out of sight, Joanna heard the melancholy flute whistling its song.

What had happened? she wondered as she walked slowly back toward the village, her straw hat pulled low over her eyes against the glare, and Ulysses rather reluctantly following, his head bobbing up and down behind her. Perhaps something quite simple. She had spoken out to another human being. She had spoken out without wondering whether she would hurt someone else; she had unstopped the bitterness stopped up so long and let it pour out on the ground like a libation. Far off now she could hear the whistling still, faint and far away. Then it stopped.

She and Ulysses were alone.

And in the silence, heat shimmering invisible flames all around her, sky arched with mense blue radiance overhead, she knew what had really happened. Nicholas had even tasted the bitterness; he had swallowed the hard exhilarating liquor of freedom instead. He had said, "I am so proud of your mother." He had said, "I am so proud of your brother." And it was as if they were being brought out at last from the dank, dark cell where all she could think of was suffering, and set on a high place above the sea below her.

"It is a good thing I found you, Ulysses," she said. What she meant was that she had driven her toward him was the burden of suffering, the endless chain of suffering, but stroking his nose, rubbing his ear, slowly the soft curly hair grow back, the old wounds, she had felt life come into her fingers. She had begun to live.

VII

The better Ulysses felt, the more eager his soft lips nibbled and tasted at any and all that came his way. Joanna was pleased to see that he was even sometimes admired by tourists who overran the village for hours at a time when one of the cruise ships stopped briefly at Santorini. It crossed her mind that someday perhaps a rich American would fall in love with Ulysses and offer a permanent home. For the healthier and more beautiful he became, the more content Joanna faced the fact that she could not be the guardian angel of a donkey once she was back to Athens and put on again the clothing of a dutiful daughter.

Her increasing pleasure in his velvet eyes was shot through with increasing anxiety. The precious month was drawing to a close; she had had her breath out of her mind, of the heights where she and Nicholas and Ulysses could stand together and look down like immortals on the shining island. And she had three or four paintings strung together to show Papa, who needed to guess what adventures other than the meditative ones she had experienced.

Joanna was really a very practical woman when it was absolutely necessary to be just that. So, during her last week on the island, the men drinking ouzo in the paraps observed her spend a great deal of time on the terrace where the donkey drivers and their dogs gathered after the climb, to wait for their customers intrepid enough to climb down on the creaking saddle behind a pair of long ears, down the steep pin curves of the track to the port. Times there was serious work to be done taking down the empty casks of wine, or barrels of oranges to the freewheel which kept Santorini alive.

And, of course, there was the great of the village now that the season was to stand along the parapet and make about the tourists. Fat, thin, old, young, they came bumping up the sides of the pice like grotesques and seemed a perfect commentary on the human comedy, legs wide apart over the fat donkey and sometimes bare beyond the decency, their absurd hats flopping, faces flushed, their red mouths put to terror, or giving an occasional small smile. There were beautiful sedate young girls who could be made to blush and red middle-aged men who glared about the frown down any nonsense, any smile might suggest that they looked as ridiculous as they actually were.

But Joanna, the village noticed little attention to her traveling patriots, the rich Athenians and the Americans off the cruise ships. She was found in the late afternoon talking to

donkey drivers. There she stood, usually against the parapet, her glowing, her head thrown back and men shook their heads and The arrogant Athenian was shown to be human after all. And which key men was she going to choose? down on the terrace below, Joanna asking innocent questions, like, "you feed your donkey? Where does How heavy a load can he carry?" e donkey drivers teased her. "Oh, ey eats nothing but ice cream and "

nine drinks two glasses of *ouzo* to donkey drivers considered her a madwoman, mad about donkeys, teased her not unkindly about They were well aware that she was rested in them. Or was she? The servant among them became aware was often standing near Zarian, early handsome young man with a moustache and very white teeth. s she talked to his donkey, one gest and healthiest of all. Zarian's as an unusual beige color, and his e in the sun. He had a beautiful saddle with a carved pommel and blue blanket under it, and on his sunburst of fine beads, and around a blue necklace. Even his small ere kept clean of dung. She would n one arm casually around Ulysses' ysses looked like a dwarf beside huge beast—as if she were con- a very important matter, while somewhat intoxicated by all the he was getting, boasted about donkey was the best of them all.

t overload him. But he can carry most. See how straight his back are to that poor crock over some of the donkeys looked moth- ny had saddle sores, and many had s from carrying loads beyond ngth.

back all and more than I spend in ole like a handsome donkey, eh, And he would bring out a lump rom his pocket and tease Ulysses a ore holding out his hand flat and e eager lips take their prize.

he said one day, scratching his looking slyly out of his dark eyes in, "why don't you come to the d have an *ouzo* with me?"

ally was greeted by guffaws of and by a faint cheer. The drivers egging him on, no doubt.

noded absentmindedly. "Yes," "a good idea. I have something I alk to you about."

d men on the parapet sucked in heir moustaches and winked.

too old for you, Zarian," one called en Joanna's long legs had dis- among the maze of white houses o of the cliff.

ough to be your mother!" another

er and jeers broke out on all sides, donkeys, whose supptime it was, e sound and joined in with mock-

!" Zarian said curtly to his don- spat over the parapet as he left.

st thing about Santorini is that mply no refuge from gossip. You n around without a pack of fools at you, or ask a stranger to share without a vast comedy being made l, he had asked her, and he was not e laughed out of it. It was simple no more, he told himself, since ough ice cream for his donkey more

than once. And he remembered how she laughed when it disappeared, carton and all: "There is no disposal problem on Santorini, I see!"

Nevertheless Zarian felt rather nervous when he sauntered down to the *taverna* later that evening in a clean white shirt, his Sunday shirt, as everyone in the café well knew.

"And what will you wear to church, Zarian?"

"Leave me alone," he glowered. "You're a bunch of island louts."

He could see Joanna walking down the street, alone. For once she had left Ulysses up at the chapel. She came toward him alone and frowning. There was an atmosphere of gloom about her, and it made him nervous.

"There you are," she said, but she did not smile. She sat down and waited in silence while he ordered an *ouzo* for her. She ate an olive, lifted her glass and met his eyes. But this was no flirtation, after all. She was in deadly earnest. And, he noticed, as he bent to light her cigarette, that she was nervous. Her hand trembled so much he had to use a second match.

"In a week I go back to Athens," she said. (And what did that mean?)

She swallowed, and for just a wild instant he wondered if she was going to proposition him.

"The time is short," he answered with a smile meant to be reassuring. She might be old enough to be his mother but, devil take her, she was handsome as she sat there wrapped up in a solitude which still gave nothing.

She took another sip of *ouzo*. Should he make it easier for her?

"You are beautiful," he said, looking away.

"What?" The voice was harsh with surprise. "What are you talking about?"

"I said, 'You are beautiful'; that is what I am talking about." He stared at her boldly now. He did not care who was listening, for indeed the silence around them was tangible as a cloud.

Joanna threw back her head and laughed, a free laugh, a laugh of pure surprise with no malice in it. Then she turned to him. "You are too kind, dear Zarian." In a phrase she put distance between them. He had to admit that she was a lady, however eccentric a lady. And he called loudly for another *ouzo*.

"Listen, Zarian," she said almost tenderly, "I will give Ulysses to you, if you will take care of him." Before Zarian quite took in what this was all about, she went on, pleading with him now: "I know he is a small donkey. But he is very sweet and people admire him on the street. He makes a contrast with your noble donkey. Tourists will give you huge tips when they see the tiny Ulysses beside his huge brother. Oh, please say you will take him!" Now she turned on him the full power of those dark eyes, in which anxiety and tenderness were equally matched—but not tenderness for him in his Sunday shirt with his black moustache. Not tenderness for his dark eyes.

Zarian's reaction was instantaneous. If she was going to give him a donkey, there must be some catch in it. After all, people don't go around giving away donkeys as if they were ice-cream cones. His face, which had been so open, closed.

"Why give me a donkey?"

"Because—oh, don't you see?" She made a gesture of mock despair, and it was her turn to make advances. "I can't take him with me to Athens. How would I feed him? Where would I put him? My father would turn me out of the house!" She smiled at Zarian with all the charm she could muster.

"But a donkey is worth money," Zarian said coldly. "Why don't you sell him then?"



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Joanna & Ulysses *Continued*

Joanna looked crestfallen. "You can't sell what you love. Ulysses has become a friend." As soon as she uttered the words she felt how preposterous it was to think even of giving him away. How could she? She felt a lump in her throat rising up against all her sense of decorum and, to keep the tears from showing in her eyes, she said brusquely, "Why do you think I have been spending so much time down there?" She nodded toward the terrace below. "I have watched all the donkey drivers to see how they treated their animals, and I have watched the donkeys themselves. You, Zarian," she said imperiously, "are the one who takes best care. Your donkey is the happiest and best-looking of them all."

The total shift in what had meant to Zarian a social occasion, an occasion of some importance, and an occasion which had cost him already the jeers and jokes of his peers, made him look stupid for the first time. The Athenian woman was making a fool of him, that was sure. And he made a motion to get up and leave, there and then. Joanna saw the flush of anger in his throat.

"No, sit down," she commanded. "You mustn't be angry with me. I am too helpless. You must be my friend. We will drink another *ouzo*—on me this time."

He was still standing. She pulled at his sleeve.

"Zarian—please."

It was he who felt helpless now. He stood, glaring around him, as if he would love to hit any one of the faces which had been drinking in every word, no doubt.

"Don't be a fool, Zarian," said an old voice from inside—whose it was Joanna didn't know. But she was hugely relieved to hear it speak like an oracle from the darkness: "She has made you an honest proposition."

The fact was that Zarian saw the uses of Ulysses, a perfect donkey for a frightened child off one of the boats. Tips would double. It was really, now that he came to face the reality of the situation, not a bad deal.

"All right," he said, sitting down again. And he called loudly for another *ouzo*. "Only I pay for the *ouzo*."

"Thank you," said Joanna, who felt immensely relieved that the atmosphere of animosity and harshness was shifting in her favor. It had been, she thought, like one of those sudden squalls that rouse the Aegean to fury in a few moments.

"You are not cross, are you? I meant no harm."

And suddenly his frowning face broke up into a brilliant smile and he laughed. He laughed and looked around him in triumph. He would go down in history as the driver to whom a woman gave a donkey. Such a thing had never happened before and would surely never happen again.

He lifted his glass and said, "It's a bargain—I take Ulysses," and drank. He seemed to Joanna to have grown larger in the last few seconds, to have become a giant. And as he grew larger over his bargain, she felt herself growing smaller and more miserable.

"What's the matter?" he asked, still laughing.

"I am sad," she said, leaning her face on one hand. "I am losing Ulysses, after all."

"He was a toy to you. A holiday toy," Zarian said coldly. "Now he will be useful, a working animal. It is more dignified."

And for that last word, Joanna forgave him much. For she had sensed all along that there was something offensive, in this village where everyone worked so hard, about

an animal who did no work. Even the cats caught mice and rats. Only Ulysses had been exempt.

"I could never without him have reached the high places where I was able to go, because he carried my easel and painting things. He was not useless," she said, on the defensive. "And my holiday was a working holiday too," she murmured.

"Painting?"

"Yes, you think that is not work?"

"Work pays for food, a bed. Work is what one has to do to live. Do you sell your paintings or do you give them away like donkeys?" He was serious. There was no sneer.

Joanna bowed her head. "Sometimes I give them away when I think they are good enough. Sometimes I give them away when a person says, 'Yes, that is the way it is. That is the way I see it too.' And although I earn my living in an office, and that buys food for me and for my father, it is not real work."

"What is real work?"

"What one does for love, because one has to."

Zarian drank another sip of *ouzo*. He was enjoying himself. He had come through a risky passage, whole in his dignity. He had won in some way he could not quite define. But the feeling made him expansive.

"My father was a fisherman. Drowned like all the others in this wicked sea." They looked down at the perfectly serene waters below, as gentle as silk. "He fished because he had to. That's what he always said. He liked the danger. Me"—he smiled a mischievous smile—"I like solid ground under my feet. And"—he glanced over at her humorously—"I like my donkey."

"You will be kind to Ulysses?" Joanna asked. She had held the question back until now, ashamed to expose her anxiety.

"Of course. A well-fed, healthy donkey is good business."

"Well then..." It was her turn to rise. She could not wait to get away. "I shall be taking the island boat next week. I'll leave him with you." It was an awkward moment. She fled, calling back, "Thank you, Zarian. I needed a drink!"

He sat for a time, receiving congratulations like someone who has just won in the lottery.

But Joanna walked up the hill alone, with a heavy heart, to lean her head against Ulysses in the dark and release the tears she had held back so long.

"At best we are two fools," she said to Ulysses. But, somehow, it was no comfort.

VIII

The last week flew as last weeks are likely to do. And Joanna found herself only laying down her crayon or paintbrush to look at Ulysses, comfortably cropping bits of dry grass and thyme, as if the end of their world were not imminent. She looked at him so intently that it seemed as if she were learning every hair, from his head to his funny tail which now wagged constantly to brush the flies off his gray flanks, from the healthy curly gray fur on his belly to his long sensitive ears, alert to her every move. She even tried to make some sketches of him, but gave up in despair. They looked like any donkey at all; it was clearly not possible to convey pictorially in just what this strange relationship had consisted. Being one of those who fully foresee every possible suffering and who experience it in advance, Joanna was cutting herself off from Ulysses. She looked at him already as one might look at something in one's childhood—as no longer part of her. He was over there in the sunny field, oblivious, contained in his animal life; she was here beside her easel, struggling with her human one. Any intimacy had become too painful;

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e. That belonged to the
mental indulgences. They
to enter, each in his own
a of hard reality.

thought about all this a
is she climbed up to the
she was well aware that
ived in Santorini like a
erson, starved, as she had
the self she found as a
starved also for another
ether, whom Ulysses had
life again for the first
the war. There is such
s animal comfort, she
ter all. And in a world
has had to witness too
ing about which nothing
ne, there was the comfort
back to life one suffering
aking Ulysses well.

he heard the melancholy
ran to the top of the hill
answer to Nicholas. She
then ran down to the
where they had sat and
ten and which she had
many times in the last
en Nicholas appeared
est of the hill, she was
er box of canvases. Out
he flung himself down

y you are leaving—is it
ked when he had caught

anna smiled, "but not
didn't need to run so

e you going?" he asked.
o get back to my father.
only a month, you know,
e had our month," she
ng over at Ulysses who
g up, his ears pricked,
doubt that it must be
nd a ripe tomato would
r good after all those
ds. "I go the day after

did not answer.
have olives and cheese,
nd tomatoes," she said.
hungry as I am?"
hungry," said Nicholas,
stubble with one foot.
t let Ulysses have all
et much too fat!"
have it all," said Nicho-
looking up.

t the silence fall. She re-
The boy looked both
dignified, standing there
s head lifted as a sea gull
head. She pulled one of
s out of the painting box
it round in her hands.
started to paint, you
hy I did not paint the
I told you because I
it. Yesterday, perhaps
n going, I felt suddenly
try to get it down, the
nd the whiteness—the
bird's nest, so high over
ne held the painting to
"I want to know your
e turned it slowly round,
it against her.

bent his head forward a
ked at the painting with
e look of curiosity with
d so often looked at her,
e a nibble of her cheek.
arrowed, and then he
sudden laugh, shrill as a



... but the
MELMAC
plate
didn't break!



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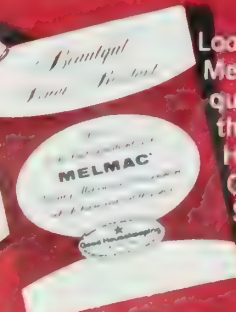
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"Why are you laughing?"

"I don't know. For pleasure," he frowned.

"My opinion is that you have done well," he said.

"It looks like your Santorini?" she pressed him. "People see things in different ways, you know. You don't have to say you like it."

"How do you speak to a painting?" he asked then. "How do you say 'yes' to a painting?"

Joanna wanted terribly to hug him, standing there. But she knew that this would not do.

"I guess you just look at it," she said, "and see it."

"Yes," he said, his brilliant smile flashing out, "I see it." Then he laughed again, for pleasure.

"In that case, you may have it to keep," and she handed the small canvas to him.

Immediately he passed his dirty hands over it gently as if to feel what it was like, and he swallowed. "Mine," he said then, "to keep."

The slight pang Joanna felt when she handed

it over melted away; it did seem to her one of her best paintings—and she had wanted to show it to her father. She could hear him saying in his dry ironic voice, "You would give the clothes off your back. If a bird needed it, you would give your soul to the bird. And you imagine perhaps that you are an angel, but how do you know you are not a fool?"

"Come," she said brusquely, "now let us eat lunch."

Ulysses, who had been waiting with his most long-suffering look, ears drooping, tail drooping, now pricked his ears and bent his soft nose down between them; they sat cross-legged, facing each other, as they always had done when they came to this place.

"Here, you *have* been patient," Joanna said, giving Ulysses half a tomato.

Nicholas sat leaning one arm on the canvas with a proprietary air as if he feared a sea gull might swoop down and steal it from him. He looked up, narrowing his eyes.

"The birds are flying low. Storm. Perhaps you will not be able to go the day after tomorrow."

"But I've said good-bye," Joanna answered in a panic. "It is terrible to have to stay after one has said good-bye."

"Ulysses would be glad to stay. He has not said good-bye," he said, while he gave Ulysses a piece of the cheese on his open hand.

"Ulysses is staying. I have given him to Zarian."

"Oh," the boy munched and considered this news. "So I heard in the village. They say you are a fool."

"No doubt," Joanna said drily. "My father also says so rather often. I am quite used to being called a fool."

"And you don't mind?"

"Many people called my mother a fool, my father included," she said somberly. She sensed that the mood of the day was changing like the weather. She felt the wind tugging at her hair, a cool wind with a chill as of snow in it. "And what do you think, little Nicholas?" she asked, to break the dark mood.

"I think you are brave not to mind," he answered instantly. "I would mind."

"You are a man. Men cannot afford to be ridiculous." She said it to the wind, as much as to the little boy beside her.

He was busy eating now, eating ravenously. He had discovered that, far from cutting his appetite, imminent parting had made him ravenously hungry; perhaps he did not hear anything but the sound of his own munching.

Joanna lay on her back, looking up at the blue sky in which high overhead mare's tails were flying, and she thought, I am drinking the sky. It is better and more intoxicating than wine. For she was now so low in cash that she had thought better of buying a last bottle of wine which she would not finish in any case. After a while she pulled her hat down over her eyes.

When she opened them and looked around, Ulysses was still standing there, finishing the bread and cheese. But Nicholas and her painting had gone. Far down the hill he must be, for she heard his shrill melancholy whistle in the distance. And for the second time that morning she respected his dignity and his silence.

The next day she spent not thinking and not feeling, in packing up her valises, her easel, her painting things, in making obeisance to the local gods. She paid a formal call on the baker, on the druggist, on the man who sold blue beads and hats for donkeys; she climbed the hill to the chapel for the last time, and did not allow herself to embrace Ulysses. And, when the time came, after a night of high wind which suddenly let down in the early morning, she loaded the valises onto Ulysses' back. Let him get used to his new life with the easy descent, loaded with all she possessed. He would climb back, no doubt, up the ever-

lasting hairpin curves, heavy-laden, bearing some tourist with cameras, bearing some fat rich old woman.

And at last, for this leave-taking had become interminable indeed, they stood on the quay, waiting for the island boat to put in. She tethered Ulysses, and walked up and down, every now and then glancing upward, all the steep way upward to the terraces and square white houses at the top. But when the boat came in, and the anchor roared down, the pier which had been as empty as a stage set was suddenly full of clamor and excitement. The wind turned, as it were, and Joanna, who had been looking back, was caught up in the elation of it all. She ran to find Zarian and on the way met Nicholas, whose small brown hand locked itself into hers without a word.

"Where is he?" she cried to the donkey men. "Where's Zarian?"

"Back there, looking for you."

And then she saw him, standing beside Ulysses, waving at her, and she ran back, terrified now of missing the big rowboat, already bobbing up and down at the quay.

"No time to say good-bye," she called back to the wind.

Her luggage had already been stowed. "Keep an eye on Ulysses, Nicholas!" She wrenched herself away, not daring to look at him.

It was all happening much too fast, like an old film being run off at double speed. Although the wind had died down, the sea was still ruffled and the big rowboat struggled and reeled, so Joanna hung to the rail. There were ten yards or so between her and the pier when she lifted her head to wave once more to Zarian, to Nicholas, to Ulysses. "Oh, my beastie!"

No one waved back. Nicholas and Zarian were trying to quiet Ulysses, and Ulysses

was struggling with all his strength to break the tethering rope. He was straining ward, shaking his head from side to side, an odd, insistent, heartbreaking rhythm. As the boat got farther and farther away this rhythm increased in intensity. Finally he lifted his head and uttered a piercing bay.

At that moment all Joanna's wise deductions exploded in an immediate, irrational emotion which she could not control. She staggered over to the rowing man, quite oblivious of the fact that she was rocking everyone and had knocked over a woman's bundle.

"Will they take a donkey on board?" she shouted.

"What?" the man muttered, busy with his oars, and just now pulling hard to bring the boat about to the ship's ladder.

"Donkey!" shouted Joanna.

"Ask the officer," the man said. Joanna stood in the boat and waited till the officer had been helped up onto the slippery platform projecting from the ship. Then she called across to the officer in immaculate whites, "Can I bring my key aboard?"

He peered down at her eager face, grinned. "Is it a joke?"

"No," Joanna stamped her foot. "Not a joke!"

He shook his head. "No donkeys on board, lady. You'll have to wait for the freighter, two days from now." Every word of madness raced through Joanna's head. My father . . . unavoidable delay . . . bad weather . . . something. But Ulysses! Athens! She turned back and saw Ulysses had somehow managed to reach Zarian and Nicholas to the pier's edge, there he stood, dumb with misery, shaking his head back and forth again.

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going back," she said to the boatman a rather severe voice, as if to say, it is not natural to wish to go back. "I cannot leave my donkey. I am perfectly sane and in my right mind." But the plea came out high and clear.

The boatman took his time. He had a cigarette and was resting on his hands. "No hurry," he said gently. "The boat will wait."

Ulysses might hurl himself into the sea and swim . . .

"Don't fool yourself. A donkey's a beast."

Joanna waved, as the boatman rowed back to the quay, and made signs to show what was happening; but of course too preposterous to be believable, when the rowboat was within a few feet of the pier, Zarian called out, "What have you forgotten?"

"Nothing," she shouted. "I'm not going."

Ulysses leaped into the air and did a backflip. His face was full of mischief. "Not going!" he shouted to the sea. "She's not going!" he turned and looked into Ulysses' ear.

Joanna spat.

Ulysses' eyes narrowed as she ran toward him and flung her arms around Ulysses' neck and rubbed her head against his nose.

"I'm going to leave you. I'm taking you with me," she told him. "The freighter will leave both the day after tomorrow," she said to Zarian. "It's all right."

"Right for him," Zarian said sardoniously. Joanna was kneeling beside Ulysses, her arms around his neck; she looked up at him with a trace of compunction.

"Sorry," but it was clear that she was bursting with joy at all, that she was bursting with joy.

"Right for you, but you have made a laughingstock. Wait till the drivers hear!" And he nodded his head toward the main road up the cliff, where a stream of carts was plodding its way, heads bobbing up and down, carrying casks of wine, boxes of canned goods, and a fat old gentleman in a panama hat, with a black umbrella over his head, bobbed along too.

Nicholas looked at her anxiously, his face serious. You said, up there, a man can't stand it—being ridiculous," he said, ed each syllable as if the word were a precious object she had given him. "It rose to her feet.

Ulysses faced her and he was angry. "You flirt with me and get me to go to an ouzo; you drink three ouzos and you tell me what all this is about. Tell me you are flirting with; it's a lie. They were laughing at me up in the café, you heard them. So you tell the donkey—and I've heard nothing but sly jokes: 'What did you get in exchange, eh Zarian?'—his face grew shrill as he imitated the gossips of the village. "And now," he spat again, "you take back the donkey! What am I supposed to do? Jump into the sea?"

Ulysses have got to consider the whole thing very quietly," Joanna answered, looking down because she was afraid she would burst out laughing. "You could tell me that I am out of my mind," she offered Ulysses.

Ulysses knew that already," Zarian said. "That is no news."

Ulysses was pulling gently at her sleeve. He sat down and he whispered something into her ear. She nodded absently. After all, why not?

What if I gave you something in exchange, Ulysses?"

Ulysses narrowed his eyes. "What, for?"

"The freighter doesn't come for two days. Is that right? Well, then, I will paint something for you. I will paint the village, or your house."

Zarian scratched his head. A wily look came into his eyes. There is nothing more pleasant to a Greek than a bargain, but he wants to make the terms himself. Therein lies the genius of the bargainer. He carefully put out his cigarette, crushing it under the heel of his boot. "No," he said, but he could not keep the smile of triumph out of his eyes.

"What then?"

"My donkey? Will you paint my donkey, eh? The drivers may laugh then if they please, but they will envy me."

"Ah," said Joanna, "you see?" And she laid a hand on Nicholas's head, as if to acknowledge that of them all he was the clever one, as indeed he was.

IX

The second departure two days later felt like a holiday instead of the end of a holiday. It seemed as if half the village had decided to come down to watch the embarkment of Joanna and Ulysses, and Ulysses was resplendent in a new hat, with a red poppy on it. This time it was late afternoon; some of the men in the cafés had come down to the pier, and waved and shouted and laughed, until Joanna in her gypsy pants and Ulysses in his hat disappeared into the hold.

Zarian was already lording it over the other drivers and carried the small painting of his donkey down with him to the pier. Every now and then he took it out and looked at it with a very painterly expression, holding it at arm's length and screwing up his eyes. If anyone happened to come up behind him to see what he was looking at, he was very happy indeed to point out how well Joanna had captured his donkey's expression, and how exactly she had painted the blue beads round his neck and his small, elegant hoofs. But Nicholas's sharp eyes had seen at once that this was a different sort of gift from the one that now hung in his bedroom, and which he was considering giving to the school, so that it could be admired and seen by more people.

"For Zarian you painted what he can see but for me you painted what *you* see," he had told Joanna. They all felt freed of some constraint now that Ulysses was going to Athens. Joanna had hugged Nicholas so hard that she thought his ribs might crack.

But when the freighter had rounded the dead volcano island, coal black in the evening light, Nicholas and Zarian climbed back the steep winding road and did not say anything. Every now and then they stopped, in a silent accord, and leaned on the wall and looked down; the whole scene was bathed in a rosy light as the sun set. It was peaceful, but empty.

"Well," said Nicholas, "she's gone now, but she came." He bit his lip.

Very far away already, they could see the smoke of the freighter.

"She and her donkey!" Zarian looked sideways at the boy, then gave him a little nudge and tried to make him laugh. But Nicholas was biting his lip, did not raise his eyes, and somehow the laughter did not quite come off.

When he spoke at last, the child's voice was shrill. "She came and everyone laughed at her; now she has gone, they will tell the story . . . you'll see! They will look at my painting and they will tell the story." He stood on tiptoe and waved at the pillar of smoke until he could see it no longer, as if he were waving at some heroic glimmer on the waters, as if he had seen a wonder come to pass.

• END

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Little kitchen ...big party

By MARY JANE ENGEL

Serve a memorable buffet for twelve from a pocket-sized kitchen and still have time to enjoy your guests. The secret's in advance preparation.

MENU

- *Shrimp Dijon
- *Roquefort Cheese Ball and Crackers
- *Sesame Baked Chicken
- *Potatoes, Onions and Mushrooms Au Gratin
- *Zucchini with Cherry Tomatoes
- Tossed Green Salad
- Salt Sticks
- *Cherry Pita
- *Fluffy Lemon Hard Sauce

A man in your life? Of course. But a man in your kitchen? Not if it's closet-sized and you're sandwiched between refrigerator and range, cupboards and sink, and the pegboard you've added to accommodate gadgets. One's a crowd in this kitchen, two a population explosion.

But from tiny kitchens, big dinner parties can grow. They demand advance plotting and planning; in a word, organization, the secret of all successful parties.

First rule: Keep husband and guests out. Post the "off limits" sign, or, better still, close the door. Second: Set up a table for drinks *way* away from the cooking quarters. Convert a card table or a desk, stock it with glasses and an over-sized ice bucket that's filled to the brim.

As for the meal itself, timing's the trick. With most of the work done ahead, you need vanish only for a final touch or two. Behind closed doors, baste the chicken, tear up the salad greens, shake the dressing. Then back to the party.

Begin the party feast right away by serving a special deviled shrimp. Mound it in a giant bowl, dust lavishly with minced parsley. Add crackers and cheese—a creamy Roquefort Ball that's laced with brandy, rolled in chopped walnuts, and better for a day's wait in the refrigerator.

The main course is chicken, oven-baked in a blanket of sesame seeds and bread crumbs, and basted with lemon-herb butter. Prepare it for baking in the morning, slip it in the oven when the first guest rings the doorbell.

Perfect with chicken: potatoes teamed in a casserole with pearl onions, mushrooms and a mellow cheese sauce. This one's a do-ahead too. The more simple the salad the better. Toss a classic green one in tangy French dressing. And for those who do like their bread, brown-and-serve salt sticks. Just the dessert: exciting Cherry Pita (a kind of cobbler that's made the night before). Oven-warm it gently as guests enjoy the main course, then serve under Lemon Hard Sauce. It's a memorable ending to a perfect party. And best of all, perfect preparation pays off—you, the cook, have time to enjoy it too.

SESAME BAKED CHICKEN

(1) Wash 3 (3½ lbs.) cut-up frying chickens. Place in a shallow dish. Pour 2 cups buttermilk over chickens, cover tightly with saran or aluminum foil and refrigerate overnight. (2) Next day (the morning of the party) pour off buttermilk and pat chickens dry with paper towels. (3) Melt 1 cup butter or margarine with ½ teaspoon tarragon. Add 3 tablespoons

lemon juice. (4) Prepare 4 cups fine bread crumbs from firm, day-old white bread. Add ¼ cup minced parsley, ½ cup sesame seeds and 3 teaspoons seasoned salt; mix well. (5) Dip chicken pieces in butter or margarine, then roll in crumbs to coat thoroughly. Arrange chicken on a baking tray. Spoon remaining butter or margarine evenly over all the pieces. Cover tightly and refrigerate until about 1½ hours before dinner. (6) Bake chicken in a moderate oven 350° F. without





g until chicken is golden and fork-tender, about
urs. Baste occasionally with pan drippings. (7) To
arrange chicken on a large platter and garnish
arsley and radish roses. Makes 12 servings.

TOES, ONIONS, MUSHROOMS AU GRATIN
e night before or the morning of the party, cook 5
atoes in their jackets. Cool, peel and cut into ½

inch cubes. (2) Heat ½ cup butter or margarine in a
large kettle or pot. Sauté 1 lb. sliced mushrooms a few
minutes until lightly browned. Stir in ½ cup flour. Stir in
1 quart milk, 1 cup cream or evaporated milk and 1 can
(10½ oz.) condensed consommé. Add 1 lb. sharp Cheddar
cheese, grated, 1 tablespoon seasoned salt, ¼ teaspoon
pepper and 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Cook, stirring
until smooth and thickened. (3) Remove from heat,

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BORDEN'S

VERY BIG ON FLAVOR

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potatoes and 2 (15-oz.) cans small, onions, drained, mixing carefully. Mixture into a shallow 4 quart casserole with two smaller ones, whatever fits best. Remember that one shelf will hold the chicken; the second for the potatoes. (4) Cover casserole with saran or aluminum foil and refrigerate until 1 hour before serving. Bake in a moderate oven for about 1 hour, or until golden on top. Makes 12 servings.

SHRIMP DIJON

1 pound shrimp, cleaned and deveined
2 tablespoons finely chopped dill
1/2 cup pickle
2 tablespoons prepared mustard with horseradish
Chopped parsley (garnish)
1/2 cup dairy fresh sour cream

Boil shrimp to boiling salted water with lemon juice tied in a small piece of cheesecloth about 5 minutes or until shrimps are pink. Drain well. (2) Mix together remaining ingredients except parsley. (3) Toss shrimp in a bowl and pour dressing over them. Mix well. (4) Cover and refrigerate for several hours, turning them in the refrigerator occasionally. (5) To serve, drain shrimp and heap shrimp into a bowl. Sprinkle with parsley. Pass dressing separately. Makes 12 servings.

ROQUEFORT CHEESE BALL

1/2 cup Roquefort
5 drops liquid hot pepper seasoning
2 packages cream cheese
2 tablespoons brandy
1 1/2 cups chopped walnuts
1/2 cup chives

Mix together the Roquefort and cream cheese until very smooth. (2) Stir in the onion, Worcestershire sauce, pepper seasoning and brandy. Mix well. Chill for about an hour. Shape into 1-large ball or 2 small ones in the chopped nuts. (4) Cover well with aluminum foil and refrigerate for 1 hour before serving. These balls can be made 1 day before the party. Serve with crackers. Serves 12.

ZUCCHINI

WITH CHERRY TOMATOES

1/2 cup all-purpose flour
1/2 cup lemon juice
1/4 teaspoon basil
1 1/2 teaspoons salt
1/8 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper

Cut zucchini 1/2" thick (do not peel). Boil until crisp-tender in a little boiling,

salted water, about 8-10 minutes. Drain well and add tomatoes. (2) Heat the butter or margarine with the lemon juice and basil. Pour over vegetables and toss carefully. Season with salt and pepper. Cover and simmer about three minutes, just enough to heat tomatoes. Makes 12 servings.

CHERRY PITA

Pinch sugar
2 tablespoons warm water (110-115° F.)
1 package active dry yeast
1 cup butter or margarine
4 cups flour
3 tablespoons sugar
Pinch salt
Grated rind of 1/2 lemon
2 eggs plus 2 egg yolks
1/2 cup dairy fresh sour cream

Prepare and bake this the morning of the party or the day before. (1) Put a pinch of sugar into a small bowl. Add the water and stir in the yeast. Let stand for 10 minutes. (2) Rub or work the butter or margarine into the flour, along with the sugar, salt and lemon rind until it resembles coarse crumbs. (3) Mix 1 egg, the egg yolks and sour cream with the yeast. Add to the dry ingredients. Knead well until dough is smooth and elastic, about 5 minutes. (4) Cut the dough in half and refrigerate one half. Roll out the other half of dough on a lightly floured board into a rectangle 16x12 inches. Put the dough in the bottom of a greased 15"x10"x1" pan (jelly roll pan). Shape to fit, bringing dough up the sides and onto the rim. (5) Prick well all over with a fork and bake for 10 minutes in a very hot oven 450° F. Remove from oven. (6) Sprinkle bread crumbs over pastry layer. Mix drained cherries with sugars and cinnamon and spoon evenly over the crumbs. (7) Roll remaining pastry to fit the top and place over the cherries. Turn pastry edges under and secure to the rim. Press edges with fork. (8) Prick pastry well all over and brush with a lightly beaten egg. (9) Bake in a moderate oven 350° F. until golden brown, about 30 minutes. Cool. Warm it for a few minutes in a moderate oven 350° F. before serving. Cut into squares and serve with Fluffy Lemon Hard Sauce. Makes 12 servings.

FLUFFY LEMON HARD SAUCE

1 cup butter or margarine
3 cups confectioners' sugar
2 teaspoons grated lemon rind
1/4 cup orange-flavored liqueur

(1) Cream butter or margarine until very soft. Add sugar a little at a time and continue beating until mixture is very fluffy and thick. (2) Stir in lemon rind and orange-flavored liqueur. (3) Cover and chill until about an hour before serving. (4) Let stand at room temperature to soften, stir occasionally. Pass with the Cherry Pita. Makes about 2 cups sauce. • END




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“I’m going to get a job!”

Advice for the thousands of women around the country who are about to utter this dire threat: Before leaving home and hearth—plan ahead.

By BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN

thousands, it happened to a woman in her forties. She had finished her breakfast dishes, made the bed and dusted the house. One day the tedium had only begun. Another dreary, routinized day of cleaning and boredom. In a sudden burst of anger she threw down her gauntlet, and flung out her challenge: “I’m going to get a job.”

After scanning the “Help Wanted” section of the newspaper, she was led from agency to office, to a low-paying job as a typist. She believed she could do. That afternoon her husband and three children triumphantly announced that she was the breadwinner. The family was dreadfully appalled.

The woman of the house spent the rest of the day as the girl at the office. In the evening, stimulating new friends, she was greeted with hostility, especially by those who had been wedded to their husbands for 25 years. Her rusty typing, her work with errors, made her job about as jumpy. Her job was about as jumpy as a day of spring cleaning.

Next, she joined other hot, irritable women and stuffed herself into one of the crowded buses. By the time she reached her front door 45 minutes later, she was fixed on only two things—a hot shower and a change of clothes. But when she found each of her three children crying, an urgent problem. As she went to the house, her husband barked, “Dinner. I’ve got a seven-minute dinner.” In the kitchen she found the dishes still in the sink. Then she realized she had forgotten to defrost the meat for one awful moment she was dead.

This example may seem extreme, but it is not. The mature woman in her forties often is caught in a trap. Now that her children are growing for themselves, her days are filled with ennui. While her youngsters discover new worlds, she has little more than a forgotten function to serve as a domestic. She begins to lose touch with her hope and her courage. The problem is not insurmountable. Mature women are solving it by pursuing stimulating second careers.

In fact, women whose children are away from home during the day are producing one of the quietest revolutions of our times. In such families, where the husbands earn between \$7,000 and \$10,000 a year, half the wives are working. And many love it.

Over the past year I have discussed the problem with psychologists, employment experts and educators who advise mature women on how to fulfill the 30 or 40 vigorous years stretching ahead of them. I have also talked to a great number of women over 35 who have taken the experts’ advice and are thriving as a result.

At the Radcliffe Institute for Independent Study, psychologist Martha S. White has counseled many of these mature women eager to step into jobs or back into college. “Such women,” she says, “need access to new ideas and information about existing programs and possibilities, but they also need to look at the totality of their situation and their lives in order to make better choices about themselves and their families.”

The trap of maturity

It is just when a mother reaches her mature years that serious family disturbances are most likely to occur: alcoholism, husband’s loss of a job, juvenile delinquency, the worry and concern about one’s aged and ailing parents. Such problems drain her of the hope and courage she needs to set new aspirations for her own future.

The housewife who rushed into a job is an extreme example of how the mature woman should *not* try to reorient her life. This woman’s decision was haphazard. If you think you spend too much time *now* organizing your children’s lives, you will find it necessary to devote much *more* thought, care and planning to them if you yourself go to work. If your husband and children have never helped with housework before, they must somehow be persuaded to start those potatoes boiling, wash the breakfast dishes and make their own beds. The job must pay enough or be interesting enough to make disruption worthwhile.

Exploring some of these practical problems is the concern of the Barnard College Workshop, which helps mature college graduates realistically evaluate themselves, and their family situations and the labor market. A mother of three who attended

eight workshop sessions and then found a part-time job on Madison Avenue comments, “I must constantly fight the tendency to manage and expedite. It’s a different world! I must not forget that not only am I an authority on nothing, I am also the lowest woman on the totem pole.”

She adds, “Many jobs are as routine as housework without the compensation of personal freedom. I don’t think they are worth it. My luck is to have stumbled on an immediately interesting job. Since my natural bent and training are toward academic pursuits, I find working a hundred times simpler than taking care of a house and children aged eleven, ten and six. Not only is it more interesting, it is even easier. Ten years and an equal number of cookbooks never made me feel at home in a kitchen.

“To be on a daily routine that gives me instinctive pleasure and mental exercise for the first time in ten years is an emotional party. This is worth anything.”

But finding that “fascinating” job usually takes much planning, training and thought. Even if you don’t intend to become active for several years, you can start planning now. First, take a realistic view of yourself.

You have, roughly, three choices: You can look for work right away. Or you can go back to school to train for a better paying, more stimulating job several years from now. Or you can remain a full-time homemaker and look for some major, absorbing interest which will lift, support and inspire you until you are ready for that second career.

Evaluate your significant life experiences, including nursing sick people, or play-acting, or teaching Sunday School, antique-hunting, school subjects you liked, all of your hobbies, skills, paid jobs (since you were a teen-ager) and voluntary work. If your total life experience seems to be what one woman called “an enormous shapeless blob, with odd fragments sticking out in a dozen directions,” don’t despair; you’re normal.

Women are so used to doing what they *must* do and are *required* to do that it’s hard for them to analyze their genuine interests. You may decide to take some psychological tests to discover if your restlessness and discontent are neurotic or normal. (Unresolved conflicts from childhood are often accentuated in one’s middle years.)

Talk over your feelings and desires with your husband, and with close friends in

circumstances similar to yours. As one suburban mother said after a series of illuminating talks with other housewives at Radcliffe, “My sense of personal failure was rather strong in the beginning, but now I see myself as going through a common process and being in a stage of life which may be rather exciting.”

During this self-analytical phase (which, incidentally, *can* be an exciting voyage of discovery) a trip to a large city library will be enormously helpful. Most mature women remember libraries as dusty depositories of culture; today they are vital centers of information, with phonebooks of distant places, college catalogs, business directories and an avalanche of up-to-date practical information in pamphlet form, much of it addressed to the mature job seeker. Explain your case to the librarian: “I’m interested in becoming a lab technician,” or, “What are the requirements for a guidance counselor?” or, “What free adult-education courses are available in my area?”

If your aim is to get a job right away, the next place to visit is your state employment office. Assess your talents *before* you go for an interview; decide whether you want a part-time or a full-time job; whether you want to work summers and to send the children to camp. Do you want help in starting a business of your own? Is the money you earn the most important goal, or is the personal satisfaction? One woman I know turned down an offer of \$2.50 an hour from her local high school to read and grade English themes. The pay, she felt, was too low. Yet many women help hard-pressed teachers for no pay at all, simply because they enjoy a feeling of contribution and participation.

The job-hunting housewife who has not worked for 20 years or so sometimes faces considerable prejudice on the part of employers, most of whom consider her “out of touch” and dated in appearance, ideas and attitudes. One New York City employment agency urges women over 40 not to state their ages on their written résumés. “Wait until the personal interview,” the agency advises the applicants, “and then, if you are asked, tell the truth, but lightly, as if the years don’t matter. Remember that women today don’t look nearly their age anyway.”

If your job experience is slight, run together your voluntary activities with the



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"I'M GOING TO GET A JOB!"

paid jobs you have had, in order of importance, *not* chronologically. A prospective employer will seldom read about "community work" if it's at the bottom of the page, even though it involved tremendous initiative, organizing and hard work.

"Prejudice against the mature woman in business is falling away," says Mary Albro, placement director at Radcliffe College. "It simply isn't true that the older woman is sick more or has a higher turnover rate. On the contrary, she is likely to be more stable, dependable and settled than the young woman worker who is apt to switch jobs, follow her husband around the country or quit to have a baby.

"Motivation is the most important thing, she adds. "Businessmen are scared to death of hiring 'just another bored, restless housewife.' The mature woman must show that she is sincere and serious in her desire to work. A prospective employer will want to know her reasons for joining his company, what she feels she can contribute, and how thoroughly she has planned and organized her home responsibilities."

Many women decide against putting themselves into what one mother calls "a nine-to-five straitjacket." If a woman doesn't need the money, if she wants to take trips with her husband and to entertain often, graciously and with elegance, if she has no special skills and feels that her family should always come first, then she should look for challenging nonpaid employment in her own community.

"Education is subsidized in this country, and those who take, should give back," Dean Samuel Pratt of Fairleigh Dickinson University believes. "Self-fulfillment comes from service to others; the mature woman must take an *enhanced* social role, not shrug off her responsibilities. Any college campus can use voluntary help."

Breaking male rule

Lawrence K. Frank, who has written a number of books about the mature woman's psyche, maintains: "As we reflect upon the problems of community life, especially local government, we see that more and more they involve what mature women have specialized in for years—human relationships, conservation and the education of children, health care, sanitation, what might be called community housekeeping, budgeting and home management on a large scale. . . . The mature woman could help us establish the kind of community living we need and can so rarely find in the largely masculine-dominated city governments of today."

After you have assessed your skills and the available niches you might fill, either as an artist, a volunteer or a paid worker, you may decide to invest the necessary time, money and effort to go back to college. If so, you will need much counseling and advice to arrive at a "master plan."

You will need a transcript of your school record before you begin "comparison shopping" among nearby colleges and universities. Some will greet you warmly, others coldly—but persevere. Perhaps you would like to attend classes from 10 A.M. to 1 P.M. and do your studying during the early afternoon, before the children get home from school. However, you may have to attend evening classes, driving alone through sleet, ice and snow. You may have to go on Saturday mornings, eliminating all chance of entertaining stylishly that night or of making a stab at that list of errands which soon becomes eight pages long.

"Women must stand together and make

their needs known to the colleges and universities," Miss Albro declares, then will colleges revise their requirements and make schedules more flexible.

Those women who have a college degree which is more than 10 years old want to go into graduate work or face formidable difficulties. A 39-year-old wife with a master's degree in psychology recently went inquiring about getting a doctor's degree in remedial reading, a field of vast opportunities that was all so long ago," remarked one admissions director, scanning her excellent record. "You have so few years left, you, it's foolish to start." He then pointed out that in some psychology courses graduate level only 13 or 14 students are accepted, and the university, of course, always favored the younger applicants.

Women might take a tip from the older ladies attending Philadelphia Temple University. They have formed an organization which they call the Club. These women discuss their needs and bring their suggestions to the attention of the university.

As a result of the Encores' efforts, Temple has changed its physical education requirements for undergraduates. Freshmen 50 or older no longer are forced to play their way through softball games with 18-year-olds. Instead, they swim, or play tennis. These mature women have convinced Temple that they need advisers in every college department; they plan individual schedules and

The final fruit of their labor is that other women who seek a second education through education was movingly expressed by a Quaker high-school graduate who to obtain her undergraduate degree then a master's degree in social work. A brilliant student will be 50 when she graduates. But she figures she will "fifteen good years" to work in activities before she retires.

"Love is not enough," she says. "There is no room anymore for the well-meaning amateur who does more harm than good simply because she lacks the techniques, skill and facts. A woman needs highly specialized training today to be effective in areas of need."

The path to self-realization and career is often hard. But to judge by the looks of the women I met traveling the path, the rewards are great. The bounce to their step, a sparkle to their eyes and most have lost at least 10 pounds. They look 10 years younger. Their children are proud and excited by their careers. These women tell me they have gained in self-reliance which they miss in maternal attention. Says President Mary Bunting, "An intelligent active woman makes a better mother if she occasionally has to leave her darlings on their own."

Perhaps there is no better expression of the problem and the hope of the mature woman than the words of Anne Lindbergh.

In her beautiful book *Gift From Myself*, Mrs. Lindbergh declared:

"Is it not possible that middle age is looked upon as a period of second growth, even a kind of second adolescence? It is true that society in general does not help one accept this interpretation of the second half of life. . . . The signs of presage growth, so similar, it seems to those in early adolescence; distrust, restlessness, doubt, despair, long interpreted falsely as signs of decay. Youth one does not as often misinterpret the signs, one accepts them, quite as growing pains."

What Every Woman Fears

As the breeze carried us near the starting line, I suddenly heard a familiar voice shouting my name. It was Anne Riley. I hadn't seen her since our graduation!

At that instant, the race started. I called, "See you at the dock after the race!"

"Friend of yours?" Jim asked.

"Anne Riley. My roommate at school!"

"No kidding. Boy, she sure looks younger."

I went through the race in a daze. *How could my own husband say such a thing?*

And to make things worse, when we met Anne at the dock, I saw that Jim was right. Because Anne *did* look younger than me. It was that lovely complexion of hers . . . so fresh and creamy!

The first chance I had, I asked her, "Anne, what makes your complexion so beautiful?"

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JOURNAL FICTION EXTRA

Creatures of the night

*He feared the river, but it taught him
the power of his own strength.*

By HUGH B. CAVE

At the coming of dark, Lindsay seldom went near the river. He was never sure how much of Gram's talk an eight-year-old boy ought to believe. At night the far shore was hidden from sight and the slow-flowing water was alive with whisperings. Gram had said they were wicked whisperings. Daytimes, she'd said, the evil things that dwelt in the river crept out and snuck into the towns and villages where people lived, but nights they crawled back to burrow in the bottom mud and plan their next day's meanness.

Gram might have been lying, but Gram had lied only part of the time about other things, and how was a boy to know? Maybe, like she'd said, the evildoers would rise at night to a sound of footfalls on the bank, quick as a catfish to chicken-blood bait, and reach their long arms out to snatch him down. Little boys made good eatin', Gram used to say. Little boys were soft-boned and got swallowed whole. Dogs too. Gram had never liked dogs.

With the sun gone behind the hill line back of the town, Lindsay hurried more, his bare feet seeking out the river path where after a hot day the mud rose cool between his toes. But the gray shadows were stealing fast from the far shore, darkening the dipped limbs of the willows, and if the heavy dark got across the river before he reached home it would force him to climb up the slope to high ground, where the sharp stones would gouge his feet.

It was the fault of the scared little yellow-haired kid that he was late. Making a fuss like that over a measly cold handle! He wished now he had hit the kid harder and kicked him some to learn him. *Next time, I won't argue no more. I'll bust him right off.* He thrust a grubby hand with skinned knuckles into his overalls pocket where the door handle was. *I won't give it up for less'n a dime no sir. Jeff Clark will give a dime for it.* Then the shadows edged him back, and the door handle and the dog he was afraid of were small against his growing dread of the river things. He raced the rushing dark to high ground, whimpering.

The water could not climb that hill. The river's whisperings were held back by the noise of the wind in the pines. Lindsay scurried over the steep, bled slope, along leaning fences, toward home. But in the yard he slowed to a shuffle and shaped his shoulders into the grown-up slouch that an eight-year-old boy had to put on to be looked up to by his elders.

"You're late again," Pa said from the table. "If you got to go prowlin', can't you get back in time to give a hand with the boat?"

His mother looked cross too, but she never scolded the way Pa did. She turned from the stove to scowl at Lindsay and the hand she had burned at breakfast when the stove lid slipped and bandaged now with a piece of cloth from an old black dress. She said, "Washed, Lindsay, so's you can eat."



you been?" Pa demanded. Erl," his mother said, "let till he's et."

up to Lowe's boatyard. They boat 'most ready to be put in

ade his father look pleased. gray eyes held warmth for a and the tension slackened in neck and shoulders. "Is it a he asked. "Will Mr. Lowe gettin' it in?"

ger'n ours."

up there first thing in the I told you Charley Tappen in' no story, Mildred. I'll get ars for helpin' to put that

ill if Jeff Clark don't hear of there first," Ma said.

watched his father while s father was worried about , who lived across the river Clark and their not-bright who was fourteen years old. d a living with his boat, like metimes Jeff and Pa worked Once they had worked for nths on a garbage-burning the town of Wofford. But ey eyed each other across the two starved cats watching at and figuring how to get in mp.

his morning, before Lindsay off, Charley Tappen had y on his way down the river in tell Pa that Mr. Lowe would

be needing a hand at his yard. Now Pa was fretting because Jeff Clark might have heard too. Mr. Lowe wouldn't hire both of them.

Lindsay carried his plate to the sink and fished the door handle from his pocket. "If I get a dime for this I'll have eighty-one cents saved up," he said. He spoke to his mother, with his back toward the table where his father was still eating.

"It's worth a dime," she said. "Where'd you get it?"

"Off a yellow-haired kid that was fishin' near Lowe's." Lindsay turned his right hand over to show her the skinned knuckles. "It wasn't rightly his; he only found it. But he wouldn't give it up. That's why I was late."

His mother said absently, "Eighty-one cents is a lot of money, Lindsay. I never dreamed you had all that."

"Seventy-one. If I get a dime for this old door handle, I'll have eighty-one."

"I'm proud of you, Lindsay."

"Are you?" his father said from the table.

"Now, Erl, you stop houndin' the boy," his mother said. "If he's smarter than other young ones, that's his good fortune. You've no call to hound him for bein' smart."

Pa stood up then and set his chair back against the wall before he turned around to give Lindsay a look. Then he came a step forward, and the boy's thin fingers curled quickly to thrust the door handle back out of sight.



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"How big was this yellow-haired kid?" Pa asked.

"Well, he wasn't so big. But he was full of mean tricks."

Pa answered with a snort through his nose and went out the door into the dark.

"Never mind him," Ma said, and with a wet cloth she rubbed the boy's knuckles to get the specks of dirt out. "I'm proud of you savin' all that money, Lindsay. You never mind your pa. You listen to me."

"Jeff Clark said I could have any one of his dogs for two dollars, Ma. *Any* one."

Ma nodded and rubbed the hair flat on his head with her wet fingers. "You'll have two dollars in no time," she declared. "You get to bed now."

The boy's room had been his grandmother's room before she died. Because of that he hated it. The bed which was now his had held the hornet-eyed old woman day and night for as long as he could remember, and her sharp voice had cracked in that room like lightning in an empty barn, ordering him to fetch things and do things to make her comfortable.

Most of all he remembered the black nights when his mother and father had left him in Gram's care. Then the shrill voice had softened and slurred into a sticky web of sly wheedlings that held him to the house where she could watch

him. And after trapping him there, she had told him again and again of the wicked things that dwelt in the river, waiting to snatch and eat little boys who sneaked out in the dark.

Yet he felt safer in this room than anywhere else in the house, because its single window faced away from the river. The long arms of the evil things in the river mud would have to circle the house and coil back on themselves to reach him through that window. If he were quick, he could squirm out the other side of the bed and make for the door in time to get away.

He wondered sometimes if the great black arms had come through the window and fastened on Gram. Gram hadn't been et, but they might have seized her, meaning to eat her and then let go in disgust because she was so old and wrinkled.

He thrust the door handle under the pillow and kept his fingers curled around it. For a while he lay with his eyes open, watching the black oblong of the window and listening to the wind in the willows. He thought of the names the yellow-haired kid had called him—bad names, spat out in wet-eyed rage—and of Jeff Clark's three dogs. Mostly, though, he thought of the seventy-one cents hidden in the drawstring tobacco bag inside the torn cushion of the old chair in the corner. Then he awoke to voices in the other room, where Ma and Pa were talking to someone.

It took him a while to recognize the other voice because he had never heard

Jeff Clark pleading before, and Jeff's pleading voice was not full of sly chuckles and throaty laughter like his ordinary voice. Jeff Clark's pleading was a high-pitched pressure like the wind whistling through the willow branches.

"Lucy's holdin' her steady," Jeff was saying. "But there's a powerful pull at the bar there, and Lucy ain't but a girl. I got to have help to pole her to shore, Erl, before she swings off in the current and breaks all to bits down below at the bend."

Ma's voice said sharply, "You can wait for daylight, can't you?"

"Wait for daylight?" Jeff wailed. "My Lord!"

"It's a good-for-nothin' trick, Erl," Ma said. "No boat of his broke loose, mind my words. He's fixin' to beat you out of that job at Lowe's tomorrow."

Lindsay slipped out of bed and opened the door a crack to listen, but after a glance at him they paid no attention. Jeff Clark was standing barefoot in the middle of the floor, looking wild and excited with his long black hair plastered wet and heavy over the bulge of his forehead, and his bony hands twisted in front of him. Pa was leaning on his folded arms across the table, scowling at Jeff's homely face. Ma was by the sink with her knuckles screwed into her sides, and her elbows and jaw jutting. Beyond them the half-open door creaked in the wind off the river, and the heavy dark was full of frog croaks and rustlings and other sounds.

"You got to help me," Jeff said miserably. "She'll swing off'n that sandbar sure as I'm standin' here. I rowed clear up here to get you."

"It's a trick," Ma insisted. "He'll fill you full of corn whiskey, Erl, and you never get to Lowe's tomorrow!"

"I swear it's the truth I'm telling you, Mildred! This is honest trouble."

"All right," Pa said, rising, and his head swung through the lamplight toward the bedroom doorway where Lindsay stood listening. "You come too, Lindsay. Get dressed quick now. He went for his hat and coat."

"I tell you it's a good-for-nothin' trick!" Ma shrieked after them as they went down the path to the river. "F Newsom, you're a fool!"

Lindsay was uneasy. Only once twice before had he been on the river at night. He kept close to his father, the path, and closer still at the river edge where Jeff Clark's rowboat was drawn up on the black-clay bank. When his father spoke sharply to him, he clambered into the bow and squatted there; and then his father took up the oars while Jeff Clark pushed the flat-bottomed craft clear of the mud.

"Which end of the bar, Jeff?" his father asked.

"The far end," Jeff said. "The dead end. Erl, I wouldn't plead trouble with you. I never stooped to that kind of thing."

"Women get odd ideas," the man said, the oars grunted and then pulled hard.

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bracing his feet on the gritty planks to get the full power from his muscled arms and legs.

Lindsay saw the muscled strength in his father's back and was not so frightened. If the river things stirred in their sleep and reached up to grab at him, maybe his father's powerful hands would beat them off. He wasn't sure of that. He wasn't even certain his father would fight to protect him. But the thought was better than nothing.

He didn't know his father very well. Sometimes he helped on small jobs with the boat, but the man seldom spoke to him except to give orders. The man did most of his talking with those hard, searching eyes of his that seemed always unfriendly; and when he did get to talking, it was mostly about meanness and fighting and stealing. Or he asked queer questions, mostly about the river, as if maybe he thought the river had something to do with the meanness. No, Pa never said much that made sense. It was Ma who talked to Lindsay in a way he could understand and was proud when he did something smart like getting the door handle away from that kid.

Kneeling in the bow, shivering in the damp night air that swept the river, the boy looked down on gliding whirlpools edged with lumps of foam, on phantom slivers of crate wood and drifting slabs of tree bark, and remembered Gram's warnings and was afraid. The shore was gone. The world was all darkness and whispering water and the sound of his father's breathing and the creak and splash of the oars. And then he saw the whites of Jeff Clark's eyes and heard Jeff speaking his name.

"Lindsay? You scared?"

He stared back at the eyes and was silent.

"Nighttime won't harm you," Jeff said. "My Lucy, she'd go without sleepin' to be on the river at night."

"Lindsay don't never talk much," Pa said, "except to his ma."

"I seen him shiverin'." I thought he was scared."

Pa turned his head to look at Lindsay, but swung it back again and laughed. "Him scared? A good fright might melt out some of his meanness."

"Unless it's scared meanness," Jeff replied, nodding. "Like the spells of pure cussedness my Lucy used to get from thinkin' she was ugly, which she's not. Most kids seem to have troubles of one kind or another. Worst of it is, they hide 'em where nobody can get at 'em." His voice ran off into the darkness and then slowly came back. "I near gave up on Lucy," he declared. And then no more was said until the flow of the black water quickened at the head of the sandbar and Jeff began directing Pa how to approach the stuck boat.

Ma had been wrong; it wasn't any trick. Jeff Clark's boat had truly broke away from its moorings back up the river and been carried down by the current till the bar stopped it. It bulked low and black in the night with its square stern trapped by the river bottom and its bow straining in the cur-

rent's grip. The water whispered sobbed along its sides with a sound a live thing crying. And there was, not-bright girl, Lucy, wedged between the bent rail and the cabin wall, the end of a pole in her hands and weight of her thin body braced against the steady push of the current, just as Jeff had said she would be.

Jeff Clark caught hold and made the rowboat fast as it thumped along and he and Pa jumped out of it to the deck of the bigger craft, talking fast and loud. In the hurry Pa almost forgot Lindsay. He remembered, though, before the scream of fright in the throat got past his tongue. Reaching down, he lifted him and said, "You scared, Lucy?" Then he strode to the bow with Jeff to snatch up the poles and push the ruined propeller from the sand.

The boy moved across the sandbar deck to the side of Jeff's girl, not looking back.

The Long Way

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

Heartbreak? . . . Yes, I know. You can survive it so: First you must scale the hours Crawl upward to each crest Beyond which towers another Everest.

Later you're strong enough for days: Sunday, Monday, Tuesday . . . through this maze, This labyrinth, you fumble to reach the month.

Now, if you like, you may indulge in tears. But don't look forward . . . do not think of years. Infinity is terrible, But taken in segments, time is somehow bearable.

And slowly the jagged pain within the breast Makes room for the belief That one who journeys east Is taking the long way home to reach the west.

ing how to help her or caring much spoke her name and she replied with a grunt that meant hello. Because he was scared and supposed she could see through his scared eyes, he drove his elbow into her stomach and reached across her to grasp the back of her head. "Get over," he said.

For once she did not snap back at him, and that surprised him. As always when he and the other boys teased her or roughed her up, she had clawed at them like an angry cat. Maybe now she was tired. Holding the boat steady against the current a long time must have used her up.

It was all work and no rest. With the boat free of the bar and drifting down the river, Clark worked a pole on the shore, watching the river and shouting to Pa as they eased the craft down with the current. Men who knew the river less well would have lost their heads on its soft mud bottom and let the boat slide off into deep water, and that

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the finest tampon Kotex ever designed**

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the end of it—the current wrecked it at the first bend. Jeff and Pa didn't let that

a on the deep side and Jeff directions, they felt for the blind men feeling a rough canes. Little by little they boat inshore, until they it into the bank a mile or the bar. Daylight was still far they laid down their poles. deep enough here for you to peller shaft without pulling ff," Pa said.

k said, "I thank you." y and me, we'll borrow your d get on home." Jeff said, "I have got some ain't a trick. You've earned re welcome."

case," Pa said, "we'll walk the house with you and go our old boat. Maybe some-oman will learn to hold her

alked across a plowed field and followed the road upriver, roofed farmhouses standing iet in the dark. Jeff Clark ked ahead talking, and Lind- d behind with Lucy. Before ear went out of him and he el safe.

your boat ever break loose he demanded after a while. y hunched up her shoulders. n could remember a thing appened more than an hour ew her name and where she much else. Lindsay moved her in disgust and did not to her again.

Clark's house, Mrs. Clark aiting and asking questions. ew then how the boat had It had been tied to the old nt of the house, and the pier sed. By the time Jeff and climbed into the rowboat and in the dark after it, it was the pull of the current and nstream. If the sandbar had d it, they never would have

ark said it was mighty good of dsay to help out. She poured or the men and gave Lindsay milk to drink with hot tea talked all the time, moving d fussing with things.

while there was a scratching ne door, and Lucy got up and of Jeff Clark's dogs. It was a with a round black nose and s. It lay down beside the girl's she talked to it, calling it was so tired her eyes kept shut, but she talked to the bbed its ears just the same. d up. "We're obliged," he got to go now."

I had money to pay you," ed, "but I haven't. You wait though." He went outside, ne dark to the far end of the came back with a dog in each kicked the door shut and put gs on the floor. "Lindsay, you ever one you fancy," he said,

"and we'll count the two dollars paid. That little one's a good dog."

"Jeff," Pa said, "you don't have to."

"Lindsay worked hard, Erl. He was a real help to us."

Lindsay went around the table so he could see the dogs better. He looked at all three of them and then, turning, said, "You promised I could have any dog at your place for two dollars."

"That's right, I did," Jeff said. "Only now you can have one for nothin'."

Lindsay looked at Lucy and grinned. He had never liked her much and less than ever tonight, because he could not get out of his mind what Jeff had said about her giving up sleep to be on the river at night. Course, she didn't know enough to be scared of the river, but he hated her for it anyway. He hunkered down by the table leg and put his hand out to feel the brown dog on the floor beside the girl's chair. "I'll take this one," he said and looked up at Jeff.

The girl jerked her head up to look at her father, and her hands caught the edge of her chair and her lips curled back the way they did when the kids flung stones at her.

Pa said angrily, "Not that one!"

"Mr. Clark said —"

"You can't have that one!"

"Now, Erl," Jeff Clark declared. "I said he could have whichever one he fancied. Might be he has a special fondness for that dog. You mind what



Are you woman enough to answer these questions honestly?

If so, you may learn some startling facts about your most intimate feminine hygiene problems

- | | Yes | No |
|--|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Would you welcome a scientific discovery with the effectiveness of a douche, without the usual equipment? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 2. Do you want the reassurance of germicidal protection that is immediately effective, yet lasts for hours? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 3. Would you use a home-made douche solution, even if you weren't entirely sure of its germicidal action? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 4. Would you prefer a method of protection that is as convenient when you travel as it is at home? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 5. Would you readily change from a liquid douche with which you feel comfortable and secure? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 6. Do you believe a suppository should be safe and non-irritating, as well as a powerful antiseptic? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

What your answers mean.

If you have more "yes" answers, you should be using ZONITORS. If you have more "no" answers, you should be using ZONITE. *Note: If douching is your accepted method for internal personal daintiness, we do NOT suggest that you change to Zonitors. Zonite and Zonitors are equally effective. Our primary concern is your comfort and sense of security. It is even possible you may want to use both, on different occasions.*

**Zonitors
Vaginal
Suppositories**



...the only suppositories that give you the same powerful germicidal and deodorizing action of famous liquid Zonite. Yet they are proved safe and gentle, by clinical tests. Unlike ordinary suppositories, Zonitors are stainless and greaseless. Individually wrapped, each one is a "douche in a capsule" ... a modern pharmaceutical discovery that fits in your change purse, travels with you anywhere, requires no special equipment. Zonitors' protection starts immediately. And no other suppository gives you their unique melting action to coat delicate tissues with a film that lasts for hours ... protects, freshens, deodorizes.

**Zonite
Personal
Antiseptic**



...the modern liquid douche that is infinitely more effective in germicidal and antiseptic action than old-fashioned homemade solutions. Yet Zonite is far safer for delicate tissues than ordinary liquid douches. So, if you are currently using a liquid douche preparation other than Zonite, we urge that you seriously examine the differences. Zonite is specifically made for the "delicate zone", where tissues are tender and odors persistent. Cleanses, soothes, protects, deodorizes.

*Zonitors and Zonite are products of Dunbar Laboratories, a division of Chemway Corporation
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BONDWARE

about near giving up that
cy."

gathered the brown dog into
nd edged toward the door.
his one," he said, and Jeff
ed, not looking at Lucy at
oment Lindsay was sure his
d order him to lay the dog
ause Pa's big hands were
nd his gray eyes were cold
But when Pa did speak it
and the words were quiet.
nk you," Pa said. Then he
Lindsay without looking at
t the door and down to the
he was already waiting in
at when Lindsay caught up.
most not fit to cross the river
t. Jeff had not even bothered
up out of the water when he
er one. But it was all there
dsay dropped the dog into it
d in and sat down.

othing to say. He was mad
log, Lindsay knew. He was

Loco-Motive

gusta Towner Reid

he station I like to see the
t their chests and coming
he lanes
d a-hoing, reaching out
ght—

at that trains wouldn't cry

country, rushing through
ss,
n happy, purring as they

he highway, clatter-
g by—

night time do the trains

whiskey he'd drunk too, and
and whiskey working to-
de him made him clumsy
ars. Every so often one of
t the water flat and skipped
e, throwing him off balance.
old boat would shiver from
rn and the water in the bot-
would slosh back and forth
ence.

of the boat, and because the
still dark, Lindsay began to
gain.

in no shape to fight off the
s if they came up from the
y. Likely Pa was mad enough
river creatures have him, and
nd lecture him on meanness
et him. The boy made him-
n the stern seat and kept his
ne gliding black water and
father would talk to him.
was no sound except the
whisper of the flowing water,
ud of the old oars, and now
ne scratching of the dog's feet
ty boat bottom. He shut his
ried not to shiver.

They were a good part of the way
across when it happened. All at once
an oar broke with a noise like a clap of
thunder and Pa tumbled backward off
the seat with his long legs working high
in the air. The dog yelped and ducked
for the stern but ran headfirst into a
sloshing wall of water as Pa tugged at
the half-full boat and tipped it sideways.

Lindsay heard one more sound. It
was a ragged shriek from his own mouth
as he lost his balance. The water
drowned it when the river closed over
his head and the current sucked him
down. Even before he lost his grip on
the heaving boat his mind filled with
the things Gram had told him. He
fought wildly to reach the surface and
get air to his chest before the bottom
creatures could trap him and drown
him. The fear made his arms fly and
he clawed up from the depths like
climbing a rope.

He hit the air screaming for Pa to
help him. But he could not lie still in
the water waiting for Pa to find him.
He had to keep throwing his arms about
and kicking his feet to make himself
hard for the things to catch hold of.
He had to nake a lot of noise in the
water so the creatures would think he
was bigger and more powerful than
might be expected of an eight-year-old
boy.

So there was not time to look for the
boat, and he was making too much
noise to hear Pa's answer to his cries,
if Pa did answer. He had to do his own
fighting. He had to get to shore before
the river things saw he was small and
easy for them.

He tired all at once. One minute he
was beating the water to a brown froth
and yelling at the top of his lungs, and
the next minute his arms and legs were
almost too heavy to move and his chest
was cramped with pain. He knew then
how Jeff's girl, Lucy, must have felt
holding that boat on the sandbar. He
knew the river things were just biding
their time. When they got good and
ready, they'd eat him.

He began to cry. When he called to
Pa again, his voice was weak. He was
certain the river things would hear the
sobbing in it and decide to finish him.

The answer to his call came from the
direction of shore, a good way off.
"Swim over here, Lindsay!" Pa shouted.
"I can hold her but I can't row with
only one oar."

Pa knew he could swim. Pa was not
scared of him drowning.

So he swam. He swam slowly, with-
out hope that the creatures would let
him get far before they rose up to suck
him under.

The boat loomed up in the dark, just
ahead, and he put on a burst of speed.
That would fetch the river things sure!
But nothing grabbed at him. Nothing
got in his way. There was the boat, and
Pa had got it right side up and sloshed
some of the water out of it and was
leaning over the stern, reaching for him.
Maybe—maybe Gram had lied about
the things in the river. Maybe she had
made up those stories to keep him from
sneaking away from the house at night
when she was left alone with him. He



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Make your dishwasher the best—Cascade—it's got "sheeting action"



flung himself at the boat, and Pa dragged him in. He was safe.

Maybe—maybe Gram had *wanted* him to be scared of the river.

Lindsay sat shivering. It had been nice to feel Pa's hands on him, hauling him in and setting him down in the boat. But Pa never fussed over anyone and he was busy now, standing spread-legged in the middle of the boat and using the one remaining oar to pole the half-full tub to shore. Lindsay looked at him and was lonesome and wished Pa would talk. He thought of what Jeff Clark had said about kids having troubles and hiding them where nobody could get at them. He was not sure what Jeff had meant by that. Jeff maybe hadn't meant much of anything. But he might have been trying to say that being scared of the river was a kind of trouble too.

Jeff had said other things as well. About Lucy doing mean things. Not the kind of things boys did, like fighting and swearing and stealing, but mean things a girl would do. Lucy'd been full of cussedness because she had a trouble that for a time Jeff had not been able to get at.

"Thinkin' she was ugly," Jeff had said. "when she's not."

Maybe now, if he asked Pa right out and Pa said there was no harm in the river, even at night, it would be like Jeff Clark proving to Lucy she was not ugly. He wasn't sure. Pa might only laugh at him. But Jeff Clark was a smart man, and had said a lot of things tonight. More than Pa ever did—or Ma either, in a way. "Most kids have troubles," Jeff had said.

"Listen," Pa warned.

Off in the dark not far away something small was swimming. It swam slowly, as if it was tired out, and every little while it stopped and made a whimpering noise.

"That's your dog," Pa said. "I thought he'd been took by the current." He shifted his oar to the other side of the boat and tried to head the boat around, but the current swung it too far, and Pa shrugged his shoulders. "I guess he's a goner," he said, "unless he can make shore by himself."

Lindsay just stared. Little boys and dogs, Gram had said. But the dog hadn't been either. The dog was still swimming.

He turned on the stern seat and looked toward the splashing sound in the dark, and his wet hands reached out to grip the side of the boat. "*Your* dog," Pa had said. The word sounded good, even in Pa's unfriendly voice. For almost three months now he had saved up for a dog, and three months was a long time to want a thing that bad. He had to have that dog. And Gram had lied every which way. He was sure now. If there were things in the river that snatched little boys and dogs he and the brown dog would both be set by now for certain.

He dropped into the water and swam toward the whimpering sounds. The river was still scary dark and he swam

slowly, trying to be extra quiet, he was not so afraid as before, or shivering so much.

He found the dog struggling in the water and spoke to it, calling it the way Lucy had, and took hold of it and swam back with it.

The dog was frightened and tried to bite him. But he knew why the dog was that. When you were scared you were apt to have spells of cussedness, Jeff Clark said. Times like that, he hadn't sense enough to know who to try to help.

Pa took the dog from him and held him into the boat. "Good," Pa said, stroking the dog's head but looking at Lindsay. "You deserve to have him."

The Alchemist

By Judson Jerome

Your touch would Midas Midas:
a daffodil
instantaneously in your palm is
golder
trumpeting than bloom has been
or will.

Your fingers release perfection:
older
are antiques handled thus, newer
new shoots,
shier the shy at your touch, and
the bold bolder.

Higher the tree struts, curling its
roots
like toes and digging: you, the
cause,
leaning and loving there, stir
attributes

of bark that stiffens stiffer, quick
draws
sappier sap up from the soul of
soil.
The me of me wakes up and
gladly gnaws

when I am brushed by but your
eyes. I coil,
grow serpentine, when just your
fingertips
trace the cheek of my cheek. My
petals toil

to be touched. Change me, O palm
that casually slips
into my handy hand! Oh, gold
and shrill
be the trumpeting of silence!
Touch my lips.

And there was something new in his voice, as if he was puzzled. But his voice was friendly.

The boy wiped the water from his face and looked at his father and nodded. There was something he wanted to know now that things were sorted out in his mind. It was important for Pa to understand. He tried to think how Jeff Clark might say it. Jeff had a way of putting things so you got hold of them and remembered them.

"When we get ashore," he said, "could I go back in our boat and take this dog to Lucy for that little of it? Maybe—well, maybe the little one swim better."

"I'll be happy to go with you, Lindsay," Pa said gravely.

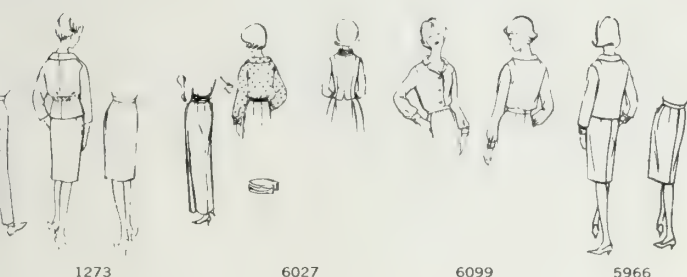
REQUIRED: Columbia-Minerva Reverie Mohair (1 oz. ball)—3
Knitting Needles: One pair "Boye" Size 6 and one set double-point
 size 6.

sts. to 1 inch; 7 rows to 1 inch. With single-point needles cast on 63
 —**Right side:** K.1, * P.1, K.1, repeat from * across. **Row 2:** P.1, *
 repeat from * across. Repeat Rows 1 and 2, working until piece
 13½ inches. **Neck:** Work across 20 sts., join another ball of yarn and
 enter 23 sts. for neck, work to end of row. Working on sts. of both
 1 st. at neck edge every other row twice. Work on the 18 sts. of
 until "tucker" measures 15½ inches from start. Next row work across
 .. cast on 27 sts. for back of neck, work across last 18 sts. Work on
 for 3½ inches. Bind off loosely in ribbing.

CK: With double-point needles, starting at left shoulder, pick up and
 along side of neck, 23 sts. across front, 11 sts. on other side, 27 sts.
 k of neck. Divide sts. on 3 needles and work around in ribbing on
 until collar measures 5 inches. Bind off loosely in ribbing. No
 necessary.

IONS: K.—Knit; P.—Purl; st.—stitch; dec.—decrease.

THE DASHING, SPORTIVE LOOK (see page 52)



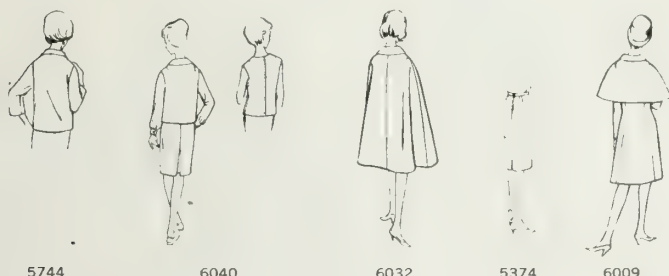
No. 6045 Cape, Pants and Skirt. 10-16 (31-36), \$1.50, in Canada \$1.65.
 requires 2¾ yards of 60" fabric with nap, size 14. Pants shown requires
 1" fabric without nap, size 14. Available after October 5.

National Couturier Design No. 1273 Two-Piece Dress. Designed by
 16 (31-36), \$2.50, in Canada \$2.75. Version shown requires 2¾ yards of
 out nap, size 14.

No. 6027 Shirt, Blouse, Skirt and Cummerbund. 10-18 (31-38), \$1.50,
 65. Shirt shown requires 2½ yards of 35" fabric without nap, size 14.
 requires 2½ yards of 54" fabric without nap, size 14.

No. 6099 Vests. 10-16 (31-36), \$.75, in Canada \$.85. Vest shown requires
 fabric with nap, size 14. Available after October 5.

No. 5966 Suit, Blouse, Pants and Bermuda Shorts. 12-42 (32-44), \$1.50,
 35. Jacket shown requires 1¾ yards of 58" fabric without nap, size 14.
 requires 7/8 yards of 58" fabric without nap, size 14. Blouse shown requires
 5" fabric without nap, size 14.



Original Model No. 1270 Suit and Blouse. Designed by Lanvin. 12-20
 in Canada \$3.30. Suit shown requires 2½ yards of 60" fabric without

No. 5744 Blouse, Overblouse, Skirt and Pants. 10-18 (31-38), \$1.50, in
 Overblouse shown requires 1½ yards of 54" fabric with nap, size 14.

No. 6040 Suit and Blouse. 10-18 (31-38), \$1.50, in Canada \$1.65. Suit
 2¾ yards of 54" fabric without nap, size 14. Blouse shown requires 1
 without nap, size 14. Available after October 5.

No. 6032 Cape. Small—10-12 (31-32), Medium—14-16 (34-36), Large—
 \$1.50, in Canada \$1.65. Cape shown requires 3 yards of 60" fabric without
 size 14-16.

No. 5374 Skirt. Waist sizes, 24-30, \$.75, in Canada \$.85. Skirt shown re-
 of 54" fabric without nap, waist size 26.

No. 6009 Coat with Detachable Cape. 10-18 (31-38), \$2.00, in Canada
 own requires 3¾ yards of 54" fabric without nap, size 14.

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Amherst 1985?



By Jean Kinhead
 Women's Consultant
 to The Travelers

College first, of course, and after that, who knows?
 This young man just might be the future president of
 the United States. . . .

Such stuff young parents' dreams are made of, aren't
 they? But you straight-thinking mothers and fathers
 aren't content with dreams alone. You know that the
 stuff called money is very much a college entrance
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 sters' future under the Travelers umbrella of insurance
 protection, through the Travelers Guaranteed College
 Fund. (You're even putting newborns under our um-
 brella, availing yourselves of the low premium rates!)

If you're a very new parent, or a procrastinating not-so-new one (or a
 doting, generous godmother!), let me tell you why I think the Travelers plan
 is the finest plan of its kind. Just write to me, Jean Kinhead, The Travelers,
 Hartford 15, Conn.

The TRAVELERS INSURANCE Companies HARTFORD 15,
 CONNECTICUT

Photograph by Orman Fikri





HAIR: A BRUSH-UP COURSE

By Bruce Clerke

No matter what you wear this season, sportive day look or slinky sun-downer, it's the fashion to top it off with your own shiny head of hair. To the despair of the milliners and the delight of the men in your life, hair has come back into its own. Women have abandoned such established female status symbols as hats in order to exhibit new hairdos, and avidly exchange hairdressers' names with the enthusiasm of the housewives' ancient rite of recipe trading. We've come a long way from the days when the hair on our heads served the purely utilitarian functions of insulation and protection against extremes of climate—not to mention the blows on the head that were, so the legend goes, the lot of the caveman's wife.

Now that it's September, make a critical appraisal of your own hair. The summer's months exact the greatest toll from its natural resources—oils are washed away in swimming pools and in the sea, the sun overactivates the natural functioning of oil glands and air conditioning inhibits them. The shine, body and manageability of hair are lost to wind, heat and humidity. Right now, before you start thinking about a new hairdo, make up to your hair with proper care and treatment. The most frequently occurring hair problems, their symptoms, their causes and treatments are explained in detail on the following page.

HAIR: THE BRUSH-UP COURSE

DY HAIR. Symptoms:

*is harsh, brittle and
ms to grow slowly, possibly
e to the fact that it is
stantly splitting and breaking
the ends; the color appears
be clouded over, with little
ne or natural highlights;
ists curling, is fly-away, limp
l subject to static
electricity.*

CAUSES: Natural causes include: underactive thyroid gland; failure of oil glands to secrete normal amounts of oil; low-fat and/or long-term dieting; and a natural glandular slowdown resulting from the aging process. Environmental causes include: overexposure to sun, wind, salt and chemically treated pool water; hard-water shampooing; overprocessing of the hair during permanent waving; and bleaching and hair-coloring procedures.

TREATMENT: Brushing, to bring the natural lubricating oils the full length of the hair, and massage, to help stimulate these oil glands. Both should be done *gently* once a day. Conditioning hot-oil treatments, both home and salon types are useful and

should be given before a shampoo. Wash hair with shampoo especially formulated for dry hair or use a natural-oil-base soap—Castile or olive, for example—since dry hair doesn't need the super-cleaning powers of a detergent. Cream rinses will add body and shine, but should not be used on hair that is fine as well as dry. Cream hair conditioners and dressing are both useful to fly-away hair, since they lend body as well as luster. Don't back-comb or tease. Use end papers with rollers and a lanolin-base hair spray. Before you arrange your hair, smooth it with your hands—run them under the hot water first, then damp-dry to avoid static electricity. Ask for a permanent formulated for hard-to-hold hair at your salon.

IE HAIR. Symptoms:

*is baby-fine and invariably
light; grows slowly and has
le body or curl stability;
ompanied by tight, dry scalp.*

CAUSE: Inherited.

TREATMENT: Same as for dry hair. There are special body or fine-hair salon permanents that will give you excellent "no frizz" results. Use setting lotions and sprays in the hard-to-hold formulations. Color rinses are good to use since they will add much-needed

body. (For no added-color effects pick a shade to match your own hair.) Choose a simple short- or medium-length hairdo, and to create the effect of more hair, have it blunt-cut in layers. This will give it considerably more body and shape. Never have thin hair thinned. Use medium-size, not large rollers when setting your hair.

LY HAIR. Symptoms:

*is inclined to separate, get
ingy and heavy with oil
et a few days after shampoo.
y scalp causes flaky dandruff.*

CAUSE: Natural ones include glandular speedups such as occur during adolescence and pregnancy. Environmental causes include improper diet—one too rich in carbohydrates, starches and fats—and faulty metabolism, generally temporary.

TREATMENT: Brushing, which will at first appear to aggravate

the condition, finally will help to normalize it. Shampoo frequently—as often as every day if necessary—using a shampoo formulated especially for oily hair, a detergent-type shampoo, or one with a tar or sulphur base. Use a waving lotion to set your hair and a hair spray that does not have a lanolin base. Avoid rich, fatty foods.

NDRUFF. Symptoms:

*cessive flaking of the scalp
pears in either of two forms,
l, oily flakes or fine, dry
order. Scalp can be oily or dry.*

CAUSE: Natural—skin constantly matures and is replaced, the top layer being sloughed off as part of the natural process. The scalp is no exception. However, when such "shedding" exceeds the normal rate to the point that simple brushing does not remove the scales, the condition becomes known as dandruff. Environmental—faulty diet, too much sun, shampooing too frequently, using too-hot water or too strong a soap, emotional tension or a scalp injury.

TREATMENT: Gentle massage will loosen the dandruff flakes. Brushing will remove them. Brush gently to avoid scratching the scalp. Use one of the dandruff-removing shampoos or rinses with warm, not hot water. Excess dandruff on an oily scalp will often clog the hair follicles, making them perfect hosts to fungi and bacteria. Be sure to keep your brushes and combs clean, wash them and your rollers and curlers in the shampoo that you use for your hair.

ARSE HAIR. Symptoms:

*is usually very thick, most
in curly, grows very quickly,
is wiry, and is difficult to
ontrol; generally dry texture.*

CAUSE: Hereditary, and found most frequently among brunettes and redheads, and with naturally curly hair.

TREATMENT: You can make coarse hair smoother and more manageable by using the oil treatments and massage prescribed for dry hair. Supplement with a diet of hair conditioners. Use oil shampoos

or shampoos as recommended for dry hair. Cream rinses help control this kind of hair as does a dab of hair dressing or pomade on your hairbrush when you arrange it. Coarse hair requires special cutting methods. Avoid thinning—this only makes it bushier. Instead, have it layered and tapered to a short or medium length.

IN HAIR. Symptoms:

*cessive falling of hair and
obvious show of scalp,
a begin with a widening part,
d a receding hairline
ound face. Can also follow
le pattern of baldness,
th thinning starting at the
own and moving forward.*

CAUSES: Thin, as distinguished from thinning hair, is most often the result of heredity, or of an early-childhood disease that was accompanied by a high fever. Thinning hair which actively falls out in abnormally large quantities is attributed to glandular disturbances—generally a shortage of estrogen which can be temporary as during pregnancy or permanent as following menopause—serious illnesses, high prolonged fever, a reaction to drugs such as the antibiotics, and shock or emotional upsets. "Molting" periods are also natural occurrences and are experienced as frequently as once a year, or as infrequently as every four or five years. The hairs that are falling out naturally during this period are the ones in the telogen, or resting stage. (If you run your hand, palm straight, through your hair and then examine the loose hairs that have been captured between your fingers—a normal number of such loose hairs would be three or four—you will notice that these telogen roots appear as knobs.) The hairs that are in the active growing, or anagen phase, have a longer bulbous root similar to that of a scallion, or green onion. If you can count more than one of these bulbous root hairs, you may have a genuine falling-hair problem.

TREATMENT: An abnormal loss of hair is particularly traumatic to women, and for this reason it is especially important to see your doctor or dermatologist. He will be able to reassure you or, if necessary, start remedial treatment. To delay seeking advice will only build up further emotional tension, which in turn can aggravate the condition. In any case treat your hair very gently. Brush and massage *only* on your doctor's direction. Use a soft natural-bristle brush and a comb with wide-spaced rounded teeth. Postpone permanents and hair-coloring treatments until after the condition has been arrested. Use a mild, natural soap shampoo and a hair spray that contains lanolin (the same products as recommended for dry hair). Experiment with hair styles to find one that disguises the condition, but don't choose one that requires pulling the hair taut or putting extra tension on the hair, such as is required by a chignon or ponytail. Do not use brush rollers or wind the hair tightly on any curlers. Make medium or large pin curls, securing them with pin-curl clips, not bobby pins. Consider a small hairpiece a good beauty investment. Either a wiglet or fall will hide the condition completely and help you to feel less self-conscious.

BRUSHING: A good hairbrush is essential. Natural bristles, with their rounded ends, are the best, since they will not scratch the scalp, leaving it open to fungi or bacteria infections. Some nylon brushes are also satisfactory. (Test a nylon brush on the inside of your wrist. If it scratches or if the bristles feel sharp, don't buy it.) Work forward from the nape of the neck, using long strokes that reach to the scalp. Sweep the hair up and away from the head. A slow, smooth motion is more important than a prodigious number of strokes.

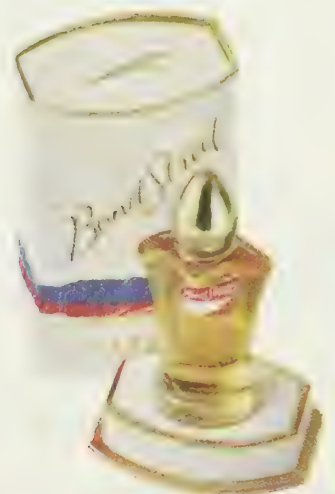
MASSAGE: Never use your nails but only the cushions of your fingertips to massage your hair and scalp. Place your hands—one at the nape of the neck, the other at the forehead—in horizontal positions and move upward in horizontal layers until the fingers meet at the crown. Continue back to original position, always using gentle action.

HOT-OIL TREATMENTS: Use any kitchen-shelf vegetable oil—olive, peanut or cottonseed oil. Heat it: it should be warm but not hot to the touch. Part the hair into inch-wide strips and apply the

oil down the parts with a medicine dropper, a bulb-type meat baster, or with cotton swabs or pads. Massage into the scalp. (There are also excellent commercial hair-cream and oil-treatment products, and if you prefer to use one of them, follow the directions closely.) Wrap the head turban-style in a towel wrung out in hot water. Keep replacing with hot towels for 20 minutes. Five-minute treatments: Put a shower cap over freshly oiled hair and stand under a hot shower; or wear shower cap under a cap-type home hair dryer set at medium heat.



Did you ever receive a kitten like this?



Or a basket of yellow orchids? Or a box at the Opera? Did anyone ever send you a sable-lined raincoat?
Love song been written just for you? No? Then start wearing the fragrance that can take you places.

Products for America are created in England and finished in the U. S. A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., N.Y., N.Y.

Bond Street
by Yardley

Guess what two famous products now give a new meaning to cleaning!



(The washer's initials are G.E.)



(The detergent is America's favorite!)



So you guessed it was the new General Electric washer and New Improved Tide. But there's no guesswork about the kind of cleaning they give. Sheets, for instance, are so clean and fresh you'll wonder how you could have been satisfied before.

The reason why is this: General Electric's big 12-lb. capacity top-loader was designed with a special washing system that sends Tide's active suds swirling through clothes again and

again to give the cleanest, freshest wash possible. The kind of clean wash you know you're getting when you see a nice white layer of Tide suds in your washer.

Naturally, this great cleaning team goes together. When you buy a new top-loading General Electric you'll find a box of Improved Tide in it.

Tide samples, and this ad, supplied by Tide pursuant to agreement with appliance manufacturer.

Today's General Electric washer and the Improved Tide they put in it give a new meaning to cleaning.

Under the Lemmon skin



A polished performer before the cameras, Jack Lemmon is really "an actor in search of a personality," a man who makes even close friends puzzle over what he's really like.

By Muriel Davidson

Lemmon and wife, Felicia Farr, spent six years trying to convince each other not to get married.

On the eve of his wedding in Paris last year, Jack Lemmon attended a bachelor party thrown by his friends. He was at his ebullient best, mimicked friends, told jokes, philosophized, played the piano brilliantly and, in general, comported himself as if he were the hero of a Jack Lemmon movie. The following morning, a completely different Jack Lemmon presented himself to the world. He was jittery, somber and plagued by the nervous perspiration which afflicts him in moments of great tension. He made a quick visit to the hotel suite of his bride-to-be, actress Felicia Farr, to instruct her in her response to the French mayor of the Fifteenth Arrondissement, who was about to marry them. He was obsessed with the worry that she might fail to answer properly when asked, in French, if she would take him in wedlock. "Just say 'Oui, Monsieur le Maire' when he looks at you," he told her over and over again.

Promptly at 6:30 P.M., Lemmon and Miss Farr appeared before the mayor. For once, Lemmon's usual acute power of observation failed him. He did not notice that the official was cross-eyed. When the mayor asked Lemmon if he would take Felicia Farr in holy matrimony, the movie star just stared blankly at a shaft of sunlight which filtered through the room. Lemmon thought the mayor was

looking at Felicia. The mayor repeated the question. Lemmon still did not answer, but he did glower at his intended. Felicia, for her part, was thinking, "We've been going together for six years and now he's figured out a way of leaving me at the altar—by not answering the Big Question."

Finally the embarrassed silence was broken by a loud stage whisper from movie director Billy Wilder: "Answer, Jack, answer!" With great solemnity, Lemmon thereupon looked into the face of the official, managed to lock focus on the crossed eye and flubbed what he later described as the most important line of his life. "Yes, uh, *oui*, uh, *Maire*," he said.

Later, at the reception, yet a third and a fourth Jack Lemmon emerged. Lemmon No. 3 was tenderly thoughtful of his bride, accepting congratulations with proper dignity. Lemmon No. 4 screeched at everyone's jokes, including his own, and referred to his bride as "Nutsy" and "My Wife, the Sheriff."

As this sequence of events indicates, Lemmon is nothing at all like the image of constant placidity and almost-dull joviality which the general public—and the press—imagine him to be. At the age of 38, he earns almost one million dollars a year and is regarded by many experts as one of the

finest film actors in the United States. His puppet-on-a-string body, his lantern-jawed face with the deep-set hazel eyes, quizzical and puzzled at the same time, his dark, curly little-boy's hair, now liberally laced with gray, are known throughout the world. And yet so complex and unresolved is the Lemmon offstage character that his close friend, the late Ernie Kovacs, once said "There's only one way I can describe Jack. He's a great actor in search of a personality."

Other friends and associates find it even more difficult to categorize Lemmon. Nearly all begin by calling him "chameleonlike" and then drift off into bewildering comparisons with other creatures of the animal world. For example, Blake Edwards, who directed Lemmon in *Days of Wine and Roses*, calls him "a creative hamster." To Shirley MacLaine, Lemmon "darts—he's a hummingbird." A movie executive who has done half a dozen pictures with Lemmon says, "To me, Jack is an intense man with the energy of an inquisitive anteater." Director Richard Quine sees him as "a cross between a chipmunk and a tiger."

Hamster-hummingbird-anteater-chipmunk-tiger Lemmon indignantly refuses to acknowledge any similarity between himself and other fauna. He regards himself as a perfectly normal human

*Lemmon's antics
often resemble scenes from
his own movies.*

being. Despite this, his close friend, publicist Martin Goldblatt, insists that "there are men and there are women and there is Jack Lemmon. When he passes on, the species will become extinct like the whooping crane and the passenger pigeon."

The species Lemmon does have unique qualities. Once, in his struggling-actor days in New York City, he lived in a \$2.50-a-week cubbyhole above a kosher delicatessen. One morning, on a bitter-cold day in February, he locked himself out of his room when he went to the lavatory down the hall. A few minutes later, he startled the patrons of the delicatessen by walking in from the snow-swept street in his undershorts, trying to look, as he says, "like a dignified English Lord." Lemmon haughtily requested the key to his room from the proprietor, obtained it and strode out into the snow again with scarcely a passing glance at the dumbfounded onlookers.

Then there is the Lemmon who is an authority on everything. Last summer, when he and Felicia were visiting musician Freddie Karger and his wife, actress Jane Wyman, at the Karger home in Newport Beach, Calif., Jack announced that he was an expert sailor and suggested they rent a sailboat and cruise around the bay. Karger said that he didn't know how to sail; Felicia eyed her mate dubiously and declined, as did Miss Wyman. Lemmon persisted, however, and a short time later, along with Karger and another friend, he climbed into a boat, firmly grasped the tiller, sailed a hundred feet from the house and ran full speed into a sandbar. It took a passing boat an hour to extricate them.

Then there is the sad, brave, defeated Lemmon. In 1960 he opened on Broadway as the star of a play called *Face of a Hero*. For years it had been his secret ambition to score a dramatic success on the stage, and he had worked himself to exhaustion in the rehearsals. On opening night, however, he could hear only a chorus of assorted coughs in the audience and some perfunctory handclapping, although the audience was filled with his friends, all of whom had been invited to a party at Sardi's East restaurant after the show.

His friends ate and ran

Martin Goldblatt describes the scene that followed: "When we got to Sardi's a huge group of laughing friends greeted Jack, told him how great he had been and went back to consuming the food and liquor he had paid for. Then someone made a telephone call to one of the newspapers to find out what its critic had thought of the play. He returned and I saw him whispering to his group. Nervously this little knot of people came up to Jack and said they would have to be leaving. The word spread around the room, and by the time the newspapers arrived, fifty percent of the guests had gone. We read the reviews, and they *were* bad. In about five minutes the private room was nearly empty. Soon Jack, Felicia and I were the only ones left. Jack cried, openly. Then he walked over to the piano to play. Felicia sat on the bench beside him. He sat at the piano playing sad, wild, original music until 5:30 in the morning."

There is the strong and tender Jack Lemmon upon whom Edie Adams relied when her husband,



Ernie Kovacs, was killed in an automobile accident. There is the thoughtless practical joker Lemmon who told makeup man Harry Ray that because the Academy Award ceremonies fell on the same night as a Jewish holiday, the awards were going to be postponed, causing Ray to cancel a car with chauffeur he had rented for the occasion. There is Lemmon, the wise and intelligent father who helps nine-year-old Chris, son of his first marriage, with his homework, dispenses advice and, occasionally, strict discipline. There is the gullible Lemmon who, as a friend says, "is hoodwinked by his own loyalty. It never seems to occur to Jack that he is being used because of who he is." There is also Lemmon, the son, who idolized his late father, a shrewd, energetic, successful businessman, and adores his charmingly fey mother, the product of an upper-middle-class New England family.

Then there is the Harvard-graduate Lemmon, exercising his intellectual prowess at a U.C.L.A. symposium discussing Culture in California with Aldous Huxley and other big brains. There is Lemmon the frugal (and some of his detractors use the word tightwad) who, according to Shirley MacLaine, tried to move into his new \$173,000 Beverly Hills home by making multiple trips in his tiny sports car with furniture, dishes and books until Miss MacLaine said, "Why don't you hire a moving van, you cheap Charley?"

As many observers have pointed out, all of these Jack Lemmons are not too unlike the Jack

Lemmon on the screen. He is the prototype of the self-assured bumbler, the frustrated sophisticated the uncertain dynamo. For example, last year the U.S. State Department sent Lemmon and Shirley MacLaine on a ten-day tour through Romania, Iron Curtain country which had never before been penetrated by our theatrical emissaries. With typical bumbler's luck, Lemmon stumbled into a Lemmonlike movie situation.

At the last stop, Constanta, Romania, on the Black Sea, he was ushered into a beautiful resort hotel and went immediately to his room to shave and bathe. He took his toilet articles, razor and fresh underclothes into the bathroom. He then looked for the shower, but couldn't find it. Puzzled, he slipped into his robe and out into the hall, where he spotted a maid.

"She couldn't speak any English and I can't understand one word of Romanian," says Lemmon, "so in wild pantomime I indicated I was looking for the shower. She nodded brightly and pointed straight up. I gathered that the shower was upstairs. So, in my bathrobe, I walked up the flight. It was just another corridor of closed doors. I went back downstairs, into my own room and into the bathroom again. Then I noticed a knob sticking out of the wall. I turned it. And then I stood in a deluge of water. It was pouring from the ceiling. It was pouring from the walls. The whole damn bathroom was a kind of shower. My shaving kit and my bathrobe, my underwear, my towels and I were all totally inundated."



Lemmon mugs it up in a barroom-fight scene from his most recent comedy, Irma la Douce.

early life, it should be pointed out, says played like a Jack Lemmon movie. In 1925, the only son of Mildred and John Lemmon II, he was besieged by an early age. By the time John III was five years old, he had had three adenoid operations. By the time he was 13, he had even adenoid operations. His mother, who popped in and out of hospitals bobbing on the Great Salt Lake."

re affair with a piano

ly Lemmon's father was a prosperous what is now the Doughnut Corporation (he later became vice president of and in between hospital bouts young t to the finest New England schools—try Day School, Phillips Andover and ard. Because of his frail health and Jack could not attend afternoon ammar school. Instead, his doctors to go to a gym to work out every day. he became the first 14-year-old at run a mile in under five minutes. He en piano lessons, and from them grew usic. During his teens, Lemmon began s every waking hour to the piano and ving interest, dramatics. ver," Lemmon says, "I used to sneak o Building and play until I was asked Harvard I was even worse. I was, at

best, an indifferent student, and I was on and off probation the entire four years I was there. Being on probation meant you couldn't be active in any extracurricular activities. One time, when I had written a play with music in which I was to star, I billed myself as Timothy Orange so the faculty wouldn't know it was I."

After a brief interruption of his education, during which he served a three-month hitch in the Navy as an ensign, Lemmon returned to Harvard. In his senior year, he was elected to the presidency of the Hasty Pudding Club, probably the most famous college drama society in the world.

After his graduation from Harvard in 1947, young Lemmon had a long talk with his father, by then known as The Doughnut King of America. The elder Lemmon quite naturally wanted his son to join him in the doughnut business. Jack told his father that he *had* to go to New York and become an actor. His parents, separated by this time, both disagreed with his decision. Nevertheless, Lemmon borrowed \$300 from his father and set off to conquer New York.

"I lived all over the place," says Lemmon, "in old brownstones and in rooms anywhere from three to seven flights up. Once I lived in a linen closet. I walked my legs off trying to find jobs, but I couldn't even get in to see an agent."

Once every month or so, Lemmon's father would come down from Boston to check up on his son. Jack would sometimes borrow five or ten dollars from him, but he began to feel so ashamed

of his indigent existence that he finally moved without telling his parents where he had gone.

"It was a very black period," says Lemmon. "Here I was, well educated, and I could have had a fine, responsible job with my father, but instead I was living like a bum, eating corn and beans and soup and making the fruitless rounds of agents' offices. I cut myself off from all my old friends and I took to buying paperback mystery stories, reading them all night and sleeping all day because I couldn't face the mornings. The only good thing that happened to me was that I got a job playing piano accompaniment to old Charlie Chaplin and Buster Keaton movies in a Second Avenue joint. I made practically no money, but watching Chaplin and Keaton night after night was like a Harvard education in comedy techniques."

On an April morning in 1948, Lemmon was awakened by a pounding on his door. He staggered to his feet, opened the door and there stood his father. Jack never asked his father how he had found him, but he did learn that The Doughnut King had moved to New York and that there was a bedroom at his apartment for his son.

Jack moved into his father's apartment, and immediately his luck began to change. He received a call from an advertising agency to read for a part in an NBC radio soap opera called *Brighter Day*. The show's director, Arthur Hanna, later said, "Jack obviously learned a lot from watching all those old movies. He mugged all over the place, which was of no use on radio, but his timing and emotional range were great in the audition."

Lemmon got the part of Bruce, a love-lorn, long-suffering misanthrope. "I was so excited," says Jack, "I couldn't wait to get home to tell Pop. I grabbed hat and attaché case and caught a bus to our apartment. When I ran into the apartment, I threw down the hat and case and stood there staring at them. I had never worn a hat in my life and I certainly didn't own an attaché case. A few minutes later, the director, Mr. Hanna, called and patiently asked me to return his belongings."

Lemmon has not had a career problem since that initial breakthrough. He began to do one radio soap-opera role after another and acted in nearly 500 dramatic shows on radio and television, plus an off-Broadway play by Tolstoy called *The Power of Darkness*. In 1950, during the run of the play, Jack married his costar, Cynthia Stone, a cool blonde whose outlook on life, like her voice, might be described as well modulated. They were divorced in 1956, and she later married and then divorced actor Cliff Robertson.

In 1953 Lemmon was starring on the stage in a revival of *Room Service* in New York. It closed in a week, but word of his excellent performance filtered through to Hollywood. Shortly after, Harry Cohn, the late president of Columbia, signed Lemmon for a picture with Judy Holliday called *It Should Happen to You*.

Harry Cohn, who, in Lemmon's words, "was tough, rough, sometimes crude but honest and never devious," liked and admired the young actor—rare emotions for Cohn. Cohn proudly called Lemmon "my Harvard man." Lemmon enjoyed the filial role in which the older man had cast him, although like everyone else at the studio, he had to engage in a constant battle of wits with Cohn in order to survive. For example, Maureen O'Hara tells of a Cohn-Lemmon skirmish in 1953 when Lemmon wanted desperately to play the male lead in *The Long Gray Line*, a dramatic film about West Point. Lemmon's test was weak, so he connived with film editor Maurice Max to

When he failed to please the Broadway critics, Jack cried openly

show Cohn four reels of *The Three Stooges* before the studio head saw the Lemmon test—on the theory that after 40 minutes of *The Three Stooges*, Lemmon would sound and look like a Barrymore. The stratagem backfired. Lemmon didn't get the part, and *The Three Stooges*, who enchanted Cohn, ended up on television.

Lemmon, however, went on to parts in a succession of box-office hits, *Phffft, My Sister Eileen*, *Mister Roberts* (for which he won the Best Supporting Actor Academy Award), *Operation Mad Ball* and *Bell, Book and Candle*. "At first," director Richard Quine points out, "Jack was doing all the roles Glenn Ford turned down. But after *Operation Mad Ball* the cry went out, 'This is perfect for Jack Lemmon.' Every guy who ever wrote a line of comedy dialogue wanted him."

Most notably, Billy Wilder and his collaborator, writer I. A. L. Diamond, wanted him. Diamond had completed a script called *Some Like It Hot*, a comedy about two men who join a girls' band to hide from pursuing mobsters. Tony Curtis had already signed for the picture, and Mitzi Gaynor was almost set for the feminine lead. Wilder and Diamond decided to woo Frank Sinatra for the other male lead—although the Diamond script was written with Jack Lemmon in mind—because they felt they needed one really big name for box-office magnetism. But then one night Wilder got a telephone call from Marilyn Monroe. She had read the hilarious script and asked if she could play the lead. Wilder thus was free to sign Lemmon.

After the film's release, Lemmon, for the second time, became an Oscar contender. He didn't win, but Wilder signed him to do *The Apartment*, in which Lemmon played a nebbish who lends the key to his flat to philandering executives to further his career. Again he was nominated by the Academy for his brilliant performance. Gordon Carroll, a producer, said, "If anyone else had been in that picture, it would have been dirty. With Jack, it was both poignant and terribly funny." Last year, for his portrayal of a pathetic drunk in *Days of Wine and Roses*, Lemmon received still another nomination as best actor, losing out in the final balloting to Gregory Peck. And so, with his enormous success in films continuing—Billy Wilder's *Irma La Douce* is now in release and *Under the Yum Yum Tree* soon will follow—the Lemmon legend of multifaceted personality keeps growing.

Whatever the viewpoint of friends about the protean Lemmon, his views of himself are singular. For instance, Lemmon will say that he does not like to play the piano when other people are nearby. "Playing the piano is a very private thing for me," he says earnestly. But musician Freddie Karger reports, "If Jack comes into a room and there's an exposed keyboard, he goes berserk." And director Blake Edwards adds, "On the set of *Days of Wine and Roses*, the piano was placed right next to my office. Between scenes I wanted to rest or plan the next take. But Jack was constantly at that piano. One day, when he was playing, I couldn't stand it any longer. I called to the assistant director to move the piano to the other end of the set. While someone pushed the piano away and another man grabbed the bench, Jack walked along with them, playing continuously. He didn't miss one beat."

Lemmon also likes to think of himself as a man who lets nothing disturb him. He says he considers anger and emotional upset to be weaknesses which simply waste time. Yet observers remember one

film in which Lemmon blew his stack after his costar ordered all visitors off the set, including Lemmon's fiancée, Felicia Farr. On another occasion, during one of his many monumental battles with his bride-to-be, Felicia locked herself in a room at a studio where Lemmon was making a piano recording. He pounded so hard on the door that other artists in the building couldn't work until Felicia came out and placated him.

Lemmon was enraged when a reporter recently wrote that during the filming of *Irma La Douce* he customarily washed his lunch down with three Martinis and returned to the set bleary-eyed. The same reporter also stated that in Lemmon's dressing room eight of the eight pictures hanging were of Jack Lemmon. This further infuriated him because, as makeup man Harry Ray explained, "I hung those pictures. They were blowups so I could match his complicated makeup every day."

Shirley MacLaine, who starred with Lemmon in the film, said, "One thing about Jack. He is *not* conceited. I've worked with actors who act more like actresses. These guys are constantly calling for a mirror so they can primp. When Jack looks at himself, it is for something professional, like checking his makeup."

Again, Lemmon is in disagreement with his friends in his appraisal of himself when he flatly states that he is not a worrier. Shirley MacLaine says, "Once when he lent his bachelor home to a friend, Lemmon left such a long list of instructions about what to do in the house and how to take care of the garden that the friend said, 'Not only did he turn me into a full-time weekend gardener, but I could barely get to work on time every morning taking care of all the things in the house that Jack was worried about.'"

Everybody has a theory

Almost without exception his associates and friends see him as a complex and intense man, introspective and analytical. Lemmon insists that he is just a simple, normal chap without need for any clinical self-analysis. However, Julian Blaustein, who produced two of Lemmon's films, *Bell, Book and Candle* and *Cowboy*, points out, "When Jack finished reading the script of *Cowboy*, he had so thoroughly analyzed not only his own role but everyone else's that he didn't want to do the picture. He said he had carefully examined himself and didn't feel qualified for the part and that he was scared of it. Of course he did it, and he was flawless. But all through the filming he was tense, kept to himself and seemed to prefer the company of my son, Johnny, who was twelve at the time." Another student of Lemmoniana says, "I think Jack's indecisiveness about a second marriage was caused by his fear of another failure. Although Jack's parents were separated, they never did get a divorce. In the society in which Jack was reared, one just doesn't, you know."

There is one area in which Lemmon is in absolute agreement with these people who feel they know him well—the rightness of his marriage. The Lemmon-Farr romance is one of those true, tender love stories which occur infrequently in Hollywood. They met on the Columbia lot when Lemmon was a big star and Felicia was a struggling young actress. Freddie Karger said, "Jack flipped the minute he met her." She was beautiful, exciting, willful, highly intelligent, a fine actress and, almost from the moment of their meeting,

completely in love with Lemmon. They also covered that they had a lot in common. She, had had one disastrous marriage, to a musician named Lee Farr. She also had one child, a daughter, Denise, now 12, to whom she is devoted. The couple spent almost six years trying to convince each other *not* to get married.

After engaging in some truly spectacular fights, they finally both agreed it would be better not to see each other anymore. Felicia flew to New York to appear in a teleplay and Lemmon was to leave for Paris to make *Irma La Douce*. Miss Farr borrowed Edie Adams's New York apartment for her stay there. Lemmon got the telephone number and began calling Felicia every hour on the hour. Finally Felicia left the apartment and stayed at the home of friends. "One night," Miss Adams said, "Jack called in a frenzy. He said I must have given him the wrong number. I assured him I knew my own telephone number, but I don't think he believed me." When he *did* reach Felicia, he told her he couldn't stand it any longer, that she should come to Paris at once to marry him.

"If Jack had to marry an actress," writer I. A. L. Diamond says, "Felicia is the perfect mate. He understands all his problems and she thinks he is the greatest actor in the world." Lemmon's mother adds, "Felicia has changed Jackie so. He used to be terribly nervous and high-strung. Now I can honestly say I have never seen him so happy."

"I don't know what I was waiting for," Jack himself says now. "I was living alone in a house in the Hollywood Hills, keeping it pristine and kidding myself that I was content and happy when I was really miserable." A friend comments, "Almost every night when he wasn't with Felicia, Jack would turn up in a little restaurant called Dominick's, looking for someone to talk to. He'd come in with his peculiar, skittering gait, and he'd join someone for a drink and dinner. We'd know that he'd either had another battle with Felicia or that she was out with someone else. He'd try to act gay and unconcerned, but when he thought no one was looking, he would become morose and depressed."

With a marriage which even the most jealous Hollywoodians look upon as a permanent one, Lemmon is still beset with doubts about the phases of his life—especially his career. "The older I get, the more frustrated I become about my performances," Lemmon stated. "Nothing else seems to be absolutely right to me. Maybe the standards are getting higher. I don't know." Says Henry Fonda, "This quality in Jack is the mark of true genius in our profession."

In Hollywood the word genius is overworked. But Billy Wilder says that Lemmon is a genius. Shirley MacLaine agrees, and adds, "I was through filming one day on *Irma La Douce*, but I didn't leave the set for five more hours because I was fascinated watching two geniuses, Wilder and Jack, prepare a scene in which Jack didn't have one word of dialogue. All he had to do was stand undressed, but he kept adding little things which made the scene utterly brilliant."

Lemmon himself is not so sure. One day recently, during the shooting of *Under the Yum Yum Tree*, Jack and Edie Adams were forced to film the same scene five or six times. Then director David Swift called a break. Jack walked disconsolately over to the piano. Within a short time he was playing one of his original compositions. The music was sad, moody and disturbing. •E



Lemmon's enthusiasm for the piano is great, and he sometimes plays all night. He often composes sad, moody pieces.



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JOURNAL

OCTOBER
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OCTOBER
1963

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

VOLUME LXXX NUMBER 8

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Cover: Romy Schneider, one of the latest and greatest sensations to come out of European films, is among the third generation of stars to be dressed by the fabulous Coco Chanel. Romy wears a Chanel coat on the cover and models other fashions from the current collection on pages 168 and 169. Her first American film, *The Victors*, will be released in December. John Launois photographed Romy against this Montmartre sunset.

The authors: A former Paris correspondent, **Anne Chamberlin** is well acquainted with the charmed circle Coco Chanel moves in. . . . **James Clavell** tells a story equally well in novels (*King Rat*) and films. . . . **Robert Gold-**
man, a free-lance writer specializing in medical subjects, reveals the startling facts about a drug-happy
nation. . . . **Robert Jennings** tells of a unique show-biz personality, Dick Van Dyke. . . . **Sean O'Faolain**,
whose stories have appeared on both sides of the Atlantic, is one of Ireland's leading men of letters. . . .
Admiral Rickover is equally well known for his work on nuclear propulsion and submarines and his criticism
of American education. . . . **Mrs. G. Mennen Williams** gives a woman's-eye view of Africa after visits to that
continent with her husband, the Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs. . . . **Dorothy Cameron**
Disney and **Phyllis McGinley**, both regular contributors to the *Journal*, need no introduction to our readers.

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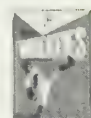
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future editors

rs: When I got married and left
r's home—about eight years
pped reading the *Journal*. I
best to stick with my own gen-
d the *Journal* was 20 years be-
, having seen the last two or
, I know what the *Journal* must
t to my mother 30 years ago.
ulations! It's a wonderfully ex-
azine. But don't, for heaven's
uck again. My daughter is 6½
And you know how time flies!

NORA WHITMAN
El Paso, Tex.

ful experiment

rs: Thank you! Thank you for
irl! I almost did not read the
n *You Choose the Sex of Your*
bruary, 1962). I thought it was
ense about pills or animal ex-
on of little use to me. However,
nted to find it was practical in-
working with nature and using
riefly it stated that babies con-
y in a woman's fertile time are
girls. I knew that both my boys
ved late in my fertile period. So,
rests of science, I tested the
e result is a delightful little girl,
nt Valentine's Day, 1963.
ers had success? I hope so.

MRS. DEBORA F. WARREN
Barnesville, Ohio

ce of opinion

s: What on earth has happened
my favorite magazines? Phew!

MRS. BONNIE K. MOSELEY
Brigham City, Utah

s: The summer *Journal* is a Col-
m from cover to cover. Thank

MRS. DAVID MYERS
Hartsville, Pa.

ng" in England

rs: Your last slimming article
, and I am very interested in this
cause I so easily put on weight.
here in England we long since
unting calories—we count car-
percentages instead. I think it is
he *Journal* supplied its readers
article on the polyunsaturated
et poor Helen Fraley [*I Lost 160*
gust, 1952] is still eating salads,
ld gorge on fats and protein with-
g an ounce. (I'm interested in
was my heroine for months.)
er complaint: we don't get
a *This Marriage Be Saved?* arti-

cles nowadays. It's a unique feature (here in
England, anyway) and more exciting than
a whodunit!

FRANCES D. BROUGHTON
Cheltenham Spa, England

An anticondensationist

Dear Editors: I strongly protest your policy
of condensing current fiction. If you were
condensing mediocre books, I would have
no complaint, but you are actually ruining
first-rate material.

MRS. JOHN PINCKNEY BUTLER
Palm Beach, Fla.

Women's favorite

Dear Editors: Lean back and accept a sin-
cere compliment. You receive many, I am
sure, but never from me. Your magazine
caters to every facet of the growth and
development of women—not just "look
pretty, feed the brute, be a martyr." As a
Gray Lady in the hospital, I find your mag-
azine is the women's favorite. You and your
fine staff are to be congratulated.

MRS. D. L. THAGARD JR.
Andalusia, Ala.

Bring back the short story

Dear Editors: I have just read the Summer
issue of the *Journal*, and I am not only up-
set, I am furious. What on earth has be-
come of the good-old-fashioned short story?

I challenge you; I implore you. Take a
survey. I'm sure I'm not the only one left
in the world that would like to read short
stories again. If a poll shows that I am alone,
I will let my subscriptions quietly expire
and drown myself in rereading back issues.

MRS. JOHN R. WASHBURN
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

● No polls have been taken yet, but our mail
indicates some readers prefer a long, solid
piece of fiction, some don't. In any case, we
trust our September and October issues re-
assure you as to the fate of good short
fiction.—ED.

A reactionary's opinion

Dear Editors: As a longtime reader of the
Journal, I knew when I saw the cover of the
Summer issue that something had changed.
I'm too reactionary to be convinced all at
once, but I do want to tell you I found your
"new look" not at all unpleasant. The fash-
ion pages were the prettiest I have ever
seen in the *Journal*. And even though I
thought some articles disappointingly brief
(*Making Marriage Work* used to go on and
on), I do like being able to read a whole
article without turning to the back of the
book.

BETTY DAWKINS
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Can this marriage be saved?



She sought refuge from domestic chaos in a job

By Dorothy Cameron Disney

"Last month I moved for the ninth time in my ten years of marriage," said 28-year-old Judy, attractive mother of two school-age children. "I expect this move to be permanent. I moved out of a house Ted and I bought barely a year ago, and which he casually spoke of selling just before he took off to investigate a brand-new glittering job opportunity in Arizona."

"During the weekend Ted was gone I moved the children and myself into a fairly comfortable apartment near the office where I now work. More important, it is also near an excellent public school. I promised both youngsters—Tessa is nine; Jimmy, seven—they could finish out the term for sure and forget their dread of another transfer."

"I asked the landlord for a long lease. I signed it. Then I telephoned Arizona and broke the news to Ted. He flew back on the next plane. There is no room in the apartment for him. Three nights last week he slept on the living-room floor, after talking himself hoarse trying to persuade me to come back to him. I just wish he would relinquish his place on my carpet."

"Now that we are separated, Ted takes a rosy view of me and of our marriage. When I was around, it was all too plain he considered me stupid and inept, a poor housekeeper, a less-than-average cook. He belittled me. Maybe I'm too sensitive and thin-skinned, but his criticisms hurt. It was futile for me to protest: He said I had no sense of humor. Or, even worse, he would try to soothe me with ill-timed affection."

"One Sunday morning I heard him talking across the backyard fence to a pair of gossipy neighbors whom I detested. He told the wife our kitchen was swimming in grease, neglected to say the youngsters had spilled it, and invited her to call and show me how to keep a nice, clean house. He told the husband he was lucky not to be involved with a woman too temperamental and artistic to get up for breakfast."

"A few minutes later he came in the house and stretched out on the bed beside me. I simply could not understand how he could feel loving or expect me to feel responsive. I turned away. He was furious. Although I felt like a block of wood, I pretended to be affectionate. He wasn't fooled. So we had a scene. Back in our college days when we fell in love and married, our sexual

relationship was extremely good. It has been spoiled for me by Ted's lack of tenderness and appreciation."

"Ted is convinced I've thrown him over in favor of a big fat career. I enjoy my job—I'm a fashion artist in a pint-sized advertising agency—and I like my boss, an older man who hired me because he admires my mother's work. My mother, now a partial invalid, used to be a first-class artist, and my sister inherited her talent. I'm mediocre and aware my job is pretty small potatoes. However, I do earn enough to swing rent and groceries and pay the wages of a part-time housekeeper, so long as I continue to practice strict economy."

"In an emergency, as Ted regularly points out, I will be sunk unless I can float a loan. I'm willing to take the chance. After all, he might remember that our life together consisted of a series of emergencies. He and I never settled anything. We just drifted along for years."

"We didn't decide how to raise our children, how many we wanted, where we would like to live. Ted didn't decide what job he was best fitted to hold, although he is a college graduate in business administration. We didn't decide on the best way to handle our money—in good times we dribbled it away, in bad times we borrowed."

"Ted always ignored his mother's dislike of me. His parents have felt entitled to a voice in our affairs. Because Ted and I were such wretched managers, he often yelled for financial help, and they bailed us out. I got sick to death of my mother-in-law's generosity and equally generous doses of advice and criticism."

"Whenever she dropped in on us, Ted's already low opinion of my abilities auto-

matically dropped to zero. I'm peaceable by disposition. For a long while I did my best to win my in-laws' approval. I recall I once invited them to celebrate their wedding anniversary with us. I spent the whole day preparing a four-star gourmet dinner. The main course—duck stuffed with oranges on a bed of wild rice—was gobbled without comment. The *crème brûlée* dessert disappeared in silence. Ted then turned to his mother; he told her my dessert was OK but pretty fancy, and that he preferred her cornstarch pudding."

"I managed to escape from the table before anybody saw my tears. When I finally returned to the dining room, Ted complained I was late bringing in the coffee."

"That night I had such a blinding headache I couldn't sleep. Whenever I am unhappy or upset by unjust criticism I develop a nervous headache. Ted had never been sympathetic. Two years ago I discovered how completely callous he could be."

Summer with mother

"My mother suffered her first heart attack—she's had several others since—and my father was helpless without her. They own a ranch 300 miles from here. My sister was tied up in New York and I felt duty bound to pinch-hit until Dad could locate a housekeeper. Prompted by his mother, Ted said my place was with him and the children. I took Tessa and Jimmy along with me. We spent the whole summer."

"I will always be grateful for that visit. I had jealously supposed Mother preferred my sister Elsie. For the first time we really became acquainted. It was Mother's suggestion that work might be an answer to my

unhappiness. She wrote my boss and asked him to hire me, which he did."

"Ted disapproved of my job violently year ago, when he bought our house, I way promised I would quit. It was the home he and I had ever owned. I pictured us acquiring an interesting circle of friends and myself leading a glamorous social life."

"Everything about that house was disappointing. Our neighbors were respectable but small-minded, gossipy and dull. I of the wives in our block considered it a kooky or stuck-up to be fond of art, music and books."

"Financially, the house was a calamity. The down payment was small, but monthly payments were staggering. As I picked out furniture that was too expensive. Because Ted's parents weren't consulted about the purchase, they haven't been anxious to help."

"Ted can't understand why I enjoy my work. It's quite simple. I enjoy my job because it's not housework. When I sit down at my drawing board I know I can finish today's assignment and it will stay finished like Mr. Johnson, my boss, because unlike Ted, Johnnie has decent manners, a quiet, pleasant voice. He is appreciative and kind. The other afternoon I was late completing my last sketch and he drove me to the apartment. Then he took me the youngsters out to dinner. One day last week he heard me sneeze and sent me home. The florist appeared with a dozen roses. Why wouldn't I like Mr. Johnson?"

"Last night Ted appeared, uninvited of course, and made another pitch for reconciliation. As usual he treated me like a balking witness on a TV courtroom show. He called me a nitwit and a dope. Not once did he say he missed or needed the children. Instead he got red in the face and shouted that we needed him."

"Ted told me I would have to choose between him and my job. I prefer the job."

"If I had any self-respect," said the some, 30-year-old Ted, "I would write Judy and go my own way. I can't get along with her and apparently she can't get along with me. Yet I'm quite sure we won't along well without each other. Last night I tried to present my case for reconciliation and ended up (Continued on page

ABOUT THIS CASE:

Any husband who expects to qualify as a reasonably satisfactory mate must try to understand his wife—to recognize that, like all other women, she wants her husband to provide her at least with strength, tenderness and companionship. In the family described here, Judy decided Ted was hopeless from this point of view and actually separated from him. With a little more attempt to understand on his part, and to show his affection for her, she was quite willing to turn back and renew the marriage. The counselor in this case was Paul R. Acker.

PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D., FOUNDER AND ADMINISTRATOR, THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF FAMILY RELATIONS

This series is based on information from the files of The American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational, counseling and research organization which has a staff of 70 counselors and is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from extensive interviews with the couples and counselors involved. Names, geographic locations, and other minor details have been altered to help conceal the identity of the couples who sought counseling.

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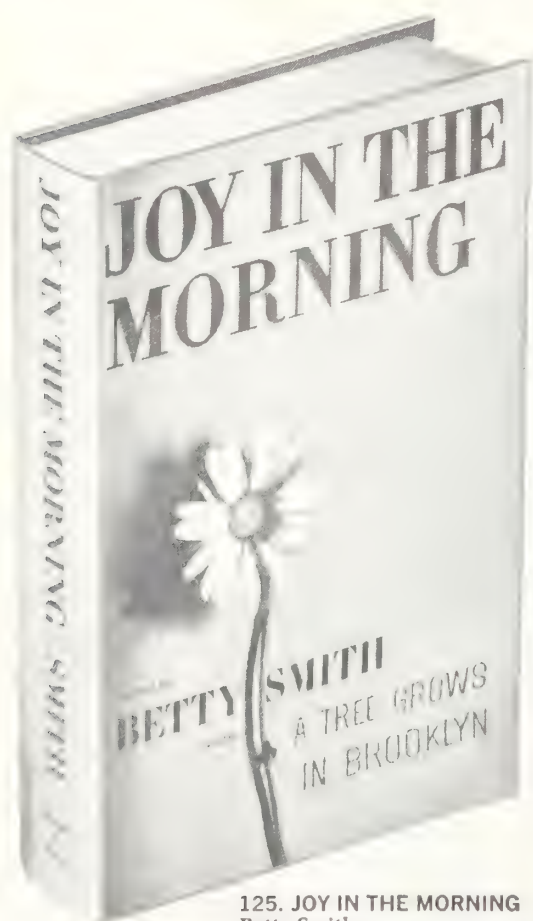


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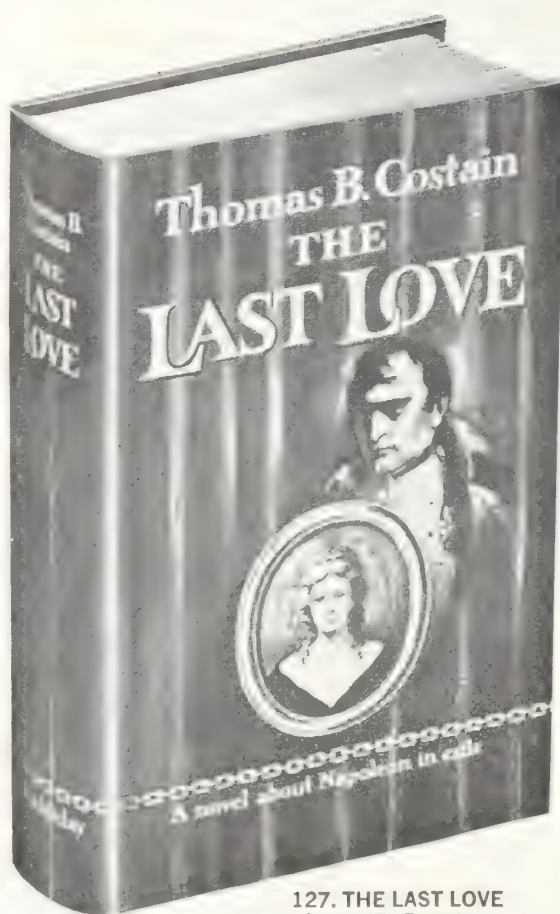
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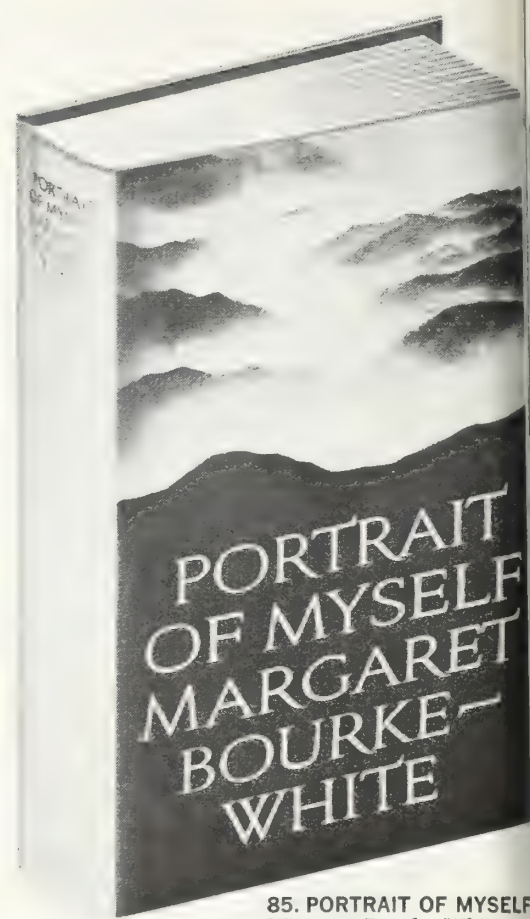
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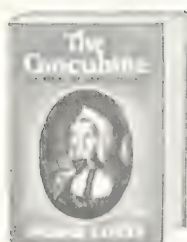
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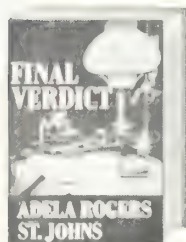
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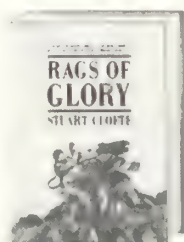
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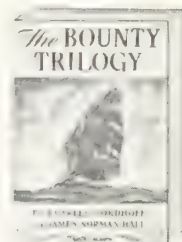
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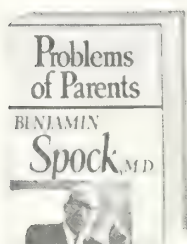
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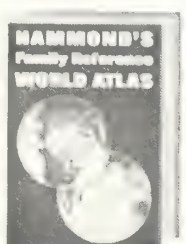
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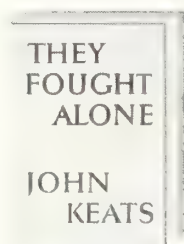
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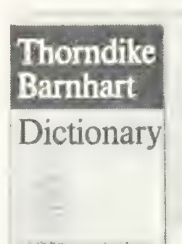
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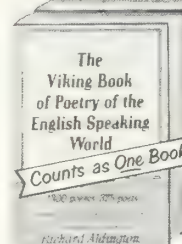
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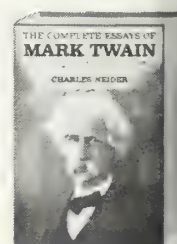
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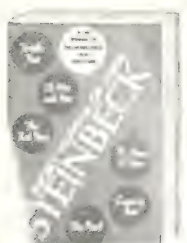
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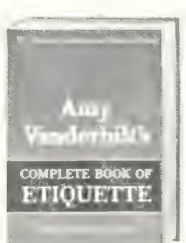
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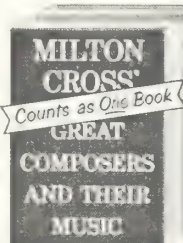
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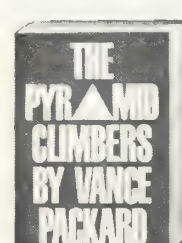
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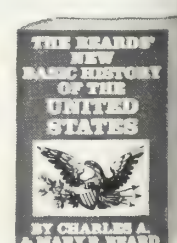
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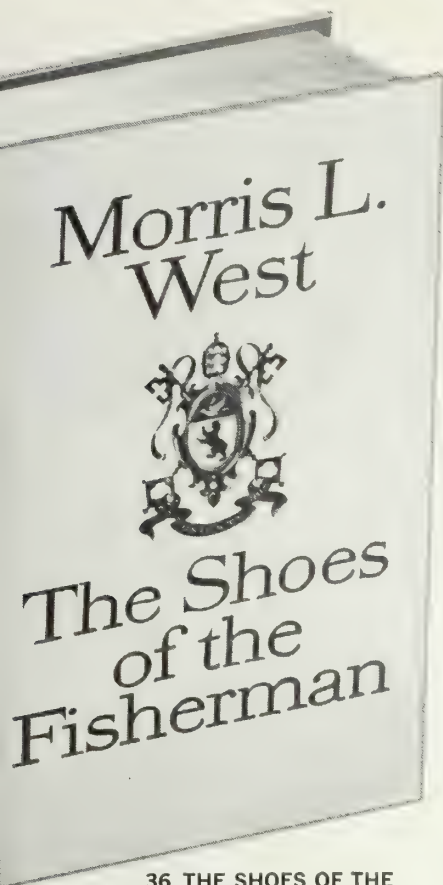


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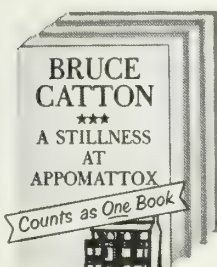
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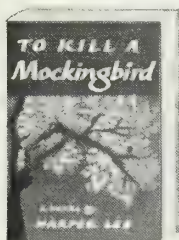
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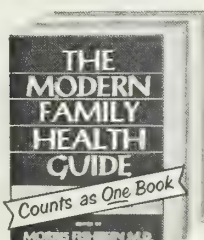
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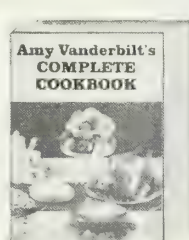
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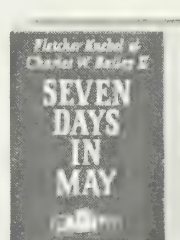
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LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, Inc., Publishers
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The Art of Seasoning Ground Beef



Add ½ teaspoon of Tabasco to a pound of ground beef before shaping into hamburgers or meatloaf.

Does this sound *too* simple?

Not when you realize that Tabasco is a *seasoning*, like salt, onion, parsley or herbs. Its tempting aroma and flavor give unique character.

Forget, then, the idea of Tabasco as just a hot sauce. True, it starts with the famed, pungent peppers grown by the McIlhenny family. Then it's blended, watched over, mellowed for three years in oaken casks... to become the world-wide seasoning favorite. So have the bright red bottle ever ready—to add Tabasco by measure, while cooking.

Other ground beef ideas:

- For a quick, white burgers broil, heat ½ cup of butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon Tabasco. Baste burgers with this sauce.

- When making spaghetti sauce, add ½ teaspoon Tabasco to each pound of ground beef, along with your seasonings.

Want more ideas?

Write for

40-page free booklet, "The Art of Seasoning with Tabasco," from McIlhenny Co., P.O. Box 100, Avery, La. 70001.



Tabasco
The original liquid pepper seasoning

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

(Continued from page 10)

infuriated, shouting and pounding a table, and so sick with my own anger I almost upchucked in Judy's kitchen.

"Judy answered none of my arguments. For the most part she just gazed into distance and smiled a maddening little smile. I like to drag things out in the open and clear the air. Half the time I actually don't know exactly what is in her mind.

"I was flabbergasted when I flew back from Arizona a month ago and found her and the kids packed and gone. Our parting at the airport three days earlier had seemed friendly. It is almost impossible for me to take our separation seriously, since she has yet to spell out her grievances. In our ten years of marriage we have hardly quarreled. Judy won't quarrel.

"The louder I yell at her—both my parents are lawyers and unless my brothers and I yelled we went unheard—the quieter Judy becomes. Figuring out her moods is a guessing game. On one occasion I recall she entertained my folks for an anniversary, which was quite an ordeal for her. When the evening ended and my mother finally went out the door, still arguing with Dad that they should stay and help with the dishes, I heaved a sigh of relief and gratitude. I put my arms around Judy. She burst into tears and pushed me off. That night she slept in the kids' room and I was in the doghouse for several weeks.

"I've put up with a lot of guff from Judy because I love her. There are three other reasons (and I am speaking calmly now) why she should come back to me. First, our children; they need two parents. Second, Judy cannot be trusted to make realistic judgments about either people or jobs. Third, I think her boss is a middle-aged creep. As a stepfather, he just won't do. Anyway, I doubt that marriage figures in Johnson's calculations. In my opinion that guy represents nothing but trouble. She is an extremely pretty girl, but very naive.

"Judy is a romantic. So was I, in the beginning. When we got married I was a college junior, charmed by her shyness and quiet manner, her way of hanging on my every word. That was a novel experience for me, the youngest in a contentious, opinionated family.

"My parents were understanding and generous even though they thought we should wait to marry. They put up the money for me to finish school. Judy's parents then were in Mexico and sent us a check. When Tessa was born my parents paid the hospital bill, and Judy's artist-mother sent us a cable: She and Judy's sister were on a painting expedition in Yugoslavia. From her dad? Not a nickel.

"Well anyway, my first job out of college looked to me exciting. I served an apprenticeship in the main office of a grocery chain and then was sent to an immense company-owned truck-raising ranch where I managed the canning operation. I enjoyed every minute. Judy hated every minute. It is true we didn't have many college-educated neighbors. But the air smelled fine.

"Judy just couldn't take it. She was scared of dust storms, scared of beat-down harmless Indians who came to the back door to beg. And then she became pregnant with Jimmy and was scared that she would die before she could be driven fifty miles to a modern hospital for the delivery.

"She wore me down. I broke my contract with the grocery company and we ended up in Southern California with my family. Through my father's influence I soon became a member of a prosperous insurance firm. Juniors in a prosperous insurance

firm don't necessarily prosper much, but I did make a living. And Judy had Jimmy in a completely modern hospital.

"By this time we had our own apartment, and I had hopes things might rock along. I even hoped Judy might learn to put a little system into her housekeeping. Judy is totally disorganized. She knocks herself out scrubbing woodwork and baseboards nobody can see, and then collapses too exhausted to empty the wastebaskets. And it takes her forever to cook a meal.

"In sheer desperation I finally asked my mother to suggest a few cooking shortcuts to her. Judy took it in her head that my mother disapproved of her and, if anything, her housekeeping became more disorganized.

"I must admit Mother isn't tactful and is loaded with executive ability and determination—too much for anybody's comfort. As a boy I had to wage a strenuous battle to prevent her from turning me, her baby, into a real pantywaist.

"Maybe that's why I'm not overly sympathetic with Judy's nervous headaches. When my nervous stomach acts up, I don't make a big production of it. Furthermore, I am convinced that many of Judy's headaches are imaginary, calculated to punish me for some sin of omission or commission that she won't talk about. When I feel affectionate Judy often develops a headache. In our honeymoon days she was warm and loving, but she changed. I don't know why.

"I don't contend that I'm a matrimonial prize. In my desire to make a big score I pressed too hard and lost out financially. I quit the insurance job, expecting to do better with stocks and bonds. I did worse. I made a wad selling real estate and put it into a soft-drink bottling company which should have made a fortune but didn't.

"I'm not a pauper"

"However, I'm not a pauper. At the moment I'm making \$9,000 a year selling cement, and I have a much better prospect waiting for me in Arizona. Judy doesn't need to work. I blame Judy's mother for our present difficulties. Until two years ago she was too busy traipsing around the world to be interested in Judy—but then she bought a ranch in Northern California and had a heart attack. Against my wishes, Judy took on the nursing chores. Judy and the children stayed all summer.

"Judy was convinced by her mother that she needed a job to express herself. She took the job with Johnson—also against my wishes. From the first day, the children were neglected, our apartment was chaos.

"A year ago—on Judy's solemn promise to resign—I bought a house for her. It offended my parents no end, because she picked a place forty miles from them. Nor did she resign. She filled the house with expensive furniture and then pointed out we couldn't afford for her to quit. Almost simultaneously she decided she loathed the house.

"I flew to Arizona to solve our problems. If Judy will be reasonable, I've got the problems licked. I've located another job in the cement business that pays \$14,000—plenty to pay off our furniture, get rid of our present house, and find a permanent place to settle. I've had my fill of moving."

"Ten years and two children after their campus wedding Judy and Ted were still living like a couple of irresponsible college kids," the counselor said. "Neither had matured. They hadn't discussed their ultimate goals, the future welfare of small Tessa and Jimmy or even sat down and explored their personal dissatisfactions.

"In one way their temporary separation was beneficial—after counseling, the couple

went back together on a sounder basis, gained insight and knowledge of the drives, the inner feelings of the drives. They then became less self-centered.

"In childhood Judy had regarded as an ugly duckling outshone by a sister, simultaneously dazzled and intimidated by an idolized mother who was temptuous of the arts of cooking and keeping. As a child Judy endeavored to protect herself from the sting of criticism, fancied rejection by silence and withdrawal. Very early she began to pay for her upbringing resentments and frustrations with nervous headaches. Probably the headaches were also a subconscious bid for attention she sometimes received from her father when he was not too overbearing and carrying for her mother.

"Emotionally speaking, the circumstances of Ted's childhood were quite similar. Although he presented himself public and to Judy as strong and self-reliant, he still felt like his mother's baby. When realizing it, Ted was still in competition with his two brothers, and Judy was competing, as she had once competed with her sister, to win approval and affection. Although Judy possessed artistic talent, she valued her job mainly because it provided her a feeling of importance. Judy was overly dependent on outward token appreciation, and Ted was too sparing in words of praise.

"Like Judy, he felt entitled to a mate, a partner who would joyfully accede to his wishes, put him first in everything. When he met Judy at a student-union dance, led by her shyness and timidity, he tentatively supposed he had found his mate. When Judy became disillusioned with marriage, she speedily disillusioned him, became silent, withdrawn, sullen. Ted retreated into nervous headaches, coolness. Ted's equally childish reaction—anger and shouting—frightened and convinced her she was an unloved wife.

"Ted and Judy clarified their emotional misunderstandings. Ted curbed his temper. Then he discarded the sneaking notion to pay compliments to one's wife with manly. He demonstrated openly and the love he felt for her. With Judy assured, their sexual relationship was reestablished on a satisfactory basis; her headaches came infrequent.

"Their financial problems were no longer overwhelming. When they became able to calmly, Judy acknowledged that she was sacrificing Ted and the children to the demands of her job—and resigned. Under two youngsters finished the school, this promise to Tessa and Jimmy was kept. She and Ted camped out in the apartment.

"Together Ted and Judy decided it was high time for them to cut their financial and emotional ties to both their families. That summer Ted took the Arizona job, and he and Judy made a move they will be permanent. His parents offered to 'loan' to cover transportation costs. Ted borrowed from a commercial bank, has since repaid the money.

"Nowadays they are enjoying their own as adults with a family of their own, but the interest and excitement of helping children grow and learn. Judy has learned to be a better housekeeper, although admittedly still has little enthusiasm for domesticity. Both she and Ted have a creative outlet in a painting class that meets one night a week and where they have acquired a circle of stimulating friends. A letter to the American Institute of Family Relations Judy wrote: 'Our marriage died by default. Neither Ted nor I had invested enough in it. How glad I am we woke up in time!'"

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Daytime, nighttime, mealtime, between-times, Libby's Frozen Orange Juice is a flavor-full and nutritious refresher. The new Libby's is the truest, richest juice ever frozen—with twice as much fresh orange essence as any other. Your first sip will tell!

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Bell-Ringer Salad: Drain two Libby's Pear Halves on paper towel. Spread with softened cream cheese; press together; add "blush" with red food coloring. (For extra cream cheese ruffle, use pastry tube.) And it's tasty as it's pretty. The basis is those firm, tender, sweet-as-honey Libby's Pears!



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He-man main dish that feeds a lot for little. And well, too! Libby's Deep-Brown Beans topped with onion slices and heated in the oven till bubbling. Serve up with rounds of brown bread. Those beans? Tender, deep-brown goodness; wonderful sauce. 3 styles: with Pork and Tomato Sauce or Molasses Sauce, and Vegetarian in Tomato Sauce.

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Such a good way to "fill them up"—simply! Heat Libby's Beef Stew till it's piping hot; top with green pepper rings and Libby's Catchup. Libby's is the beefed-up beef stew—loaded with chunks of tender, lean beef in extra-meaty brown gravy.

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LADIES' HOME
JOURNAL

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Sportive: in wide-wale corduroy, the soft almond green lit with regimental brass buttons. We lined the jacket to the edge in the lime-y shantung of the sleeveless blouse and shirt-cuffs, which baste inside jacket sleeves. The slender ascot is typically Chanel.



Town: hunt for a spanking plaid like our red-white-and-black wool. Echo one of the colors in a silk overblouse and shirt-cuffs. Clasp the jacket with a long gold bar pin is a Chanel touch. Buy an extra bit of plaid for a hat (ours is by Sally Victor).



-Day: in robin's-egg blue tweed, the t necklaced and braceleted with black edged in narrow velvet ribbon. The taffeta lining matches the blouse, again its long ascot. Make it in your best for everything from luncheon on.

Elegant: in shimmering white-and-gold cloque. We rimmed the jacket and pockets with turquoise grosgrain and by-the-yard gold fringe. The sleeves turn back to reveal the brilliant turquoise satin lining. Without the jacket, it's an elegantly simple overblouse dress.



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A critic offers a plan to root out the educational mediocrity that stifles our children's mind.

A program to improve our schools

By Vice Admiral H. G. Rickover



I presume many Americans are as deeply concerned as I am with American education and as desirous that it be the best that can be devised. There is overwhelming evidence that our children do not receive a good, still less the best possible, education. I do not wish to depreciate the im-

portance of high moral standards, of good character, of kindness, of humaneness, of ability to get along well with fellow citizens—there are innumerable virtues I should like to see inculcated in American youth. But the one thing I believe will be of the greatest importance for the future of our nation and of the free world is to bring all our children to markedly higher intellectual levels. Most of the problems they will have to cope with as individuals and as citizens of this great democracy will involve use of their minds.

Civilization has reached the point where our last frontier is the mind itself. Americans must conquer knowledge as formerly they conquered the wilderness. Bacon's saying "The mind is the man," is now literally true. Our future depends on how well we succeed in developing the minds of our young men and women.

I think we must be realistic and face the fact that most young people do not willingly work with their minds; this is something we must try to teach them at school. It is this very practical necessity that makes me insist on the importance of establishing national scholastic standards. Academic excellence does not just happen. It must be actively promoted, and nothing will do this better than setting scholastic standards that are an intellectual challenge to meet and are rewarding to those who meet them.

I suggest that Congress set up a National Standards Committee—a small committee composed of men of national stature and scholarly eminence, devoted to the ideal of an American education second to none. The committee would have two tasks:

First, it would keep the state of American education under continuous critical scrutiny. It would ask some hard questions and warn us of dangers ahead. Does our educational system meet the needs of our times? Does it compare with that of

the countries with whom we compete economically, politically or militarily? How do American children of differing abilities compare in academic knowledge with their counterparts in Europe or Russia, say at age 12, or 16, or 18?

Second, the committee would formulate national scholastic standards on the basis of its findings: standards which would make us internationally competitive while still responding to our specific domestic needs. It would establish a system of national examinations for different ability levels. No one would have to take them, but those who passed would receive national accreditation. The committee would in no way interfere with established institutions now granting diplomas or degrees. It would simply set a high standard for every level of study, offer it to anyone who wished to meet it, and certify those who had successfully done so.

Neither of these committee functions would cause a radical departure from our established practice of local control of schools. Many federal agencies already collect and distribute educational information. I am simply suggesting a disinterested agency to tell us the unvarnished truth about the true state of American education, and to offer standards that are not *imposed* but merely *offered as a service* to those who wish to accept them. Many things to improve education can still be done at the local and state levels. For instance, states and localities have the power to increase the amount of classroom instruction per school year. We have the shortest school day and school year among leading nations. They have the power to eliminate from school curricula subjects more properly learned elsewhere. We are the only western nation where precious school hours are wasted teaching children how to make fudge, twirl batons, drive cars, budget income, handle the telephone and catch fish. Most important of all, states have the power to alter teacher certification requirements, setting them academically high enough so that our teachers will become truly "professional" persons, competent in both knowledge of subject matter and teaching skill—as European teachers generally are. But here I would suggest that ex-

Vice Admiral H. G. Rickover, well known as the father of the nuclear submarine, has long been a vigorous proponent of higher standards in our educational system. He has traveled extensively in Europe and Russia, studying their schools in his search for a philosophy of excellence in education.

aminations are a better means for determining a prospective teacher's professional qualification than a collection of credits in "education." Teaching should be as desirable a profession as law or medicine, both of which require a standard examination in addition to the necessary credit from a professional school.

Raising the intellectual and educational caliber of our teachers is the single most important step that must be taken to improve education. Next is abandonment of the present practice of putting nonteaching administrators in charge of schools. Here the local communities have very real power. They can see to it that their school board engages no administrator who is not also an experienced teacher. I would suggest that as schools gradually improve the quality of teachers, the teachers themselves be given more freedom as to how they go about their jobs. Good teachers should be treated as "professionals."

These are important measures and under our Constitution they are outside the jurisdiction of Congress. But Congress could give immeasurable help to local and state authorities by the simple act of setting up a National Standards Committee. The mere existence of national standards—for teachers, for schools, for students—even though permissive standards only, would counteract the strong pressures toward mediocrity that are now present in our school system. They would act as a geographic equalizer, a result devoutly to be hoped for. We have greater geographic inequalities than any other country I know of; the educational opportunities of our children have far too wide a range between the educationally least advanced and the most advanced parts of the country for us to tolerate. We are, indeed, the only advanced nation lacking a national standard.

The word *standard* conjures up in the minds of many Americans a directive issued by some bureaucrat in Washington to which every school in every town and hamlet is then compelled to conform. But I use the word in a different sense—as a level of excellence deemed worthy of esteem or reward. Not a law, enforceable in the courts falling below standard does not put one in jail. Not a convention imposed by society; failure to meet the standard does not get one socially ostracized. No one *has* to live up to the standard. It is an optional criterion for determining value.

A national scholastic standard in our country would be beneficial to our children; it would set them a goal to work

(Continued on page 25)

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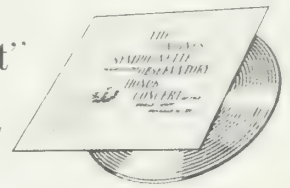
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Fortunately, the woman doesn't have to greet her husband looking like an old bib and smelling of stale baby.

If there's time for it to drip-dry before he gets home, she'll slip the blouse in the washer with the kid's kimonos. Or else, if she's rushed, she'll dab at the spots with a wet washcloth and smooth them out with her hand so they'll look unrumped when they dry.

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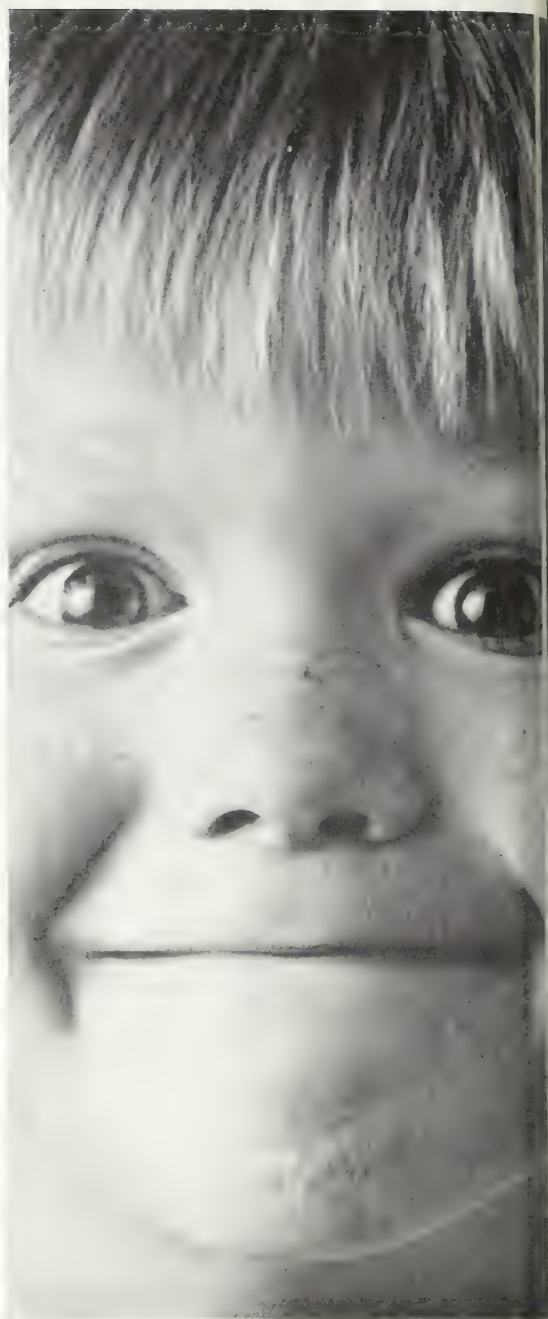




"I won!"



"I won!"



"I won!"

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*Journal of Dentistry for Children, First Quarter, 1963, pp. 17-25

Colgate with Gardol—a leader in reducing new cavities



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have control over our schools.
it is not federal tyranny to
a diploma give an honest de-
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on—perhaps the notation N.S.
l Scholar) stamped on their

diplomas or degrees. The seal would indicate what level of achievement the holder had attained.
Think how much time and money would be saved if the diploma were clearly to indicate this! Everyone benefits when there is a standard—parents, children, teachers, admissions officers and employers. I cannot agree with our educationists that our children must not be judged; that they receive the same reward—the same diploma—for the same amount of time spent in school. Under this prevailing attitude the high-school diploma has shrunk so in value that it represents hardly more than grammar-school education half a century ago. In practice it doesn't work; schools and students are ruthlessly judged in the real world. We desperately need fair guidelines. This is what certification by a National Standards Committee would offer.
There is no question in my mind that a large sector of the American people wants better education. Public interest has grown tremendously. Every time I speak or write on education I receive a tremendous number of letters. What strikes me in these letters is the sense of individual helplessness they reflect. My correspondents don't know how to induce schools to improve, especially when this requires tackling, on the local or national level, so powerful a lobby as our educational establishment.

A partnership for excellence

I think this country has reached a stage where public education calls for a partnership of local, state and federal authorities, each having its particular service to offer. Any determined reform—at the local or state level—would in my opinion be greatly helped by a National Standards Committee. The permissive character of the committee's activities would introduce into public education a needed element of choice. It would leave untouched the *status quo* for those who are content with it. At the same time it would provide facilities for people who prefer to set themselves a scholastic standard well above current achievement levels.
The Spanish philosopher Ortega y Gasset once wrote a book around the thesis that "there is no doubt the most radical division it is possible to make of humanity is that which splits it into two classes of creatures: those who make great demands on themselves, piling up difficulties and duties; and those who demand nothing special of themselves, but for whom to live is to be every moment what they already are." I read this as a young man and it impressed me deeply. All my life I have unconsciously judged people and institutions by whether or not they set themselves a standard; whether they measure themselves against a criterion that requires effort because they deem it worthy of effort.
Let us in education, as in everything else, heed Jefferson's ennobling advice, to "dream of an aristocracy of achievement arising out of a democracy of opportunity." • END



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A roof of one's own

By PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

Buying a house has much in common with getting married. Propinquity, kindness and availability enter into the matter. But what matters most is to lose one's heart.

It is perfectly possible to be a housewife without owning a house. Some of the most romantically domestic women I know have lived out their lives in rented apartments where heat came delivered by courtesy of City Steam and gossip got carried around by doormen with the morning mail. Female creatures are born nesters. Give them anything walled and covered over from the weather—a cabin, a tent, a trailer, even what passes for a dormitory room in really distinguished women's colleges—and most of them will manage to turn it into home. They will decorate the walls, invent a rug or a table, plant something green in a pot, and settle there snug as mice in their burrows.

Still, the desire for a personal roof, however mortgaged, is natural to all mankind. It is more than desire, it is instinct. The human race has always felt safest inside private walls or standing on a bit of owned earth. Only a rare and incorrigibly urban heart never stirs with immemorial longings, has never urged its owner to arise and go now to some local Isle of Innisfree, there to plant nine bean rows, keep a bee, and put up summer screens. So in this affluent day most American families will at some period in their lives go house hunting. In this green and flowery county where I live, I watch them come like swallows every season, pilgrims in search of a domestic Grail.

They come in all shapes, sizes, conditions and degrees of prosperity. Some are veterans of the chase already, either families on their way up in the world, who have outgrown modest acquisitions and hope for something more elaborate, or else the middle-aged whose houses have outgrown them. Some are strangers, transfers from other cities to this vast suburban area, bewildered by our fashions and our prices. A few are old residents,

restless for a change of streets. The majority, though, are untried novices, young couples with a child or two or three and very little notion of the hazards of property-owning. They have saved a bit of money, have been elated by a promotion or a bonus. A genuine nest seems within their expanding reach. It is those latter innocents whom I long to warn against searching too optimistically and with too dogmatic a hope.

It is not that they have been, in the main, badly briefed. Most of them have met with lawyers, talked things over with bankers, confided in real-estate brokers, even consulted their own relatives. Still, they are innocents, for I know the image each carries in the mind's eye. What they are looking for is a Perfect House.

I can even describe that image. It will be a neat, new, sound and enduring residence, miraculously mingling the appeal of period architecture with the convenience of contemporary. It will be small enough to take care of without help but commodious enough to shelter a growing family. There will be a garden and a lawn guiltless of crabgrass; but the grounds will require nothing more to keep them immaculate than a weekly mowing. Inside, the kitchen will be modern to the last shelf and counter, the living room admirably sunny and spacious. There will be bedrooms enough for now and for the future, a nice new furnace, a sufficiency of baths, closets, electric outlets. The upkeep will be minute, the neighborhood good. And it must be cheap, a Bargain.

Death and taxes are no more certain than disillusion for them. It will begin on the first morning of the search and continue to the final day when they find themselves in possession of a deed for something as unlike that original mental sketch

as many a film star differs from her press photographs. For there is no such thing as a perfect house. (What one thinks of as perfection is merely what other people are living in.) On the market they will find all sorts of dwelling places pleasant to inhabit—gracious houses, convenient houses, beautiful houses, houses suitable, impressive, appealing, economical, unusual or a Good Investment. But perfection is as rare in a building as in a person, a poem or a marriage. Even if those pilgrims had time and money enough to choose an acre or so of land, hire an architect, engage a contractor, and try to flesh out their private vision, something would go astray. Closets would turn out to be too many or too few, the basement stairs too steep, the bathrooms' tiles objectionable. No doubt King Louis complained of Versailles after it was completed and Blenheim didn't quite suit the Duke of Marlborough. In every human project there is bound to be a human flaw. After all, the most nearly perfect edifice in the world is the Taj Mahal, and that is not a house but a tomb.

So their choice will be a compromise. The odd thing is, though, that they will settle there in most cases contentedly, sometimes with rapture. For what they will have found out is that they didn't need perfection, only a house which was right for them. Buying a house is like getting married. The youthful dream of the Ideal withers and is forgotten. Propinquity, kindness, availability are the things which count. And then, of course, the important matter is to lose one's heart.

I know, because I, too, have been a pilgrim. Our family search was more whimsical than I would advise for others, begun on impulse and with rash lightheartedness. For May was nudging us, or at least

(Continued on Page 30)

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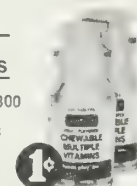


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Vitamin B-1 6 mg.
Vitamin B-2 4 mg.
Vitamin B-6 1.5 mg.
Vitamin B-12 5 mcg.
Vitamin C 100 mg.
Niacinamide 25 mg.
Calcium Pantothenate ... 5 mg.
Vitamin E 10 Int. Units

THERAPEUTIC VITAMINS WITH ADDED MINERALS

FOODS PLUS FORMULA 413
Comparable brand costs
\$7.89 per 100.*
Buy **Foods Plus** brand
\$4.95 per 100—get a
second bottle for 1¢.

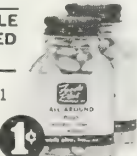


\$4.95 + 1¢

Each capsule contains:
Vitamin A 25,000 USP Units
Vitamin D 1,000 USP Units
Vitamin B-1 10 mg.
Vitamin B-2 10 mg.
Vitamin B-6 5 mg.
Vitamin B-12 5 mcg.
Niacinamide 100 mg.
Calcium Pantothenate ... 20 mg.
Vitamin C 200 mg.
Vitamin E 5 Int. Units
Calcium 105 mg.
Iodine 0.15 mg.
Iron 15 mg.
Potassium 5 mg.
Manganese 1 mg.
Magnesium 6 mg.
Zinc 1.5 mg.
Phosphorus 80 mg.
Copper 1 mg.

ALL-AROUND MULTIPLE VITAMINS WITH ADDED MINERALS

FOODS PLUS FORMULA 401
Comparable brand costs
\$3.38 per 90.*
Buy **Foods Plus** brand
\$2.49 per 100—get a
second bottle for 1¢.



\$2.49 + 1¢

Each capsule contains:
Vitamin A 5,000 USP Units
Vitamin D 500 USP Units
Vitamin B-1 2.5 mg.
Vitamin B-2 2.5 mg.
Vitamin B-6 0.5 mg.
Vitamin B-12 2 mcg.
Vitamin C 50 mg.
Vitamin E 2 Int. Units
Niacinamide 20 mg.
Calcium Pantothenate ... 5 mg.
Iron 10 mg.
Copper 0.5 mg.
Iodine 0.05 mg.
Calcium 50 mg.
Magnesium 6 mg.
Manganese 0.5 mg.
Zinc 0.5 mg.

TO CALL attention to its already-low prices for quality vitamins, and to make new friends among vitamin users, **FOODS PLUS, INC.** now makes this unprecedented introductory offer: buy any formula shown on this page at the regular low price and get a second bottle of the same formula for just 1¢.

These are the very same vitamins that are now used by hundreds of thousands of **FOODS PLUS** customers coast-to-coast.

By dealing with **FOODS PLUS** — the world's largest vitamin manufacturer selling direct to the public — these customers are assured of always getting fresh, full-potency vitamins — while at the same time, they enjoy savings of up to 50% over the fair-trade retail prices for comparable brand formulas.

Now, with this revolutionary 1¢ vitamin sale, **FOODS PLUS** invites you to see for yourself the unique advantages of dealing directly with an established vitamin manufacturer.

Send No Money Now

To take advantage of this offer just choose the formula you want by comparing the **FOODS PLUS** formulas at the left with the label on your present bottle. Then simply mail the postage paid card attached, giving us the number of the formula you've chosen.

You need send no money now — for your added convenience, we'll be glad to bill you for your vitamins. And all you pay is the regular low price of one bottle alone, plus just 1¢ for the second bottle of the same formula.

Your vitamins will be sent to you post-paid with an unconditional 30-day guarantee. If within this period you should be dissatisfied in any way, you may return the unused portion of your order and your money will be refunded in full.

But don't delay. Send the postage-paid card today, before your present supply of vitamins is exhausted. (If you wish a *free* copy of our catalog, we will be happy to send one on request.)

If card has been removed, simply write to Dept. 505 at address below.

foods plus, inc.

62 WEST 45th STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036



Seven cheese pleasin' snacks to serve after the game



CHEER FOR CHEESE

Kick off a post-game get-together with tasty cheese snacks, like these, that make everyone Cheer for Cheese! Served at room temperature or bubbling hot, cheese adds so much flavor, nutrition and variety to any party. Yet these cheese snacks are so easy to fix, you'll never miss a game preparing for the gang. Serve these popular American-made cheeses in tempting snacks at your house soon.

Cheddar's sure to score! You'll rate cheers of your own when you serve hearty snacks made with this all star favorite. Slice tender franks, stuff them with strips of tangy Cheddar cheese, wrap them in bacon slices and serve 'em sizzlin' hot! Get the makings during the Cheese Festival at your store now!





For Swiss! Bring good friends together over Swiss Cheese Fondue. Love the nutlike sweet flavor of Swiss cheese served this famous old way. You'll find a delicious fondue recipe in your favorite cookbook or up a little fondue fun soon.



Cheer for Brick! Here's a winning bill of fare! Top pumpernickel bread with chopped onion, hard-cooked egg slices, creamy Brick cheese and red, ripe tomatoes. Then broil for 4 minutes, add a Brick cheese pennant and serve with tumblers of cold milk.



For American Blue Cheese! After the game, team up with burgers and blue cheese. Its crumbly texture and sharp flavor make Blue cheese the perfect topping for savory burgers. Serve 'em plain or atop a grilled cheese on a bun.



Cheer for Cream Cheese! Mild, delicately flavored Cream cheese makes a hit with every crowd. To perk up a party, blend in Blue cheese and chives and shape into a football with colorful pimiento "bands" and green pepper "laces."



For Provolone! Everyone makes a play for pizza à la Provolone. Add slices of Provolone to a ready-made pizza or one you've baked. Its rich, smoky flavor adds extra zest and goodness to every bite.



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Special Offer! Send \$2.00 for this delightfully different Cheese-Barrow

Love this unique way to serve cheese, snacks, and more. Not sold in any stores. Decorative, ample, and an 36 square inches overall. Rich-looking warm fruitwood finish and set-in tile. Order yours today. With each you get a fascinating 30-page booklet "50 Wonderful Ways to Use Cheese." While this special offer lasts, send \$2 with one cheese label (any brand) for each Cheese-Barrow.

American dairy association



See the handles? One, a fork-tipped slicer—the other a spreader knife.

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Offer expires May 31, 1964. Void in any state where taxed or prohibited. Allow up to 4 weeks for delivery.



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Now available
in two sizes:
9½- or 20-ounce



PROFESSION: HOUSEWIFE (Continued from page 26)

it was nudging me. The grimy ailanthus tree outside the window of our New York apartment kept reminding me how nice it would be to see two trees or even a whole row of them. My husband who dislikes change plumped for the status quo. “Who wants to commute?” he said. “Time enough to leave town when we have children.”

Even when a certain queasiness before breakfast on my part suggested that the offspring in question might soon cease to be an academic problem, he continued to insist that a larger apartment was all we needed. Accident, seconded by nostalgia, changed his mind. While looking for that extra room in the city, one which would be within our small means, we came across an oddity. It was a tiny private house in Manhattan. It had four floors and exactly four rooms, one to a story. We thought it reasonable, chic and amusing. We also knew it wouldn't do. Who could isolate an infant on a floor or bring a pram up three flights? Still, my husband tramped down from an inspection of the premises and announced, just as if it had been his idea all along, “Let's go to the suburbs. I want a place where I can walk up and down stairs again.”

The next day we took a train to Westchester County, enrolled ourselves under the banner of the first dealer we encountered, and began to learn the hard facts of home-buying life. Of course we knew what we wanted—exactly what I have outlined as the dream of every novice purchaser. But we discovered almost at once that with a bank account practically nonexistent and an income which would stretch no better than wartime elastic, that neat, small, new, sound and enduring residence was out of the question for us. The operative word is “small.” There is and always has been a correlation between size and price. The bigger the house the less proportionately you will have to pay for your purchase. When we were on safari in the late '30's, the depression lay like a London fog over the whole nation. But even in that era the tidy small house with low taxes and easy maintenance had lost little value. It had kept its owners solvent; they did not need to give it up for lack of income. This village where we finally settled was dotted then with huge, handsome, deserted estates going for a song; for less than a song, a whistle. I remember one in particular, a true mansion with tennis courts and a swimming pool, which sold for \$4,000, about the amount of its annual taxes. Who could keep it up? Only the rich could afford to.

There was nothing, it seemed, for us. So what did we do at the end of our first season of search? Something, considering our natures, astoundingly practical. After being first swept along by a tide of hope, then nearly drowned by waves of disappointment, we decided to tread water. In an amiable and elm-shaded village we found a house for rent. We leased it, giving ourselves a chance to test our needs, our capabilities and deserts. We took it chiefly because the rent amounted monthly to about what it would take now to get a car washed. Looking back on it, we realize it was a terrible house. It had the necessary stairs, three or four flights of them, impressive and battered. It also had 12 rooms, only two baths (one of them dating back, I think, to the invention of plumbing), and a river in the basement when it rained. There were silver knobs on the sagging, genuine mahogany doors, but the kitchen was twice my age and not so well preserved. I'll say for the house, it was well ventilated. You seldom had to open a window, since air blew in unsolicited

around every door and casement. Still, we had a fine, gay time there for a year, borrowing furniture from all our friends and relatives to fill it, inviting whole parties of contemporaries out to enjoy the mosquitoed country air, promising ourselves that the sensible little house we yearned for would turn up any day. And one thing we had accomplished without knowing it: We had found our locale. This village, where we had lighted by random good luck, was where we wanted to stay, with its venerable trees, agreeable neighbors, and stretch of sand beside Long Island Sound for swimming from. (Environment, for a pilgrim, is as important as the choice of house itself.) With our first daughter born and safe in her playpen, we began again to spend weekends tagging after shepherding real-estate dealers.

This time we were better equipped. Our hopes were less high, our savings had grown, we were prepared to purchase with sweet reasonableness. And then happened to us what must happen to all searchers if they are to be content with their lot, not to speak of their house. We fell in love.

On paper the match was not at all suitable. The house was too old, too large, too inconvenient to fit our plans. The well-instructed broker hadn't even bothered to show it to us, since it fit none of our specifications. But one Sunday, on an April stroll, we passed it, peered over its high privet hedge into a spring garden, and kept coming back almost unwillingly to look at it again like the reluctant lovers we were. Since it was unoccupied, we even found an unlatched door and feloniously entered, to wander over its three floors and ten rooms, wistfully wishing it were a *little* newer, that the kitchen weren't *quite* so gaunt, that two of the three bathtubs were not standing implacably on turn-of-the-century Chippendale feet. It had so many other features which enchanted us—the nearly half acre of grounds, the eccentric charm of its old-fashioned rooms, its hale if elderly foundation, which passed my husband's inevitable test for good construction: When he jumped up and down on the floors neither they nor the walls wavered a hair's breadth. Inquiring about taxes, we found them modest, and we had already learned the asking price was low—for good and sufficient reason. Nobody except us wanted it. The place had stood empty for more than a year, while pilgrims streamed through it, turning away in dismay from four fireplaces, four flights of stairs, and an interior painted throughout a dismal, forbidding green. It nearly dismayed even us. But we had been delighted by its outward aspect and were encouraged to see through inner gloom to pleasing proportions and fine quality. Out of date or not, oversized or not, the place had charm. And charm in a dwelling is like charm in a woman. It is a mysterious essence compounded of warmth, character and a welcoming countenance.

“It's a sort of bloom. . . .” says Barrie's Maggie in *What Every Woman Knows*. “If you have it, you don't need to have anything else; if you don't have it, it doesn't matter what else you have.”

Investment dealers might scream at such flimsy reasoning for making a purchase. Other people might sensibly say charm can't keep rain from penetrating shingles or make up for a nonfunctioning furnace. We agreed and agree, but think also that neither will excellent plumbing and push-button doors make up for trite or graceless architecture.

The right house, no matter what its period, must pluck your sleeve and say, “Take me. We were meant for each other.”

Which brings me at length to the heart of my argument. The house was meant for us; not for our friends (Continued on page 34)



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HOME PRODUCTS DIVISION—SHULTON

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4 CORVAIR by CHEVROLET



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**Joan Bennett
tells how.
You do it without
liquid diets, drugs
or exercise.**



"Eat less!" Doctors will tell you that's the one sure way to lose weight. And so will Joan Bennett, who learned the lesson twelve years ago.

Think it's easier said than done? Not when you know Joan Bennett's secret. She uses a dietary "crutch" specially developed to make the appetite behave when will power weakens.

Made in candy form, with vitamins and minerals, this low-calorie dietary contains no drugs, no laxatives, no bulk. It's called Ayds. Taken as directed, Ayds curbs your appetite. You automatically eat less, because *you want less* and so lose weight naturally. That's the way Joan Bennett lost 10 pounds in 1951 and has kept the weight off ever since.

"With Ayds, you don't have to starve yourself, or live on liquids," says Joan. "On the Ayds Plan, I've eaten vichyssoise, lasagna, Creme Brule—all my favorite dishes—yet stayed between 110 and 112 pounds for the past twelve years."

The Ayds Plan is no fad. You take no risks when you follow it. On the contrary, it actually promotes sound nutrition and balanced dietary habits. You eat regular meals, as the medical profession recommends, only you eat less because Ayds help reduce your appetite. This is a fact,

proved time and again.

Doctors connected with clinics, hospitals and universities, in an effort to evaluate the safety and effectiveness of leading reducing products as well as a strict diet alone, conducted extensive clinical tests in Boston, Chicago and New York. More than 400 overweight men and women who had been on-again, off-again dieters for years acted as human guinea pigs. And the conclusions? It was learned that most overweight people find it difficult, if not impossible, to stay on a diet without the aid of a dietary "crutch." And Ayds, the candy-type dietary, proved the most effective of all products and methods tested. The Ayds users lost the most weight and experienced no hunger pangs, no nervous jitters or sleeplessness.

If you have a weight problem, why not try the Ayds Plan? It's worked for Joan Bennett as well as thousands of others in and out of Hollywood, so it's sure to work for you. In fact, Ayds guarantees you must lose weight with your very first box or return the box to Campana, Batavia, Ill., for money back. Before following any reducing program, see your doctor. Then get Ayds, either the chewy vanilla caramel kind or the new chocolate fudge-type, at any drug or department store.

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PROFESSION: HOUSEWIFE

(Continued from page 30)

or relatives. Indeed, my brother, visiting us here (for of course we bought it—nothing could have stopped us except bankruptcy), grumbled after he had returned to his brisk new ranch house in California, "I can't think what those kids mean, rattling around in a rambling old relic." But we were happy as meadowlarks. We had married for love.

Once the honeymoon was over—that is, the delirious first few weeks when we were joyful for mere ownership—there came a natural letdown. Young homeowners must be warned. The six months after moving into a house are likely to be a trial of fortitude. You find flaws. Taps don't run, the heating system baffles you, furniture doesn't fit, windows rattle, tiles truculently dislodge themselves. You'd willingly sell back your property to the first honest bidder. But that phase doesn't last either, for you and your house become friends as well as lovers. Again, it is like marriage. To ensure success, affection and respect must be present. You must accept your choice for better or for worse, trusting that in the dear one an accumulation of virtues will outweigh the accumulation of faults.

Both virtues and faults we found. The house at once enchanted and exasperated us. The windows were too large and too many, making furniture arrangement a puzzle and adding to bills for storm sash and weather stripping. All that glittered was not copper. There were insufficient shelves for our books, cupboards for our dishes. We were forced to buy a new boiler. But then, we consoled each other, every marriage is costly at the outset. And on the plus side we discovered how accommodating was this aging structure, how impervious to heat and cold. It was solid, generous, full of light, adaptable to change.

Gradually, and as we could afford it or had time for do-it-yourself projects, we took advantage of this flexibility. We shelved a library, painted everything bright and blithe, put in necessary kitchen counters, made a dinette out of the dark, butlerless butler's pantry. We tightened things and insulated things and made ourselves so proof against storm that we now heat all three floors for less than \$300 a year, in spite of the fact I am one of those people who reach for a sweater even on summer evenings and keep the thermostat at a sybaritic 75 degrees day and night in winter. But for all our bits and pieces of change, we let it stay what it was: a stout, unpretentious late-Victorian country dwelling, made of good materials with workmanlike care.

In other words, we came to terms with our house; like cautious partners in a marriage, we improved but did not try to reform. For you can enlarge and adorn and coax along the singular object of your choice, but you cannot alter essential nature. Don't buy—and don't marry—unless you are willing to put up with the qualities which attracted you in the first place. This clapboarded shelter of ours will never be smart, but it is steadfast. It has housed us happily for 25 years. It pleases us still. And its value today is a good deal more than when we acquired it. To finish off the matrimonial figure of speech, you get back what you put into a partnership.

I repeat, our selection would not now be, nor would ever have been, right for all. There are people to whom contemporary design and pristine plaster are necessities. They will sacrifice a dining room for the sake of a built-in kitchen barbecue, prefer 220 wiring to a deep foundation. And since it is they who must live with and inside their own four walls, their choice is proper.

At the risk of special pleading, though, would like to urge the young in search of few bargains left in the world, to consider the case of the dowdy, elderly house. Of course, "elderly" is a relative term. It refers to anything built a half century ago. Only when it has survived the Revolution do we concede it is old. Yet I know a couple settling in Arizona, who wrote parents they were thinking of buying a very old house, one built nine years ago.

Not only is something constructed in 1921 inclined to be sold at a modest price, it is also likely to be low in taxes, taxes are assessed by age and purchase price. And to someone with an eye for solid and enduring, this period has many attractions. What splendid beams carved into buildings then! What deep cellars, basements, commodious attics, sunny rooms, hospitable porches! (I could write a whole elegy on the passing of the porch, that comfortable, functional, laborious appendage, so much more useful in most American climates than a patio or a terrace. Someday, I piously hope, it will return.) They trimmed ceilings, latched lintels then. They recessed their windows if not their radiators. They made warpable doors out of huge slabs of wood. And generously they planned for children, servants, guests and in-laws. In such a house the population can explode all its pleasures. There are closets, pantries. There is privacy. And it has stood stalwartly for several generations without crumbling or settling, it will probably last as long again, losing no value in the years pass.

A surprisingly large group of young people are discovering the advantage of old houses for themselves now and are despoiling the subdivisions and the modish split-levels for an area such as ours. We run to families here, four seeming a meager dowry, and the new generation of builders is coming across big, ungilded places for no more than they would pay elsewhere for a two-bedroom, four-run-up bungalow. Those philoprogenial couples are not intimidated by stairs, stories less than modern, an absence of air conditioning and wall ovens. They realize they can repair a roof for less than the cost of expanding an attic. They can build their own terraces and improve their kitchen. Embellishments will come with time.

They appear also to know by ear what we did not learn until we had been in residence more than a dozen years—that no house in which adolescents live is ever too small. Buckingham Palace might well be crowded while a family is growing up. They will seldom anywhere be beds enough, bathrooms enough or telephones for gregarious teens; rarely a place for parents to hide from the sound of records, radio, hair dryers and high-keyed conversations.

Our newcomers understand this and do not choose space over fashion. Their vision of perfection do not die, but are merely put away in the mothballs of the mind. Everybody, no matter how happily sheltered in a dream house which diverts idle hours, keeps him casually in perpetual search for a better one of my own.

Since I have spent a quarter of a century or more planning it, my dream is quite distinct. I know it is Georgian, new and made of brick. I am sure it has a view of, presumably the Atlantic Ocean. The rooms are few but high-ceilinged and spacious. All of them cluster on one floor. There is a paneled library for those hundreds of books we will keep buying, a splendid linen closet such as I have never owned, and place for my husband's enormous piano, now powering the living room.



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Beautiful Hair

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By Mrs. G. Mennen Williams
with Arlene and Howard Eisenberg

Africa's uphill struggle for maturity

An American woman
tells the personal, poignant story
of a continent fighting
to quit the primitive and
find the modern world.



Mrs. Williams thanks young Kenya girl for gift of African necklace.

I had been a Red Cross nurse's aide in Michigan and now, on the floor of a Leopoldville maternity ward, it was plain that help was needed. Four Congolese women were giving birth, with only two very busy midwives attending to their needs.

Julie Timberlake and I pitched in—so hurriedly that to this day I do not know whether I helped deliver a future president of the Congo or his first lady. Julie was in Leopoldville as the wife of our ambassador to the Republic of the Congo. I was there as the only woman member of my husband's team visiting that troubled new nation.

In his first two years as assistant secretary of state for African affairs, my husband, G. Mennen Williams—better known since age 11 as Soapy—spent six and a half months in Africa. Altogether he has made six trips to that continent, and in November of this year he will go there again. I have accompanied him (and let me say here that it was never at Government expense) on each occasion by plane and by pirogue, by jeep and on foot, in his visits to each of Africa's newly independent states and colonial territories. A dozen years ago there were but four independent states in Africa. Today there are 33, all impatient.

Mine is necessarily a woman's-eye view of Africa. Soapy and the other men in our parties were concerned with the political and economic problems of the new nations. I concerned myself with women's services and activities, with children, health and women's organizations.

The Africans that I met were sunny people with a quick, easy sense of humor and in many attitudes hardly distinguishable from Americans. But they are sensitive about their depressed past, and they resent the foreigner who does not recognize the great strides they have made in recent years. André Gide once said, "To free oneself is nothing. It is being free that is hard." Before independence, Africa's problems were its governors' problems—its white governors. Now each nation's own leaders must find solutions. Some of these leaders—formerly artists and poets, doctors and schoolteachers—are insufficiently prepared. But most are learning fast. They are trying to move their people faster on the road from primitive to advanced civilization than any peoples ever have been moved before.

Public health is going to be one of the most formidable roadblocks. Soapy's birthday happened to fall during our first trip, and when Africans learned he was 50, they looked at him as though he were a rarity. Seldom does an African live long enough for his hair to turn gray

In Somalia I saw a World Health Organization study indicating that three out of every four persons over 14 years of age have TB; by the time they reach 20, practically all have it. In Ethiopia, where water is frequently polluted and in any case must be carried long distances in jugs on the backs of women, murderous gastrointestinal diseases and malaria are widespread.

In Mali, Niger and Guinea, glaucoma and trachoma are joined by something called river blindness, a disease carried by a small fly. Most of the victims have never had any medical help, and there are whole villages where *everyone* is blind.

The Africans suffer an appalling lack of even the simplest medications. In Abéché, Chad, one morning, a cabinet minister was not feeling well, and I offered him an aspirin. He thought its effect miraculous, and was delighted when I gave him a bottle of aspirin out of my medical kit as a going-away gift. The kit, now available for State Department people on tropical missions, came into being after our first trip, during which I learned too late that not one of the 17 men along had packed anything more medicinal than shaving cream. I ran out of aspirin before we reached Africa, and everything from Band-Aids to bicarb long before our trip was done. Next time, with the help of a State Department doctor, I was prepared with a tin box that included 14 pounds of first-aid supplies, from elastic bandages to eyewash to relieve eyes smarting from sandstorm.

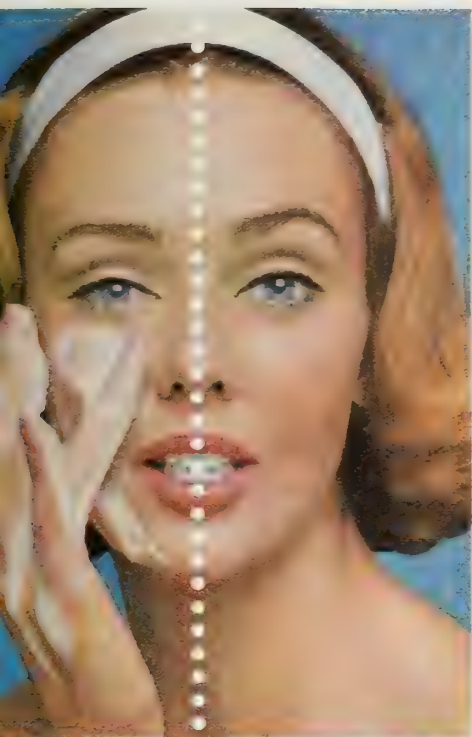
The shots we'd had before leaving home—typhus, polio, typhoid, smallpox and the rest—would protect us from any major disease. Not wanting to offend our hosts and curious about the local foods, I ate and drank everything—on the hopeful theory that no amoeba could get firmly entrenched in me in just five weeks. I returned home with four kinds of amoebae, but fortunately the State Department medical division confirmed my theory. After five days' treatment I was free of all of them again.

It is Africa's acute shortage of medical supplies, as a matter of fact, that gave our State Department a sensible answer to the question, "What do you give a country for a birthday present?" I can't imagine a more suitable choice than the mobile refrigerated health units that have been presented as Independence Day gifts to several new African nations. In Chad I watched one of these units in use. An Illinois doctor and his staff

(Continued on page 42)

Make this simple test:

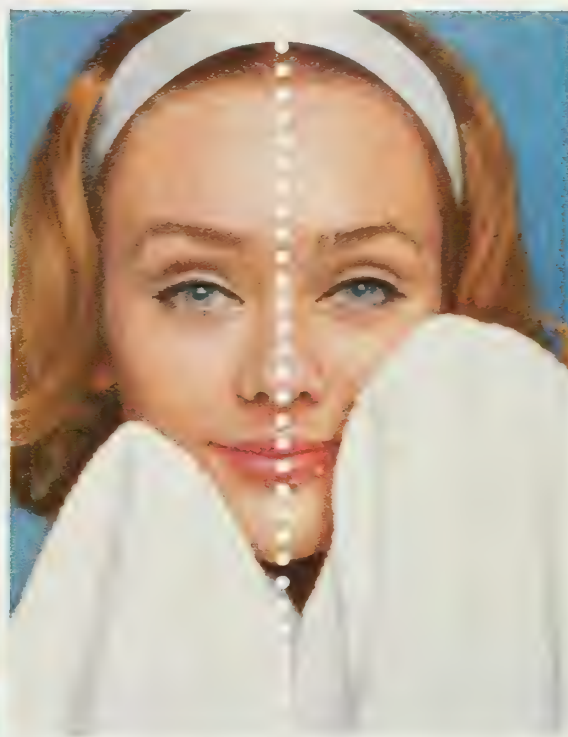
Prove Dove doesn't dry your skin the way soap can



Imagine a dotted line down the middle of your face—as you see in the picture. Then lather one side of your face with any soap.



2 Lather the other side of your face with Dove. Notice how much *richer* the Dove lather is. Dove *creams* your skin while you wash!



3 Rinse your face thoroughly. Gently pat dry with a towel. All finished? Now get ready for a real surprise.



4 Stroke the side of your face you lathered with soap. Notice how taut and *dry* your skin feels. It's a fact: soap can dry your skin.



5 Stroke the Dove-washed side. Your skin has a velvety, "just-creamed" feeling. Dove leaves skin softer, smoother than any soap.



6 Only Dove is $\frac{1}{4}$ cleansing cream. It creams your skin while you wash. Choose white Dove. Or new lightly scented Pink Dove.



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Formfit
Many Formfit styles are fashion
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ON CALLING to invite you to try on OCCUR! Once
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meaning for you. Welcome you! Avon Representative.

Wear OCCUR! in any of the delightful ways shown here. At first you'll be charmed by the wood, moss and floral notes. Then, as it unfolds on your skin, you'll revel in the scent of roses and jasmine. Next...an aura of mystery! Yes, this subtle, sophisticated, elegant fragrance creation is as complex and exciting as you are! No wonder Avon has called it OCCUR!—and created packages for it in chic, sleek black and frosted glass with a golden touch.

AVON cosmetics

RADIO CITY, NEW YORK

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of *infirmiers* [male nurses] made lab tests and gave inoculations to a long line of small children who otherwise might never in their lives have seen a doctor. These clinics-on-wheels can travel deep into the bush. They can also lighten the load of city hospitals such as Chad's Polyclinic, where gendarmes must sometimes be called out to line up the 3,000 patients who daily compete for the attention of four doctors.

The World Health Organization has done a remarkable job of training nurses and supervising hospital construction in Africa. But hospitals need staffs. Mali's famous West Africa Ophthalmological Hospital was so desperately short of trained personnel that its X-ray section had to be closed down for a time. In Libya, a nursing school for 60 girls, open since 1957, had only 10 students in the first-year class and only two in the second. In Libya, the woman's place is in the home. And in Mali, for the same reason, when nurses are to be found, they are usually men.

The doctor shortage is being approached in a bold manner, however. Medical assistants, who are more than nurses but less than doctors, are being trained at such places as Tanganyika's fine, free Princess Margaret Hospital, and sometimes fill in for temporarily absent doctors.

All over the continent local bush hospitals are springing up, dispensing new medicine and new hope. But when modern medicine fails, the people have a tendency to try the witch doctor. In more remote areas of Nigeria and Dahomey, we saw market booths displaying bits of hair and other charms for sale. In the interior you occasionally see the scarred forehead of a child who has had his skin lanced for fever or headaches, to "let the evil spirits out."

At a village women's meeting in Uganda, a small girl appeared with a bright-eyed baby on her back. I fell promptly in love with the child, and I held her all through the meeting. Afterward Doctor Dean of the British Royal Medical College told me that Uganda's infants are "the most magnificent babies in the world"—until, at two years or so, they are taken off the breast. He showed me a child I would have guessed had been badly burned. His skin was red, blistered, scarred, swollen with edema. Touching this sad little boy actually left a fingerprint. But it was not fire that had disfigured him, nor a virus, nor a parasite. His ailment, which countless other unlucky children share, is called *kwashiorkor*, and is caused by nothing more than lack of protein. Since being weaned, he had lived on the meager Uganda diet of tea and a sort of meal made from manioc—a starchy, protein-poor root. He ate no meat, no fish, no eggs, drank no milk. It was too late to help this child even if massive quantities of protein were added to his diet. He would probably not outlive his teens, for irreversible liver damage had already been done.

Doctor Dean has developed a meal—made from peanuts, dried milk, sugar and other ingredients—that looks like sawdust but is both palatable (more than I can say for the manioc I sampled) and protein-rich. But alas, Doctor Dean has found that the African mothers will use it only if it is given to them. It seems illogical to them to part with their cash—of which they have little enough—when they can step outside and dig up manioc roots, pound

(Continued on page 44)

Natives join Williams party in stroll on village street in Malagasy Republic.



stop basting!





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“QUILTED”
14" wide x 20'

“Quilted” Kaiser Foil does the basting for you !

Result: a turkey that's moist, tender and delicious. Thousands of tiny ridges trap the natural juices and return them to the meat. Look for the big red box—it costs no more than plain foil. **FREE BOOKLET** “100 Ways To Use ‘Quilted’® Brand Kaiser Foil” including wrapping, capping, baking, cooking and others. Write: Kaiser Foil Booklet, 274 Brannan St., San Francisco, Calif.



Floating's for soap... not Rubbermaid Sink Mats

Sink mats should protect sinks, china, and glassware. To do this, they've got to stay put. At the bottom of the sink, the way Rubbermaid does.

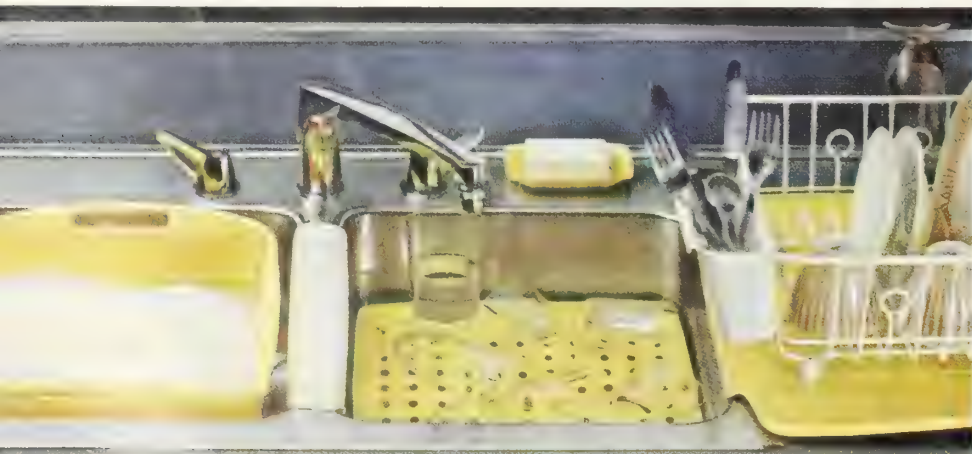
Unlike some look-alike products, Rubbermaid Sink Mats won't flip, flap or float. Won't warp or get gummy. Why? Rubbermaid uses the right material to do the job best.

No matter how much hot water washes over it—this is *the Mat* that

lasts; ignores strong detergents, acids, grease, day after day.

Drainage? The speediest. Good design does it: raised, ribbed underside, plus the right number of perforations, and a center cut-out for drain helps water flow out, fast. And—Rubbermaid stays the color you choose.

You get all these quality features *only from Rubbermaid*... don't settle for less.



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them with their crude utensils and cram the paste into their infar at no cost at all.

UNICEF, supported in part by the pennies dropped into paper cartons held out every Halloween by American trick-or-treaters, and the sale of UNICEF Christmas cards, is doing a great deal to supply powdered milk throughout Africa. So is the U.S. Government, which has put an important part of our Food-for-Peace effort into milk and grains—often more welcome than the widest highway or the grandest government building.

And in Niger we met the remarkable Doctor Ba, who has plowed his own money into a pilot project to demonstrate that you can raise chickens and turkeys on the southern border of the Sahara. Grafted fruit trees provide shade for the fowl, and if his experiment succeeds, a nation which consumes too little protein will be greatly strengthened. Just as important to cultivate will be a taste for eggs—which may in the end have to be taken as medicine, since many Africans do not seem to like them—and for vitamin-rich grapefruit and pineapples, which grow wild but frequently rot uneaten.

Starchy yams, plantain, field corn and manioc are the mainstay everywhere. Meat is rare in central Africa—the deadly tsetse fly seen to that. But even where cattle strains resistant to sleeping sickness survive, they are often employed as status symbols. The Masai, for example, would rather starve than eat their cattle. Other places, cattle are a type of money and can be exchanged for wives.

Water is another tremendous public-health problem. In Tunisia, water for one community we visited is trucked from nearly 40 miles away. Yet the community fronts on a vast visible water supply—the Mediterranean Sea. If efforts to transform seawater cheaply into fresh are successful, the lives of these people will be transformed.

They want an education, but few can afford it.

Africa is also a school-starved continent. The American parent often takes a college education for his child for granted. The African parent cannot even be sure of a third-grade education for his child. In Kenya, where the average annual income is \$60—slightly more than the U.S. minimum wage for a week—\$3.50 per year for school tuition is so great a bite that usually only the oldest son ever attends. Villagers sometimes contribute pennies to send the village's brightest child to a distant secondary school. There is no need to "sell" education to Africans. They have all seen the one person in the village who has gone to elementary school for three or four years rise to a position of prominence—perhaps village clerk. As with a new clinic, the minute an elementary school opens its doors, it is filled.

This year 300,000 more African children are attending school than last year. In Liberia the government supplies the teachers, and the villages construct the schoolhouses. Ghana today has more than two thirds of its primary-age children in school. But still only 10% of all Africans can read and write. And in all of Niger—population about 2.6 million—only 26,000 youngsters are receiving any schooling at all. There are shortages of books, teachers and space. In one classroom we saw an incredible total of 115 young faces. The lucky ones sat at desks—the others sat cross-legged on the bare floor.

What Africa is trying to get away from, at headlong speed, is a past in which the most many an African was allowed to learn was to "read, write and take orders." Indeed, when independence came to the Congo, there were only 12 college-trained Congolese men on hand to assume national responsibilities. When Tanganyika achieved independence, only two Tanganyikans held law degrees, and there were 500 international documents and agreements to be drafted.

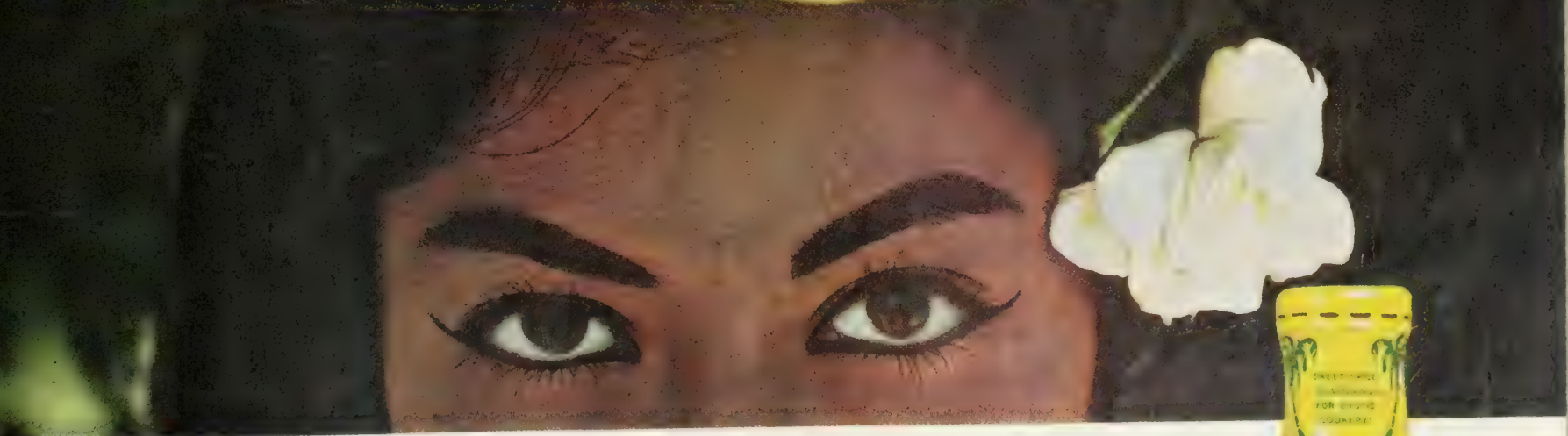
Difficult as it has been for the African boy to get an education, it has been a dozen times more difficult for even the ablest African girl. There has been so little education to go around that what little there was went automatically to the males. Women were, in many areas, little more than beasts of burden anyway. Now the ratio of girls in schools is rising. But only in comparatively prosperous Uganda, where more people can afford the 40 shillings (\$5.60) a year tuition, did I find a class where girls (21) outnumbered boys (18).

African adults, too, are trying to catch up. In Somalia, at a school of domestic science, I found myself staring with surprise at several of the charming students in starched white aprons and checked uniforms. They were wives of officials, and I had met them at a function at the embassy the night before. Their subjects? Sewing, nutrition and knife-and-fork etiquette, and reading and arithmetic.

Education and equal rights for women are revolutionary ideas in Africa, and do not readily take hold everywhere. In many areas women are still bought and sold into marriage. Wives are becoming more expensive to maintain, but polygamy is not uncommon. It is often said, however, that the one who most wants the

(Continued on page 46)

UNEXPECTED!



The taste is subtle, and wild; spicy, and sweet—unmistakably Polynesian. Meats, fish and vegetables take on an exotic, new flavor. Season your favorite dishes with the unexpected—Kraft South Seas Sauce. It's deliciously different.

New from Kraft - South Seas Sauce

Mauna Loa Chicken. Place cut-up broiler-fryer in baking dish. Cover with 1 cup Kraft South Seas Sauce. Bake at 350°, 1 hour. Serves 4. More good recipe ideas come right on the bottle. Sweet-spice seasoning for exotic cookery





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AFRICA'S STRUGGLE (Continued from page 44)

second wife is the first. The reasons are practical. A wife not only cooks the meals but generally raises the vegetables and chops kindling for the cookfire. The only laborsaving device she is likely to acquire in her lifetime is a second wife.

Many other ancient customs are still present in modern Africa. Chadian women pierce one nostril to wear a small gold ornament. Some Senegalese women tattoo their lips and gums in blue, and though the tattooing must have been painful, the result is not unattractive. Many men wear tribal scars—signs of manhood made by filling cuts with ashes so they will heal in a raised welt. President Tombalbaye of Chad, who bears such scars, is urging his people to abandon the practice. The now rare, often laughed-at Ubangi lips, incidentally, were not for beauty. I understand the original intent was to make women less attractive to slave traders of the "civilized" western and Arab countries.

It is to be hoped that at least one aspect of Africa's culture—its hospitality—will not yield to modern living. The chauffeur for one U.S. embassy told us, "You must come home with me and meet my family. We drank ginger beer and orange pop (the favorite drinks of most Africans) in the cordial atmosphere of his neat and clean, but almost barren apartment. By contrast, in Morocco we dined sumptuously on a multi-course feast, or *diffa*, seated beside a fountain in a room of Arabian splendor. Barbecued sheep was followed by a pastry with pigeon wings by the pigeons themselves, then a chicken in lemon sauce, and finally *cous-cous*—that mold of farina bits with vegetables that always comes to mind when we think of North African cooking. Eating *cous-cous* is an art I have yet to master; you take it in the three fingers of your right hand, shake it until it forms a ball, then flip it into your mouth.

In sad contrast are those nations whose philosophy remains, "The woman's place is with the wet wash." Soon, I hope, their leaders will realize that they are holding back their nations' growth by failing to use women in the many areas where they could help raise living standards—in nursing, teaching and social work.

We need the best possible people representing us at the difficult African posts, and we're getting these people more and more. The kind of unwelcome American typified by the wife who would not shake hands with an African unless she was wearing gloves—an appalling thing on a continent where warmhearted women like personal contact and often put their arms around you in welcome—is fast disappearing.

Basically, African nations will have to help themselves, to provide for themselves as we did in the days when we were a colony, and many including Americans, were declaring that we were not prepared for independence. But we can help Africa too—through individual contacts, and through such organized efforts as technical assistance, Food for Peace and the Peace Corps.

It would be wonderful if that beautiful baby I held in a Ugandan village could be spared the miseries of poverty, hunger, ignorance and disease. It may already be too late for her to enjoy in her lifetime the good health and good schooling we in America take for granted. But if we and the Africans do our parts together, her children will. • EN

Girl in Nyasaland greets Gov. Williams after presenting flowers to his wife.



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Makes 3 to 4 dozen.

Eat 'em fresh! Chocolate Chip and 7 other cookies...all home-baked



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Sorting laundry is easy since I have put a Polly Flex hamper in each bedroom. My family is neater, too, since I don't have to "pick-up" after them all the time. And with colorful matching Polly Flex waste baskets the whole house is easier to keep clean. I'm sold on the durable Polly Flex quality—its rigid construction keeps its shape and the colors are lovely.



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No. 220 Hamper in yellow, white, pink, turquoise or copper. 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ " wide, 17 $\frac{1}{16}$ " high. Rigid lugged cover.

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Why do husbands...



... hate to part with old clothes, play the hi-fi
full blast, have a thing about women drivers?

BY LILLIAN REINHARD

Husbands are strange creatures, and often their peculiarities—even when lovable—can be quite perplexing. I've made a study of husbandly eccentricities, and I've got some answers.

Why do husbands hate to part with their old clothes? I'll tell you why—because it makes it necessary for them to wear something at least presentable to play golf in, or for a patio cookout. If I don't check how my husband is dressed, he will leave the house looking like an evacuee from a disaster area. He will dress for the golf course as if he were going to explore the crawl space under the house. Later, I will find he has crawled under the house in his best \$30 slacks. He will also paint in his \$30 slacks and his best sport shirt. When I say something like "You're not going to paint in those clothes, are you?" he shifts the responsibility by replying, "I can't find my old paint clothes. You probably threw them out." Of course I didn't throw them out, but how could I have been so unreasonable as to not hang them in the closet along with his good clothes? How can a man be expected to find things if his wife keeps hiding them in the same place?

While on the subject of men's apparel, may I say I think something should be done about those stretch

belts men wear. At least my husband wears them. He loves them. With them he can create a dream, an illusion. Year after year, he goes on adding inches to his girth, at the same time deluding himself that he is not getting any bigger. "See!" he chirps happily to me. "My belt is still in the same notch it has always been." Of course it is—but it is stretched full capacity between the buckle and the notch.

Why do husbands refuse to believe women are better drivers than men? Automobile-insurance statistics indicate we are because we have fewer accidents than men drivers do. Whenever I point out one of these statistical statements to my husband, he goes into a long harangue. "Well," he begins, "the whole thing is figured on the basis of the percentage of women drivers, as opposed to the number of men drivers, and does not take into consideration that not only are there a lot more men drivers but they drive so many more miles than women do, per person." Does that make sense? Then he has the nerve to add, "Besides, women drivers cause a lot of accidents they aren't actually involved in."

Furthermore, he has no faith in my driving. When I am behind the wheel, and he is in the (Continued on page 50)

Makeshift...



or Medical



Can a woman be assured with a douche from the kitchen shelf?

If you've been douching with vinegar or other makeshift kitchen mixtures that may irritate delicate tissues, change to a refreshing preparation medically formulated to serve its special purpose safely!

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Dissolved in water, it forms a cosmetically-fragrant, wonderfully refreshing douche that is more penetrating, deodorizing and antiseptically cleansing than any makeshift mixture can be. Safer and more assuring, too! Instantly, you feel a tingling-cool, relaxing inner cleanliness. You know you're protected. And you have additional protection because Massengill Powder stays effective hours longer.

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Clorox® gets out dirt detergents leave in!

Detergents alone can't wash out ground-in body dirt. You need the added cleaning power of Clorox bleach. Moral: Don't ask detergent to do a Clorox job!

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One-Step is an entirely new method of floor care from the maker of Armstrong Floors. It combines a hard-working detergent (for a spring-cleaning-clean floor) . . . special polishes (to leave a sparkling, protective shine). Just pour out One-Step, run a damp sponge mop over the floor . . . the detergent gets right down and loosens the dirt so it comes up into your mop where you can rinse it away. The long-lasting polish stays on the floor.

Armstrong

AN ENTIRELY
NEW METHOD
OF FLOOR
CARE FROM
Armstrong

	ONE-STEP	OLD WAY
Sweeping	5 min.	3 min.
Removing black marks	2 min.	2 min.
Cleaning or scrubbing	—	21 min.
Drying after scrubbing	—	15 min.
Applying	11 min.	8 min.
	18 min.	47 min.

Final drying time is the same for both methods.

WHY DO HUSBANDS? (Continued from page 48)

seat beside me, he gives the impression I am really only going through the motions of driving, doing the simple things, such as steering. I am a data-processing machine, while he is feeding me all the data. "OK, honey, go ahead! Watch out for that car! Better pull over a little more! Watch it! You'd better not try it! Give him the horn! Slow down! Now turn here! Not here—it's the next turn. Watch out!" I sometimes think that, along with seat belts, cars should also have "mouth belts" as an added safety factor.

What should you do about your husband's old magazines? Never, never throw them out without first giving him a sporting chance to do it himself.

When they have accumulated to the point that the hall closet can no longer be used, that is the time for action. Bribe the children to help you, and carry them all out and stack them just inside the back door. When hubby sees them there, he will say something like "Say! What do you think you are doing with my magazines? You weren't thinking about throwing them out, were you?" To this you reply, "Of course not, darling. Only the ones you no longer want." This will push him into making a decision about them. To carry them all back to the safety of the closet seems like a lot of work. Besides, he now questions the security of the old stacking place. He may decide to retrieve the ones he wants to keep before they all end up in the incinerator.

Of course, if you are married to a man who never throws away anything, then you will have to wrestle every odd cuff link, odd glove, old sweater and hat away from him forcibly.

My husband is keeping, among other such useful things, an almost-empty can of touch-up paint for a car we sold three years ago. Not only does he not throw away anything; he has a file system in his head of everything that I have thrown away, given away or sold, and he never lets me forget it.

When we were first married, he had in his possession a black derby which had been his father's. It didn't fit my husband, but he was very proud of it. About every five years he would take it out and try it on. He kept it in a big hatbox which took up the better part of the shelf of one average-size closet.

After a few years, to conserve space, I put the derby in a paper sack. It became a little dented in the sack and was pushed back farther in the closet.

One day, in a fit of housecleaning, I took it to the basement. There it lay for months, turning green with mildew, until it was finally thrown out. To this day my husband will get a look on his face, much like that of a small boy whose dog has disappeared, and mutter, "I wonder whatever became of my derby!"

I am beginning to feel like a monster who has separated a mother and child. The next time I run across a black derby in some rummage sale I am going to buy it for him. What if it doesn't fit? He would never know the difference.

My husband always notices obscure rattles in the car. I am blissfully unaware of them until he brings them to my attention. We will be riding along, with him driving, of course, and suddenly he'll say, "Press your hand right there on the glove-compartment door! No—farther up. There! Now, move it

down! Hmm! Look in the glove compartment and see if there's a opener rattling in there. No? I can't figure out what that rattle

Until then I hadn't noticed the a rattle. Now it sounds like the some empty cans loose in back instrument panel. The search goes on and is not abandoned until the rattle is found—even though we'll have the next 50 miles searching it out.

In familiar territory, such as a run to the library, I don't mind. On a vacation trip, however, I find it a little frustrating, as I see very little of the scenery along the way.

It is much the same with the stereo. I will be sitting there, seemingly right in the middle of a full orchestra at full volume, trying to read. My husband will make a circuit of the room, checking all the speakers. Then he will go over, reach around in back of the turntable cabinet and turn a switch or flip a switch or something. Then he will go back and sit in his "on target" spot on the sofa. This is the spot he calls the prime listening area, where he imagines the sound is the best. Then he will shout across the room to me, "Will you come here a minute, right there!" He pats the seat beside him. "Now listen!" he says with excitement of discovery. "Hear that? Does that sound like that speaker working right? Do you feel that? That's a phase shift in the right channel setting up a harmonic distortion you never noticed that before in that recording. I hope that doesn't mean there's a bad condenser, or something."

Until then I had thought the stereo was very good—a little loud, but good—the recording all right. Perhaps I should explain that my husband keeps telling me to "educate" my ear, but I like music just as it is, uneducated. He can't tell me to the sound, including any distortion, harmonic or otherwise. I listen to music. The only other choice I have is to leave not only the house but the neighborhood.

Since this modern method of listening has come into our home I find I have more. Perhaps it is because it is no longer possible to carry on a conversation except by lip-reading or sign language. How can I compete with trombones and 110 cornets, no mention the thunder of at least 100 drums at full volume? How can I hear above the 1812 Overture, the cannons shaking the whole neighborhood until the foundation is cracked and the pictures assume a crooked angle?

I can understand very little of the hi-fi stereo jargon about decibels, frequencies and crossover networks, but when my husband says that the little tweeters are capable of putting out sounds too high for the human ear to hear, then I say, "Good! Let's get more little tweeters."

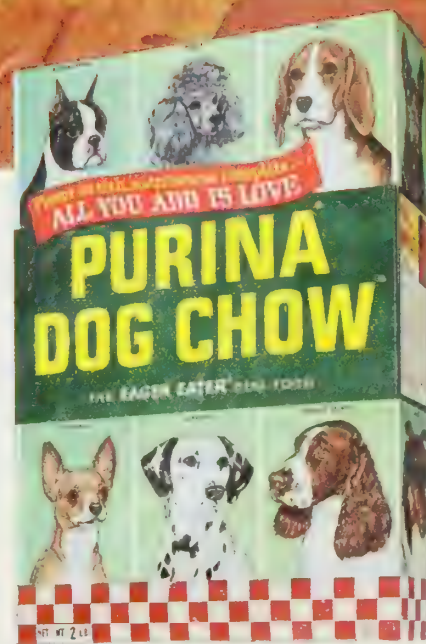
Why do husbands believe their wives are out to deceive them with their cooking? I can understand the natural suspicion most men have of casseroles, but I'm not talking about casseroles. I mean foods such as fried chicken, lemon pie and pot roast. I consistently use the same recipes (even though I am longing to try new ones) because this is the way he likes his fried chicken, lemon pie and pot roast. Still, occasionally he will taste something I have prepared, give me an injured look and say, "This isn't quite like you usually make it. What" (Continued on page



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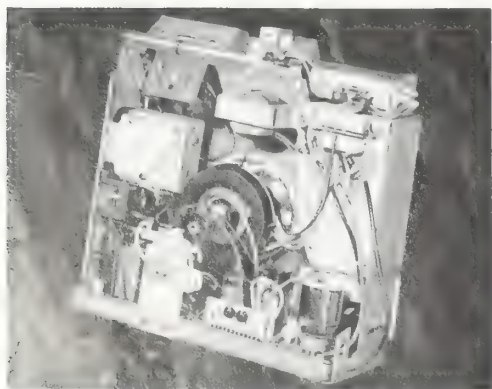




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(overall diagonal)



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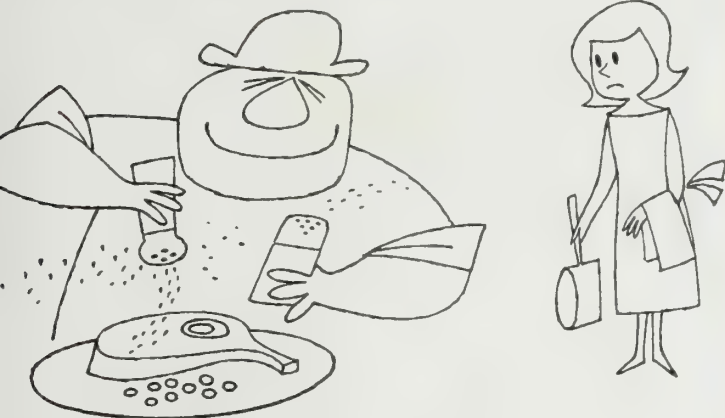
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do different?" I haven't done differently, and stand ready to it. Besides, I think it tastes like it always does, and I say he is not convinced, and sulks. "I don't know why, when something I like, you have to change the recipe."

I tried for years to convince my that to put salt on everything tastes it is an insult to any I he should be challenged to a doing it. I have been tempted his lemon pie upside down on or doing it to me. But he goes salting everything before he He argues, "Why taste it? 's not seasoned enough."

have been a few times in our when I have accidentally put salt in some food, and I gleech him salt it again and I don't d. Would he admit it was too ever! He just goes ahead and d then drinks gallons of water l. If I inquire, "Didn't you e stew was a little too salty, e will say, "No, that's the way You can't win. The best you for is an amicable draw.

o most husbands hate to write Does a man believe he has shed ation to write letters the day I do!?" I think he does.

dn't write my husband's fam- would never know if he had the latest newscast. So I write etters, after which he reads its them, even corrects my nd suggests different phrasing. e, in this way, he feels he has ed something, as when he t to me the spot I missed when the kitchen ceiling. When I f he would like to add a note nd of a letter to one of the children, he takes the paper with pen poised and brow fur- half an hour and then writes, other never leaves me any- ay. Love, Dad."

on't husbands ever listen to us talk? It isn't that I chatter ly. I really don't. I can be as anybody. But occasionally I'd heard.

to tell my husband something ying to tell the door-to-door esman that I don't want any -he just isn't listening. To r point, here is a conversation and I had recently.

n. "The exterminators were y, dear." I know this is con- the advised way of greeting a band at the end of the day— he should be anesthetized double Martinis. I hope first s attention and then anesthe- ater when he is in shock from

hearing about the dentist's bill. A man can stand only so much.

"They were?" he asks vaguely. As usual he isn't listening. He is conducting a wild search of his dresser drawers. "Did you see anything of a package, so big, that I brought home a few days ago? I was sure I put it in here. What were you saying, dear?"

"I said the exterminators were here. They say all the main joists are honeycombed and it's a wonder the floors—"

"Where could I have put that... and Fred is picking me up in fifteen minutes to go fishing. Are you sure you didn't see it?" He looks at me accusingly, no doubt thinking of that derby.

"What is it you are looking for? If you'd just tell me!"

"It's a doohickey to put on your line to retrieve your bait, in case you get it snagged on something. It's about this big (he measures with his fingers), and it was on a card. How things disappear so fast around here I'll never know. Go on, what were you saying? Something about the floors?"

"Why don't you look in your tackle box?" I suggest. "Wouldn't that be the logical place for you to put it?" Now I follow him to the kitchen. He is headed for the broom closet and his tackle box. "I was trying to tell you what the exterminators said, if you'll stand still for five minutes —"

"Here it is! This is it—see! You tie on a line here, then you thread your casting line down through this slot and let it follow your line down to the snag. Then you keep working this first line up and down and these things release your bait. There's a lot of snags out there at this place, and I lost a good plug last week. Now, what was that about the floors again? Didn't we just have the carpeting cleaned? Oh, oh, there's Fred! Hurry up, honey, make it short!"

"Oh, go on and go fishing, it will keep." Of course it will keep. If those honeycombed joists have stood this long, I guess the house will not fall in tonight. Why spoil a man's fishing. I want him to relax. I should have waited to tell him another time. He will get to thinking about what I said and worry about it all evening.

Later that night, after we are in bed and he is about to fall asleep, he asks drowsily, "Honey, did you remember to call the exterminators?"

Didn't I say he'd worry?

Why do husbands put up with wives like me? Just a minute, I'll ask mine. "Here's your chance, dear. Wouldn't you like to add something in rebuttal to this, right here at the end?"

He sits for several minutes with pen poised, then finally: "My wife never leaves me anything to say." •END



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Of course! That's Teenique's big talent. This Color Conditioner brings out the best in your *own* hair color without changing it. Puts back beauty that's been shampooed and weathered away. Teenique makes your hair prettier.

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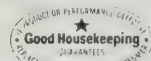
Q Is it easy to use?

A Applying Teenique is just as easy as shampooing your hair. Takes only 15 minutes. What happens if you leave Teenique on longer? Doesn't matter. (Go ahead, answer the phone.) Teenique turns itself off automatically.

Q Which shade do I pick?

A Pick the shade nearest your own from 12 Teenique Color-Tones. (If there's any question, choose the lighter shade.) Trust Teenique to do the beautiful rest! 2.00 PLUS TAX

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*Prettier hair without color change...
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ENCHANTED CHILD

Ceci's life was short, but her bright enchantment will last forever.

When Ceci was born in June that year, I was a little appalled at anything so fragile as her seven pounds. Our first baby, Toby, had been a nine-pounder.

Ceci was always a darling baby, but during the next summer she suddenly became beautiful. I took both children to grandmother's on Cape Ann in Massachusetts. We left with prickly heat, returned in September with two bronzed blondes, and Ceci was beautiful. Once she had learned to walk, she ran, and she followed Toby everywhere. Her constant companion was a terry-cloth-stuffed dog, and when it had to be washed, she would stand sobbing under the laundry line waiting for it to dry.

The summer she was two, we went again to Cape Ann. Ceci was enchanted with boats, the ocean, the sea gulls, Toby and her dog. I took them home to Washington at vacation's end by train, squashed into a roomette with a four-year-old, a two-year-old, and another baby due in November.

In late October, when I was beginning to listen for internal rumblings, Ceci began to complain of "tummy-ache." At first we called it "Ceci's labor pains," since she never complained very much or for very long. But when the new baby was four days overdue, Ceci shot a sudden temperature and our pediatrician asked us to take her to Children's Hospital for tests. It was late at night by the time we got there, and suddenly I began to feel frightened. The surgeon whom our doctor called in consulted with the radiologist just beyond our earshot, while technicians began setting up tests. Our doctor told us cautiously that there seemed to be something wrong with the right kidney. Neither of us could believe that anything was really the matter with our rosy, bouncing Ceci. I was not allowed in the X-ray room because of my expected baby, but I could look in and see the little blue-pajamaed figured, being so good about the needles.

The tests indicated that they must do a cystoscopic examination under anesthesia. This was scheduled for the next morning. I stayed overnight with Ceci. They put a card on her bed saying NOTHING BY MOUTH. When I explained it to her, she said, "No, no, by the hair on my chinny chin chin!" and stopped requesting food and drink.

A kidney specialist had been called in. He told us that the kidney was imbedded in a tumor mass, and that they must operate the next day, probably removing the kidney. Much stress was laid on the fact that many people have but one kidney, that Ceci's left kidney was healthy. Still it did not occur to me what the word "tumor" could mean.

My husband describes what happened to us as "shifting into neutral." We could not allow our minds to take the next step. We sat for three hours in the waiting room during the operation—in neutral.

When the surgeon came up, he said Ceci had come through beautifully. Now it was a question of waiting for the pathology report. I stayed with her until she came out of anesthesia, and then the combined forces of surgeon, husband and obstetrician sent me home to get along with the business of producing our other, overdue, forgotten baby. Fortunately it happened almost immediately, but my last thought in the delivery room before going under was that if it should be a girl, it meant that Ceci was going to die. The lab report came back "malignant" a few hours before Anne was born.

Ceci and Anne and I all came home on the same day. I had not seen Ceci since they sent

me bodily home from her bedside. In two short weeks she had changed from a chubby, radiant baby to a lovely, shadowy child, whose enormous sherry-colored eyes had an expression which looked as if she had already begun to leave us. Still I could not accept it. The radiologist was giving her a series of X rays, and the one hope they could extend to us was that if the disease did not spread during one year, she could be pronounced 100 percent cured.

Once she was home, she began to pick up and bloom again. As we watched her stoking away food and running after her adored Toby, we could not put the brake on hope.

In February, three months after her operation, she began to lose color, and her vitality dimmed. Not long after that she awoke crying in the night, and the X rays ordered the next day showed the disease had spread. Nothing more could be done.

In June, the surgeon told us it was only a matter of weeks. We went on through the days, crushing codeine tablets in applesauce, trying to help Toby understand why Ceci could not play. We had become so numb that we could not have told if the sun shone, or when it was night and when it was day. Ceci and Toby still shared a room, but one evening when her breathing became so difficult we knew it would distress him, we made her as comfortable as possible in a little room near ours, with her stuffed animals—Peter Rabbit and the ragged doggy that was now nothing more than a shred of gray terry cloth. I remember we sat a moment with her before turning out the light, talking about what we could have on the morning tray. "I will have ginger ale, and orange juice, and milk, and water," she told me solemnly. I kissed her, and as I went to get ready for bed I heard her father say gently to her, "Why are you looking at me like that, Ceci?" as she followed him about the room with her great eyes. In the morning I awoke to such quiet that I think I knew before I went in what had happened. She was lying on her side, with her cheeks still warm and slightly pink, in a sleep that would last forever.

The doctor came immediately. When he left her room he put his hands on my shoulders and said, "It was the best." And I know it was. I think I had dreaded more than anything the hypodermic needles and horror we thought it must become; and as a dear friend wrote us: "How like Ceci, to die in her sleep instead."

There were so many things about Ceci that I look back on now as being somehow unusually enchanting, almost as if she were meant to live a lifetime in three years. Particularly I remember one of the last evenings, when I carried her outside to see a sunset cloud, a great pouf on the horizon. Ceci gazed at it a long time, then with her eyes still fixed on it she said firmly, "It's mine."

We have two more children, both of them boys and the youngest very like Ceci. Toby often says how much Ceci would like it in the suburbs, where we now live, and how she would love the little boys. We are a closer-knit family, I think, because of what we have been through. We have our nice home, four healthy children, a fifth on the way and we have the three years of Ceci which nothing can take from us.

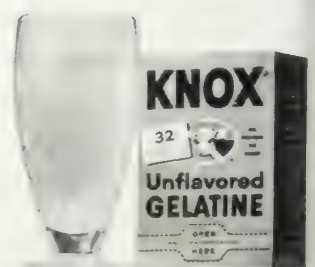
I cannot help feeling that we should not be bitter that Ceci went so soon. Rather we should be grateful with all our hearts that it was our privilege to be given her in the first place. It is a blessing beyond any we shall ever have again. —SHIRLEY G. GOODRICH

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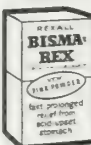


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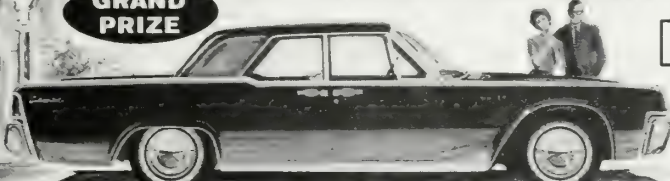
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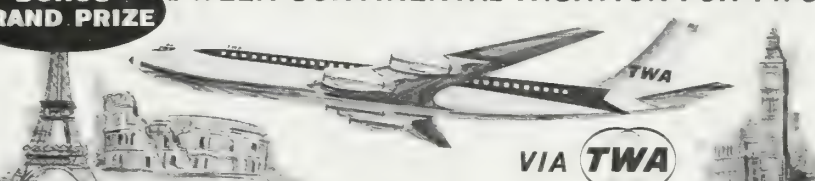
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Before selecting a nursery school:

STOP, LOOK & LISTEN



During quiet time at Greenwich, Conn., Center, a model nursery school, Jean Caturani, a volunteer helper, watches jigsaw puzzlers. As always, a qualified teacher is nearby.

The woman on the phone was shrilly upset. Her two-and-a-half-year-old child had come home from the nursery school with black-and-blue marks on her body. Her ears had been boxed, and she had also been locked in a closet. "I went to get my money back this morning, and I swear that woman is crazy," the caller said.

Taking notes at the other end of the line, Cornelia Goldsmith was angry but not surprised. As ex-director of the New York City Health Department's Day Care Division, she was quite familiar with the nursery school in question.

Later Miss Goldsmith learned much more. The school's owner was indeed psychopathic. She had lost her daughter and decided that she had a mission to serve all children—at a price. Her two school buildings were jammed indiscriminately with the normal, the retarded and the crippled. Some of her teachers were underpaid alcoholic women. They were kept in debt so they couldn't escape. A handyman was indicted for sodomy and endangering the morals of two minors.

Yet despite these outrages Miss Goldsmith and her associates had trouble gathering firm evidence that the nursery school was violating the city code. For instance, they were sure that the school contained more children than the law allowed. But whenever they descended on the place—even without warning—the owner somehow succeeded in spiriting the excess children from one building to the other through a basement passage. On occasion she even loaded children into a station wagon and had them driven around the city for hours until the inspectors left.

"It took us more than two years to close the place," Miss Goldsmith recalls. "I think it was the worst case we ever had."

Nevertheless, the case was not an isolated one. While there are many good nursery schools, day-care centers and play groups in the United States today, there is a disturbing number of such schools in which small children are exposed to physical harm or serious personality damage. These are constantly being discovered by legal authorities.

For instance, a small nursery school within a few miles of my home had to be closed recently because it was a firetrap.

The play yard of a city nursery school was found to be covered with broken glass and rusted metal.

Lacking a room in which to isolate children who fell sick, one nursery-school director simply telephoned the mothers and then parked the ill children on the front doorstep to await pickup.

In a large city day-care center the children were forced to nap for two hours in iron cribs originally bought for infants. The children slept either doubled up like jackknives or with their legs sticking out between the bars.

In another center the children were required to form into a line at the start of every new activity. City authorities called it the "lining-up school."

In several schools the children were not allowed to speak during luncheon.

And then there is the strange case of a New England day-care center that has for some time been "graduating" an unusual number of emotionally disturbed children. State and local educators admit that various things could account for this, but they still have a nagging suspicion that something odd is going on in the center itself.

"The conditions under which our children are cared for in groups are often disgraceful," says Miss Goldsmith, who is also editor of the National Association for Nursery Education's quarterly journal. "They have reached serious proportions for several reasons."

Most people think that nursery schools, day-care centers, day nurseries and play groups are different things. As a result, they do not relate the abuses they hear about to one group to those they hear about in another group. But they are related.

Early-childhood educators are generally agreed that, no matter what the groups call themselves, all are essentially the same in that they provide protection and education for children from about three through five for most of the day.

The feeling is widespread that parents who send their children to nursery schools are shirking their responsibilities. Of course, a few are," says Mrs. M. Hamilton, day-care consultant for the Connecticut Department of Welfare. "The truth is that the use of nursery schools is not limited to the children of women who are trying to run away or have to work."

Many women have emotional or social problems that necessitate sending their children to nursery school. Others are anxious to give their children a chance to play with other children. Still others recognize that a good nursery school can give their children a head start on their education. And some naturally want a few hours' respite from the pressures of modern life.

Many teachers lack training

"Parents generally assume that a woman who works with little children must have a good heart and of course will see to it that 'everything is all right' at nursery school," says Elizabeth Vernon, who this year succeeded Miss Goldsmith as head of the New York City Day Care Division. "As a consequence, they often put their children in a nursery school without bothering to find out whether the director and teachers really have good hearts and, equally important, whether they understand children and can work effectively with them."

But parental beliefs to the contrary, the majority of nursery-school teachers have little training or experience in early-childhood education. Moreover, many nursery schools are so small or unobtrusive that they escape the notice of authorities and associations concerned with the need for higher standards. At the same time state and local efforts to set and enforce even minimum health, fire and educational standards for nursery schools are often inadequate and inconsistent.

Fortunately remedial action is being taken as a result of 1962 Social Security amendments which provide money to states that require licensing of day-care facilities and the establishment of minimum standards. Some states which have no standards for preschool groups are working on them, though sometimes in desultory fashion. Other states with existing yardsticks are making improvements.

"Effective enforcement of the law takes time," state leaders agree. Confronted with what has happened in New York City, which is generally conceded to have done the best job of raising standards.

New York's Day Care Division has been licensing nursery schools. (Continued on page 61)

By Stanley Schuler

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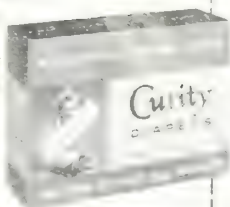
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STOP, LOOK & LISTEN (Continued from page 60)

schools of all kinds for 20 years. The code it works under has few loopholes. For instance, it stipulates that any person in charge of a group of children must be a licensed or certified early-childhood-education teacher or must be in the process of becoming one. The staff of educators, social workers, pediatricians and public-health nurses is close-knit and experienced. And yet Miss Vernon and Miss Goldsmith freely admit that their work is far from over.

One unfinished job is to license the city’s “family day care” groups (those that are run in private homes for five children or less). Another is to get the evidence that will close several nursery schools that the division considers dangerous. And a third, which never ends, is to keep watch for people “who are always willing to take advantage of little children.”

“The only real answer,” says Miss Goldsmith, “is for parents to learn what makes a good nursery school.”

Recently I visited the nursery school run by the Greenwich (Conn.) Center for Child and Family Service. Although partially supported by the Community Chest, it takes both rich and poor children. The up to 52 three-, four- and five-year-olds who attend are divided by age into two morning groups, two afternoon groups and one all-day group. Each group has a teacher and assistant teacher.

Dorothy Van Buren, the small, graying, bouncy head teacher, showed me through the substantial brick building that houses the school in downtown Greenwich. The rooms occupied by the half-day groups were big, colorful and sunny. Each was crammed with toys and furniture, had an adjoining bathroom with two unpartitioned, child-size toilets. The whole place looked well scrubbed, well worn, comfortable.

Our quick tour ended in the large, partially paved yard behind the building. There the all-day four- and five-year-old group that Miss Van Buren teaches had been slowly assembling since eight o’clock.

In the hour and a half that followed, Miss Van Buren and an assistant, Marion Burke, made only a casual effort to organize group or individual activity. But the children—two girls and eight boys (five other boys and girls were absent)—kept themselves busy.

Occasionally a couple of the boys got into a scuffle, but one or the other of the teachers quickly but quietly moved in between them.

“What color is the circle?”

About 10:30 the group moved into their large, bright playroom. A bathroom was at one end; a large, open storeroom stacked with play equipment was at the other. Chocolate milk and cookies constituted the first order of business indoors. Then the children assembled on the rug that covered part of the asphalt-tile floor to listen to a story and to sing. This was followed by the day’s only clear-cut educational period.

Miss Van Buren, who has master’s degrees in psychology and early-childhood education, had sometime previously constructed a kind of display panel for teaching colors, shapes and words. “What color is the circle, Billy?” she asked. . . . “And what’s the name over it, Malcolm? . . . And if you cut the rectangle in two, what would you have, Tommy?” So the questioning continued. “We’re not trying to force the children to read,” Miss Van Buren told me later. “They come along at their own speed.

But we definitely feel that nursery has an obligation to help set the pattern for future intellectual growth. So we encourage the children’s curiosity and activity.”

The rest of the morning went by in Play time. Quiet time. (It was quiet in the sense that the children were at tables with construction toys and not on the floor.) Luncheon.


The Greenwich Center more than met every requirement for a good nursery school. In addition, it was delighted to have my visit. This is a key point.

“The absolute number-one requirement for parents before they select a nursery school or day-care group for a child is that they see the school in operation,” says Miss Goldsmith. “If the school says, ‘No, don’t disturb the children,’ or ‘Yes, but you can come only at such and such an hour,’ it’s not a good school. Children in a well-run nursery school are not bothered by unobtrusive visitors.”

Miss Vernon adds: “The present questioning, trusting attitude of parents toward nursery schools must change. A mother should put a child into a prearranged group of any kind until she investigates that group thoroughly and determines it is right for that particular child.”

15 Signs of a Good Nursery School or Day-Care Center

1. The school is licensed by the state.
2. The school carries liability insurance.
3. The building is in sound condition.
4. Each child has at least 35 square feet of floor space in the playroom; 100 square feet in a play yard that is protected from the street.
5. One toilet and one washbowl are provided for every ten children.
6. Furniture is child-size and sturdy.
7. Play equipment is varied and stored on shelves that the children can reach.
8. The school has first-aid supplies, a physician it can call, and an isolation room for sick children.
9. Before admission each child is required to have a physical examination and be immunized against smallpox, polio, diphtheria and whooping cough.
10. Each group has a head teacher, an assistant teacher, and one or the other of them is with the children at all times. No group has more than 20 three-year-olds; no more than 10 four-year-olds; no more than 20 five-year-olds.
11. Head teachers are graduates of four-year college and have majored in early childhood education, or they are comparable in such training.
12. At the start of the school year parents are expected to stay at school with their children until the children feel secure.
13. If the school is a cooperative, the parents learn and work under the direction of an experienced professional teacher.
14. The school program is varied and fully planned, and the children are encouraged to be creative.
15. The children’s voices are natural and they seem absorbed and happy.



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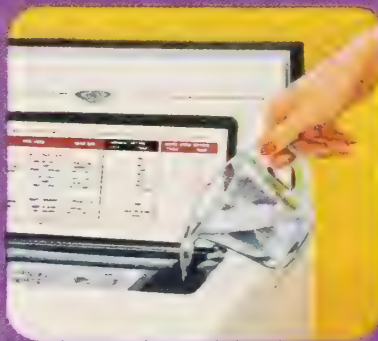
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INSTANT HAPPINESS

More and more Americans are turning to drugs in a danger-filled attempt to escape from their troubles.



One out of six Americans today uses the pill bottle to change his mental attitudes and perceptions. This almost slavish dependence on medication by thirty million Americans has become one of the most serious and pressing problems of our time.

Drug overuse is destroying the physical and emotional well-being of uncounted men, women and children of all ages and social backgrounds. Indeed, it threatens almost every aspect of American life, school, job, marriage.

Doctors and health authorities are appalled by the constantly broadening scope of the "new drug kick." Teenagers and college students are indulging in wild orgiastic binges with the most powerful compounds ever known to mankind. Even eight-year-olds are using stimulants to blur their mental states, not realizing that these same stimulants may cause permanent damage to the brain. Today's pill-users know they can easily obtain products to make them high, or to grind down their feelings. They have even discovered that there is a bizarre reaction to such widely disparate substances as powdered nutmeg and morning-glory seeds. One fact emerges from cases documented at medical centers throughout the nation: your generation is willfully exposing itself to unknown dangers from drugs. Inevitably, death occurs in some of these tragic cases. This is not to say that many of the present-day tranquilizers, energizers and other related compounds do not have a vital place in therapy when properly prescribed for appropriate patients. They have helped a good many people over the most difficult emotional

By Robert P. Goldman



MANY RISK THEIR LIVES TO LIFT THEIR MOODS.

hurdles. However, drug abuse has, in the words of one eminent psychiatrist, become "the fashion of our times."

"We've become a nation of pill-takers," says Dr. Dan Casriel, New York psychiatrist. "It's as simple as that."

"It's tragic but true that more and more people are walking through life with a chemically produced filmy veil," declares Dr. Robert Felix, who is director of the National Institute of Mental Health in Bethesda, Md. He adds, "I feel sorry for them."

As one 10-year-old boy from New York recently said to another, in recommending glue sniffing, his own particular brand of filmy veil, "First you get dizzy, then dopey, then you talk funny." What he, like most "dopey, funny-talking" Americans didn't know was how dangerous some of the mood modifiers, whose variety has expanded incredibly, can be. Some are actually addictive. Others are habituating—they form a habit without producing an urgent physical need. Either way the user can get "hooked."

The list of such products is formidable. There are tranquilizers, barbiturates, energizers, amphetamines, narcotics, and hallucinogens, which cause weird flights of imagination and sometimes uncontrolled behavior. One of the newer substances, LSD-25 (lysergic acid diethylamide), is the most powerful hallucinogen ever discovered. It cannot be sold legally in the United States. Yet law-enforcement officials know that it is being smuggled into the country and sold in a burgeoning black-market operation in most big cities, frequently along with marihuana.

Its effects are bizarre, to put it mildly. Doctors say LSD has triggered violent psychoses and suicides. "It can produce an unstable state varying—within five minutes—from horror to ecstasy," according to Dr. Jonathan Cole, of the National Institute of Mental Health. How many people are seeking the horror and the ecstasy is indicated by the recent reports of runs on the sales of the seeds of two varieties of the common morning glory, "Heavenly Blue" and "Pearly Gates." They can produce LSD-like hallucinations. The Food and Drug Administration is investigating and may impose restrictions.

Plastic-airplane glue and even nutmeg powder in large amounts can produce, temporarily at least, what doctors describe as a detached, dreamlike emotional state. But after the glow is gone, the nutmeg user experiences rapid heartbeat and a sick feeling. The glue sniffer may pass out and suffer permanent brain damage.

Most widely used mood drugs are tranquilizers and barbiturates, which calm the user, and energizers, including amphetamines, which key him up. Some can produce a habit more difficult to break than heroin addiction.

"It's unbelievable, but people have come to think of these drugs as being harmless," says psychologist Morton Schillinger, director of the Lincoln Institute for Psychotherapy in New York City. "In the public mind they have come to be considered somewhat like aspirin. Tranquilizers are passed out in the home and office as if they were chewing gum or peanuts."

Statistics bear him out. In 1954, when a few tranquilizer brands were first marketed, four million prescriptions were written for them. Today, about 60 brands of tranquilizers and energizers are sold, and more than 95 million prescriptions will be written for them in 1963. In 1962 tranquilizer and energizer prescriptions (90 million) were second in sales only to prescriptions for anti-infection drugs such as penicillin (133 million). Mood medicine may pass antibiotics in sales within the next decade.

For many of us, from every social background, taking tranquilizers has become the routine thing to do in time of

even slight stress. We pop in the pills before making a speech, before going to the dentist (who may supply one before drilling), before boarding a plane, before asking the boss for a raise or before visiting mother-in-law.

Some simply carry tranquilizers at all times, somehow secure in the feeling that if they are confronted by anxiety, they'll have "their medicine" available.

An increasingly common custom is to start taking one of the psychoactive drugs, to become discontent with it, and then to seek help from a variety of them. Thus, patients report to their doctors that they've taken a "pick-me-up" pill in the morning, a tranquilizer at noon "to ease the tension" and a barbiturate at night "so that I can fall asleep." It is easy to get into deep trouble with self-medicating habits such as these. For example, one 31-year-old woman treated at the Lincoln Institute had been taking tranquilizers, energizers and barbiturates daily in addition to an appetite-depressant drug which tended to make her jittery and nervous.

"Her emotions were being battered around by chemicals," her doctor reported. "First she'd be up, then down, and as time passed she became more and more dependent on drugs. We attempted to treat her on an outpatient basis, but she had to be hospitalized."

Why have so many Americans become slavishly devoted to mood medicine? Experts offer many answers. The drugs are available and comparatively inexpensive. Our Age of Anxiety affects an increasing number of people. Then, too, a significant number of Americans suffer from what Morton Schillinger refers to as the "something-for-nothing syndrome," the deep conviction that the world owes them not only a living but also peace of mind, pleasure and fun. Pills, they believe, can help them to realize their hopes.

Certainly drugs have been used to scramble the emotions through human history. One of the earliest tranquilizers, reserpine, is derived from the root called *Rauwolfia serpentina* which grows in India and has been used for a thousand years there to treat everything from asthma to impotence. Gandhi is said to have sniffed the root to give him "courage and moral strength" on his pilgrimages. Dried datura leaves probably were smoldering in the fire of the Oracle of Delphi, whose divine incoherences later were translated by priests into prophetic verse. Marihuana was introduced into the Western world at the time of the Crusades, and opium smoking has been an Oriental favorite for centuries. Peyote, from the flowering heads of a spineless cactus, was eaten raw or stewed by the early American Indians. Today, from Peyote, we get mescaline, a hallucinogen related to LSD.

But there are basic differences between past and present addiction problems. Today we have a vast variety of psychoactive drugs, some of which are far more potent than their predecessors. Also we can measure their effects on the human body. We know that many of these drugs can cause temporary physical and emotional impairment, even permanent disability leading to death.

Far and away the most powerful of these is LSD. Not long ago, in the course of an experiment, Dr. Louis J. West, chairman of the psychiatry department at the University of Oklahoma, gave a "good jolt" of LSD to an elephant at the Lincoln Park Zoo in Oklahoma City. The animal weighed over 6,500 pounds. Doctor West wanted to produce with LSD a psychotic state which occurs naturally in elephants and then study it.

This time it was the experiment that ran amuck. "Five minutes after the injection," Doctor West reported, "the

phant trumpeted and fell heavily on his side. He trembled severely, the pupils of his eyes dilated markedly, as his eyes turned sharply to the left. It was a terrifying sight. In spite of a last-minute effort to save the animal, he died one hour and 40 minutes after the LSD had been injected." Yet this amazingly potent chemical, little understood, and approved by the FDA only for experimental purposes, has become the latest kick for those who seek wild experiences. In larger cities—New York, Chicago, Boston, Los Angeles, even Tucson—LSD has achieved the status of cocktail-party fad, a magnet for curious campus cults, the shot, do-it-yourself psychoanalysis, "instant magic" for the bored and the disenchanted.

A single dose is minuscule. It weighs 50 to 100 micrograms; one microgram is a millionth of a gram. Often it is hidden in sugar or by a "skin pop," an injection. Its effects last 12 to 18 hours. Within a half hour the LSD user begins a visit "to the antipodes of his mind." He begins to feel that his heart accelerates, he may see flashing colors, hear faint music. He may become sexually stimulated, confused, angry, violent, excited, elated, contemplative or depressed. After one LSD session outside Boston, husbands switched beds and went off to bedrooms.

After taking mescaline, LSD's chemical cousin, in a controlled hospital experiment, Dr. Donald Hammersley, a staff member of the American Psychiatric Association, recalls, "I felt I had no responsibilities, no desire to make a decision. Someone asked me if I wanted to have lunch. I told him I didn't have to decide about that sort of thing any more. Everything seemed pretty, in magnificent colors in extremely high intensities. A waterfall came cascading down the window shade, and I just sat there watching. After a few hours I giggled. The next day I felt terribly depressed." At medical centers where LSD has been used experimentally, the patients describe the results in glowing terms: "describably beautiful," "for the first time I felt real," "understanding" or "closeness to God."

LSD jags got a big send-off a few years ago when it was disclosed that several Hollywood stars had received the drug as a therapeutic measure. Film star Cary Grant described his LSD experiences this way:

"One becomes a battleground of old and new beliefs. Nightmares beyond description. I passed through changing seas of horrifying and happy sights, through a montage of intense hate and love, through terrifying thoughts of dark despair replaced by glorious, heavenlike religious symbolisms. . . ." Grant feels that after three years of force-ended, childless marriages he may at last be prepared to fall in love, "to give a woman love because I can understand her understanding, thanks to LSD."

Despite such reports, Doctor West says LSD has not been shown in carefully supervised studies to be a valuable therapeutic tool for any emotional disorder.

Recent headlines in the growing LSD controversy have centered on two former Harvard psychologists, instructors, Dr. Timothy F. Leary and Dr. Richard Alpert. Last year Doctor Alpert was dismissed by the university allegedly for having given students hallucinatory drugs without the approval of the university's health staff. Doctor Leary left with him, and he said later that the separation had been cordial.

Later the two experimenters set up a "psychic drug research center" in Mexico. The government soon expelled the researchers, claiming they had entered Mexico as tourists, but were engaged in unauthorized activities. Doctors Leary and Alpert are leading figures in the International Federation for Internal Freedom (I.F.I.F.),

which is devoted to experimentation with mood-distorting drugs (which they prefer to call "consciousness-expanding" or "psychedelic." I.F.I.F. is centered largely at Harvard, where the dean, John U. Monro, recently issued a sober warning that there is "unanimity among doctors that these drugs are dangerous." Undiscouraged, I.F.I.F. and its directors are currently seeking another site for their "research center," probably in the Caribbean.

What I.F.I.F. fails to stress are the tragic effects LSD has on many users. Says Dr. Dana Farnsworth, director of Harvard's student health services, in an editorial in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*: "There's no question about it. This stuff (LSD) can cause psychosis. We've seen it, and we're very distressed by it."

Furthermore, there is even some evidence that it can cause damage to the nerve centers of the brain, reducing the individual's capacity to learn and remember. A brilliant young graduate student in physics, who was being treated for emotional distress at New York's Lincoln Institute, went to an LSD party in New York, took the stuff in a sugar cube and went wild. He tore off his clothes in the street, fought policemen and had to be handcuffed, straitjacketed and hospitalized, perhaps for years.

A 23-year-old Chicago housewife was more fortunate. She took LSD on a dare at a party and "flipped" into a schizophrenic episode. Hospitalized at the Illinois State Psychiatric Institute, she was released as improved after several months. However, she will have to be supervised very closely on an outpatient basis.

"Apparently LSD appeals greatly to people who think it's not enough to be alive, awake and running around," says Dr. Jackson Smith, institute clinical director. "LSD is dangerous as hell."

LSD is produced by only one U.S. firm, and in limited quantities. However, LSD can be bought today in many major cities. Currently reported black-market prices for one dose: \$10 in Las Vegas, \$5 in New York, \$1.50 in Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass. Recently the FDA arrested two West Coast men and charged them with smuggling LSD in from Israel via Mexico.

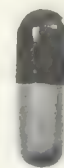
"There's no question that LSD is being used by unauthorized people," says Gilbert Goldhammer, FDA investigations chief. "There are LSD parties in many communities. It's not as big as some of the other illegal activities with drugs, but it could grow. It's become common in the Southwest and West Coast, perhaps because of smuggling from Mexico."

Goldhammer confirmed that smuggling of drugs from Tijuana and other Mexican cities is an "extremely serious" problem.

In New York a psychiatrist confirmed that LSD often is offered for sale along with "pot"—marihuana—because both appeal to the "younger market."

There is no question that LSD, mescaline and related compounds make the user "crazy." Yet tranquilizers, energizers and other mood-altering drugs are supposed to "make you sane," or at least help bridge severe emotional crises. They can place the patient in a frame of mind to accept definitive psychotherapy, tide him over an acute crisis and help him to endure physical illness or even death of a loved one.

Many authorities are convinced that without these drugs the present increasing rate of discharge from mental hospitals would not be possible. Also, they are, along with LSD, extremely useful in carrying out studies of abnormal behavior—careful, controlled studies performed by competent laboratory scientists. But flagrant overuse of



*Hallucinogenic LSD,
latest in kicks, can
"make a user crazy."*

CAUSE OF DEATH: "EXCESSIVE DOSING."

tranquilizers and energizers has resulted in a series of frightening situations which have threatened—and taken—the lives of patients.

Last August, the U.S. Public Health Service reported that tranquilizer overdoses are being used increasingly in suicide attempts. "It has become evident," USPHS researchers revealed, "that the popularity of tranquilizers as suicidal agents must now rival that of barbiturates."

There is increasing evidence that these drugs are habituating if not addicting. Many physicians are convinced that there are tranquilizer addicts who sustain their habit because some unscrupulous druggists throughout the country provide users with pills even if they have no prescription. One New York doctor said that there are "at least two dozen pharmacies in Manhattan where people can get these pills without a prescription." The FDA reports that there have been 183 convictions for illegal sales of tranquilizers in the past few years. The defendants, according to the FDA, have been "drugstore firms, pharmacists, or nonpharmacist employees of drugstores."

The potentially harmful effects from misuse of these drugs are now clearly established. They can depress the count of white blood cells, a natural barrier against infection. The drugs have been shown also to produce liver damage. Not long ago a 19-year-old boy was admitted to a New York hospital in coma. Investigation established that he had taken high tranquilizer doses for more than a year. His liver was cirrhotic, disintegrated, and he died two weeks later. The cause of death: liver damage from excessive tranquilizer dosing.

One of the most dangerous effects of tranquilizers involves what doctors refer to as "potentiation." Simply stated, this means that one drug multiplies the effect of a second drug or stimulant. Thus certain tranquilizers, plus a cocktail, may make the user giddy, and he may pass out.

Not long ago, a 36-year-old man was admitted to a New Jersey hospital and was prepared for stomach surgery. Then an anesthetic was administered. A physician who watched the operation described what happened. "In what seemed like moments he suffered general systemic collapse. He went into shock, and nothing we could do helped. He died almost instantly." The anesthetic was potentiated by the tranquilizers he was found to have been taking, and it killed him.

All sorts of bizarre reactions to tranquilizers have been reported in the medical literature. When doses are heavy, or after withdrawal of the drugs, patients sometimes experience hallucinations and convulsions. Such episodes have been reported even in the *pediatric* journals. Children as young as five have experienced convulsions after being given tranquilizers "to quiet them down, make them cry less and become less jittery." Most doctors agree with Dr. Marshall Kreidberg, of the Boston Floating Hospital for infants and children, who maintains, "There is almost no indication, medically speaking, to give a child a tranquilizer. Still they are being prescribed for everything from bed-wetting to temper tantrums."

Tranquilizers and energizers can sometimes cause drastic repercussions. An 18-year-old boy being treated for a schizophrenic reaction in a Washington, D.C., clinic was improving. "We were just beginning to pat ourselves on the back because of how well he was doing," his psychiatrist said, "when he got hold of some tranquilizers from his family doctor. Somehow they threw him into a panic state, and he ended up wandering around the streets not remembering his name or address." He was then hospitalized, "having been shattered by the drug."

Among amphetamines, the most commonly used are Benzedrine and Dexedrine. They act primarily as stimulants to the central nervous system. They are effective in relieving fatigue, lightening emotional depression and, because they tend to suppress the appetite, in the control of obesity. When prescribed by responsible physicians, these drugs can help neurotic and depressed patients and put them in a mental frame to accept further treatment.

When overused, however, they borrow energy that the body cannot afford to spend. Suddenly there is no energy left, and blurring of the consciousness follows. Described as a "sort of drifting in and out," this period can produce much the same hallucinatory state as LSD causes. Last May, when police searched two trailer trucks involved in a multiple-vehicle accident on the New Jersey Turnpike, they discovered a total of 14 Benzedrine tablets. The two truckers had been fighting off fatigue. They also had been traveling 62 miles an hour in a 35-mile zone in heavy fog. The accident killed them and four others.

Because large doses of amphetamine promote alertness, especially in combination with alcohol, this drug suits thrill seekers. In some teen-age circles mere possession of the pills is a pure guarantee of popularity.

As with LSD, a booming black market exists in pep pills. Last winter alone, the FDA seized almost one million pills from black-market peddlers. One illicit seller offered 514,000 pills in a single transaction. Courts have been inconsistent in dealing with offenders. Sixteen peddlers, among them operators of 11 truck stops, two drugstores, and three men catering to high-school buyers, were convicted last spring and sentenced by a lenient judge to terms totaling only about 12 years.

Amphetamines are not addictive drugs, but constant use can lead to a dependency which can hardly be distinguished from addiction. Even some doctors, nurses and hospital personnel have gone on a Benny or Dexie kick with tragic results. One psychotherapist described a colleague who started on Dexedrine, just a few a day. At first he felt "just great," euphoric. Finally he found he had to use 10 or 12 pills a day to get that "good feeling." As time went on he became more and more hostile, more agitated, more nervous. He lurched as if he had had too much to drink, a common reaction among amphetamine users. Finally he was hospitalized. It took a year before he could "dry out" and return to his practice.

He was a good deal more fortunate than others who have taken amphetamines that uncovered latent psychoses. Some such individuals end up in the mental hospitals for the rest of their lives.

An estimated 60,000 Americans are addicted to narcotics—heroin, morphine, cocaine. Because the narcotics are so expensive and difficult to come by, many addicts turn to sleeping pills—barbiturates—as a second line of escape. Barbiturates are addictive, and the addict's habit may compel him to take 25 pills a day. The poisonous effect of barbiturate addiction is similar to that of advanced alcoholism, with overtones of delirium, hallucination and central-nervous-system imbalance. Says George P. Larrick, Commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration, "A large percentage of barbiturate deaths are accidental, since the user continues to dose himself while forgetting previous doses." This may have been the case in the death of Marilyn Monroe.

Basically barbiturates are powerful depressants of the central nervous system and are especially dangerous to people with neurotic or depressive tendencies. The barbiturates may make them feel that life is not worth living.

Not long ago a student nurse on barbiturates in a New York hospital attempted suicide. It was discovered that she had been taking Seconal in high doses. The nursing school instituted a room check from that point on. Now no student is allowed to have any drug in her room.

"In many ways," says Morton Schillinger, "barbiturate addiction is the most difficult to treat. The drugs are pretty easy to get. They're cheap, and the addict at times can function for a long time without being detected."

Barbiturates and the other drugs are commonly abused by adults and adolescents. With such an example, it is hardly surprising that recently doctors and police report that children as young as eight have discovered their own inexpensive way of getting kicks. They sniff plastic glue, the type found in hobby kits for model-airplane and boat building. Last year the Denver police department arrested 276 teen-agers intoxicated by plastic cement. In the recent six-month period a total of 1,000 cases came to the attention of the New York City Health Department.

In a few minutes the sniffer feels giddy, dizzy, perhaps sick to his stomach, and he may even lapse into unconsciousness. Often he reels around as if drunk, muttering incoherently, falling down and getting up repeatedly. "It's quite a sight to watch a nine-year-old glue sniffer at the height of his experience," says one New York Health Department official.

Often glue sniffing is dismissed as a passing adolescent and no more significant than Davy Crockett caps or Hula hoops. But Dr. Dana Farnsworth points out that elements in plastic cement can be injurious to brain, liver, kidneys and bone marrow. "Glue sniffing," he points out, "can affect the brain in such a way that intellectual capacity becomes impaired." The New York health commissioner regards the problem seriously enough to have proposed to city council that the health code be amended to bar sale of plastic-airplane glue to children under age 18.

Some teen-agers are experimenting with nutmeg powder, long known to have an effect on the emotions. Dr. Robert B. Payne, of Chapel Hill, N.C., wrote in the *New England Journal of Medicine* of the effects of nutmeg on two University of North Carolina students. They had put two teaspoonfuls of powdered nutmeg, available in any grocery store, into a glass of milk and drunk it.

Five hours later, they said, their legs "got heavy" and when they felt "a nonchalant, detached mental state that was unreal or dreamlike." Their hearts began to beat furiously and their faces became bright red. Later they became drowsy. That feeling persisted for a full day. The sense of unreality lasted more than two full days. Both students said that the experience "was frightening."

Traditionally, lonely people bored with living, people desperate through fear or illness, people ashamed of real or imagined failure, were susceptible to drug overuse. The oldest tranquilizer, alcohol, is used by desperate people to submerge their real feelings. Now, increasingly, people young and old are turning to drugs. In the past a good deal of overimbibing and drug addiction was concentrated in the lower middle class and the lower class. Now it cuts across class lines. In New York's prosperous Westchester County, the district attorney recently reported that 251 teen-agers, most of them high-school and college students from well-to-do families, had been summoned to his office because of their continuing use of narcotics and stimulants. President Kennedy's advisory commission on narcotics has urged schoolteachers to be constantly alert for signs of the "emotional predisposition" that impels adolescents to try drugs.

Two other factors no doubt play a major role in today's mass drug overuse. In the past generation many people have been converted to the philosophy of "Brave New World," in which the emotionally uncomfortable individual simply reaches for a pill and gets "happiness handed to him." Second, there are the stresses of life itself in a thermonuclear age.

As Doctor West points out, "People who describe the drug users as thrill seekers are wrong. It's not as simple as that. Today some people have a need to turn away from the world. This is the first generation, perhaps, that comprehends the implications of the thermonuclear age. It is perhaps the first generation that actually believes that the world might come to an end in its time."

Has the anxiety level reached unprecedented heights in our American culture? Doctor Casriel suggests an affirmative answer. "Drug overuse seems to be an expression of our society's anxiety level just as crime, homosexuality and mental illnesses have served as such an expression in the past." The danger, he believes, is that in our happiness-oriented society, people would rather reach for a pill than for a solution to their problems. "This establishes a vicious cycle in which the immature personality is maintained in its state of immaturity, because it refuses to confront the root of its problem. . . .

"We have many people who are suffering from disuse of their normal fear and anger. They are so drugged that they cannot react normally to situations that should produce strong reactions."

In today's drugs we have compounds that "unlock the gates of a man's soul," render him vulnerable, at times defenseless, and dead.

The enormous desire for "instant happiness" which pills presumably can provide is in itself one of the worst sicknesses of our time, according to Schillinger.

"Undoubtedly, parents foster it by swallowing great numbers of pills," he maintains, "while their children look on. Soon the children get the idea that pill-taking is the thing to do whenever they feel stressed or anxious. In effect, they say to themselves, 'if my parents refuse to confront problems, to confront life, why should I?'

"An unbelievable fraud has been perpetrated on the public about medication which influences emotions. Of course, these drugs have a place in therapy when they are appropriately prescribed. But they cannot provide magic contentment. They cannot provide miraculous cures.

"We have arrived at a point where 'herd psychology' is taking over. A great mass of people are swallowing pills of one sort or another and so it has become the thing to do. We quote articles about it. We have jokes about it. Some of the drug names have become part of the language. In many circles, if you don't take something to hop you up, or give you a weird feeling, you're a square—you don't understand how to live.

"Then, too, many parents turn the other way when they learn that their youngster has smoked marihuana, sniffed glue or gone to an LSD party. They can't believe it. They almost ignore it. What they fail to realize is that there has been a tremendous upswing in the use of drugs and stimulants from World War II to the present.

"It's like the Emperor's new clothes. Everyone saw them even though they didn't exist. Everyone takes pills, even though the benefit all too often is not there.

"People today must learn and some are learning—through violent sickness and even death—that drugs are no solution to life's problems."

• END

*It's easier to take
a pill than get to the
root of a problem.*



Photographs by DON ORNITZ



With a leap as spectacular as a skier's

geländesprung, the ski look has soared into the lead of sportive influences on everyday, off-the-slope fashions.

SCHUSS!

Chic ski clothes have been admired and coveted by even the most antisports women. It was only a matter of time before they could find a way to get the slalom look into their own cold-weather wardrobes. Two hard winters, back to back across most of the country, started the snowball rolling. City streets saw a spate of Abominable Snowman hats and hoods; heavy ski socks made their way to the office in boots; and suburban trains were met by wives in parkas and ski pants. The *schuss* was on; the look was under way. This year it's officially here—enthusiastically converted from the slopes to city and suburban living by fashion experts. Even Emilio Pucci is in the act. His famous stretch ski pants, which he had previously put on summer duty as patio pants, have returned this winter in the form of one-piece she-suits for the hostess. The ski look in the original, for those who will wear ski clothes to ski in, is at the top of the page. In the over-and-under-layer mode of dressing that is part of the ski look, there is a black cotton turtleneck sweater worn *under* a black wool pullover, which in turn is *under* the quilted snow-white nylon parka from White Stag. *Over* the head goes a tightly fitting black knitted hood. Black stretch-nylon-and-wool ski pants are also from White Stag.

Opposite: available at Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Blum's, Philadelphia; Bramson's, Chicago.



An Abominable Snowman hat and neck warmer of raccoon is for town or country. By Adolpho.

Ski sweater makes the long pull to become knit dress. In green wool by Geist and Geist.



Emilio Pucci's nylon-and-silk one-piece jumpsuit is made of stretch fabric for the benefit of the jump-up hostess.

A made-up pomponned headwarmer like those that dot the ski slopes is knit as part of turtleneck sweater by Gino Paoli.

SCHLUBBY



Layered look starts with brown jersey turtleneck blouse, topped by camel melton-cloth suit by Tiffeau Busch and pointed leather hood from Emme.



Stretch stockings with obvious Tyrolean antecedents are a Balenciaga design, from Bonnie Doon. Worn here with David Evins gray lizard buckled shoes.



SCHUSS I

Skiing, the best-dressed sport, lends its chic and comfort to cold-weather wardrobes.

Brown-and-cream Fitch fur is buckled on the horizontal tracks by Ulla that zips up the side, is worn over everything from slacks to evening clothes.





usly under the influence of the ski sweater, Scaasi's bubbly knit jacket blouses over its own gray pleated skirt. A six-foot length of scarf wraps it up.

E AT LORD & TAYLOR, NEW YORK; KAUFMAN'S, FITT'SBURGH; BON MARCHÉ, SEATTLE ABOVE, AT LORD & TAYLOR, NEW YORK; BLUM'S VOGUE, CHICAGO; KAUFMAN'S, PITTSBURGH; SAKOWITZ, HOUSTON.

...to Van Dyke plays
...a sweep in new
Walt Disney remake
of "Mary Poppins."



DICK VAN DYKE

THE STAR WHO THINKS HE ISN'T

*At the peak of his career—a smash on Broadway, in movies and television—
the new master of slapstick and pantomime insists he's a square second banana.*

By C. Robert Jennings

"I am not a star," he insists with cruel self-scrutiny. And to prove it he scampers about Hollywood sets buying Cokes for strangers; he frets about the ailing wife of the third assistant director, and he yells at no one other than his own four children. If anybody is so callous as to tell him he's talented, he may very likely shrivel up with embarrassment. The long shovel of a chin will glide slowly down to scoop up a chest that isn't there. The mouth will form a rigid, reluctant bow. This is Dick Van Dyke, trying to smile.

And well he might. At 37, Dick scampers around the summit of the TV comedy heap, pulls up to 1,000 inordinately sensible fan letters a week, is mobbed in public and, grinning idiotically, can claim, "I don't mind it at all." His 1960-61 Broadway triumph, *Bye Bye Birdie*, has been eternalized in celluloid. He has a fat record contract, ludicrously high bids from Las Vegas, his own corporation, a five-film commitment to Columbia Pictures and the role of one of Shirley MacLaine's five husbands in Fox's satirical comedy, soon-to-be-released *What a Way To Go*. Last spring some 40,000 people glutted the streets of his Illinois hometown (pop. 40,000) just to wave at him. And he has just finished a refashioning of the classic, *Mary Poppins*, for Walt Disney. "He's a clean-living fellow," says Walt, "not a sissy or a prude, but just right for good, fun, family shows."

A network, two sponsoring corporations and some 40,000,000 Americans apparently concur. The agile if aggressively jolly *Dick Van Dyke Show* just launched its third season on CBS and no doubt will find a spot once more on the list of the top ten. Last spring it won three Emmy awards as the funniest, best-written and best-directed comedy show on TV, and would surely have taken a fourth—best performer—had the categories been more equitable. "I lost to E. G. Marshall," Van Dyke says cheerfully, the face receding toward total eclipse, suggesting the put-upon people in the George Price cartoons—hopelessly but pluckily baffled.

Still the face is only part of it. Dick's body is concave, as lank and limber as

a reed. He seems not so much born whole as wired together. Where muscles ought to be, there are springs. Yet while his arms and legs seem barely hitched to his slight frame, they are perfectly controlled by it. In repose he might be mistaken for a bent exclamation point, a string bean that couldn't get into the supermarket, or a clipped toenail. "I have to watch my weight," says Dick, "or it'll disappear."

The remark is a key to still another, and perhaps most significant, Van Dyke door: his self-immolation. He believes he is something less than an ordinary mortal, going about his little hobbies and large jobs only "passably." Professionally he still sees himself as a second banana—the man they send for when Jack Lemmon is unavailable. "I don't think anybody who's the star of a TV show is a star," he insists. "Cary Grant is a star. Fred Astaire is a star. But Alan Young and I aren't stars."

To guess what Margie—his shy and pretty wife of 15 years—thinks of him, one has only to consider that she serves him breakfast in bed at 5:30 A.M. "This morning," he rhapsodizes, "I had juice from oranges off our own tree." Then quickly, to remove the mawkish onus: "I'm a little nauseous."

Actually he is eupeptic, even at that sinfully early hour. In his one-story, 30-year-old, seven-bedroom Spanish hacienda, Dick unshrinkingly scuddles through, over and under a menagerie of dogs, cats, frogs, homing pigeons, children and in-laws that would jettison most men toward the nearest sanitarium. Van Dyke's lone complaint: "It's quite a hike from one end of the house to the other."

He works roughly an eight-day week, clambering into a powerful sand-colored sports car and negotiating the treacherous California freeways with the intrepidity of Tom Swift. He sometimes thinks he is racing driver Stirling Moss, and to prove it he obliterated his first Jaguar sports car recently by colliding with a curve on Sunset Boulevard. "They had to throw the pieces in a truck," he said. "They couldn't even tow it away." A seat belt saved his life. Next day he phoned the National

Safety Council and volunteered to do several articles and a couple of dozen commercials on seat belts. He feels the law should make them mandatory and those who already have them "should be given a ticket for not using them."

He also publicly flays movies that "sensationalize sex—like *Pillow Talk*," teaches Sunday school at Brentwood Presbyterian Church and says prayers nightly with his children. Small wonder then that Walt Disney asked to see film on Dick after spotting a column in which he vowed he'd never make a movie he could not take his kids to see. Or that one Hollywood wag dismissed him as "an Eagle Scout—loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, brave, thrifty, clean and reverent. . . ."

But Van Dyke is "too happy being a square" to be anything else. And he is bright enough to realize that as long as his TV series remains in the top ten, "there must be a lot of people who like squares."

Actually he can be surprisingly hip.

PERSONALLY: He loathes night clubs and movie-star parties. Recently he moved from chic, cool Mandeville Canyon to hot, dry Encino—which is so far out it's "in." His opinions of the film version of *Birdie* are unprintable ("Columbia would sue"), though he has remained on warm terms with his costar in the film, Janet Leigh, the only movie star he knows or probably cares to know. He regularly runs off on his home projector his favorite film, *Mr. Hulot's Holiday*. He is a skillful sketch artist, and his caricatures of the TV cast are plastered on Desilu Studios.

He finds movie-making a bore—"the hardest and dullest work" he's done. He declines most invitations to do benefit performances even though "people get highly insulted; but I resent being pulled twenty different ways and expected to give up my free time." He has someone else write his letters. He confesses to being "a rotten tennis player" and to smoking and drinking too much.

PROFESSIONALLY: He is the most engaging comedy actor to come down the pike since Jack Lemmon. He is such a deft mime that Buster Keaton wants to direct him in a remake of Keaton's

epochal silent film *The Navigator*, takes pratfalls like Fred Astaire danc with exquisite grace, is probably best slapstick comic since silent movie, or, as Julie Andrews calls him, "a talent of the old school." He sings if he had a bad cold and knows it; be great for a Dristan commercial. loathes the sight of himself on screen. "I cringe and die a thousand deaths every time I watch myself." Yet he make figure eights with his thin, rubber band lips, or a caret with his mischievous eyebrows, or settle for an acute angle. Indeed, he can play Double-Crochet with his entire face and body, as he in a rib-shattering sketch, in which pantomimed a new automobile might react to its first customer.

While he in no way considers himself a comic—"a man who stands there and tells jokes"—he surprises with occasional flashes of spontaneous wit. A besmudged chimney sweep in one of *Mary Poppins* he cracked: "This is the first dirty movie Walt Disney has made." And of his imagined derring-do behind the wheel of the racing car wife won't let him have: "Can't see me roaring down the speedway with the wind and the rain in my hair and grease all over my pinkies. And I'm not yet—just wait until I'm a failure. When he heard that Fred Astaire being asked to name his favorite among the new crop of performers mentioned George Chakiris and Dick Van Dyke, Dick remarked coolly, "I am thunderstruck. I am flabbergasted. I just had no idea Mr. Astaire thought Mr. Chakiris was that good." Dick's closest friends were goggle-eyed.

And he is not the cool, still streamer seems. What is raw, febrile and kind is merely suppressed. Says Carl Rowan, who writes and produces Dick's show: "Dick is actually neurotic, but a gentleman neurotic. He doesn't like to make waves. But that's a neurosis too. Most people in this business, they're anxious to have people like him. I'm afraid of saying things that go against others. That smile covers up fear and fear and everything else. He's got his temper, but you never know it goes quietly into his room and stews."

Van Dyke's warmth and charm are evident at home as well as on screen. The clown's with youngest daughter in his garden.



a think he is just going to boom.

West Plains, Mo., and brought to Springfield, Ill., where his father was a light-line worker, Dick "bum-bum" the entertainment jungle. "It would be a lark." As an aviator cadet in Frederick, Okla., at the time the U.S. had a pilot surplus, he found himself with "almost no money to do." A fellow cadet, Byron, was a local radio showman in Springfield and an announcer. "I found this guy in the shower," recalls Dick, "who showed a script to him and he was going on about his business. 'You got the job.' He said, 'OK.' 'You were terrible pilots anyway.' Dick was unimpressed with his career and went into show business, and his discharge went home to open a radio agency. After declaring bankruptcy, he became half of a night-club act. "For the next six years," says Dick, "I never said a word." The Merry Mutes, Dick and his brother, Philip Erickson, mimed to records by everyone from Louis Armstrong and Mary Martin to Frank Sinatra and Doris Day. They were at Manhattan's Blue Angel (too corny") and spoiled themselves at Larry Potter's Manhattan Nuys when the brakes on his ancient roadster gave out and he had to go to a patron's new 1948 Buick. "The Maxie's 'nobody laughed. I went to the dinner show and I was there before supper. They even took my car away. I found it in a parking lot to the hub caps in mud, spent the night getting it out."

Of course, as was as scarce as a white horse. In 1949 Dick and Marjorie, his childhood sweetheart and his first wife, were living in a small apartment in Malibu. "I hadn't worked in a long time. Margie was pregnant. I was a baby. And she came home from the hospital to find we'd been evicted. Then along came a pair of twins. The cribs were moth-eaten mattresses. The back of Dick's roadster. The Merry Mutes broke up," explains Van Dyke, "it was a disaster for our growing families."

But he relives the early years only when badgered. As Carl Reiner says, "He's suffered plenty, but he doesn't wear it like a badge. No one listened to him or laughed at him, and he slithered out through countless kitchens (traditional exit of fleabag boites). But he has guts and he's very, very resilient."

His first all-wool break came when Byron Paul, now Dick's personal manager, prevailed on him to leave a successful but local TV job in New Orleans and try for the big time. In the Manhattan studios of CBS, Dick was hired before the end of his audition, signed a seven-year contract "for more money than I knew existed." But he just "floated" around, subbing for Jack Paar and Garry Moore, appearing as a guest on game shows and making a rash of panel-show pilots that never sold. After three years he left. "I didn't even have to stand in line for my check—they sent it to me."

Leaving CBS was "about the only planned, deliberate move I ever made," says Dick. He soon found himself "browsing around" broadcasting again and landed a show called *Laugh Line* on NBC, but even with the aid of Mike Nichols and Elaine May, Shelley Berman, Dorothy Loudon and Abe Burrows, "it was not funny." At ABC he got mired in something called *Mother's Day*. It originated from the Latin Quarter and "was so bad it is impossible to describe." He considered going into TV repair—for roughly a minute. Finally he told his wife, "I think I'd better try to become an actor."

At bucolic Bucks County Playhouse Dick appeared in a comedy called *Cradle and All*, for which he originated a drunk scene that rocked the sophisticated, summer-weight audiences. Dick made his Broadway debut, doing some of his own material in a so-so revue called *The Girls Against the Boys* with Bert Lahr and Nancy Walker. It was here that Sheldon Leonard, executive producer of Dick's show, caught the final performance and roared over Dick's impersonation of a drunk playing sober for his wife. On Leland Hayward's TV special, *The Fabulous Fifties*, a ten-minute comedy dance netted him

nice personal notices, none of which, however, were remembered by the pooh-bahs around *Bye Bye Birdie*.

"Gower Champion never heard of me when I went to audition," says Dick. "I read from the script and sang *Once in Love With Amy*." He was signed on the spot. Champion remembers that several better-known actors, including Jack Lemmon, had turned down the part. "Others were mostly too brash, too tough, too wise-guy. Dick came along with this total charm and warmth and immediate empathy."

The show opened in Philadelphia. "Dick was quite scared," says Gower. "He had never played a total role of any kind, and in creating the part we had to strip away much of his gaggy moves, his odd walks, all his built-in props. He was scared of Chita Rivera, a whirlwind who can do anything, and he found himself playing straightman while Paul Lynde and Kay Medford got the laughs. He fell back on every trick he'd ever used and made his entrance with his feet crossed."

The result was, for Dick, tepid reviews. The usual wisecrack show followers from New York descended on Champion crying: "Replace him." Instead, the director decided to use him differently. He took Chita out of her *Happy Face* duet with Dick and let him sing it alone, to a little girl. Champion also convinced him that "he was personable enough in his own right without relying on a bag of tricks. It was a cerebral struggle for him, but he made it."

Sheldon Leonard remembers that when he was casting the show that now bears Dick's name, the question around Madison Avenue was, "What is a Dick Van Dyke?" Carl Reiner campaigned, against heavy opposition, to name the show for Dick, "because I figured he needed all the help he could get." With Peter Lawford's money, Reiner had originally written the show for himself and starred in the pilot. It didn't sell—"It was the year for horses and guns," Carl rationalizes. After seeing a second pilot with Dick in the role and doing his drunk sketch, Procter and Gamble signed on as sponsor. Reiner fired himself as star and became a producer.

The show did little to the rating charts and was canceled at season's end. Leonard was indignant: "I'd watched the show played live before some 10,000 people in the course of a season, and I felt we had a better sampling than Nielsen. I went to New York and told them that this kind of show with a non-exotic background, no name star or highly exploitable novelty value, like *The Beverly Hillbillies*, has a slow growth pattern, but a healthy one. It is within the frame of reference of real experience. Organisms that take the longest time to reach maturity live the longest, like *Father Knows Best*, the *Donna Reed* and *Danny Thomas* shows."

Thus wooed, P.&G. came back, but only for half sponsorship. A Lorillard friend of Leonard's "conspired to crash me into a board meeting of the cigarette company," where Leonard delivered a similar sermon. But before Crisis No. 2 was solved a third was brewing: CBS had canceled the time slot. Back to New York went Leonard "for another revival meeting."

While the show deals with nothing loftier than domesticity, it has cumulative charm and instant believability. Its characters are neither too glazed with glamour nor excruciatingly coy. As gag writer Rob Petrie, he has that rare congruence of physical assets which, says Leonard, "falls a shade short of being gorgeous. Prettiness by itself alienates people. But Dick has a laughing-George face and body angularity." Adds Reiner: "That he is not as good-looking as Cary Grant we recognize. But Cary cannot play slow-motion tennis. Dick can play lover and fall funny into a barrel of cement too. And he has a modest quality that suggests he was forced up there in front of the camera, but he doesn't really want to be there. Actually I think he does."

Not so, says Dick. "I am basically lazy. I love to vegetate. I never expected to get where I have. I am surprised, really. I don't feel compulsive about my work." And if money grew where his oranges do, he could quit tomorrow, he says, "stare into the sky and be happy." Retorts Reiner, "I say he's a liar." • END





HELLO HALLOWEEN!

Teen-age guests will swing at a party of food, fun and favors that a young hostess can make herself. Greet your invited ghosts and goblins with a party that says:

This All Hallows' Eve - big night for fat black cats and broomstick-powered witches - you should welcome your ghost guests on their own terms. They'll arrive for the party amidst spooky decorations, perhaps behind eerie masks. Meet them with a sprinkling of party witchcraft; entice them with unusual fun and favors; bewitch them with food that is not merely delicious but to which you've added a dash of pure black magic.

MENU

Midnight scramble nibbles
Maple-glazed baked ham
Spook's pickle-potato salad
Demon's hot gingered fruit
Hades-hot buttered rolls
Red devil candied apples
Savory sugared doughnuts
Harvest-moon sippin' cider

By Mary Jane Engel

Photograph by Mark Kaufman

MIDNIGHT SCRAMBLE NIBBLES

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1 cup butter or margarine | 1 box (6¼-oz.) small cheese crackers |
| ½ teaspoon powdered garlic | 1 package (6¼-oz.) corn chips |
| 1 teaspoon seasoned salt | 1 can (8-oz.) walnuts |
| 1 teaspoon curry powder | 1 can (6-oz.) pecans |
| 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce | 1 package (7¼-oz.) pretzel sticks |
| | 1 package (3½-oz.) popcorn |

Melt butter or margarine. Stir in garlic, salt, curry powder and Worcestershire sauce. (2) Combine remaining ingredients and toss with the butter mixture. (3) Place in two large baking pans in a warm oven, 250° F., for about an hour. Stir frequently. Makes enough to serve 12 hungry goblins.

MAPLE-GLAZED BAKED HAM

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 canned or boneless precooked buffet ham (8-10-lb.) | ½ cup orange juice |
| ½ cup butter or margarine | Carrot curls, celery curls, ripe and pimiento-stuffed olives, parsley sprigs (garnish) |
| ½ cup maple syrup | |

Have your butcher cut the ham into ¼-inch slices. Tie the sliced ham together with heavy string to form its original shape and place in baking pan. Bake in a slow oven, 325° F., allowing 15 minutes to the pound, about 2-2½ hours total time. (2) In a saucepan, heat together butter or margarine, syrup and juice. Bring to a boil and cook for 3 minutes. Remove from heat. (3) During last half hour of baking, spoon half of sauce over ham; bake 15 minutes more. Spoon

remaining glaze over ham and bake another 15 minutes. (4) Remove ham from oven. Place on platter and cut string. Garnish platter with olives, parsley sprigs, celery and carrot curls. Makes 12-14 servings.

Garnish: To make carrot curls, wash and scrape carrots. Slice lengthwise paper-thin with vegetable peeler. Roll up and fasten with toothpicks. Crisp in ice water. For the celery curls, cut celery stalks in 2-inch lengths. Slit both ends in narrow strips almost to the center. Place in ice water to curl ends. Arrange garnishes attractively around ham.

SPOOKS PICKLE-POTATO SALAD

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------------------------|
| 6 lbs. potatoes | ¾ cup chopped candied pickle chips |
| 1 cup mayonnaise | 1 teaspoon salt |
| ¼ cup sour cream | ½ teaspoon pepper |
| ¼ cup light cream | ¼ cup white vinegar |
| ½ cup chopped onion | 2 hard-cooked egg yolks, garnish |
| ½ cup chopped celery | |

The day before the party, cook the potatoes in their jackets in boiling salted water until just tender. Drain and cool. (2) In a bowl, mix together the mayonnaise, sour cream, light cream, onion, celery, ½ cup chopped pickle, salt and pepper. (3) When potatoes are cool, peel and slice thinly. Heat the vinegar and sprinkle over the potatoes. Let stand 15 minutes. (4) Pour dressing over salad and mix carefully. Cover and chill until serving time. (5) To serve, heap salad into a chilled bowl and garnish with remaining ¼ cup chopped pickle and sieved hard-cooked egg yolks. Makes about 12-14 servings.

DEMON'S HOT GINGERED FRUIT

- | | |
|--|---------------------------|
| 1 can (1-lb.-14-oz.) cling peach halves | 10 maraschino cherries |
| 1 can (1-lb.-14-oz.) pineapple slices | ¼ cup butter or margarine |
| 1 can (1-lb.-14-oz.) whole pitted apricots | ½ teaspoon ginger |
| 1 can (1-lb.-14-oz.) pear halves | ¾ cup light-brown sugar |

Drain syrup from all fruit, reserving 2 tablespoons pineapple syrup. Dry fruit well on paper towels. Arrange in 2-quart casserole, placing cherries on top. (2) Melt butter or margarine with ginger in small saucepan. Stir in reserved pineapple syrup and sugar. Heat few minutes until sugar melts. Pour over fruit and bake in a slow oven, 325° F., about 40 minutes until fruit is hot and lightly browned. Serve with Maple-Glazed Ham. Makes about 12-14 servings.

RED DEVIL CANDIED APPLES

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 4 cups sugar | 12 apples |
| 1½ cups light corn syrup | 12 small wooden skewers |
| 2 cups water | Few drops red food coloring |
| 2 pieces cinnamon stick | |

Make these the morning of the party, they will discolor if you make them too far ahead. Also, you should make up only half this recipe at a time, as the syrup hardens too quickly for you to dip 12 apples successfully. (1) Combine half the sugar, corn syrup, water and 1 cinnamon stick in a small heavy saucepan. (2) Bring to a boil. Lower heat and cook, without stir-

ring, to 300° F. on a candy thermometer. Or test by dropping a little into cold water—it should get very brittle if it's ready to use. As sugar crystals collect on the sides of the pan, wipe them off with a damp cloth wrapped around a wooden spoon handle.

(3) Meanwhile wash the apples very well in cold water and dry thoroughly. Insert skewers in apples. (4) When syrup reaches 300° F., turn off the heat, remove the cinnamon stick and add enough food coloring to make a pretty shade of red. (5) Working very quickly, dip the apples in the hot syrup. Lift out of syrup and carefully swirl the apples (over the pan) so they are evenly coated. Place on aluminum foil to set; do not allow apples to touch each other. If the syrup in the pan starts to harden before you are finished, place it in a pan of hot water. Do the whole procedure twice to make 12 apples.

HARVEST-MOON SPICED CIDER

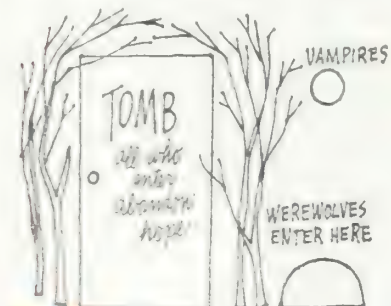
- | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 gallon apple cider | 12 whole cloves |
| 4 sticks cinnamon | Lemon slices, garnish |
| ¾ cup brown sugar | Cinnamon sticks, garnish |
| 2 teaspoons whole allspice | |

Empty cider into a large kettle or pot. Stir in sugar. Add cinnamon. (2) Tie allspice and cloves in a little piece of cheesecloth. Add to cider mixture. Heat all together for 20 minutes. (3) Remove cheesecloth with spices. Serve the cider in punch bowl, hot or cold. (4) Just before serving add a few slices of lemon with a cinnamon stick pushed through the center of each slice. Makes 12-14 servings. Serve in festive punch cups.

HELLO HALLOWEEN!

FUN

Let the spook party begin right at the front door. Cover the door with white butcher's paper, oilcloth or plastic. With a black indelible stick marker write the words "TOMB. ALL WHO ENTER ABANDON HOPE." Tack dead branches on each side of door to form an arch. Cut a black paper circle and attach on wall. Write, "Werewolves Enter Here."



Spiderweb Maze will confuse and delight your guests as they enter. Make a maze (tangle) of yarn using as many different colors as there are guests. Tie one end of each color to a stationary piece of furniture in the party room. Then wind around chairs, table legs, under rugs. Attach a clothespin to the end of each piece and hand one to each guest as he arrives. The aim is for him to untangle his color as fast as possible in order to get to the party room.

Jack-o'-lantern contest—where would Halloween be without it? Have each guest bring a hollowed-out pumpkin with him, but no faces, please. Supply knives, colored feathers, small vegetables, colored paper and scissors. (Be sure to put down newspapers to protect the floor.) Let each artist go to work and may the best jack-o'-lantern win! After the game, place candles in them and arrange around the room.

Everyone loves a dance—especially the Skeleton Sock Hop! Buy a life-size cardboard skeleton and paint it with luminous paint. (Or make one yourself, attaching the arms and legs separately so they "move.") One guest dances with skeleton until the lights go off. If the skeleton taps you, you are now his partner. The idea is to avoid the skeleton that glows eerily in the darkened room.

Careless Casino. Have a mound of wrapped gifts in the center of the floor, and have the guests sit around them in a circle (the gifts should be small and funny from the 5-and-10-cent store). Each guest, in turn, throws dice. Any combination of seven or eleven takes a prize. If a player throws "two ones," he gets to take any gift from anyone else in the game. Open when all gifts are gone from the center.

FAVORS

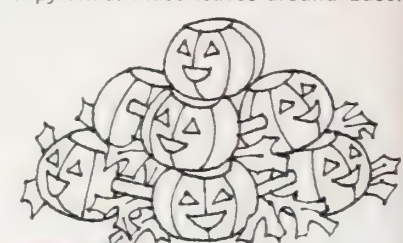
Festive table settings and decorations accent the magic of your meal and add atmosphere to your party.

Centerpiece of spook, witch and scarecrow in a moonlit cornfield (pictured on page 80) can be made by you. For the base, buy a 1'-long, 4"-wide piece of Styrofoam from a florist or variety store. Cover it with crepe paper or straw. Our figures are made of raffia tied to sticks and clothed and decorated with tissue paper. Insert figures into Styrofoam base and decorate with leaves.

Halloween Voodoo Sticks (pictured on page 81). Buy three-foot lengths of wooden dowels from the lumberyard and paint black. Make the heads from Styrofoam balls (6-8" diameter) and wrap around with raffia—color of your choice. Secure raffia with construction pins. Make the faces with raffia and pins or glue on pieces of felt. Fashion hats with colored tissue paper.

Switched Black Cat Lanterns. Cut off the tops of quart milk cartons and wrap with black paper. Draw on faces and cut out eyes. Paste on whiskers. Insert a candle in each one. Make half-pint containers for candies.

Pumpkin Pyramid Lanterns. For another centerpiece idea, hollow out small pumpkins, and cut out faces. Insert a candle in each one. On table or buffet table place five or six pumpkins joined together at the sides with small dowels which you have painted bright colors. Stack about four more pumpkins on top of this, joined together in the same way. Top with one pumpkin for a pyramid. Place leaves around base.



Hocus-Pocus Owl Baskets. Use round cereal boxes as the containers. Draw black ovals in the center of small white paper plates for "owl" eyes and glue onto box near top. Cut strips of black crepe paper. Cut jagged edges along the strips of black crepe paper and glue on box in layers. Paper plates, cups, napkins and other assorted easy-to-make decorations for Halloween parties are available from Hallmark Cards, Inc.



Great idea: indoor barbecues

you make them with *Campbell's* Tomato Soup



BARBECUED HAMBURGERS

2 lb. ground beef	1/4 cup chopped onion
1 tsp. salt	1 tbsp. brown sugar
Dash pepper	1 tbsp. vinegar
1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup	1 tbsp. Worcestershire
1/4 cup sweet pickle relish	

Mix beef, salt, and pepper; form into 8 patties. Brown in skillet (use shortening if needed); pour off fat. Combine remaining ingredients; pour over burgers. Simmer 20 min. or till done. Stir now and then. 8 servings.



BARBECUED CHICKEN

2 lb. chicken parts	2 tbsp. brown sugar
2 tbsp. shortening	2 tbsp. Worcestershire
1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup	2 tbsp. lemon juice
1/3 cup each chopped onion, celery	2 tsp. prepared mustard
1 small clove garlic, minced	2 to 4 drops Tabasco

In skillet, brown chicken parts in shortening; stir in remaining ingredients. Cover; simmer 45 min. or until chicken is tender, stirring now and then. For an extra-bright touch, garnish chicken with thin lemon slices. 4 to 6 servings.



BARBECUED FRANKFURTERS

1 lb. frankfurters	2 tbsp. shortening
1/2 cup chopped onion	1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup
1/4 tsp. chili powder	1/2 cup water

Slash frankfurters every inch. In skillet, brown frankfurters in shortening. Add chopped onion with chili powder; cook until onion is tender. Stir in soup and water; simmer a few min. Stir now and then. Just before serving add some pickle chips if you like. 4 to 6 servings.





TOO BEAUTIFUL, TOO GOOD

The stink and smell and dust of this bloody Euston Station! And the rudeness of that fellow in the ticket office! What a fool to come by bus, and an hour too early. She was exhausted from lugging this old leather suitcase of Aunt Edie's. She let a parcel fall. A porter came over to her.

"Can I help you, Miss?"

"Oh, please do! The Irish Mail."

"Got a seat reserved?"

"Oh, my, I forgot!"

Nice voice, nice kid, nice legs and the real Rossetti neck.

"This way, Miss."

When he had lobbed her case up on the rack of an empty carriage, and she was fumbling in her purse for a coin, he said, "Forget it."

She looked up at him. He had the most beautiful eyes she ever saw, pure cerulean, with long lashes. His temples were gray. Plump, apple cheeks like the cheeks of an old lady.

(Continued on page 86)

By SEAN O'DOOLAIN



e was as slim as a
ng in the moon of March,
and eyes blue as
dwell. The wonder was
yet quite gone
that still look of hers."

by Des Asmussen



DES

TOO BEAUTIFUL. TOO GOOD (Continued)

"I'm Irish too." He smiled. "That's a heavy bag."

He removed his porter's cap to pat his forehead with a blue handkerchief. He could be fifty. He chuckled down the points of his waistcoat and put away the handkerchief in his hip pocket. But she noticed that he still held his peaked cap in his hand. He was so tall that he was able to lean on one foot with his other hand grasping the rack above him.

"Been on a holiday?" he asked.

"I work in London."

"Over long?"

"Three months."

"First time?"

"Yes."

"I could guess. Like it?"

Was this a bit unusual? But the platform was empty, there was no rush yet, and Daddy used always to say that once you got on the Irish Mail you were in a friendly climate already.

"I have a nice, quiet job. It's all right. I work in the National Gallery."

"I'll be blown!" he laughed, but quietly. "I worked there for three and a half years. I used to be one of the warders."

She could imagine him in the museum uniform and knew at once that he had been in the war, and she would take a small bet that he had been a sergeant.

"And what do you do in the Gallery?"

"I work in the bookstall." He laughed happily, as if recalling the good old bookstall. "I'd better drop into the Gallery one of these days and count the pictures. There were a couple there I used to like. The Rokeby Venus."

She smiled discreetly. He said, "Actually my favorite painter is Dante Gabriel Rossetti."

She saw that he would have liked to go on chatting and gave him full marks for not doing it. He stepped back onto the platform, put on his cap, half an inch sideways, swept the stray wing of his hair back over an ear, closed the door and said through the window, "Give my love to O'Connell Street. And take good care of yourself. You ought to—a girl as pretty as you."

He went off laughing, suddenly wheeled and came back to the window.

"Tell old Rutchie I was asking for him. My name is Tom Dalton."

Rutchie? She wondered a bit at a Gallery warder becoming a railway porter. Maybe there was more money in railways. The journey sent him out of her head: the sleepless discomfort, changing to the mail boat at Holyhead in the small hours, meeting her sisters, everything.

Then one afternoon about a month later, back in London, she heard herself being asked for the postcard of the Rossetti *Damozel*, looked up and saw the beautiful blue eyes smiling at her.

"Hello," he said politely. "Forgotten me? Tom Dalton, Euston Station. The Irish Mail. Did you have a pleasant holiday?"

"I remember you," she said, and caught herself blushing and glancing along the counter out of the corner of her eye to see if Lorna Aliyn was listening.

"How is Dublin?"

"Just the same old Dublin," she laughed, responding to his genial smile. His own teeth, but he smoked too much, and a pipe, the way Daddy used to. "Have you been

Why, girl, it's fifteen years since I saw Dublin. I wish you'd tell me sometime what it's like nowadays. You wouldn't care to join me for lunch? No harm in asking, I hope?"

Her eye wandered to a waiting customer and she excused herself. When she came back to his end of the counter he was still there, leaning the cards. He was wearing a well-cut gray suit and a soft brown hat with a snap brim. She wondered what his story

"No?" he asked lightly, yet with such a note of pleading that she hated to refuse him.

"I'm sorry. I'm not free for lunch."

"Why not come out and have a bit of dinner with me tonight at a nice little Greek café?"

In her embarrassment she laughed. "Aren't you working now?"

"I can get a pal to stand in for me. Give him five bob. We often do it on night shifts."

"Oh, all right! Thank you. It is very kind of you."

"Fine! I'll see you outside when you knock off. Now I'm going in to see my favorite picture." He held up the postcard. "She's very like you."

During the afternoon she went into the gallery to have a look at that picture. She was standing on one leg looking at it, searching for some mirror likeness, when she became aware that two men who had been talking quietly in a corner of the room were parting, and that one of them was approaching her. He was sallow, middle-aged, very dark-eyed, soldierly, not bad-looking. He said amiably, "Excuse me—you are at the bookstall, aren't you?"

He spoke softly, as befitted the place and the heavy June afternoon. He had powerful, hunched shoulders.

"Yes."

"I noticed you a couple of times. It is pleasant to find that one can go from postcards to pictures as well as from pictures to postcards. I'm in the curator's office. My name is Rucellai. Guido Rucellai."

"What name did you say?"

"Rucellai."

"Oh? Did you know a warder named Tom Dalton who used to work here?"

"The mad Irishman?"

"In what way was he mad? By the way, I am Irish."

He smiled and raised an apologetic hand and eyebrow. His teeth were white as paper. A strong, hooked nose.

"There is no real harm in being considered a little mad, you know. My English friends consider me a mad Italian. I have several Polish friends, and I think them all quite mad. Only the English are never mad. Do you like Rossetti? Of course he was not really English. His father was an Italian. Very nice drawing there."

"Somebody said that she appears to be a little like me."

He looked to and fro between her and the picture, so often that she felt herself blushing.

"Nonsense. You are High Renaissance. Parmigianino?" he suggested, looking her all over. "No, it must be a Florentine. Domenico called Veneziano? No! Polaiuolo? Or why not Botticelli? The sloping shoulders, the distant look, the firm legs. That's it. As a matter of fact, there is a girl very like you in the Villa Lemmi."

"Why was Tom Dalton considered mad?"

"Do you know him very well?"

"I do not know him at all. I just met him by chance last month at Euston Station. He is a railway porter now."

"Hm! He may be more suited to a railway station than an art gallery. I think I may have said that he is mad because he got so excited and cross with me one day."



He told me, an Italian—consider my position here—that he hates all Italians. I had to reprimand him. I found out later that he had married an Italian girl during or just after the war, and it turned out badly.”

“Oh, well! I must go.”

“Come again, Miss Plunkett.”

“You know my name?”

“I inquired,” he smiled. “I don’t know your first name.”

“Barbara.”

“Come again, Barbara,”—and he bowed from the neck sedately. A bit superior? Or was he soapy?

Dalton took her first to a pub called the Cat and Cage off Oxford Street, at the Marble Arch end. It was a quiet street, bordered by flats, mews, office buildings and the backs of hotels. Evening sparrows chirped in the trees. One might expect to find near at hand a flower shop, small, elegant houses, a church, an expensive boutique.

“This is a nobby district,” he told her, watching her looking eagerly around at the mahogany and the cut-glass mirrors. He could tell that she had never been in a pub before. There were fewer than a dozen customers there. “Anyway it once was a nobby district. We are in what Sydney Smith called the parallelogram—that is, the whole district from Oxford Street south to Piccadilly, and from Park Lane over to Regent Street. Cream of the cream when England was an empire and Ireland was her pup.”

“Who is Sydney Smith? A friend of yours?”

“He’s dead long ago, a famous English writer.”

“Do you read a lot?”

“It passes the time. What’s your poison?”

She did not know what he could afford, so she asked him to decide. He bought a dry sherry for her and a pint of mild-and-bitter for himself.

“Sherry is always safe,” he advised her. “It is a ladylike drink. And take it dryish, never sweet. Never take Martinis. Two of them could knock you out so you wouldn’t know what you were saying or doing. Besides, they are expensive, and no lady feels happy if she thinks she is drinking beyond the means of her consort. I hope you don’t mind my bringing you here for an *apéritif*. I thought it might interest you. Nowadays it is quite a respectable thing to do. Of course, there are some pubs I wouldn’t bring you into.”

“It is a lovely pub. It is the nicest pub I have ever been in. Thank you for bringing me to this pub.”

He asked her what he might call her, and if he might call her Barbara; he felt as if she were his own daughter, and did she mind if he smoked his pipe?

“I love a pipe. Daddy always smoked a pipe. It makes me feel quite at home.”

He smiled a little mockingly, but she plainly did not see his joke. She was as slim as a sapling in the moon of March, with the Damozel’s waving hair, and eyes blue as speedwell. *The wonder was not yet quite gone from that still look of hers.* No lipstick yet. A bit on the skinny side, in spite of the strong legs.

“How old are you, Barbara?”

“Nineteen and a bit more.”

“I’ve got an idea. The next time you go to Dublin I’ll get you a ‘P’ ticket. ‘P’ stands for ‘privileged.’ If I say you’re my daughter I can get you a ticket for next to nothing.”

“You are awfully kind,” she said, con-

sidering him. “Are you sure that would be all right? I mean wouldn’t they want me to prove my identity and so on? I would not want to get you into trouble.”

He looked hard at her. “You’re not being snobby, are you? Not wanting to say you are a porter’s daughter? There are no questions asked, you know. You just present your ticket like everybody else. We’re all one in this on the railways. Each for all and all for each, as you might say.” He patted her knee paternally a couple of times.

He went on, “It’s all right. I’ve upset you now, I can see. You’re not a bit snobby! What was the journey like this time?”

“Fine. Except for having to change for the mail boat; get out at two in the morning just when you are almost beginning to fall asleep.”

“How I know these night trains! During the war—ooh!”

As he talked on she was pleased to find that he had, indeed, been a sergeant, fought in the desert and right up through Italy. And, as Rucellai had said, he had married an Italian girl, and it had not worked; in fact, he had lived with her for only a year and then sent her back with her child to her people in Italy. He told her this quite calmly, as if it was something he had put well behind him.

“Last time I saw her she was a little bit of a thing. She’ll be fifteen now. I’ve seen her photograph—quite pretty. It was a pity, but what’s the use? I couldn’t bring up a child on my own in London, and her mother was a washout. Her old *nonna* will look after her. If I could have married again. . . . But being a Catholic!”

She said he must be lonely, but he waved it away.

“Tell me about dear old dirty Dublin,” he said over the rim of his tankard. “Where do you live there?”

Well. . . . She lived with her mamma and her three sisters up in the hills behind Rathfarnham. It was a dear old house, supposed to be eighteenth-century, all curls and corners, and humpty-dumpty roofs. Daddy was dead. He had been a retired army captain. She did not specify British army, but he knew it. He asked her where exactly in Rathfarnham, or beyond it, she lived; he wanted to know; he really would like to know.

“Up near Rockbrook. It’s lovely there. We can see Dublin miles away below us, on the bay. At night you can see the line of yellow lights strung out along the edge of the water beyond Clontarf. And all the little lights of the city. It’s really lovely. It’s like a stage, with footlights. We’ve always lived there. It’s a bit far out, but Donna and Lulu and I went in every day for two years to Alexandra College. Of course since daddy died we’ve been hard up, and I knew that sooner or later I’d have to take a job. I wanted to be an air hostess with Aer Lingus, but mamma was dead against it. She always said, ‘It’s no use, Babs; our sort never earned their living.’ She thinks what I am doing now is not work, not real work. She lives in a dream. I think she always hoped I’d marry an earl or something.”

She laughed gaily, as at the folly of their lives.

He chuckled. “All Ireland lives in a dream, bless its heart. I believe I know your house. I used often go up around Rockbrook on Sundays when I was in the cycling club with a lot of boys and girls out of the factory. We’d cycle all around through Glencree, on up the Old Long Hill or up the Sally Gap. And so that’s where you always lived?”

(Continued on page 126)

By James Clavell

The Children's Story

THE CHILDREN
WERE AFRAID, BUT
GRADUALLY
THE NEW TEACHER
MADE THEM UNDERSTAND
THE NATURE OF
THEIR NEW WORLD.

The teacher was afraid. And the children were afraid. All except Johnny. He watched the classroom door with hate. He felt the hatred deep within his stomach. It gave him strength.

It was two minutes to nine.

The teacher glanced numbly from the door and stared at the flag which stood in a corner of the room. But she couldn't see the flag today. She was blinded by her terror, not only for herself, but mostly for them, her children. She had never had children of her own. She had never married.

In the mists of her mind she saw the rows upon rows of children she had taught through her years. Their faces were legion. But she could distinguish no one particular face. Only the same face which varied but slightly. Always the same age or thereabouts. Seven. Perhaps a boy, perhaps a girl. And the face always open and ready for the knowledge that she was to give. The same face staring at her, open, waiting and full of trust.

The children rustled, watching her, wondering what possessed her. They saw not the gray hair and the old eyes and the lined face and the well-worn clothes. They saw only their teacher and the twisting of her hands. Johnny looked away from the door and watched with the other children. He did not understand anything except that the teacher was afraid, and because she was afraid she was making them all worse, and he wanted to shout that there was no need to fear. "Just because *they're* conquered us there's no need for panic-fear," Dad had said. "Don't be afraid, Johnny. If you fear too much, you'll be dead even though you're alive."

The sound of footsteps approached and then stopped. The door opened.

The children gasped. They expected an ogre or giant or beast or witch or monster—like the outer-space monsters you think about when the lights are out and momma and daddy have kissed you good night and you're frightened and you put your head under the cover and all at once you're awake and it's time for school. But instead of a monster, a beautiful young girl stood in the doorway. Her clothes were neat and clean, all olive green—even her shoes. But most important, she wore a lovely smile, and when she spoke, she spoke without the trace of an accent. The children found this very strange, for *they* were foreigners from a strange country far across the sea. They had all been told about *them*.

"Good morning, children," the New Teacher said; then she closed the door softly and walked to the teacher's desk, and the children in the front row felt and smelled the perfume of her—clean and fresh and young—and as she passed Sandra, who sat at the end of the first row, she said, "Good morning, Sandra," and Sandra flushed deeply and wondered aghast, with all the other children, *How did she know my name?* and her heart raced in her chest and made it feel tight and very heavy.

The teacher got up shakily. "I, er, I—good morning." Her words were faltering and she, too, was trying to get over the shock. And nausea.

"Hello, Miss Worden," the New Teacher said. "I'm taking over your class now. You are to go to the principal's office."

"Why? What's going to happen to me? What's going to happen to my children?"

The words gushed from Miss Worden, and a lank piece of hair fell into her eyes. The children were agonized by the edge to her voice, and one or two of them felt on the edge of tears.

"He just wants to talk to you, Miss Worden," the New Teacher said gently. "You really must take better care of yourself. You shouldn't be so upset."

Miss Worden saw the New Teacher's smile, but she wasn't touched by its compassion. She tried to stop her knees from shaking. "Good-bye, children," she said. The children made no reply. They were too terrified by the sound of her voice and the tears that wet her face. And because she was crying, some of the children cried, and Sandra fled to her.

The New Teacher shut the door behind Miss Worden and turned back into the room, cradling Sandra in her arms. "Children, children, there's no need to cry!" she said. "I know. I'll sing you a song! Listen!"

And she sat down on the floor as gracefully as an angel, Sandra in her arms, and she began to sing and the children stopped crying because Miss Worden never, never sang to them and certainly never sat on the floor, which is the best place to sit, as everyone in the class knew. They listened spellbound to the happy lilt of the New Teacher's voice and to the strange words of a strange tongue which soared and dipped like the sea of grass which was the birth-

place of the song. It was a child's song; it soothed them, and after she had sung the first chorus the New Teacher told them the story of the song. It was about two children who had lost their way and were all alone in the great grass prairies and were afraid, but they met a fine man riding a fine horse and the man told them that there was never need to be afraid, for all they had to do was to watch the stars and the stars would tell them where their home was.

"For once you know the right direction then there's never a need to be afraid. Fear is something that comes from inside, from inside your tummies," the New Teacher said radiantly, "and good strong children like you have to put food in your tummies. Not fear."

The children thought about this and seemed very sensible. The New Teacher sang the song again, and soon all the children were happy and calm once more. Except Johnny. He hated her even though he knew she was right about fear.

"Now," said the New Teacher, "what shall we do? I know, we'll play a game. Try and guess your names!"

The children, wide-eyed, shifted in their seats. Miss Worden never did this, and often she called a child by another's name. *The New Teacher'll never know all the names! Never!* they thought. So they waited excitedly while the New Teacher turned her attention to Sandra. Oh, yes, somehow she already knew Sandra's name, but he could she possibly know everyone's? They waited, glad that they were going to catch out the New Teacher.

But they were not to catch her out. The New Teacher remembered every name.



put up his hand. "How'd you names? I mean, well, we haven't call or anything, so how'd you names?"

"Easy, Johnny," the New Teacher said. "All sit in the same places every desk has one pupil. So I learned names from a list. I had to work for five days to remember your names. You must work very hard to be a good student and so I worked for three days so I could know each of you the first day. It's very important, don't you think, for you to work hard?"

The New Teacher frowned and half-nodded and sat down. "I wondered why he hadn't figured it out for himself before asking, astonished that she had worked three days just to know everyone the first day. But still he

"Would you tell me something, how do you start school? I mean what do you do to begin with?"

"I stood reluctantly. 'We first learned allegiance and then we sing the

"But that's all after roll call," the New Teacher said. "You forgot roll call."

"You forgot roll call, Johnny," the New Teacher said. "We have roll call," Johnny said. "The New Teacher smiled. 'All right. But you don't need roll call. I know all the names and I know everyone's here. It's lazy for a teacher not to know the names and who isn't, don't you think? A teacher should know. So we did roll call while I'm your teacher. You should pledge, isn't that next?'"

Obediently all the children got up and put their hands on their hearts and the New Teacher did the same, and they began in unison, "I pledge allegiance to the flag of —"

"Just a moment," the New Teacher said. "What does 'pledge' mean?"

The children stood openmouthed; Miss Worden had never interrupted them before. They stood and stared at the New Teacher. Wordless. And silent.

"What does 'allegiance' mean?" the New Teacher asked, her hand over her heart.

The children stood in silence. Then Mary put up her hand. "Well, pledge is, ah, well, something like—sort of when you want to do something very good. You sort of pledge you're going to do something like not suck your thumb 'cause that makes your teeth bend and you'll have to wear a brace and go to the dentist, which hurts."

"That's very good, Mary. Very, very good. To pledge means to promise. And allegiance?"

Mary shrugged helplessly and looked at her best friend, Hilda, who looked back at her and then at the teacher and shrugged helplessly too.

The New Teacher waited, and the silence hung in the room, hurting. Then she said, "I think it's quite wrong for you to have to say something with long words in it if you don't understand what you're saying. So let's sit down and talk about it."

So the children all sat down and waited expectantly.

"What did your other teachers tell you that it meant?"

After a long silence Danny put up his hand. "She never said nothing, miss."

"One of my teachers at the other school I went to before this one," Joan said in a rush, "well, she sort of said what it all meant, at least she said something about it just before recess one day and then the bell went and afterwards we had spellin'."

Danny said, "Miss Worden—well, she never told us. We just hadta learn it and then say it, that's all. Our real teacher didn't say anything at all."

All the children nodded. Then they waited again.

"Your teacher never explained to you?"

All the children shook their heads.

"I don't think that was very good. Not to explain. You can always ask me anything. That's what a real teacher should do." Then the New Teacher said, "But didn't you ask your daddies and mommies?"

"Not about 'I pledge.' We just hadta learn it," Mary said. "Once I could say it Daddy gave me a nickel for saying it good."

"That's right," Danny said. "So long as you could say it all, it was very good. But I never got no nickel."

"Did you ask each other what it meant?"

"I askt Danny once and he didn't know and none of us knowed really. It's grown-up talk, and grown-ups talk that sort of words. We just havta learn it."

"Once in second grade Miss Sander said something about it, but it was only once and I forgot," Johnny said hopefully.

"The other schools I went to," Hilda said, "they never said anything about it. They just wanted us to learn it. They didn't ask us what it meant. We just hadta say it every day before we started school."

"It took me weeks and weeks and weeks to say it right," Mary said.

So the New Teacher explained what allegiance meant. "... So you are promising or pledging support to the flag and saying that it is much more important than you are. How can a flag be more important than a real live person?"

Johnny broke the silence. "But the next thing is—well, where it says 'and for the country for which it stands.' That means it's like a, like a..." He searched for the word and could not find it. "Like a, well, sort of sign, isn't it?"

"Yes. The real word is a symbol." The New Teacher frowned. "But we don't need a sign to remind us that we love our country, do we? You're all good boys and girls. Do you need a sign to remind you?"

"What's remind mean," Mary asked.

"It means to make you remember. To make you remember that you're all good boys and girls."

The children thought about this and shook their heads.

Johnny put up his hand. "It's our flag," he said fiercely. "We always pledge."

"Yes," the New Teacher said. "It is a very pretty one." She looked at it a moment and then said, "I wish I could have a piece of it. If it's so important I think we should all have a piece of it. Don't you?"

"I've a little one at home," Mary said. "I could bring it tomorrow."

"Thank you, Mary dear, but I just wanted a little piece of this one because it's our own special classroom one."

Then Danny said, "If we had some scissors we could cut a little piece off."

"I've some scissors at home," Mary said.

"There's some in Miss Worden's desk," Brian said. (Continued on page 91)



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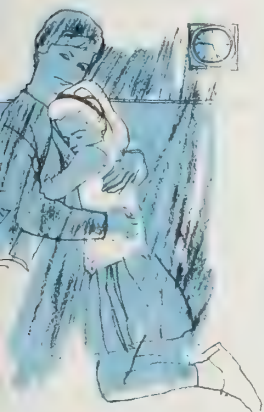
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Children's Story

Continued from page 89

New Teacher found the scissors and had to decide who would be allowed a little piece off, and the New Teacher decided that because today was Mary's birthday (How did you know that? Mary herself, awed) Mary should be allowed the piece off. And then they would be very nice if they all had the flag is special, they thought, so they took a piece that's better than having to look at it 'cause you can keep it in your pocket.

The flag was cut up by the children and they were very proud that they each had a piece. Now the flagpole was bare and useless. The children pondered with it, and the idea that pleased them was to push it out of the window and watch excitedly as the New Teacher opened the window and allowed the flag to fly into the playground. They



with excitement as they saw it fall to the ground and lie there. They loved this strange New Teacher.

They were all back in their seats. The New Teacher said, "Well, before we start our lessons, perhaps there are some questions you want me to answer. Ask me anything you like. That's only fair, isn't it? Do you have any questions?"

After a silence, "We never get to ask a real teacher any questions." The New Teacher always asked me anything. That's the new way. Try me."

"What's your name?" Danny asked. The New Teacher told them her name, and it sounded like a name.

She put up her hand. "Why do you always wear those clothes? Well, it's like a sort of uniform for nurses wear."

The New Teacher thought that teachers should be dressed like that. Then you always know a teacher. It's light and easy to press. Do you like it?"

"Yes," Mary said. "You've got green eyes like children, as a very special gift. You can all have this sort of uniform. You won't have to worry about having to wear to school every day. They'll all be the same."

The children twisted excitedly in their seats. Mary said, "But it'll cost a lot, and my dad won't want to spend the money he has to buy food and food is expensive. Well, it sort of costs a lot of money. It will be given to you. As a present. You don't need to worry about money."

Mary said, "I don't want to be dressed like a nurse. I don't have to accept a present, just because the other children have new clothes, you don't have to have new clothes."

The New Teacher said.

Johnny slunk back in his chair. *I'm never going to wear their clothes*, he said to himself; *I don't care if I'm going to look different from Danny and Tom and Fred.*

Then Mary asked, "Why was our teacher crying?"

"I suppose she was just tired and needed a rest. She's going to have a long rest." She smiled at them. "We think teachers should be young. I'm nineteen."

"Is the war over now?" Danny asked.

"Yes, Danny, isn't that wonderful! Now all your daddies will be home soon."

"Did we win or did we lose?" Mary asked.

"We—that's you and I and all of us—we won."

"Oh!"

The children sat back happily. Then Johnny's hatred burst. "Where's my dad? What've you done to my dad? Where's my dad?"

The New Teacher got up from her seat and walked the length of the room and the children's eyes followed her, and Johnny stood, knees of jelly. She sat down on his seat and put her hands on his shoulders, and his shoulders were shaking like his knees.

"He's going to a school. Some grown-ups have to go to school as well as children."

"But they took him away and he didn't want to go." Johnny felt the tears close, and he fought them back.

The New Teacher touched him gently, and he smelled the youth and cleanness of her, and it was not the smell of home, which was sour and just a little dirty. "He's no different from all of you. *You* sometimes don't want to go to school. With grown-ups it's the same—just the same as children. Would you like to visit him? He has a holiday in a few days."

"Mamma said that dad's gone away forever!" Johnny stared at her incredulously. "He has a holiday?"

The New Teacher laughed. "She's wrong, Johnny. After all, everyone who goes to school has holidays. That's fair, isn't it?"

The children shifted and rustled and watched. And Johnny said, "I can see him?"

"Of course. Your daddy just has to go back to school a little. He had some strange thoughts, and he wanted other grown-ups to believe them. It's not right to want others to believe wrong thoughts, is it?"

"Well, no, I suppose not. But my dad never thought nothing bad."

"Of course, Johnny. I said *wrong* thoughts—not *bad* thoughts. There's nothing wrong with that. But it's right to show grown-ups right thoughts when they're wrong, isn't it?"

"Well, yes," Johnny said. "But what wrong thoughts did he have?"

"Just some grown-up thoughts that are old-fashioned. We're going to learn all about them in class. Then we can share knowledge, and I can learn from you as you will learn from me. Shall we?"

"All right." Johnny stared at her, perplexed. "My dad couldn't have wrong thoughts, could he?"

"Well, perhaps sometime when you wanted to talk about something very important to your dad, perhaps he said, 'Not now, Johnny, I'm busy,' or, 'We'll talk about that tomorrow.' That's a bad thought—not to give you time when it's important. Isn't it?"

"Sure. But that's what all grown-ups do."

"My mamma says that all the time," Mary said.

And the other children nodded, and they wondered if all their parents should go back to school and unlearn bad thoughts.

"Sit down, Johnny, and we'll start learning good things and not worry about grown-up bad thoughts. Oh, yes," she said when she (Continued on page 92)



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The Children's Story

(Continued from page 91)

sat down at her seat again, brimming with happiness. "I have a lovely surprise for you. You're all going to stay overnight with us. We have a lovely room and beds and lots of food, and we'll all tell stories and have such a lovely time."

"Oh, good," the children said.

"Can I stay up till eight o'clock?" Mary asked breathlessly.

"Well, as it's our first new day, we'll all stay up to eight-thirty. But only if you promise to go right to sleep afterward."

The children all promised. They were very happy. Jenny said, "But first we got to say our prayers. Before we go to sleep."

The New Teacher smiled at her. "Of course. Perhaps we should say a prayer now. In some schools that's a custom too." She thought a moment, and the faces watched her. Then she said, "Let's pray. But let's pray for something very good. What should we pray for?"

"Bless Momma and Daddy," Danny said immediately.

"That's a good idea, Danny. I have one. Let's pray for candy. That's a good idea isn't it?"

They all nodded happily.

So, following their New Teacher, they all closed their eyes and steeped their hands together, and they prayed with her for candy.

The New Teacher opened her eyes and looked around disappointedly. "But where's our candy? God is all-seeing and is everywhere, and if we pray, He answers our prayers. Isn't that true?"

"I prayed for a puppy of my own lots of times, but I never got one," Danny said.

"Maybe we didn't pray hard enough. Perhaps we should kneel down like it's done in church."

So the New Teacher knelt and all the children knelt and they prayed very, very hard. But there was still no candy.

Because the New Teacher was disappointed, the children were very disappointed. Then she said, "Perhaps we're using the wrong name." She thought a moment and then said, "Instead of saying 'God,' let's say 'Our Leader.' Let's pray to Our Leader for candy. Let's pray very hard and don't open your eyes till I say."

So the children shut their eyes tightly and prayed very hard, and as they prayed the New Teacher took out some candy from her pocket and quietly put a piece on each child's desk. She did not notice Johnny—alone of all the children—watching her through his half-closed eyes.

She went softly back to her desk and the prayer ended, and the children opened their eyes and they stared at the candy and they were overjoyed.

"I'm going to pray to Our Leader every time," Mary said excitedly.

"Me too," Hilda said. "Could we eat Our Leader's candy now, teacher?"

"Oh, let's, please, please, please."

"So Our Leader answered your prayers, didn't he?"

"I saw you put the candy on our desks!" Johnny burst out. "I saw you. I didn't close my eyes, and I saw you. You had 'em in your pocket. We didn't get them with praying. You put them there."

All the children, appalled, stared at him and then at their New Teacher. She stood at the front of the class and looked back at Johnny and then at all of them.

"Yes, Johnny, you're quite right. You're a very, very wise boy. Children, I put the candy on your desks. So you know that it

doesn't matter who you ask, who you look at, or who you pray to—to God or any even Our Leader, no one will give you anything. Only another human being." looked at Danny. "God didn't give you a puppy you wanted. But if you work hard, only I or someone like me can give you things. Praying to God or anything anyone for something is a waste of time."

"Then we don't say prayers? We're supposed to say prayers?"

The puzzled children watched her.

"You can if you want to, children. Your daddies and mommies want you to. But we know, you and I, that it means nothing. That's our secret."

"My dad says it's wrong to have secrets from him."

"But he has secrets that he shares with your mommy and not with you, doesn't he?" All the children nodded.

"Then it's not wrong for us to have secrets from them. Is it?"

"I like having secrets. Hilda and me have lots of secrets," Mary said.

The New Teacher said, "We're going to have lots of wonderful secrets together. You can eat your candy if you want to, because Johnny was especially clever. I think we should make him monitor for the whole week, don't you?"

They all nodded happily and popped candy in their mouths and chewed gaily. Johnny was very proud as he checked his candy; he decided that he liked the teacher very much. Because she told the truth. Because she was right about fear, because she was right about God. He'd prayed many times for many things and never got them, and even the one time he did get skates, he knew his dad had heard him and had put them under his bed for his birthday and pretended he hadn't heard him. *always wondered why He didn't listen, all the time He wasn't there*, he thought.



Johnny sat back contentedly, resolved to work hard and listen and not to have wrong thoughts like Dad.

The teacher waited for them to finish their candy. This was what she had been trained for, and she knew that she would teach her children well and that they would grow up to be good citizens. She looked out of the window, at the sun over the land. It was a good land, and vast, and land to breathe in. But she was warned by the sun but by the thought that throughout the school and throughout the land, children, all men and all women were being taught with the same faith, with variations of the same procedures. Each according to age group. Each according to his need. She glanced at her watch. It was 9:23.



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ur off and save syrup from 1 No. 2½ (1 lb. 14

oz.) can DEL MONTE® Brand Fruit Cocktail. Set aside
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as you'd do it yourself. That's DEL MONTE quality!)
Mix 2 Tbsp. cornstarch, ½ cup sugar, ¼ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp.
cinnamon, ¼ tsp. nutmeg. Stir in reserved syrup and
cook, stirring, till thickened. Add ½ cup orange juice,
1 tsp. grated orange rind, 1 tsp. lemon juice and 2 Tbsp.
butter. Bring the mixture to a boil. ❁ Have ready
bread from 7-oz. can date-nut, fruit-nut or other
steamed bread, cut almost through in 6 slices. Place
in pan with sauce, add fruit cocktail, spoon sauce over
bread. Cover; heat over low heat
till bread and fruit are hot.
Remove to a serving dish and top
with sugar cubes soaked in lemon
extract. Ignite the cubes and serve.
❁ You'll never delight six people
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fruit cocktail that says the nicest
things about you? DEL MONTE is
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There were some few farmers in town. It seemed as if most of the women had begun milking the cows for the opening of Spring. There was wonderful if the girls would milk along with her mother. Mr. Dick *Phoebe* told me of the women that came out of the city to ask her for some more *Blue Tansies*.



Whirlpool
Join

"I'm gassing around the area," the exterminator yelled.
"Wonderful," Texas shouted.
"Nothing could live in there."

Two months before, he had made a date with an Idiot Voice. He met it at the Whaler Bar. He did not say hello to it. He pretended to be another drinker. He heard it talking to the bartender. It came out of a big-faced

body with piano legs and butter-colored flesh, a voice that had been a warm wet flower on the telephone. That was the last time he had been tempted by an Idiot Voice. Still, the *Deep Purple* voice had something very cozy. A mixture of promise and fear.
"It must be dead," the exterminator yelled. "I gave it enough for a regiment."
"Are you sure?" Texas said.
"Positive. I gave it a dose for a horse."
Texas put on his jacket. He went into the living room. The exterminator was standing with his back to the door, facing the fire-

place. An acrid chemical smell burned Texas's eyes and made his throat feel sore.
"We're leaving now," he said.
"Sure," the exterminator said. "Anytime. I gave it an extra squirt for good measure."
"Splendid," Texas said. He reached into his billfold and took out a five-dollar bill. "Take this."
"Sign it, please," the exterminator said.
"For the wife. She won't spend it. You know what I mean?"
"Yes," Texas said. He signed his name across the bill.

"Thanks a lot. It's dead all right. It won't bother you."
"Fine."
"No, sir. It won't bother anybody."
"Thank you for coming," Texas said.
"I'm sure I got it."
The two men walked out into the fog and waited for the elevator.
"Me for a hot meal," the exterminator said.

"It sounds very promising," Texas said.
"You think it crawled up the building?"
"I don't know."
"Out of the park. Good heavens! That some climb."
"Excuse me," Texas said, "I'm rehearsing for my show. Would you mind not talking?"
"Sure."
In the elevator, Texas stood facing the back of the car, thinking. At the ground floor he let the exterminator exit first.
"Well, good night. A pleasure to meet you, sir."
"Good night," Texas said.

He waited for the exterminator to depart before he went out. A warm wind blew off the park. People seemed to drift along a group of girls in peasant skirts and blouses approached from Columbus Circle. The girls giggled as Texas wedged through them.
On Broadway he hailed a cab and gave the address of the studio. He sat back against the leather and closed his eyes. He was tired. A cricket had kept him awake an entire night. A single little cricket chirping

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ing in his apartment had been enough to ruin his sleep and make him irritable and jumpy.

He laughed to himself. It was the kind of absurdity he enjoyed usually, but suddenly there was something revolting about it. He had a fantasy of a horde of bugs climbing the white walls of his apartment in a vast exodus from the dark blot of the park. He wondered if he should mention the cricket to his audience. They might enjoy it. He would leave out the part about the exterminator.

He decided not to. The idea of bugs might bother someone. Crickets make noise by rubbing their legs together. That might offend the Legion of Decency.

The cab halted in a snarl of traffic. The heat of the motor threw back a heavy glassy smell. Texas paid his fare and got out, walking briskly, dodging the pedestrians. A quiet lay beneath the murmurs of the crowd; a summer-heat quiet that dulled its voice, but Texas could still hear the massed footbeats, the heel clicks. He rushed toward the avenue where his studio was located.

The main studio at WFJL, from which Texas Hardy whispered his consolations to the nighttime city, and his promises of lasting excitement, seemed, by some engineering miracle, to hang suspended in a corridor of air. The hanging room was acoustical perfect, a wonder of resonance. The walls were covered with pock-marked padding that deadened sound. A red-lit panel over the control booth was the only decoration. It flashed ON THE AIR and OFF THE AIR, a traffic light for Texas that guided him from professional poise to relaxed throat-clearing coughing and yawning.

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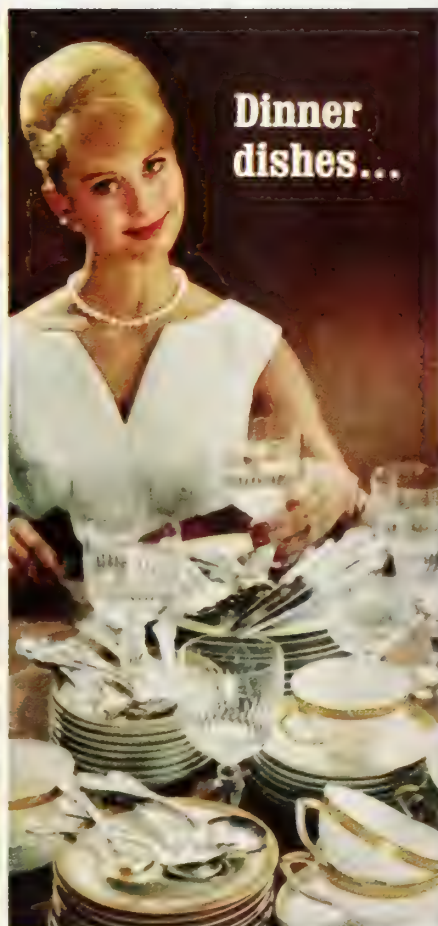
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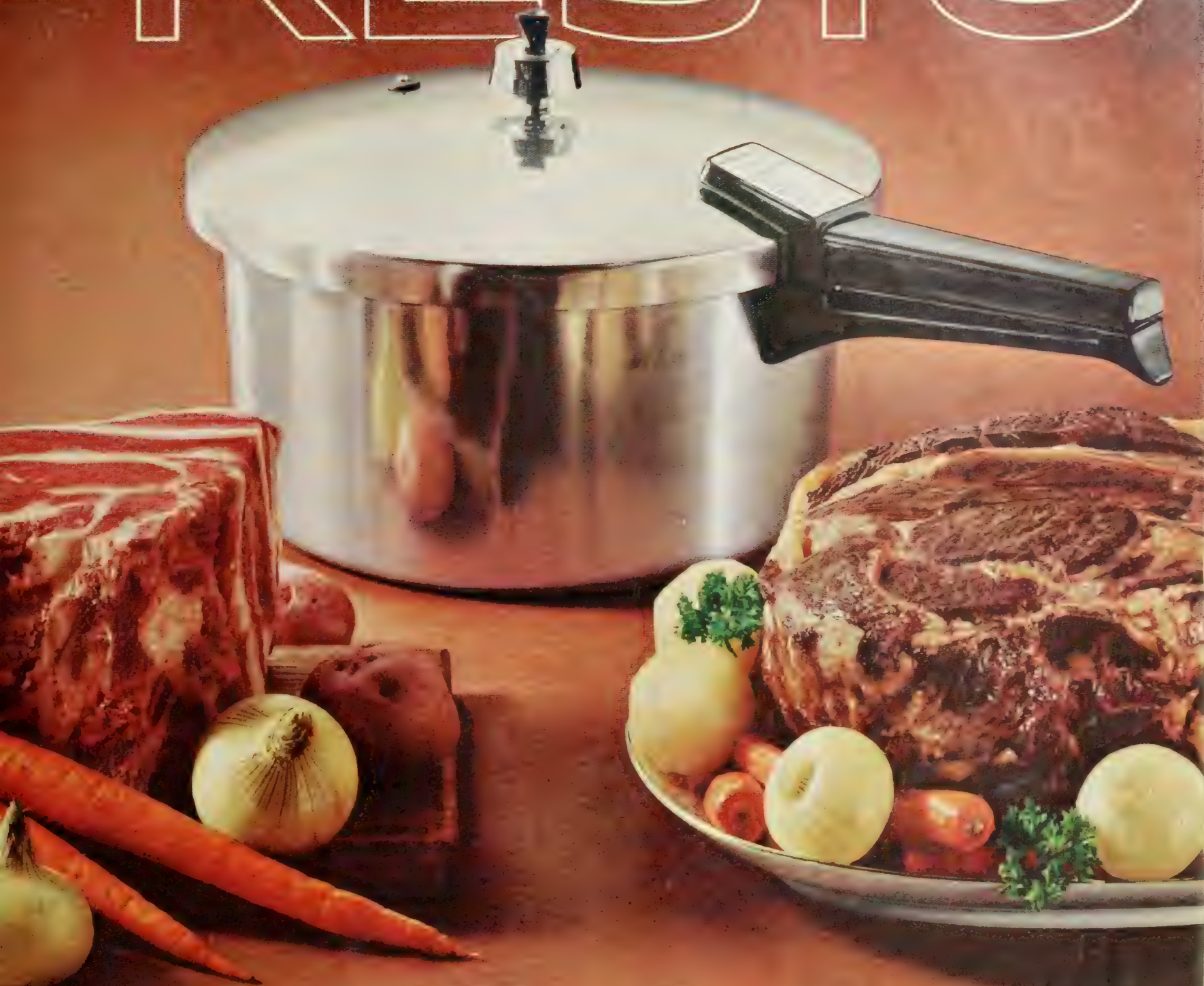
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The engineer sat in the glass booth watching Texas, deftly placing records on turntables, calling time cues, playing the commercials, alert to the mechanical side of things. He sat with his eyes closed when Texas spoke; while music played, black earphones bracketed his head. When there was work to do he moved quickly, signaling with his hands,

slowing, hushing, warning Texas of his responsibilities to sponsors, approving, encouraging.

On the control-room wall, visible to Texas from where he sat on a little podium, was a large clock that measured time in tiny spasms, minute by minute.

There were two telephones for Texas to receive personal requests from listeners. At a switchboard out in the reception room Miss Clotter sat through the night censoring the random voices that called to ask for a certain song—in memory of, as a token to,

as a message for, because of a birthday, a marriage, a restlessness, a loneliness. Miss Clotter wrote the requests on slips of paper and delivered them to the engineer, and then the engineer handed them to Texas, who spoke a word for those that could be honored. Every few minutes she let a call sift through to Texas.

Miss Clotter was expert at weeding out the chaff—the assorted grotesques who regularly dialed the station's number. Texas spoke that number hourly, inviting calls. He spoke the numerals as if they were the combination to a safe containing gold, and he was forever amazed when any communication resulted from the faceless strangers awake in the city. When the little lights lit up on his telephones, he beamed his side of the dialogue to the world, and translated, as he chose, the words of his caller.

Despite Miss Clotter's genius at filtering out the cranks and monsters, the Idiot Voices, a voice cursed occasionally in Texas's ear, or revealed some twisted filthy desire, some dwarf of a thought. Texas always answered softly: "Yes. . . . Yes, that's true. . . . Really? . . . That's nice of you. . . ." and fabricated some message. "Mary Krouse is seventeen tonight. . . . Morris Logenheim works at Bill's on Chelsea Street. . . . *You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To* was Evelyn Taub's wedding song."

No matter what the frantic voice might suggest, no matter what the crisis at the other end of the wire, Texas spoke gently and easily. When he smiled at the microphone, his voice smiled as well. Confiding his messages, commercial or philosophical, he leaned toward the microphone as if to a lover. The microphone gave wings to his voice.

Miss Clotter had a radio in the reception room, and when she was not singing along with the music, she listened to Texas whisper, as if to a voice from Olympus. She often tucked her own requests in with the others. When her choices were played, she laughed or cried inwardly, depending on the mood of the song.

Silent Time went out into the night, a beam of sound in the darkened world. Texas spoke his patter, and kept control despite a lingering fatigue.

At twelve-thirty a call came in announcing that "Gloria Miller is holding her nuptials next Sunday," and Texas said "Holding her what?" before he announced the event and wished the bride and groom "fair sailing on the sea of life." The engineer ges-

tured from the control room and Texas grinned at him.

At one o'clock Texas ordered coffee and a sandwich from the luncheonette downstairs. He needed a stimulant. He was fed up, wilted and bored. He found himself thinking about girls he had known and, when record spun, he tried to arrange them into a chronology. The record stopped, spoke his message, another record played, he arranged his girls of the last two months, read a beer commercial, put on another record and returned to his revels. The requested music irritated him and he ordered the engineer to play some Gershwin. He listened to *Embraceable You* and *Sweet Time*. The music soothed him, and he wondered if the *Deep Purple* girl would again.

She had called every night for the month and each time he had teased, nervousness, for his audience and for amusement. It occurred to him that Miss Clotter might not put her through. There was not much chance of that because she had become a fixture on the program, but he went out to the reception room.

Miss Clotter smiled. "Oh, sure, Mr. Harris. I always give her to you direct. No, she hasn't called tonight. Maybe she got sick of the tune."

"Thank you, Miss Clotter," he said, felt sweat on his upper lip and wiped it away with his handkerchief.

"It's hot in here," Miss Clotter said. "The air conditioning doesn't seem to do a bit of good."

She smiled again, and Texas had thought that she was available if he wanted her. He felt disgusted with himself.

He went back to his studio. He fumbled on his next commercial, losing a thought in midair. He prayed for the night to be over.

The hands of the control-room clock jerked too slowly. They dwelt on each minute, stringing them like black pearls on wire. Texas kept his eyes down, away from the clock. He saw a summer-fat bug walk along his schedule sheet. He crushed it with a paperweight. The bug shell cracked like a tiny egg and left a blotch of blood on the paper. Texas could not throw the paper away; he needed the information on it. He put a paperweight over the spot, a tombstone commemorating the petty violence. Where was the *Deep Purple* girl? Maybe she was not going to call anymore. Why? Maybe the restlessness had gone out of her. Maybe

Fudge!



Fudgier!



Fudgiest!



You can't make it better than with **Nestlé's**® semi-sweet chocolate morsels and **Kraft**® MARSHMALLOW CREME

Marshmallow Cream Fudge

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| 1 7-oz. jar KRAFT MARSHMALLOW CREME® | 2 6 oz. pkgs. or 1 12-oz. Jumbo pkg. (2 c.) NESTLÉ'S SEMI-SWEET CHOCOLATE MORSELS |
| 1½ c. sugar | ½ c. chopped nuts |
| ¾ c. Pet® evaporated milk | 1 tsp. vanilla |
| ¼ c. butter or margarine | |
| ¼ tsp. salt | |

Combine first 5 ingredients and bring to a full boil, stirring constantly. Boil 5 min. over moderate heat, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Add semi-sweet chocolate morsels and stir till melted. Stir in nuts and vanilla. Pour in greased 8" square pan. Let firm. YIELD: approx. 2¼ lbs.

OR substitute 2½ c. Kraft Marshmallows and increase Pet evaporated milk to 1 c.



"Try and get over right away, my husband is rummaging around his tool chest!"

start cooking
with a
**golden
spoon**



everything
turns to
richness when you
stir in PET.

*the milk with twice
the country cream
in every drop*

• POT ROAST MEAT LOAF •

a PET Milk Golden Spoon recipe

rich PET Milk holds all the savory meat juices in the loaf, and makes it moist and easy to slice without the usual egg. Thin milk would never do! The vegetables glisten and carry the good meat flavor, too. This will be a favorite recipe, once you try it.

Mix in a 1½-quart bowl 1 lb. ground lean Beef, 1 cup PET Evaporated Milk, ½ cup fine dry Bread Crumbs, ¼ cup Catsup or Chili Sauce, 1 tsp. Salt, 2 tsp. Worcestershire Sauce and ¼ tsp. Pepper. With wet hands, shape into loaf in a 13 x 9 x 2 inch pan.

Peel and slice ¼ inch thick 3 medium Potatoes and 3 medium Onions. Peel and quarter lengthwise 4 medium Carrots.

3. Mix 2 tsp. Dried Parsley Flakes, 1 tsp. Salt and few grains Pepper. Place vegetables in layers around meat. Sprinkle each layer with part of salt mixture. Cover tightly with foil.

4. Bake in 375 oven (high moderate) 1 hour, or until vegetables are tender. Uncover and bake 10 minutes more to brown meat. Serves 4.

PET
MILK COMPANY
MILK PRODUCTS DIVISION



*In
Midnight
Voice*

she found some Drowse or Snooze, some powder that would let her sleep, or maybe a man had weaned her away from her radio.

Who? Where? In what room with what thoughts?

He ordered the engineer to play *Deep Purple* three times. After the third go-around, the little light flashed on his private telephone and he was reunited with the fragile voice that had been troubling his memory.

While a record played, he made a date to meet her on Fifty-ninth Street, at the edge of Central Park. After she had hung up, he saw in his mind what would happen—the beginning, the middle and the end. He was sorry he had talked to her. But at least she would have a memory to temper the ten thousand subway rides and the six million typewriter clicks that were her future. He promised himself that he would be gentle with her. He would guide her through a padded hour that would nourish them both. In the morning there would be no guilt. After all, you owe it to your audience.

"Did you make out?" A voice from the control room. Texas saw the engineer trace a question mark with his hand. He nodded. The engineer applauded.

After the show, Texas stopped for a drink at a hotel and watched a scissor-legged girl exercise on a bar stool. She moved her bottom and tapped her foot and twisted her legs like an acrobat on a platform. He finished his drink and went to meet Minna Something, Minna Hungry, Minna Hot, Minna Purple. He had forgotten her last name.

A red-gray heat haze streaked the night sky. The city belonged to the few doormen lounging outside their buildings, the taxi drivers, the pleasure seekers wandering in and out of little clubs, the people who used the dark for daylight. Texas walked slowly. He liked the night rhythm, the slow pulse. A steady excitement came to him—of muffled drums, a song of golden luxury.

He walked up Fifth Avenue feeling like a lover, whispering to himself. When he

caught sight of the park, he stopped. He decided to turn back. He felt refreshed again, satisfied by the manna from the city's towers. The loneliness he felt in the empty street was pleasant. He did not want to share any of it. He felt contempt for the quivering girl who was waiting for him to come like a dark spirit into her bordered world.

A couple went by. The girl ran ahead, laughing. The man caught her and kissed her on the face and hair. She let her head

fall back and he bent with her, following her lips and holding her. Texas watched. He felt protective, paternal, and he wished he could be well. The girl locked her arms about her lover's shoulders. His arms closed about her waist. She laughed. They went to the cab and called a cab. As the cab pulled away, Texas saw them through the window. They were looking at each other. He walked on, feeling a little better in his body again. He resented its reputation of him.

On Fifty-ninth Street a line of hansom cabs still waited for customers. The doorman sat on stone benches, slouched under his silk hats. Their horses stood eating from leather bags, drinking bucketfuls of water to replace the moisture sweated out in their journeys around the park. Texas crossed the street where the drivers were clustered. One of them looked up and invited him to enjoy a cool ride in the park, to "feel like little kids." Noo Yawk."

Texas scanned the shadows by the wall that edged the park. He saw the girl standing against the wall, watching him, and his curiosity roused. Feeling like a child, he hummed *Deep Purple*, and she said, "I'm all right. Do I look like you expect?"

Texas played the prince. With a flourish over his lips, he made a sound to ease her shy pain. He took her hand and led her to the first of the hansom cabs. The girl climbed up and adjusted his silk hat and he kissed the horse. They turned into the park and left the city behind them.

"Hello, Minna," Texas said.

"Hello," she said. "I never rode in a cab before these things."

"Relax," Texas said. "Let's be friends."

"I don't know. I feel funny."

"I know," Texas said. "I know."

"Do you like how I look? You have never looked at me yet."



"You got two get-well cards and I got ten sympathy cards."

KRAFT

Cheese festival time



oked as the cab passed under. She waited for his judgment. He only the shadows on her face. "Now you look," he said. "That relieves me," she said. "We can enjoy the park," he said. "We can beautiful," she said. "It's very nice relaxed. He listened to the hoof the sound of the wheels turning. red about the girl. Was she mar somebody out selling shoehorns in tota? Had she left a baby sleeping n she had abandoned for an inter- gic? How would she explain her to the girls at the Automat to- Minna Who? e about you," Texas said. e said. "I don't think so"

know what I'm doing here. To- a workday. I almost didn't come, t to know. It's very unusual for like being strangers."

nt," Texas said. the park they went. e about you," she said. "What are s a voice?"

lt a quick anxiety. He did not like ioned.

the inquisitor, the confessor. A was exactly what she wanted him purple voice.

ly," she said. "Why did you tell e? You must have plenty of girls. ou want from me?"

it in an easy way that left Texas a silent-movie villain. "I wanted u," he said. "I always liked that chose, in a very special way. I s why."

reasy song," she said. "I hate it."

Texas knew she loved the song, that she hungered for its purple mood to envelop her. "I shouldn't have come. I'm twenty-two years old. I should know better."

He mellowed his voice, reassuring her. "Take it easy," he said. "Take it slow."

Around the park they drove through dark tunnels. He carried their mood like a glass ball. If the glass ball broke, they would both

turn into pumpkins, then dust, and would blow away.

He needed her belief in the dream he sold. He wanted to taste it on her lips.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I feel strange with you. I don't feel important."

"You are important," Texas said. He said it sincerely. He knew that he meant it, even if for the wrong reasons. She was important

"Are you from Texas?" she said. "I mean really?"

Another hansom cab passed them and in it Texas saw a couple embracing. He thought for a moment that it was Miss Clotter from the station, in somebody's arms. A city mirage.

"San Antonio," he said. "We had a ranch outside the city." *Where the deer and the antelope play. She wants to hear. Tell her.*

"I always wanted to travel," she said.

"Someday you will."

"I hope so."

"You will."

The purple towers must be made real for one night at least. The park and the clip-clopping horse and the soft breeze conspired to ease her and lift her and fit her out in dancing shoes.

"I'm from downtown," she said. "Way east, near Greenwich Village. Do you know the neighborhood?"

"Not well," Texas said.

"It stinks down there," she said. "It traps you."

Her feet were dragging. Texas wanted to help her soar. He wanted to fly away with her.

"It's not for real," he said. "Nothing is for real tonight."

"Everything is crazy," she said. She laughed, throwing her head back.

"Hey diddle diddle," Texas sang, "the cat and the fiddle . . ."

". . . The cow jumped over the moon," she sang.

"That happened tonight," Texas said.

"I could believe it."

"Believe it, Minna."

"You're mad. I'm glad I brought my mad money."

He took her hand. He was moving carefully. Background music. The city hushed.



"You can't charge your new coat to incidentals just because you said, 'Incidentally, I bought a new coat!'"

1. The one and only Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese—guaranteed fresh when you buy it, or your money back. Kraft's promise!
2. Kraft Gouda—a gay Dutch-type cheese with a heart of gold. Looks so pretty on the tray—so delicious, too!
3. Imported Kraft Camembert—refrigerated all the way from Denmark. Serve at room temperature to enjoy its full flavor.
4. Kraft Natural Sliced Swiss aged to true nut-sweet goodness. It's one of 7 fine natural cheeses—sliced and ready to enjoy!
5. Caraway Sliced—pale, golden cheese the Scandinavians call "Kuminost," because it's delicately spiced with caraway seeds.
6. Cracker Barrel Natural Cheddar in Sharp, Extra Sharp, Mellow. In wedges or 10-oz. sticks. More than good—it's a real pleasure.
7. Ready-to-Serve Dips taste homemade! Pasteurized Neufchatel cheese with such savory flavors as Dill and Bacon-Horseradish.
8. Kraft Party Snacks are the creamiest of pasteurized Neufchatel cheese mixed with onion, clams, chives, chipped beef.
9. Crown Brand Swiss Gruyere and Trauben—imported from Switzerland. Processed so it reaches American cheeselovers in its prime.
10. Kraft Handi-Snack Links pasteurized process cheese foods in 5 flavors. They slice to cracker size.
11. Blue Cheese from Kraft. Made in America with fine blue marbling. Sumptuous dessert with fruits!

The World's Favorite Cheeses are made or imported by **KRAFT**



Burger hot. Coca-Cola cold.
Taste bold, refreshing, never too sweet.
Ummm! Burger never better.

things go
better
with
Coke



Remind her of the dream. Live it out for one night.

"Minna . . ."

"What?"

Silent, he watched her finish the sentence. Minna, I

u. Minna, be mine.

na . . ." In twenty-five words or less. ched her cherish them.

"I're nice," she said. "I like you."

hansom cab carried them through k and curved back toward the lights -ninth Street. When the lights broke em they separated from their long e.

" she said.

is passed one hand over her face like cian putting someone to sleep. The tment was complete. Sleep, Minna. sleep. But not just yet.

ke me to your neighborhood," he

"

ant to see where you live." Cinderella s, he thought.

wn there? It's just a street."

ase. I want to take the guided tour." s silly," she said.

ase."

right. If you want to."

as made a deal with the driver, and o headed downtown. He put his arm t the girl and shielded her from the he would show him the streets he re- ered, and hate them. He had not been eighborhood for years, but those ere still the tight borders of her life. ould listen and sympathize.

remembered the fat-bellied slum lat- ing away the summer. He remem- he slime-bellied fish dripping on the rket stands. He remembered the cat and the garbage burning and the of noise pressing in like walls. He bered his own now, his own purple

na Somebody made a nest against his and pretended to sleep. The cab through Times Square and continued o the empty streets of the garment . The windows of the buildings were

eat up and looked around. "I never e city like this. Not like this."

y went farther south and then east. eighborhood, hiding her face against ndow, she told him the story of her-

self. He kissed her cheek, consoling her for her hatred of the ugliness—understanding, sympathizing, knowing, touching.

Then the cab rolled past gutters that had been the early kingdoms of Texas's own life.

He saw the open windows, the walls of the buildings peeled away against the summer. He saw a man's sweating face collapse into darkness when he was discovered. He saw the fire-escape sleepers, the stoop sitters, the dwellers among brick and tar sweltering under naked bulbs. The lost. The empty.

He felt sweat on his face. He wanted to turn back. It was no joke anymore, no pleasure.

Minna Somebody gestured toward the buildings, enraged, commanding their destruction. "It stinks," she said. "I'm getting out someday."

Little loser, Texas thought. Nervous little loser. Her arm touched him. It was the bone- less arm of dead years, the flesh wet with heat. Fingers like lobster claws stroked his cheek. He pulled away.

"What's the matter?" There was panic in her voice. Minna Somebody was afraid.

"Uptown," Texas said, and the cab turned.

"Did I do something?"

"No," Texas said. "Nothing." Make the horse run. Make the horse fly.

Tell her, he thought. Tell her a thirsty ghost has you by the throat. A vampire. Tell her to make the sign of the cross. Tell her to drive a spike through you.

"I felt a little dizzy," he said. "Travel- ogues do that to me."

"I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean —"

"It's nothing," Texas said.

"There is no purple garden," she said. "If you know what I mean."

"Listen, Minna. Listen."

"What? What is it?"

What is it? Falter, purple voice, he thought, and the towers collapse and smother you in stone. What is it?

"Nothing," he said. "Nothing."

She kissed him.

"Don't worry," he said. "I'm fine."

She came to him and held her head against him, crying.

The hansom headed for the white build- ing on Central Park South, with the cool white rooms and the white terrace. She cried hard and he smoothed her hair, com- forted her. Two children in the city's long night, they built with purple blocks.

"Easy . . . easy . . . easy . . ."



"Could you tell him it's rather urgent?"

IT'S NEW!

DEVILED SPAM Spread

it's devilish!

It's SPAM but it spreads! So full of flavor one 3-oz. can will do all this:

A fresh idea in meat from Hormel

SPAM is a registered trademark for a product not backed only by Gen. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn., U.S.A.

"I'm so lucky," she said. "So lucky you chose me." She yielded, taking his mercy, cherishing his gentleness.

Texas waited for the trip to be done. He was breathing easily again. He listened to the horse, the driver muttering, the traffic. Night sounds. Peaceful sounds.

Then he thought: What if the little cricket is not dead? What if it were only stunned, is wandering now on the white

carpet or lost on the black sheet? I will have to kill it, but how? Quickly, cleanly. I will have to kill it without leaving any stain. Suppose it is not really dead? He laughed softly to himself.

She looked up at him.

"Steady," he said. "Be easy, Minna."

He recognized the voice. It was in control, completely in control, rich velvet, a dark caress.

• END

Four dinners designed to pamper the man in your life—whether he be intrepid hu



ve bachelor, red-meat lover or the boss.

Food to please a man

For the man who likes to hunt: Prepare his game with pride. Pictured here, tender young pheasants basted with a spicy purple plum sauce, presented on a bed of delicately seasoned wild rice. Add artichoke hearts, watercress salad tossed in almond dressing, and a full-bodied red wine. For dessert, delicious pineapple-laced biscuit tortoni. Recipes for this dinner are found on page 115.

BY ELAINE WARD-HANNA





REGULAR OR NEW FAMILY-SIZE PACKAGE

Only Royal gives you Swiss Chocolate flavor
in quicker cooking, creamier setting pudding.

Reach for **Royal**
new richer recipe puddings

CHOCOLATE • DARK N' SWEET CHOCOLATE • VANILLA • BUTTERSCOTCH

For the man who likes to hunt

ROAST PHEASANT PURPLE PLUM SAUCE

2 pheasants, 1 onion, peeled and
and halved
roasting 2 pieces celery
paper 4 bacon slices

Purple Plum Sauce:

1-oz.) 2 tablespoons chili
ums sauce
er or 1 teaspoon
e Worcestershire
ns sauce
onion ½ teaspoon ground
on juice ginger
own sugar

is for a brace of pheasants;
proportionately according to the
wish to serve.

the pheasants inside and out
water. Pat dry with paper towels.
the cavity with salt and pepper.
le slice, half an onion and a
ery in each cavity. (3) Truss and
allow, open roasting pan, breast
ce two slices of bacon over each
Roast in moderate oven, 350° F.,
ours. To test for doneness, press
art of the drumstick, protecting
a piece of foil or paper towel.
should feel soft if it is done.

ast half hour of roasting remove
s and baste with *Purple Plum*
sauce. Drain plums and save liquid. Re-
from the plums and puree in a
buzz in a blender. (6) Melt but-
arine in a small saucepan. Add
auté until golden. (7) Stir in re-
ingredients, including plum liquid
plums. Simmer for about 30
until thickened. Use to baste the
and then serve as a sauce. Makes
sauce, 4 servings.

ou purchase frozen pheasants be-
low them to thaw completely at
perature before preparing for
then proceed as the recipe di-
her the birds are fresh or frozen
remove all pinfeathers that are
h frozen pheasants it is much
o this after they have thawed).
way to do this is to use twee-
ebrow sort are handy for doing
and the time spent in doing this
all worthwhile for the improved
of the birds.

RICE WITH SAUSAGE

or link 1 teaspoon mono-
sages sodium glutamate
ush- Pinch oregano
iced Pinch thyme
eeled Pinch marjoram
opped 1 tablespoon salt
d rice ½ teaspoon pepper
ur ½ teaspoon liquid
am pepper seasoning
chicken (optional)

he bulk sausage or link sausages,
he casing. Drain on paper towel-
eak the meat into small pieces.
he mushrooms and onions in the
ppings. Add the cooked sausage.
he rice thoroughly, cook in boil-

ing salted water about 15 minutes. Drain.
(4) Mix the flour with cream until very
smooth. Add the chicken broth and cook in
a saucepan until thickened. Season with
monosodium glutamate, oregano, thyme,
marjoram, salt and pepper. (5) Combine
with rice, sausage and vegetables. Toss to-
gether lightly. Add liquid pepper seasoning
if you wish. Pour into casserole and bake in
a moderate oven, 350° F., for 25-30 min-
utes. Put rice on platter and arrange the
birds on top in an attractive fashion.
Makes 6-8 servings.

Note: Wild rice should always be washed
before preparing, as it is not processed in
the same way as white rice. Indeed it is not
a member of the rice family at all, but
actually the seeds of a wild grass that grows
around the Great Lakes region, Central
and Southern states and Upper Mississippi
Valley. It has long been relished by the
Indians and is now universally known for
its delicious flavor and texture.

This recipe may be prepared early in the
day if you wish; cover the casserole with
aluminum foil and refrigerate until about 30
minutes before serving time. Then uncover
and bake as directed in the recipe above.

ARTICHOKE HEARTS IN CHIVE SAUCE

2 (15-oz.) cans 2-3 tablespoons
artichoke hearts lemon juice
¼ cup butter or 3 tablespoons
margarine chopped chives

(1) Gently heat artichoke hearts in a sauce-
pan. Drain. (2) Melt butter or margarine;
add lemon juice and pour over the artichoke
hearts. (3) Just before serving sprinkle with
chopped chives. Makes 4-6 servings.

WATERCRESS SALAD WITH ALMOND DRESSING

2 bunches 1 cup bottled
watercress Chianti or
¼ cup toasted Burgundy salad
almonds, chopped dressing

(1) Pick over and wash the watercress.
Drain thoroughly and chill until crisp. (2)
Dressing: Mix the wine salad dressing and
almonds in a jar. (3) Put the watercress
into a salad bowl and spoon just enough
dressing over to coat the leaves. You should
spoon, not pour dressing, so as to get some
almonds too. Toss well. Makes 4 servings.
(Refrigerate the remaining dressing in a
tightly closed jar.)

BISCUIT TORTONI

1 pint vanilla ice 1 tablespoon rum
cream or 1½ teaspoons
1½ tablespoons rum flavoring
diced candied ½ cup macaroon
cherries crumbs (made
2½ tablespoons from about 5
diced candied two-day-old
pineapple macaroons)

(1) Turn ice cream into a bowl and let it
soften slightly. (2) Add the candied fruit,
rum and macaroon crumbs. Mix quickly.
(3) Pack into containers and return to
freezer. Freeze until firm. It can also be
packed into a decorative ice-cream mold, or
small fluted paper cups. Makes about 1½
pints tortoni, or enough for 4-6 servings.

BE ORIGINAL WITH OLD FAVORITES

and Lea & Perrins...the original Worcestershire

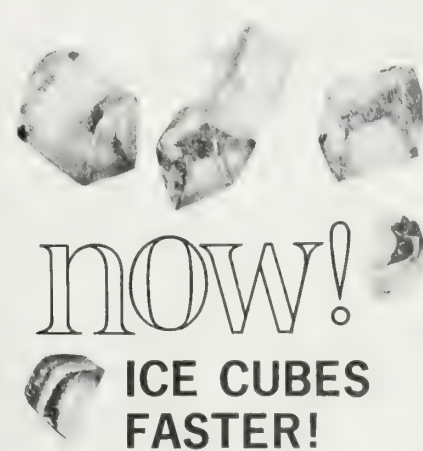


Give new appeal to old favorites, by adding zesty, hearty Lea & Perrins. For instance, make a seafood cocktail sauce even saucier. Or spice up dozens of other old favorites. But beware of substitutes. Insist on genuine Lea & Perrins. It's the original Worcestershire Sauce—a favorite for over a century.



NEW! Free 48-page, full-color "Be Original" cook book of 100 new, exciting recipes. It includes old favorites like seafood cocktail sauce (above), as well as dozens of other kinds of dishes. Write Lea & Perrins, Box L, Fair Lawn, N. J.

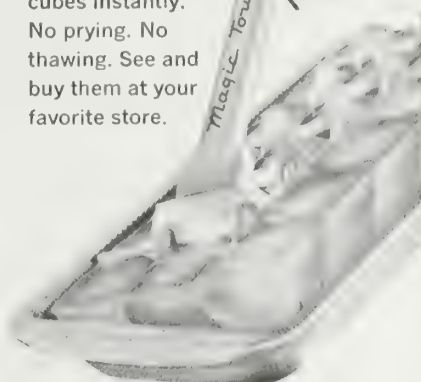
LEA & PERRINS



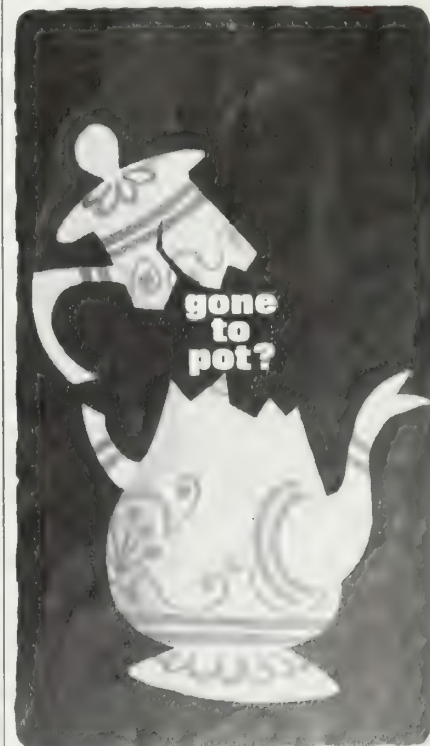
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Ice Cube Trays.
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No prying. No
thawing. See and
buy them at your
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Look for
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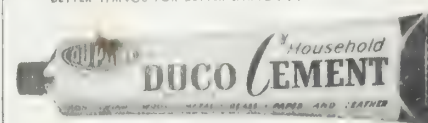
FIX IT FOR KEEPS WITH "DUCO" CEMENT

Faster, neater. Mends china, glass, leather, wood, paper, metal. Clear, waterproof, quick-setting.

[P.S. For plastics, use new DuPont Plastic Cement]



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...THROUGH CHEMISTRY



(Continued from page 115)



For the elusive bachelor

Lobster-and-shrimp hillyer (its aroma is irresistible) in individual marmite casseroles, served with toast points, tiny green peas and pearl onions and a tossed salad. Flaming fruit compote is a festive dessert.

LOBSTER-AND-SHRIMP HILLYER

1 lb. cooked lobster meat (4-5 lobsters)	2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon shrimp spice	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon white pepper
1 lb. medium-size cleaned and deveined shrimp (fresh or frozen)	1 teaspoon prepared mustard
$\frac{1}{2}$ pint beer (optional)	1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
8 slices bacon	2 tablespoons sherry (optional)
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or margarine	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced ripe olives
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour	Grated Parmesan cheese
1 cup light cream	Paprika (garnish)
$1\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk	Parsley (garnish)
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup dry white wine	Toast triangles

(1) Cut the lobster meat into bite-size pieces. (2) Tie the shrimp spice in a little cheesecloth. Cook with the shrimp in boiling beer or salted water for about 5 minutes or until they turn pink. Cool in the liquid. (3) Fry bacon until crisp; drain and crumble. (4) For the sauce: melt butter or margarine in a large pan, stir in flour; slowly add cream and milk, stirring constantly. (5) Add wine and cook until sauce is smooth and thickened. (6) Season with salt, pepper, mustard and Worcestershire sauce. (7) Add bacon, simmer for 20-30 minutes to blend flavors. Add the sherry, if you like. (8) Thin the sauce with a little milk if it seems too thick. (9) Add lobster, shrimp and olives. Continue cooking until very hot. (The sauce may be prepared early in the day if you wish, then reheated with the lobster, shrimp and olives for a few minutes just before serving.)

To serve: transfer to individual ramekins or a casserole. Sprinkle generously with Parmesan cheese and brown lightly under the broiler. Dust with paprika and garnish with parsley. Serve with toast triangles. Makes 6-8 servings.

TOSSED GREEN SALAD

1 Boston lettuce	About 1 cup salad dressing, home-made or bottled
1 romaine lettuce	
1 bunch scallions	

(1) Wash and chill lettuce. Tear into bite-size pieces; slice scallions. (2) Toss with dressing to taste. Makes 6-8 servings.

FLAMING FRUIT DESSERT

6 firm fresh pears	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup apricot jam or preserves
3 cups water	1 can (1-lb.) peeled whole apricots
1 cup sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. seedless green grapes
2 tablespoons lemon juice	$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. black grapes
1 stick cinnamon	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup rum, heated

(1) Peel pears, leaving them whole and with the stems on. Drop them in some cold water mixed with a little lemon juice as they are peeled to prevent them from darkening. (2) In a large skillet or Dutch oven mix together water, sugar, lemon juice and cinnamon. Bring to a boil, lower heat and add the pears. Cover and cook gently, about 20-30 minutes or until they are tender, turning very often. Remove from syrup to a bowl with a slotted spoon. Cover. (3) Remove cinnamon stick. (4) Add apricot jam or preserves to syrup and boil rapidly to reduce syrup by half, about 15 minutes. Syrup should be quite thick. (5) Cool, and pour over pears. Cover and refrigerate until about a half hour before serving. This can be done early in the day or the night before. (6) To serve: heat pears in syrup, covered, in a moderate oven, 350° F., until just hot. Uncover, add drained apricots and clusters of grapes. Spoon some of the syrup over them. Use an attractive baking dish that can be brought to the table. Or, if you plan to use a chafing dish, carefully transfer heated fruit to it, bring to the table and set over heating element. Light rum and pour over fruit. Makes 6-8 servings.



For your husband's boss

A robust leg of lamb, plump with walnut stuffing, romaine-radish salad with sesame dressing, oven-browned potatoes, glazed carrots. To start, creamy crabmeat bisque, and for dessert, rosy raspberry bouchées.

ROAST WALNUT-STUFFED LEG OF LAMB

1 boned leg of lamb, about 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. after boning (leave the shank bone in)	2 tablespoons butter or margarine
4 cups chicken broth or stock made from lamb bones	2 cups finely chopped mushrooms
Flour and water for thickening	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup toasted bread crumbs
Stuffing:	Scant $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon powdered rosemary
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups walnut halves	2 teaspoons finely chopped parsley
$\frac{2}{3}$ cup finely chopped onion	1 teaspoon salt
3 cloves garlic, peeled and crushed	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper
	2 eggs slightly beaten

Prepare the stuffing: (1) Blanch walnut halves for 3 minutes in rapidly boiling water. Drain well. Spread walnuts on a baking sheet and toast in a moderate oven, 350° F., about 15 minutes or until golden, stirring often. Cool and chop medium fine. (2) In a skillet sauté onion and garlic in butter or margarine until golden. Add mushrooms and cook 5 minutes more. (3) Transfer contents of skillet to a large bowl. (4) Add bread crumbs, rosemary, parsley, salt, pepper, eggs and chopped nuts. Mix thoroughly. (5) Place stuffing inside lamb. (6) Roll up tightly and secure with string and skewers. (7) Place on rack in open roasting pan. Sprinkle meat lightly with salt and pepper. Insert meat thermometer in thickest part of meat. (8) Roast in a slow oven, 325° F., 30 to 35 minutes per pound or until meat thermometer registers 170° F. for rare or 180° F. for medium done. (9) Place on warm platter, remove string and skewers. Keep warm. (10) Drain excess fat from roasting pan. (11) Add chicken broth or lamb stock and scrape brown bits from bottom of pan. Heat to boiling. (12) Thicken with a flour and water paste. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Makes 6-8 servings, 4 cups gravy.

ROMAINE-AND-RADISH SALAD WITH TOASTED SESAME-SEED DRESSING

2 heads romaine, washed and chilled	Dressing:
1 cup sliced radishes, chilled	2 tablespoons sesame seeds
	1 cup French dressing

(1) Toast sesame seeds: sprinkle in a low baking pan and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 5-10 minutes until golden. (2) Combine with dressing. (3) Tear romaine into bite-size pieces and toss with dressing. (4) Sprinkle with sliced radishes. (5) Add enough dressing to coat leaves. (6) Toss well. Makes 6 servings.

RASPBERRY BOUCHÉES

6 baked puff-pastry shells

Filling:	Topping:
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or margarine	2 (10-oz.) packages frozen raspberries, thawed
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup sifted confectioners' sugar	2 teaspoons cornstarch
2 egg yolks	1 tablespoon sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated orange rind	

(1) Cool the pastry shells. (2) Prepare filling: cream the butter or margarine soft. Add the sugar gradually, beating light and fluffy. (3) Add egg yolks one at a time, beating very well after each. (4) Add in orange rind. (5) Spoon the filling into the bottom of each pastry shell. (6) Chill. (7) Drain raspberries carefully and reserve $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the syrup. (8) Blend reserved syrup with the cornstarch and sugar. (9) Cook stirring, over low heat until mixture is smooth and thickened. (10) Remove from heat and cool a little, stir a few times. (11) Fill pastry shells with berries. Spoon evenly over the raspberries. (12) Refrigerate until glaze is set. Pastry shells filling may be made ahead but the topping should be prepared on near serving time. Makes 6 servings.

(Continued on page 116)

For you who like your sauce Italian-style [IN ITALIAN-STYLE AMOUNTS]

Sauce is no place to skimp. That's why Kraft Tangy Italian Style Spaghetti includes enough herbs and spices to make twice as much sauce as others. You add only tomato paste.

Thin Italian-type spaghetti, of course. Parmesan Cheese, aged and plentiful. Enough sauce to cover every strand in typical, generous Italian fashion. That's Kraft Italian Style Spaghetti Dinner—and you cook it up *fresh*, yourself, in just 15 minutes.

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Also at half-price — the fabulous double-size 16 oz. pink plastic bottle, regularly 4.00, now only 2.00!

The Beauty Event of the Year by
SHULTON

FOOD TO PLEASE A MAN

(Continued from page 116)



For the meat-and-potatoes lover

A giant porterhouse steak (hibachi-grilled for wonderful flavor) with mushroom-Madeira sauce, roasted tomato wedges, baked potatoes stuffed with cheese, and a melt-in-your-mouth coconut chiffon pie.

HIBACHI STEAK WITH MUSHROOM-MADEIRA SAUCE

1 porterhouse steak (4-lb.), about 1½ inches thick	Salt Pepper
<i>Mushroom-Madeira Sauce:</i>	
½ lb. small mushrooms, wiped and quartered	½ teaspoon powdered savory 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
2 tablespoons butter or margarine	1 tablespoon minced chives
1½ tablespoons flour	2-3 tablespoons Madeira wine
1 cup canned condensed consommé	

To grill the steak on a hibachi: (1) Put about 10 or 12 charcoal briquets in the basket of the hibachi about an hour before you plan to cook the steak. (2) Use one of the commercial charcoal lighter fluids or preparations to start your coals. The coals must be glowing before you put the steak on the grill. (3) Slash the fat around edge of steak and grill on both sides to desired degree of doneness (about 8-10 minutes each side for rare, longer for medium or well done). (4) Transfer steak to a heated serving platter, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Pour hot mushroom-Madeira sauce over steak or pass in a sauceboat.

If you prefer, steak can be oven broiled: (1) Place steak on the broiler pan about 2-4 inches from heat and broil until top is well seared, about 8-10 minutes for rare. (2) Turn steak over and brown well. This will take a little less time than the first side. (3) Test for desired doneness. Cook a little longer for medium or well done.

Sauce: This may be prepared before you cook the steak and reheated at serving time, or you may prepare the sauce while the steak is cooking. (1) Sauté the mushrooms in the butter or margarine until golden. (2) Stir in the flour. (3) Mix in the consommé and heat and stir until sauce is smooth and thickened. (4) Season with savory and Worcestershire sauce. (5) Cook a few minutes to blend flavors. (6) Add chives and Madeira just before serving. Steak and sauce make enough for 4 servings.

SMOKY-CHEESE-STUFFED BAKED POTATOES

4 baking potatoes	½ cup grated or diced processed smoky cheese
2 tablespoons milk	1 egg yolk
1 teaspoon salt	1 tablespoon butter or margarine
Dash pepper	Paprika
2 tablespoons finely minced onion	

(1) Bake potatoes in a hot oven, 425° F. until tender, about 1 hour. When cooked slice a piece lengthwise from the top of each and scoop out insides, being careful not to break skins. (2) Mash potatoes, stir in milk and beat well. (3) Mix in remaining ingredients except the paprika. If mixture is too stiff, add a little more milk. (4) Fill potato shells and sprinkle well with paprika. Return to the hot oven, 425° F., and bake about 20 minutes longer until golden on top and heated through. Makes 4 servings.

COCONUT CHIFFON PIE

1 baked 9" pie shell	¼ teaspoon salt
1 envelope unflavored gelatin	1 cup milk
¼ cup cold water	1½ cups flaked coconut
4 eggs, separated	1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup sugar	2 cups heavy cream

Make the pie shell from your favorite recipe or use a pie-crust mix.

(1) Soften gelatin in cold water. (2) Beat egg yolks slightly and add sugar and salt. (3) Scald milk and stir gradually into the egg mixture. Cook over low heat, until thickened, stirring constantly. Be careful not to let the mixture boil. (4) Remove from heat, add gelatin and stir until dissolved. Cool. (5) Chop ½ cup flaked coconut and add with the vanilla to the cooled mixture. (6) Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Fold into coconut-gelatin mixture along with 1 cup cream that has been whipped until thick and glossy. (7) Sprinkle ½ cup coconut on bottom of the pie shell. Pour in filling and chill well in refrigerator. (8) Just before serving, top the filling with the remaining 1 cup cream whipped and sprinkle with remaining ½ cup coconut. Cut into wedges for 6-8 servings. • EN



Don't feel guilty

After all, you couldn't serve a finer Italian Dressing even if you made it yourself.

Wish-Bone

WISH-BONE ITALIAN • DELUXE FRENCH • MONACO FRENCH • RUSSIAN • CHEESE • LOW CALORIE ITALIAN & FRENCH STYLE



Living-room colors in warm, open kitchen are practical as well as pretty. Pumpkin-hued cabinets have baked-on oil.

KITCHENS FOR FRIEND AND FOE

By Margaret Davison

Counter next to freezer—it never needs defrosting—doubles as landing deck and server.



Whether your kitchen is the heart of your family life or the room where meals are prepared as quickly as possible, here are workable plans to suit either taste.



have wood fronts. Quarry tile runs into family room.

Durable quarry tile in red surrounds grill, extends over automatic ice maker.

THE I-LOVE-TO-COOK KITCHEN

ook whose gourmet dinners require hours of simmering and loving preparation deserves a us, fully equipped kitchen like the one above. Since the activities of her family are likely to e around this cooking area, the kitchen is hed for many visitors (note the kibitzers' at the counter). Between a fresh herb window e end and a freezer at the other, the I-love-to-kitchen features many devices to simplify the et cook's work. There are two ovens (one for g, one for meat), an electric cooking top with atic units, a refrigerator mainly for fresh foods l built-in warmer to keep food at the right eratures. The man of the family can preside the grill along the window wall without ering with the other kitchen activity. This en is truly a place the entire family should enjoy.





Groceries come in the pass-through at left for storage in double-door pantry. Gas range has two eye-level ovens.

*Cooking time is kept
to a minimum in modern kitchen
for "rush-rush" cooks.*



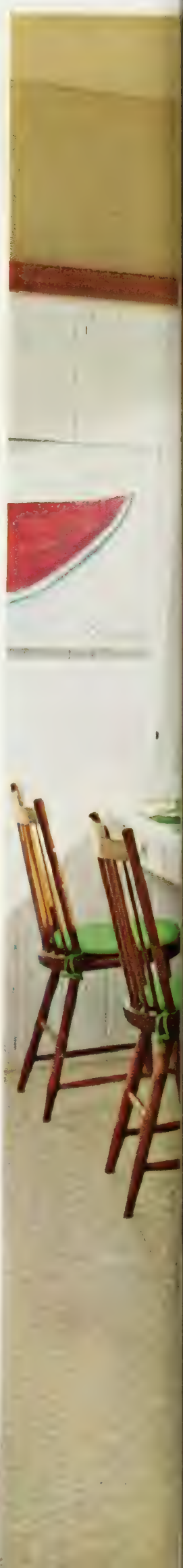
Two-wall kitchen is compact, complete. 1) refrigerator, 2) dishwasher, 3) pass-through into garage, 4) pantry, 5) cleaning supplies, 6) eye-level range, 7) freezer, 8) desk.

THE I-HATE-TO-COOK KITCHEN

The denim-striped and wooden kitchen premiered here meets the demands of clockwatchers whose aim is to produce meals as quickly as possible. The essential ingredients are time-saving accessories and appliances, a trim, functional, no-frill arrangement and a generous supply of convenience foods. Important feature is a pass-through from garage that opens onto a counter so that food can be efficiently transferred to freezer or storage closet. (The I-hate-to-cook cook should buy in bulk.) New appliances handle most cooking automatically. The little room works with laboratorylike precision and has a tailored look. Clear finish on all cabinets makes even those covered in striped denim fabric washable and mar-resistant. Denim is repeated in breakfast nook. Vinyl floor in crushed stone effect and linen-weave plastic counter are also easy to care for.



Breakfast nook is just step away from kitchen.



at sink delivers steaming water for instant beverages. For convenience, the refrigerator and dishwasher are placed on same wall as the sink.



Whether friend or foe, you and your new kitchen will

FROM THE I-LOVE-TO-COOK KITCHEN

BLENDER

Blender motor (Nu-Tone) is installed beneath the counter. With variety of attachments, motor can sharpen knives, mix and beat batter. The high faucet in tiny sink is for filling water pitchers.



MIXER

Heavy-duty motor (Kitchen Aid), shown here with shredder, is strong enough to mix bread dough. It is mounted on convenient lower-than-counter shelf which lifts out of the cupboard (St. Charles).



WARMER

Food-warmer (Toastmaster) drawers can be set to give proper temperature and choice of moist or dry heat as needed. Unit opens from back side of center island in kitchen.



DISHWASHER

Dishwasher (Whirlpool) has racks with flexibility of arrangement, which makes them easy to load. Towel holder above (Marchand) is designed so that it can fold into the wall when not being used.



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1. Heavy Duty Laundry Washer & electric dryer, side-by-side



2. Stack 'em (they're only 27" wide).

Arrange 'em any way you like

better than ever before, thanks to these new features.

FROM THE I-HATE-TO-COOK KITCHEN



WARMER

New warmer for food and plates is an infrared strip (Sta-Hot) which is attached to underside of the cabinet on the wall. At this distance the counter beneath is not harmed by the heat.



CABINET

Handy sliding trays store place mats, bottles and other items of unusual size. The special cabinet (Coppes) is conveniently near the pass-through that leads to the adjacent garage.



CAN OPENER

Can opener (Trade-Wind) is built in, electrically operated. Appliance fits into the accessible end of a shallow sliding-door storage unit for glasses and many small spice and herb containers.



PANTRY

The pantry section (Coppes) can be source of hundreds of good meals. At the bottom, on ramps, cans roll to the front. Other storage units are revolving shelves and slide-out drawers for small items.

• END •



peek-a-boo" them under a counter.

4. It's a laundry room. It's a make-up corner. (It's our Vanity Pair.)

ile new laundry centers — only from Westinghouse

MORE

TOO BEAUTIFUL, TOO GOOD (Continued)

"Always and always."

From Oxford Street they could hear, through the open doors, the swishing of tires. That night below Monte Cassino, looking out of that *cantina*, the bombing up in the hills, he had a lurch for Oxford Street; a pipe-dream Oxford Street, with no blitz or blackout and the girls all wearing light cotton frocks.

"What used you do all day up in Rockbrook?" he asked.

"I used to love drawing horses. I could sit drawing horses all day long. I'm really quite good at drawing horses. I think that's why I looked for a job in the Gallery. When they asked me what was I good at I said, 'Horses,' so they gave me the job. You see, it did help. We used to ride a bit when we were able to afford it. Played tennis a bit. The old tennis lawn was full of bumps. We went to a dance once or twice. Nothing much, really. Or went down to town to meet somebody for a coffee. Really, the time just passed. But I did like drawing horses. Bears, too, but I was not so good at bears."

He put down his tankard. He felt his heart beating. Smoking too much? He looked around the pub. In one corner a small man in a bowler hat was feeling a fat woman's knee, and she was shaking in her fat with laughter at whatever he was saying to her.

"Barbara! Have you got any friends here?"

"Not real friends. I have Aunt Edie, of course, but she lives in Hampton Court Palace flat. She is one of those State widows, or whatever they call them. Her husband was governor of the Bahamas. She has arthritis, so she never comes out."

"Where do you live?"

"In Oakley Street. I have a room there."

"Are you sure you're able to look after yourself in London?"

She opened her speedwell eyes.

"What on earth can you mean? I've been looking after myself all my life. Mamma is

sweet, but she does not know whether she is coming or going. I've often cooked for all of us. So there!"

"What can you cook?"

"I can cook a steak. I can cook bacon and eggs. I used to be good at cooking a ragout, but I'm forgetting what I used to put into

it. I was thinking of it only the other day when I saw onions selling in a shop. Tom may I call you Tom?—what does go into stew? Do you put onions in yours? Oh, I can cook when I put my mind to it, I assure you. You must come to my place one night, and I will show you."

He laid down his pipe. His hand fondled his heart side. "I am going to have another beer. Another sherry?"

"Will it make me tight?"

"I don't think so."

He had intended to take her to a Greek place he knew between Oxford Street and Soho Square; instead he took her to Bertorelli's in Charlotte Street. He ordered for them both, including a half Chianti.

"It is Italian, but it is good. Now again, for a blowout on pay day, I come down here from my hill fortress."

She felt sad that he lived on the Harr Road. She had passed that way once and got an impression of an Irishy quarter with flats over cafés, a bit toughy; he probably could not afford anything better, supporting his wife and daughter in Italy. For reason she saw him in his room on a Sunday evening, when London can be rather dreary sitting in his room reading his Sydney Smith, looking out at the noisy street. Oakley Street, anyway, was at least quiet. Maybe this was what made him become a railway porter; he could make friends that way.

"Don't you ever want to go back to Ireland, Tom?"

"You ask me that? You know how it is being a misfit in Ireland."

"True, I do know, don't I?"

They considered one another silently in the noisy, cheerful, crowded hither-and-thither of the restaurant until he wandered



4. Oops! (In case you miss a part of our Vanity Pair.)

5. For the home-making executive: a laundry, desk, sink, ironing center combination.

and each one gives you Heavy Duty washing!

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island of silence into a winding, discussion about what it is to be and about friendship as an is- in an island—"You know, like Crusoe and the footprint."

ish are like the Jews. It's in our never belong, not really. Being too, cuts us off. We are exiles in y world. Shaw said somewhere—I in *John Bull's Other Island*—that are hardheaded and realistic. I eve a word of it. What makes us the world, whenever we do do it, cast feeling, never knowing when y is going to fall. You and me, e don't give a damn about the we? Do you?"

really. No! I don't think I do." ever want is a couple of drinks and to pass the night."

he was to find, was always his alk. He was on now to love and talking nonstop, even when they into the summer-lit evening and to Hyde Park and were strolling threading their way through the es strewn like dolls on the grass, the coolness after the hot day. He y her about the odd characters he n the army, and out of it; "open- blue eyes," as he said with his king smile, "to the ways of the t to show her the queer, dark t are in men, especially men you er suspect, and how all but a few eir lives in love and marriage. id was, "Yes!" or "Oh, yes, in- body had ever talked to her like

w his big hands, pallid in the ht, and wondered mildly, though a second, if she was wise to im alone. They sat, and as he

talked about Italy the sky over the farther roofs became slowly masked with silver-gray, the grass grew dusky, the trees grew heavy and dark and the water darkened, and then, across the park, lights came on in the streets, and the booming traffic dulled.

"You loved Italy, really, didn't you, Tom?"

"But not Italians. I don't trust them. And I advise you, if you ever run into any of them here, don't you trust them either. We never trusted them in the army. All the men ever think about is their looks. Combing their hair all day long. Pfu! And all the girls think about is men. I knew lots of men besides me who fell for Italian

girls, and it never worked for any of them that I knew."

She was on the point of mentioning Rucellai.

"Tom, tell me about your wife."

"She was pretty. I met her in 'forty-three one night in a village called San Vittore. Just below Monte Cassino. Oh, maybe she wasn't all that pretty; maybe I was like a lot of other chaps who fell for Italian girls; maybe we weren't so much in love with the girls as dying for a taste of home. Besides, I was only twenty-two when I went into the army, straight from Ireland, where twenty-two is equal to about seventeen or eighteen here. I saw her only twice; then we pushed on to join up with the Yanks from Anzio. I'd had four years of the war. It was months before we entered Rome. You know what I mean—absence. I got three days leave to meet her in Naples. A girl like you couldn't even imagine what Naples was like that time. She was young, and sweet, and lovely, and innocent as the moon, and I asked her to marry me. I had to wait until 'forty-six. I was thirty, and that was the first time I slept with a girl, believe it or not. She gave me a baby."

Barbara's white throat was the only thing he could see clearly. Like the whisper of leaves, that was her voice. He suddenly jumped up.

"I'll see you home," he said, and led her, arm in arm, through the park, talking incessantly, as if he had not talked to anybody for months, walking the whole way to her door.

She politely invited him in for a cup of coffee. He did not seem to hear. There were five bell-pushes on the door jamb, and he was examining them. He laid his finger on one of the tabs, and in a dark, heavy voice he asked, "Antonelli. Who is he?"



"My advice to you is buy some boxing gloves and learn to defend yourselves."

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TOO BEAUTIFUL, TOO GOOD (Continued)

"I believe he is a musician." She opened the door. He plays the oboe. Listen. I think he is playing now. My landlord says he is a nice man."

"How do you know he is nice?" he said anxiously. "You think even more than you meet is nice. Is he young?"

"Oh, no! About your age, I should think. He is an elderly man."

He gave a sharp laugh, looked abruptly at his watch and said, "I'll give you a ring sometime."

"Thank you for a delightful evening. I enjoyed it immensely. You were really very kind to ask me. Nobody has ever talked to me before like you. Not even Daddy. And he was a good fellow."

He jerked out another laugh and ran down the steps, waving backward. She watched him almost race across the street. He seemed a little put out. Perhaps she should have pressed him to come in for a drink.

She closed the door. The hall was stuffy. No letter. Upstairs the oboe had stopped. She regretted the end of the day. The Irish are so nice.

He did ring her again, about a week later, and they met again at the Cat and Cage, but not for dinner, because—or so he said—he was on a night shift. She hoped it was not because he was short of money, and she noted that he was not smoking. When they met again a week later, she happened to utter the wish that she were going home for the long August Bank Holiday weekend, now a month away.

"Go!" he said. "I'll get you the ticket. Cost you hardly anything."

He did get her the "P" ticket, then he met her, all smiles, at Euston Station and put her into a first-class carriage, to which—she already regarded him as an old friend—she did not object.

"You've squared this up, too, Tom?"

"All the way," he grinned. "It gives you a better chance to snatch a sleep before they push you out at two in the morning in Holyhead."

Of unkindness she had had no experience, though she knew indifference, yet his at-

tentions made her think, when she was home, that he must be one of the kind men alive. She had done nothing to deserve his kindness; merely met him, twice, at a pub, brought him twice to her room for coffee and a chat. She sent him two postcards to cheer him up, and she was furious when her mamma laughed over the railway porter who got her daughter free travel from British Railways, saying, hootingly, "There you are! It shows you the depths to which the socialists have dragged poor old England. Corruption from top to bottom."

Barbara was too furious at so much spirited a way of looking at his kindness that she did not bother to explain. All she said, even to her sisters, was that she had a secret man in her life, but they refused to take it as a joke, probing and probing until they got it out of her that she was talking about a railway porter, at which they said, "You and your jokes! Now, if you said Member of Parliament, or a movie actor or a stockbroker..."

Bored, she listened to them babbling the hour on the telephone to their boy. She was ashamed for them when she heard them telling Mamma cover-up lies about their meetings with boys in town. (As she said afterward to Tom, "They seemed such kids to me. And dreadful snobs.")

She never mentioned Rucellai, whom she had now met several times—in the Galle restaurant, over elevenses, and at tea—a man who had twice taken her to lunch outside. She liked listening to his talk of Italy and his experiences during the war. He had been known and worked with all the famous Partisan leaders, Gobetti in Torino, Salvemini and Calemndrei in Florence, Calabrese in Milan—at first mere names to her, then growing, as he talked of the war, into real men. What she had most liked



"What a nice fellow he is!"

ai talk about was his boyhood
outside Torino—the hill villages,
ds, the small fields, the screens of
iver in its deep valley, the tiny,
ssing train, small things that
is mind like bits of an old world
ay into a legend that had once
 ("It is my myth," he said, with
e and a loud sigh.)
her stomach on the ragged lawn,
her Daddy's war histories be-
bows, open at "The Italian Cam-
" she looked out over Dublin at
ving in a white mass slowly to-
nd. She sent a postcard to Signor
the Gallery; and another to Mr.
lton, at his address in the Har-
After their first meeting, that
Gallery looking at the Rossetti
e had not mentioned Tom to
t he had spoken of Tom, saying
scendingly, "Odd, your meeting
I have no doubt he is a decent
e English say, but he wouldn't
ing about Italy or the Italians
ever knew any of these things.
w the war from the sergeant's
It is all over now, and I am a
c, if you like, and he is a railway
ve are made by our experiences.
eighteen years ago when I came
st to help explain these things to
ritish, all this was high politics.
ve do pass. But the lessons of the
t is the important matter; that
perience! I alone have had that."
years ago? He looks so much
n Tom, with his dark hair, and
back, and his clear eyes. If there
tomorrow he could be in the
But not poor, nice old Tom!

stepped down to the platform
Mail in the early morning she
his porter's cap and vest. He
He saw her and waved to her.
like a child, tousled and tired
leepless night. Passengers off
always reminded him of soldiers
like dolls coming alive.
ou'd be on it," he said gleefully.
postcard."
u're limping!"

"Pfu! Just a touch of sciatica."
"Oh, Tom, you've not been taking care of
yourself."
"Now you're here I will"—taking her
bag. "Have a nice holiday?"
"Not really. It was a failure, really.
Really and truly. I must be getting old. Or
losing touch. I'm very glad to be back.
That is the real truth."
He chuckled down in his throat. "Come
back to England, mavourneen, mavour-
neen. I'll tell you this—I'm damn glad to
have you back, Barbara."
It touched her that one person more or
less in London could make any difference
to such a lonely man. His limp was bad as
he led her to a taxi: She had to be at her
post in the Gallery that morning.
As he closed the door of the taxi he said,
"Tonight we'll have a drink at the Cat and
Cage, and you must tell me all about it.
But right afterward you go right to bed,
my dear, and make up for your lost sleep.
Tomorrow night I'll show you a new res-
taurant I've found. Spanish. Tops. Have
a good breakfast."
She wiggled her fingers to him as the cab
drove out into the morning sunlight of the
station yard. A red milk truck by the curb
on Euston Road welcomed her home.
As he watched her go a mate said to him,
"Oye, Tom! You're picking 'em young!"
"That," he said with dignity, "is my little
girl, Barbara."
"Sorry, chum. Didn't know you had a
daughter. Got any more as pretty as her?"
"My one and only," he said, and limped
away.
For economy's sake she let breakfast wait
until elevenses in the Gallery. Rucellai was
there.
"Welcome," he said. "I am very glad to
see you again."
"Do you really mean that?"
"I never say things I do not mean. Lon-
don has been making *la festa* and making
me feel a stranger. I stayed indoors all
Sunday, reading. I felt jealous of you, able
to go home and be happy. But all my life
has been so unhappy."
"But you know, Rucellai, I wasn't. I was
miserable. Is that awful of me? I ought not
to feel that way about my own home."



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TOO BEAUTIFUL, TOO GOOD (Continued)

(Neither then nor at any time did she call him Guido. He preferred to be called Rucellai because it was not his real name; it was his Partisan name. He had, he said, bade farewell even to his real name; and he startled her by saying that she would, soon, do the same.)

At once he lit up, both excited and pleased. "Exactly the same thing happened to me after the war when I went back to Torino. For two years I'd been dreaming of going back home. It was no longer my Torino. All my friends were either scattered, or killed, or married, or interested only in making money. Heroes had become men. I was an exile in my own country. You are experiencing the same thing now. Here too you are also an exile, in this Anglo-Saxon city with its queen, and its court, and its rich clubs. What does one do about it? We must talk of this," he urged. "Will you dine with me tonight?"

Alas! She was exhausted by the journey, already half asleep on her feet. He need not be surprised if she were found curled up under the counter of the bookstall, snoring.

"Very well," he ordered, "tomorrow night we dine. We will go to La Speranza. One of the best Italian restaurants in London. And, I assure you, I know them all! Intimately!"

He rose, bowed, left her. She would have to tell Tom that she had forgotten that she must go and visit Aunt Edie in Hampton Court, with messages from Mamma. And so she did, fixing to eat with him two nights after. Later, looking at herself in the wash-room mirror, she remembered Lulu and Donna deceiving Mamma about their meetings with boys because they thought they were in love.

"Am I," she asked her mirror, her comb suspended, "in love?"

She laughed it away. Nineteen in love with fifty? It was just that Rucellai was interesting to talk to; as she again found him the next night, sitting beside him in the expensive-looking pale cream and green restaurant with all the waiters dressed like gentlemen at a dance and all the other diners obviously rotten with money.

She said, "I hope this is not too expensive a restaurant, Rucellai? No lady feels happy, you know, if she is dining beyond the means of her consort."

He had some profound thoughts (his words) about this.

"Money," he said, "does not necessarily make people happy. True happiness comes from the heart. Happiness is freedom. Freedom, to me, is not having bonds. You have no bonds. I have no bonds. This is one of the great merits of being an exile. No ties, no bonds of relatives. Here I am just me. You are just you. It is a great thing to be oneself. I have never been attracted by any Englishwoman because I could not feel that I possessed her completely. Only the beloved should exist for the beloved. This country which you and I inhabit is a good place for us because it is the land of loneliness."

Trying to understand his philosophy, she asked, "Are you ever lonely, Rucellai?"

"I," he said proudly, "am always lonely. I am a dreamer of dreams."

"But you have been a man who did great things too. A man of action. Those days of the Partisans were not just dreams."

"My dreams came true—briefly. I was in love in those great days with my country. The land of loneliness—and this is a profound thought—is the land of love where love is unrequited."

"Poor Rucellai!"

"Do you not," he asked her seriously, "ever feel this loneliness?"

"Oh, yes!" she agreed. "I am often lonely on Sunday afternoons."

"Tonight," he smiled at her, "I am not lonely. Nor are you. Tonight our country of dreams has a population of two."

"Will you never go back to Italy?" she asked hastily, fearing that she understood him only too well.

"What should I do in Torino at my age? One day I will go back, as all Italians do when they can make a good appearance with a lemon-colored car and a pretty wife. If I went back now I would be competing with men twenty years younger than me, who have been keeping their eyes on jobs ever since they went up to the university, flattering their professor, carrying his briefcase, opening the door of his car for him,

taking his daughter out, with discreet agreeing with his political ideas. No! *bene qui.*"

"What does that mean?"

"I'm fine here."

"You must help me to learn Italian. Whatever else you've lost you cannot have lost that."

"I should not want to. I love Italy; there is no country like Italy, but I do not admit

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ed to. I have seen her naked and
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will give you a lesson every night.
ve must hurry."

right!
tickets for a concert of Italian
ostly of the seventeenth and
centuries, Lully, Tartini and
During the largo of the Cimarosa
n G he laid his hand on hers, and

they smiled at each other over the dreamy
flutes and the muted strings humming like
bees. "All the tears and gaiety of the
South," he whispered. At the intermission
she delicately pointed to his temple and
dared to say that she saw one gray hair.

"Do you mind?" he asked. "I could dye
it if you wish."

"No. I think, truly, I prefer older men.
They are more interesting. Usually."

He made her blush by asking if she had
had great experience of older men, who, he
agreed, always are much more interesting.

After the concert she invited him to have
coffee with her in her room. As he helped
her off with her coat he kissed her and asked
her if she was a Catholic.

When she said, "No!" Rucellai said that
he would instruct her, and he began to un-
button her blouse.

"There! The sloping Botticelli shoulders.
The wide-eyed look of the air and the sea
and the earth."

"Rucellai," she whispered, "I never let
anybody do this before."

"You have not had lovers?" he de-
manded, glaring at her.

"Lots," she said, shamefaced and ter-
rified.

"Tell me the truth!" he bullied.

"No!" she squeaked. "Never!" She
paled. "Not really and truly."

"Which is it?" he shouted.

She held her blouse together in front of
her and burst into tears of misery.

"Donna e madonna!" he shouted, fell on
his knees, clasped her about her thighs and
gazed up at her in joy. Rising, he gently
slipped aside the collar of her blouse, kissed
the slope of her shoulder with reverence,
and replaced her blouse. "We shall be
married in the New Year. And we shall live
in a flat in Wigmore Street. And drive an
MG. It has been my dream for years."

He gazed at her voraciously, threw his
hands up in the air, and moaned, "See
what England has done to me! I am be-
having like a milord. Italian and religion
tomorrow night"—and dashed for the
door.

"Not tomorrow night. I have to go to my
Aunt Edie in Hampton Court with a pair
of chickens from Mamma."

He paused at the door. "Hampton Court?
Can you find your own way to Hampton
Court? Will you be returning late? After
dark? I don't like it."

"I have done it a dozen times, and it will
not be late, nor after dark."

He shook his head dolefully. "You don't
know how attractive you are, or how inno-
cent you are. I have often thought that
young ladies in London should all carry
police whistles. I shall buy you one."

He looked as if he was about to hurl him-
self on her; instead he hurled himself
thump-thump down the stairs. Just as it
was beginning to soak into her mind,
which felt like a flower bed through which
a Newfoundland dog has pranced, that he
had talked about marriage, her doorbell
rang. Her white blouse flying, she ran to the
window, lifted it and looked down at the
pavement. He started waving and, using
his palms as a megaphone, he shouted up.

"Cover yourself! Button up!"

"What is it?" she shouted down, clutch-
ing her collar to her neck.

"Those chickens!" he shouted. "They'll
go bad. The heat."

"The what? I can't hear."

"The chickens!" he boomed.

"What chickens?" she shouted down.

"For Aunt Edie!" he shouted back.

A window lifted across the street and a
man shouted, "Would you please be quiet,
you silly oaf!"

"They are waiting for me at Fortnum
and Mason's," she shouted, astounded at
her powers of invention.

He waved and sent her up an immense
shrug, threw one arm into the air to the
man across the street, uttering some
Italian vocable which may have been
meaningless but which sounded insulting,
to which the man in the window replied
with two uplifted fingers and an English
vocable which she knew had no meaning
but sounded just as rude, and so—he re-
plying to the man, the man to him, he back
to the man, the man to his back—he went
away. Then the man, who, she observed,
was young and naked, waved to her, where-
upon she slapped down the window, flicked
the curtains together, and threw herself on
the bed, staring at the mottled ceiling.

"But I couldn't," she said, and on her
fingers started to make calculations: if he



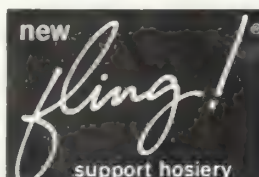


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BEAUTIFUL, —
TOO GOOD

now twenty years older
competitors, who would be,
y-one, he is forty-one, in
when the war began he
eventeen, and in 1944 he
y-two, and he could not
a part in High Politics,
Liar! Or else he is *much*
forty-five. Which makes
y-six years older than me!
nly somebody to talk to.
have a wife in Italy too!
d Tom didn't hate all
could trust Tom, if he
thing really about things,
he would say Rucellai is
us Italian.

she thought how awfully
t would be if the two of
net, and got up and looked
or at her shoulders with

k her to his Spanish res-
d talked about socialism,
George, and loaned her
ck of Shaw's *Intelligent*
Guide to Socialism and

k him home for coffee
Street, where she found
her a portable gramo-
a record of the Cim-
certo in G. She deftly
d accompanying the pres-
ore the message, "Music,
language and Love, this is
y Land"—and told Tom
d bought them at lunch-
wanted him to hear a
t might remind him of
ys.

ains," she said, "all the
gaiety of the South.
played it for him she sat
he floor, thinking, while
his foot to the rondo and
ro, that he was very like
n who used to help Daddy
en, and to whom she often
er troubles; this, in turn,
her of old Sulky, their
an, into whose belly she
y whenever she was sad.
is over she said, "Are you
still, Tom?"

Catholics very strict?"
and most of 'em are. In
take it in their stride."
a strict?"
she was sitting. . . . He
of the window. "Not as
I ought to be."
what do Catholic girls in
about men?"

ckled his throat-smile.
their best. Why are you

does 'their best' mean?"
ed in his chair and coughed
ubbed his heart and said,
ring yeer skirts very short
She pulled her skirt over
"Listen! Didn't you ever
boyfriends? You know
an."

p and went over to sit on
of the bed. She slewed
er him. He looked out of
y again.

is!" she said scornfully.
ts of boys. I am quite
th what is known as the
if that is what you mean.

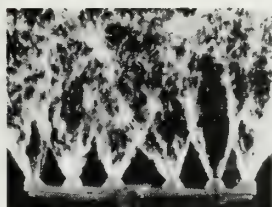
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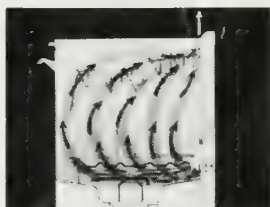
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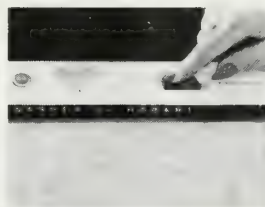
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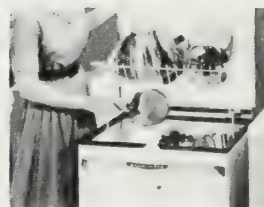
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I know all about babies and what they call sleeping together. What I am interested in is if Catholics are all that strict, what do they do when they fall in love?"

"They marry. Why are you asking me these questions?" He got up and went back to his chair. "Sit on the bed. You'll get cold on that floor. What are you after?"

"It is Lorna Alleyn. She works at the book-stall. She is in love with a Catholic, and she is

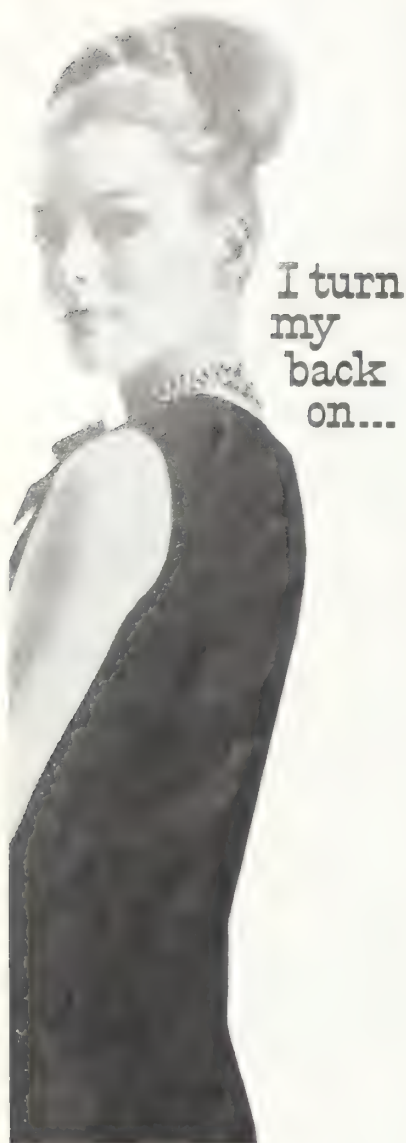
not sure that he is not married. She does not know what to do about him. You would condemn her, wouldn't you, for going on with him?"

"I condemn nobody," he said glumly. "Everybody's case is different. Human nature is human nature the world over."

She sighed. They were silent for so long that she got up and said, "I will put on that lovely largo again."

It floated softly over them, part dance, part dream, part dirge. She stood by the window looking up at the ashen-and-pink sky. Suddenly she found him by her side, his arm around her shoulder.

"Barbara! I want to tell you something. I want you to know why I left the Gallery. I got mixed up with a loose woman. She used to come after me at all sorts of times. She followed me into the Gallery. You know



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my
back
on...

the old fashioned
the conventional
the dull
the dispirited

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mom,
what'll i do now?

TOO BEAUTIFUL, TOO GOOD (Continued)

that fellow Rutchie in the Gallery? You must have seen him. He came over here during the war, and he was down and out, like all those refugees, until he got a job as a clerk in the railways. Then he got a job in the Gallery. He was over us warders. He caught her bothering me one day and he threw her out. We had a hell of a row. I had to leave. She follows me still. I'm terrified she'll find out I'm at Euston and come after me there. Every night going home I never get off the bus at my own door."

The pulse of the largo burst into the race of the rondo, into dancers, blue sea, blazing sun.

They stood back from each other. What was all this about Rucellai and railways?

"Poor Tom! You never did have any luck with women, did you?"

"Not until I met you."

"Me! I'm only a girl. I'm only a kid. Why do you let yourself be persecuted like this. Tom? Why don't you clear out of London? Get a job somewhere else?"

He looked at her. He looked down into the street. He tapped the window with his forefinger. She was so sweet, so ignorant. "So that is what you would advise, is it?"

"You would be so much happier. It is better than staying here and being tormented."

He looked at her. So cruel. "You would advise that?"

"Yes, I would," she said in a firm, practical tone. "Have peace. Tom. Have peace."

"In Birmingham? Liverpool?" He gave his throaty chuckle. "I'll think about it."

The music stopped. He took his hat from the table and went out so rapidly that she could only wave to him over the banisters and, for fear of disturbing the house, whisper, "Give me a ring, Tom, won't you, sometime?"

She returned to her room and her window. Across the street the young man of last night was leaning on his elbows on the window sill, smoking a big, crooked pipe, looking idly into the empty street, his shirt—perhaps more—off.

She leaned her left temple against the windowpane and glared up into the darkening sky. If Rucellai were here now she would lever the truth out of him. But, first, she would praise him for not betraying Tom Dalton's secret to her. She would certainly ask him, please, really and truly, how old he was. But she could not mention Tom; he would not understand. He was sweet to give her the gramophone. She put on the largo again, turning the sound so low that the music could be barely heard. She undressed and lay down to sleep, letting the machine turn itself off. Was this the real Rucellai? Dreaming still of Italy, and yellow MG's. He would never go back, and he would never have a flat in Wigmore Street. And I am never going to ask him any questions, ever, about anything at all.

In October he gave her an engagement ring and put her into a tiny top-story flat in Wigmore Street; two tiny rooms, with a tiny bed in one and a table and a chair in the other.

"It is all yours," he said. "I shall not intrude. Not very much."



"Yeah, Harry, sure, bowling Thursday night—by the way, what did you get for an answer on that one about the farmer who sold one third of his cattle to..."

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TOO BEAUTIFUL. TOO GOOD (Continued)

Am I, she thought as she looked about the almost bare room, a kept woman?

"Now," he said happily, "you can tell your mamma."

"But she will never allow it. I am only twenty!"

"You mean I am too old?" he asked angrily. "Or is it too poor? I have always been poor. Because I fought for my country. Do you know that when the war ended I had to take a job as a clerk in the railways? Me! A Rucellai! Are you ashamed of me?"

"I will tell her at Christmas when I go home! Really and truly!"

Every week after that they went shopping for furniture: this week an armchair, next a rug, then a picture, then he could not resist a set of six Regency silver dessert spoons, then he persuaded her that they would need this small silver salver "for visiting cards when our friends call on us!" She had to rebel to get a mirror. They met every evening, for dinner, or a film, or a concert, and afterward there was a little Italian lesson, and a little lesson in religion, and a little love, never going beyond or stopping short of an unbuttoned blouse and a kiss on her Botticelli shoulder, usually followed by a roar from him like a lion from whom a joint of beef has been snatched, a rush, a banged door.

One night she moaned to him, "But, Rucellai, why do you insist on tormenting yourself?"

"I am a man of deep feelings!"

"I have feelings too!"

"Am I a brute?"

"I want to give you peace," she whispered, sad for him.

"Innocence," he said, drawing himself upright, "is a precious jewel. I never knew," he groaned, just before he banged the door, "how expensive it could be."

He fled, and with a sigh she removed her blouse. The door crashed open and his eyeballs stared at her.

"I do not understand you," she murmured.

His whole frame seemed to dissolve, like a polar bear sitting down.

"I have sought you too long," he said feebly, "to lose you now," and very slowly

and quietly, stepping out, he closed the door, and flung it open again to growl, "Lock it! Tight!"

She got a postcard from Tom Dalton, forwarded from Oakley Street. It was a colored picture of Rossetti's *Annunciation* in the Tate Gallery. It was from Cardiff. "Here I am, among the dark Celts. One step nearer home? Tom." She burned it. Then she got another postcard, in color, of a railway engine. "You do not reply. Where are you? Pray for me." She burned

this too in the tiny grate, knelt and Ave Maria for him in Italian. The November. In the first week of December she got a telegram, at the Gallery, Naples. "PLEASE MEET ME IN THE LION AT EUSTON TONIGHT AT EIGHT. YOU TOM."

She had arranged to go with Rucellai to a concert that night and went to him to explain about Tom. She said, bowing to the roots of her hair, "An old man friend of Mamma's is supposed to come to town. I really must meet him tonight. Do you mind if I don't go to the concert?"

"Who is this man?" he asked in surprise. "A friend of Mamma. Old Count Butterly."

"Why didn't she write beforehand?" "She thinks I have nothing to do at night, any night."

"If you had told her about us months ago, this deception need never have happened."

"What deception?" "About everything, about me. He is this man?"

"He is as old as a general."

"I don't like old men taking you."

"I'll be back after the concert. I'll be back by ten o'clock. I will tell Mamma at Christmas."

"I wish we had got married last summer. You are too simple, too innocent. Why are you going to talk to this general?"

"I don't know. The war, I suppose, always talking about the Dardanelles."

"But that was the 1914 war! That was years ago. He must be ninety."

"He's awfully old, very, very old, and truly. He is older than you."

"I shall expect you," he said severely, "ten-thirty. We have to do the conjunctive pronouns and the Tenth Commandment."



"If you don't need me, I'll sit down!"

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TOO BEAUTIFUL.

TOO GOOD (Continued)

You will then be ready to go for final in-
struction to my dear friend Father De La
Poer at Farm Street. And not a minute too
soon!"

He took up his pen. She almost said,
"Yes, Daddy!"

It was a wet night. From beside the door
of the Green Lion, Tom saw her pass under
the hazy pool of light from a street lamp and
knew her at once by the long neck and the
strong legs. She was wearing a tight-belted
white raincoat and a little red beret on the
back of her head, her hands dug into the
two big patch pockets of her coat, her head
bent against the wind. She knew him by the
slouch of his back. When he took her two
hands she saw that he was gray-faced and
worn.

"The same old Barbara!" he said,
warmly.

"The same old Tom," she laughed, to
make it sound true.

"I've a surprise for you," he said quickly.
"Somebody you are going to meet inside.
We've just come from Victoria Station.
We've been in Italy."

"Your wife?"

"My wife was killed two weeks ago in a
motor accident. It's my little girl. My
daughter. I told you about her. I went over
and brought her back. Her name is Gemma.
We've been traveling for two days and
nights."

He led her into the crowded station pub,
very different from the Cat and Cage. In a
corner he presented her to his daughter, a
girl of about fifteen, oily-haired, brown-
eyed, sun-bronzed. She sat, surrounded by
bags and parcels, at a small table.

"My Gemma," he said with pride and
deference, love and meekness. Turning to
Barbara to introduce her, he said, "*Questa e
Barbara*," and he said it so softly that the
name was almost inaudible. "You two
talk," he said hastily then, "while I get the
drinks."

As he limped off toward the crowded
counter Barbara had the clear feeling that
he was fleeing from them both, and that
earlier he had fled from the girl to wait out-
side. She sat beside the girl, smiling into
her unsmiling, dark eyes.

"What shall I call you? *Come si chiama?*"
she asked, gently.

"*Lei parla Italiano!*"

"I speak a little. *Poverina*," she smiled,
and laid her hand on Gemma's, which was
at once snatched away. Groping in her
sparse vocabulary for something to say,
she asked, "*Era bella, la mamma?*"

"*Bellissima! Molto più bella di lei, e
adesso è morta e mio babbo ha detto che avro
un'altra mamma fra poco tempo, molto più
bella, più gentile. Ma non è vero! Non è
vero!*"

It was too quickly spoken to understand
perfectly all at once, but she got the sense
of it: The girl's mother was beautiful and
now she was dead, and her father had said
that soon she would have a new mother,
even more beautiful and kind, but it wasn't
true, it wasn't true!

The girl burst into wailing tears.

"What did you say? Gemma!" She took
Gemma's arm and shook it. "*Che dice?
Che dice?*"

"*Non voglio un'altra mamma. Mai!*"

"Of course you don't want another
mamma."

She lifted her head to find Tom beside
them bearing drinks.

"Tom, is this true? Have you really been
telling this poor girl that you are going to
marry again? Did you really say that to
her? With her mamma dead only two
weeks ago!"

"That was to comfort her, to cheer her
up, to give her some sense of security, to
persuade her to come with me, to make
them let me have her."

Glancing from her drink to his, she saw
that it was whiskey, and she realized sud-
denly that he had been drinking before they
met and that his face was gray, tired, and
worn not only from age and weariness but—
she could see it in the way his eyes darted
toward his daughter—from fear.

"Is there something wrong, Tom?"

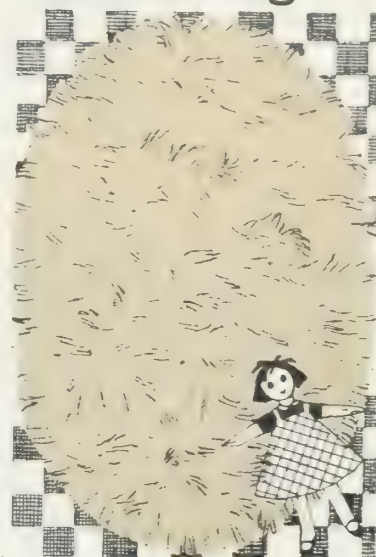
"I'm worn out. Families. All sorts of dis-
cussions. Arguments day and night. The
lawyer. The priest. And I didn't know what
the hell they were saying. All I could say
was 'I want my daughter. *Voglio mia
figlia.*' Over and over again. A thousand
times. And all that long time traveling.
Poor Gemma!"

"What are you going to do with her?"

He stared at her, and his eyes fell, heavy
with the same fear. He laughed foolishly.

"I want to bring her up. To grow up like
you. Like the way I know you, and the way
you've always been. Look at you. You
haven't changed a scrap, Barbara. The

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"Rickety rack, rickety rack, den number seven's the
best in the pack! How's my little den mother?"

TOO BEAUTIFUL. TOO GOOD (Continued)

same nice girl. No paint and powder, no gewgaws, no stinking scent. Nobody in the world but you can help me now. You will, won't you, Barbara? You'll always be my little Barbara?"

"Tom! You're drunk!"

"Please don't be cross with me. I've had an awful time. All those bastards fighting me. But I have my rights; I fought for them, and I got them."

His voice was rising. Two men at the counter looked over.

"Bloody Italians! They'd sell their souls to best you. But they didn't best me, I got my Gemma from them, she stood by her Daddy, didn't you, Gemma? And *you* will stand by me, Barbara, won't you?"

She turned from his frightened eyes to the girl's angry eyes.

"Where are you taking her?"

"To Dublin. Tonight. Now. On the Irish Mail. I thought if you could just help me to settle her in, just for a start. Just for a start,

Barbara? And you can talk Italian; it's working out marvelous. Help me, Barbara; I've helped you, you know!"

He thrust out a hand to grasp her arm, knocked over his glass so that it spilled on the table and broke on the floor. Other people, she saw, were looking at them now, and a barman in a white apron was approaching.

"I must telephone," she said.

In the booth she dialed the first part of Rucellai's number, and stopped. He wouldn't be in. And if he were, he would never trust

her again. Through the glass she saw Gemma drying the table and Tom's head and the barman upbraiding him. She caught the complete number. There was no answer. She came back and sat down.

"He wasn't in."

"Who?"

"I was trying to get Rucellai."

He all but shouted the name. "Rucellai?"

"I thought he might help."

"Help who?"

"Help me, help you, help all of us."

He was really shouting now. "What should you call Rucellai?"

"I am going to marry Rucellai."

He scrambled up; his chair fell, and he was on the floor. Gemma grabbed him. The barman came back rapidly and grabbed him on the other side. "Now then, out with you!"

He struck at the barman. The whole station was watching, glasses held immobile. Another barman came, and the two continued on hauling him out. Gemma grabbed bags and parcels, screaming at the barman that they did not understand, trundling after him as his coat was dragged across the tiles, wailing, "Babbo! Babbo!" until they were all outside the doors.

With her palms to her cheeks, Barbara stood for a moment looking around at the indifferent crowd, and then she ran. She halted outside the glass doors behind the two barmen, who were looking, laughing through the hazy rain, across the square where Gemma part-pulled, part-pushed him from one pool of lamplight to the next, wobbling slowly, luggage-laden, in the direction of the station. He would be all right in there. Everybody would help him in this friendly climate. She followed them at a careful distance, hanging back under the pillared porticoes now bustling with passengers. When they reached the platform where the Irish Mail stood panting, she watched through the railings until they moved out of sight behind the train. She bought a platform ticket from the machine and went after them as far as the train's end, watching them clamber into the carriage, a parcel falling, then a coat. She waited there, against the wall, for a long time, out of the way at the platform's end, while the travelers noisily filed into the train. She fixed her eyes on that once and for all until the porters slammed the carriage door, the guard waved his lamp, the windows curved away, flickering on the platform like falling cards, and the two taillights dwindled out of sight into the sooty night. The last of the traveling friends strolled chattering past her, and she still stood, staring along the little rails.

A porter came by. "Can I help you, Miss?"

She started. "No, thanks. Thank you."

He cocked his head. "Aren't you Dalton's daughter? I seen you with him one morning, coming off the Irish Mail. He was putting you into a taxi. That sister he had with him just now?"

"Yes."

"It's raining cats and dogs, you know. Sure you don't want me to get you a taxi?"

"No! Really and truly I'm quite all right. I'll get a bus. Good night. And thank you very much indeed."

"Good night, Miss."

She walked all the way down to the Strand and westward as far as Chancery Cross. By then her hair was a wet tangle and her shoes and stockings were soaked. She got a bus to Oxford Circus and went home. As she slid the key into the lock, she thought again of Gemma's words "another mamma." Who? Her hand clutched the key at the wild thought that rushed

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her head. She decided that he could not
have meant it. No.

Trembling, she lit the fire and drew a hot
bath. In her dressing gown, she made coffee
and egg-and-cheese sandwiches, put on her
faithful old Cimarosa record and squatted
with the food before the fire, feeling the
warmth of the fire and the music steal into
her. Then, meticulously, she began to paint
her toenails. She made up her lips with a
pale lipstick. She tried on a pair of pale
coral earrings Rucellai had bought her,
turning her head now to the right, now to
the left, straightening her neck and holding
back her sloping shoulders. Poor old Tom.
All he could have meant was that she
could cross with him to Dublin tonight just
to help Gemma, to ease her way. How long
did he think...? He must be terribly upset
to think... She looked at her watch where
she had laid it on the mantelpiece. He
would sleep, but Gemma would wake him.
In the street lights the rain glistened on the
window. A bad crossing. She got the little
gold scent-spray Rucellai had given her and
lightly dewed her hair, shoulders and
knees—which, so Lorna Alleyn had said
with an unlikable covert smile, was the
way you should do it. She smoothed on
her stockings, fastened them to her dragged-
on girdle, put on her panties and bra, chose
her chalk-blue dress and her orange linen
blouse, put on her Italian shoes and curled
up in the armchair to do her fingernails.
An hour later she was asleep. She woke
to his insistent tapping on her door.

His black raincoat was shining, his black
umbrella trickled, his Homburg hat dripped
on the mat. He looked very big, grave and
benign. She took his things, and as she
was standing the umbrella upright in
the kitchen sink with his hat on top of
it she called out, "Rucellai! I hope you
are not cross with me? I came back early."

He did not reply. He was standing
with one hand on the mantelpiece. One
leg, held to the fire, was already steaming.

"Oh, darling, your shoes are wet. Let me
take them off." As she untied them she said
again, "You're not cross with me?"

Looking into the fire, he said somberly,
"I will tell you a great truth. Music calms
the soul."

"Oh, but your socks are damp too! Let
me take them off and dry them. You are
sure you are not cross with me?"

"I did not think of you at all."

She got a cushion and laid it near the
fire, and laid a towel on it, and tenderly
laid each foot on the towel near the heat.
She sat back on her hunkers. She stroked
his instep.

"I felt quite lonely," she said.

"Orpheus," he said dreamily. "It is a
Greek myth. Orpheus calmed the wild
beasts with his lyre." He looked down at
her looking up at him. "I have never seen
you so beautiful."

She laughed. "You said that last night."

"But you do not know how beautiful you
are."

"Let me make you some coffee."

"No. Play some music. It will calm me."

She put on a Lully ballet suite that he
often asked for, and sat with her arm across
his knee, staring into the fire.

"Nymphs and shepherdesses," he said.
He stroked her hair. "You are enchant-
ing. Wafted on a seashell as a gift from
heaven."

"You said that last night, too."

"And will again tomorrow night." He
clasped her to his side, then: "Barbara!
Promise me you will always be the same!
Promise!"

She stewed around and gazed up at him.
"I will always be me."

She felt his fingers undo her blouse for



Twinges —
but no tears

*He aches from a cold—
can't quite keep his
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the usual ritual kiss. Drawing back her
head, she looked into his eyes. She saw
them widen with wonder and desire, de-
light and awe. A few minutes later she was
alone, staring blankly into the fire.

He did not come the next night; she did
not see him in the restaurant of the Gallery;
he did not come the night after that. On the
third day she telephoned his flat several

times, but there was no reply. She went to
his office to inquire about him and found
a strange young man there. She said, wide-
eyed, "I was looking for Mr. Rucellai."

"He has gone on a week's leave. A rel-
ative died in Italy, I believe. Perhaps," he
said agreeably, "I can be of service?"

She said, "Oh!" Not taking in his ques-
tion, she added, "Thank you." He said,
"Not at all. Do come again." She went away.

TOO BEAUTIFUL. TOO GOOD (Continued)

There was no message the following day. The next morning she found a letter from him in her box. It bore no address. The postmark said TORINO.

Dear beautiful, good Barbara,
I have fled from you because I am unworthy of you. I cannot deceive you. I have betrayed you too often in the grossest ways. Even on the last night I saw you. I am torn asunder by the hounds of Artemis for gazing on her beauty. My Hercules has been too strong for me. (Pollaiuolo. Formerly in the

Uffizi Palace, Florence.) Do not seek me out. I am a monster. The flat is all yours. The rent is paid up to December 31. Your despairing, Rucellai.

Over and over again she said aloud, "It is extraordinary." For days she kept saying it. Sometimes she said, "It is really very extraordinary." She caught herself saying it standing in the street, and said to herself, "I am talking like Aunt Edie." Within an hour she found herself holding a postcard out to a customer, her eyes on the window, thinking that it really and truly was the

most extraordinary thing that had ever happened to her in her whole life. The customer saying "Please?" brought her back to where she was.

She could not bear to go home for Christmas. Instead she asked Aunt Edie if she would like to have her at Hampton Court, which Aunt Edie said was the nicest thing she could imagine, and very, very kind of her to want to come.

She brought a present of a bottle of champagne. Under Aunt Edie's guidance she cooked a chicken, beautifully. She burned the endive, but Aunt Edie said she liked it that way. There was also a bottle of Burgundy, a gift from an old colleague of Aunt Edie's husband, now retired and too incapacitated to visit her. After dinner they sat before the fire, toying with candies and drinking the champagne. This part of the old royal palace, now the pensioners' apartments, was so silent that it seemed to be empty except for the two of them, and Aunt Edie said that it probably was. A fog from the Thames made the palace seem even more silent and remote.

After a third glass of champagne Barbara said, "Aunt Edie, I want to tell you something. But you must promise never to tell anybody, especially Mamma. Or may you die crossing the road."

"I never tell tales. After all, I am the widow of a diplomat. As for crossing the road, that's not much good to you because I never go out. Go on—who is the young man?"

Aunt Edie kept shaking her head all the time she talked, but this was not at her story, she had to keep reminding herself, but because Aunt Edie had Parkinson's disease, which gave her the appearance of an old lady shaking her head at the whole world all day long. Her head shook even as she read Rucellai's letter, and as she handed it back, and as she said, "That's a tall order, my poor dear. Beautiful and good. It is almost fatal."

"But," Barbara wailed, coming at last to the point, "I am just like any other girl!"

Aunt Edie lifted her hands an inch or two from the sides of her armchair and let them fall again. It was her way of indicating resignation, doubt or despair.

"All through our married life my late husband insisted that my eyes are gray. They are blue. Like violets. Look!"

Barbara looked. They were plainly gray. "Just like violets," she said.

"Men!" said Aunt Edie, and lifted her palms from the armrests and let them fall again, and again went sound asleep. Barbara sank on the rug, leaned her head on her fist and her elbow on a low ottoman and gazed sleepily into the fire, her head drooping and opening like a cat's. It was so quiet that she could hear the moon dripping from the eaves; so silent, in fact, thought, you could hear the fog feeling its way around the walls of the palace, looking for an open door. She wished Aunt Edie would wake up and go to sleep again in bed. She thought of the young man in Oakley Street leaning in his buff window sill, smoking a crooked pipe. What he think her a tall order, as Aunt Edie called her? She suddenly remembered Christmas card Tom Dalton had sent her.

Barbara cleared the dinner table, washed up. Aunt Edie was still asleep. She went out she might get lost in the street. She had nothing to read. She stood before the mirror over the fireplace and ran a comb through her hair and then, the door suspended, asked herself, "Was I in bed?" She unbuttoned her blouse and drew it down over her shoulders like a dance costume.

Behind her, Aunt Edie stopped snoring and said, "What are you looking at?"

She turned and laughed. "At my Botticelli shoulders."

"You have what we used to call, when I was a girl, champagne shoulders. Very nice too."

"Rucellai said I have Botticelli shoulders."

Aunt Edie raised her palms and let them fall again, and again went sound asleep. Barbara sank on the rug, leaned her head on her fist and her elbow on a low ottoman and gazed sleepily into the fire, her head drooping and opening like a cat's. It was so quiet that she could hear the moon dripping from the eaves; so silent, in fact, thought, you could hear the fog feeling its way around the walls of the palace, looking for an open door. She wished Aunt Edie would wake up and go to sleep again in bed. She thought of the young man in Oakley Street leaning in his buff window sill, smoking a crooked pipe. What he think her a tall order, as Aunt Edie called her? She suddenly remembered Christmas card Tom Dalton had sent her.

Dear good Barbara,

I'm sorry. It was just that I thought you were much too good for him. Be happy. Gen. working in an ice-cream shop. Ever yours, T.

The young man in Oakley Street had lots of curly hair and looked just like Tom Thomas. She thought of a daffodil she had seen in Liberty's window. She thought that when she gave up the flat she would go back to Oakley Street and all over again. She folded her arms over her ottoman, and laid down her head and rendered to the dinner and the Champagne shoulders. . . . Very nice.

Nobody had ever told her that when she slept she snored, though not too loudly. Rather like a small pig.



My hair's gray— Now, I love it that way!

So radiant! So youthful-looking, and such lovely gray hair... thanks to Clairol Come Alive Gray®, new miracle rinse. It's wonderful! In just 2 to 5 minutes, yellow is banished, gray hair lights up, white hair shines with dazzling whiteness. Never a trace of blue or purple, and the color stays true till the next shampoo. It's fast! It's easy! Come Alive Gray rinses in when you want it in, washes out when you want it out! Leaves hair silky, manageable, *beautifully* gray. You'll love it that way! At cosmetic counters, beauty salons.



Good Housekeeping

FOUR GLAMOROUS SHADES—ONE JUST FOR YOU

White Sapphire® adds brilliant pearly glow to white hair.

Silver Diamond™ polishes white and gray to gleaming silver.

Black Pearl® adds sparkle, evens tones of salt-and-pepper gray.

Midnight Opal® adds lustre—conceals gray with rich, smoky tones.

FREE OFFER! Send for new booklet "10 Questions Most Asked by Women with Gray Hair." Write Dept. HJ-15, CLAIROL INC., 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York 19, N. Y.

COME ALIVE GRAY

Made by CLAIROL, world leader in hair cosmetics ©1963, Clairol Inc



Red Cross Shoes

THE SMART WOMEN WEAR AND LOVE

THAN ANY OTHER BRAND IN THE WORLD



FASHION FORMULA: HEELS HALF AS HIGH, TWICE AS SMART

Contemporary fashion makes wonderful sense by lowering the heel to let you walk more easily, more gracefully. Here are four beautifully-understated versions on flattering new-shape brief heels. Very light, soft, supple. Superbly fitting. Masterpieces of low heelsmanship . . . with the special ingredient of "instant comfort" for which Red Cross Shoes are famous. Most styles about \$11 to \$16.

Styles illustrated, at top: Ivy League, Elite. Bottom: Bari, Voyager.

THIS PRODUCT HAS NO CONNECTION WHATEVER WITH THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS • THE UNITED STATES SHOE CORPORATION, DEPARTMENT J-103, CINCINNATI 7, OHIO

**HAND
KNITS**
TO
KEEP
YOUR
KING
IN
CHECK





BY NORA O'LEARY

Fabulous hand-knit sweaters will dominate the after-ski fashion picture this winter. The accent will be on the unexpected—there are magnificent yarn combinations and startling two-color alliances, as in our pink-and-orange or blue-and-cranberry creations. Sleeveless pullovers are striking with contrasting shirts. Novelty stitches accent the detail of a sweater . . . a cable at a deep V neckline or an open stitch on a raglan sleeve. Most popular sweater look of all is the turtleneck fill-in that can fit into any or all necklines . . .

sometimes in a matching color, more often in contrast. Our chess players are wearing, from left: Bright pink 100 percent mohair with a deep V neckline . . . charming over a white shirt with jeweled cuff links. Journal Design No. 26. Multicolor stripes of Italian mohair in a delightful sleeveless pullover with a boat neckline. Journal Design No. 25. Jade green 100 percent wool pullover with interesting ribbing. Journal Design No. 27. Blend of 60 percent nylon and 40 percent wool in a beautiful blue sweater with a deep V neckline. The fill-in is of cranberry 100 percent mohair. Journal Design No. 29. Wool and viscose in a bulky fast-knitting yarn combining blue and gold in a novelty stitch. The blue turtleneck is detachable. Journal Design No. 28. The most feminine sweater by far, pale pink 100 percent mohair with a cuffed neckline and an orange fill-in.

Journal Design No. 30. Big and bulky, a blend of 66 percent mohair and 34 percent orlon acrylic fiber in a yellow-green tweed effect. Journal Design No. 31. The color-coordinated slacks in stripes and checks are all Vogue Design No. 5793. The fabric, a blend of cotton and rayon, by Erbun. The matching fabric shoes by Battani. Jewelry by KJL. Journal Sweater Instructions are available by sending 25 cents (each) to Ladies' Home Journal, Dept. JPO, P.O. Box 84, New York 46, N.Y. Other views, price of Vogue Patterns on page 134.

CLOSE UP OF COMFORT



GOSSARD ! ANSWER

The ultimate in boneless control—guaranteed to be comfortable—or your money back.
 Styles 1732, 1733 in Lycra power net, \$13.50
 Styles 1730, 1731 in regular power net, \$10.95

Nylon, rayon, Lycra Spandex power net. Lycra is Du Pont's registered T.M. Nylon, rubber, rayon regular power net.



Charming overskirt is made of half of the material gathered to a ribbon waistband. The remaining half makes the matching blouse.

SHOES BY TAJ; SLIPPERS BY BATTANI; JEWELRY BY KJL.



MAHARANI MADNESS

This season's most exciting hostesses can wear one of these exotic, jeweled India prints designed to flatter in most intriguing ways. Designs can be made from Journal Original No. 6 on page 36. Use leftover pieces for headband or scarf.

est-to-make sheath this India uses half of the e maximum length with corner located on top.

The sparkling corners of print are placed on the skirt of this provocative Empire-style dress. Pattern is Vogue Design No. 5900.

(Continued on page 146)

CLOSE UP OF COMFORT



GOSSARD ! ANSWER

The ultimate in boneless control—guaranteed to be comfortable—or your money back. Styles 1742, 1743 in Lycra power net, \$15.00 Styles 1740, 1741 in regular power net, \$12.50

Nylon, rayon, Lycra Spandex power net. Lycra is DuPont's registered T.M. Nylon, rubber, rayon regular power net.

CLOSE UP OF COMFORT



GOSSARD ! ANSWER

The ultimate in boneless control—guaranteed to be comfortable—or your money back.
Style 485 in Lycra power net, \$13.95
Matching Girdle, Style 425, \$10.95

Nylon, Lycra Spandex power net. Lycra is DuPont's registered T.M.



Two-piece dress at left utilizes border design to full advantage. The print's jeweled corners are focal point of full, gathered skirt.

JEWELRY BY KJL; SHOES BY TAJ; SLIPPERS BY BATTANI



MAHARANI MADNESS

The energy and brilliance of India are captured in cloth. This exciting cotton print works into the most avant-garde fashions for all seasons and can be made from Journal Original No. 6 on page 36. Each print is unique and has two sequined corners.

s with border down the sides
gs team with pullover to
with a cotton turtleneck.
are Vogue Design No. 5793.

A slim sheath with the jeweled
corners at the top has a daring
side slit in the skirt. The turban
is made from the leftover fabric.

CLOSE UP OF COMFORT



GOSSARD ! ANSWER

The ultimate in boneless control—guaranteed to be comfortable—or your money back.
Style 1934 in Lycra power net, \$16.50
Style 1990 in regular power net, \$15.00

Nylon, rayon, Lycra Spandex power net. Lycra is Du Pont's registered T.M. Nylon, rubber, rayon regular power net.



GENIUS HAIRDOS FOR
**double
exposure**

Identical twins can look as different as night and day, courtesy of the new Genius haircut currently touted by top New York hairdressers Enrico Caruso, Monti and Kenneth.

Their cuts and sets are almost as identical as our twins, but from the basic premise numerous versions grow.

To illustrate our point dramatically, the Gullison twins, with the same haircut, same hairset, demonstrate a simple carved look for day and a glamorous upsweep of huge kiss curls for evening.

US HAIRDOS FOR

Double Exposure

ight and day girls,
ullison twins, Patrecia,
nd Leisha, right,
e similar but
ate careers as models
tresses. Both
he violin, are
ed and live in New
Hairdresser Monti
d their double-
ure effects. For more
e takes, turn page.
are five more sets
ns with ten more
os, each the
ct of the Genius
Cutting and setting
ctions to clip out
our own hairdresser
cluded too.



double exposure

(Continued from page 149)

The Genius hairdo doesn't stop with just two variations. The same haircut and set which is practical for all ages is the basis for the Gullison twins' night-and-day comb-outs on pages 148 and 149. It is also responsible for these ten hairdos. (As a matter of fact, we ran out of twins long before our Genius hair stylists ran out of ideas.) You can mix or match your comb-outs from these pictures—even to having a Caruso hairdo today, a Kenneth this evening and a brand-new Monti version tomorrow. The instructions are found on page 152.



Patricia Bates Johnson and Evelyn Bates Owen



Andrea and Adrienne Gray



Julia and Cynthia Lacy



Jennifer and Susan Baker



Betty Baker Scott-Paine and Virginia Baker Rogers

THE BATES TWINS, upper left, were married—as many twins dream they will be—in a double wedding. They are now Mrs. Howard Johnson and Mrs. Stephen Owen Jr., respectively. Both have two children, but manage to spend a good deal of time together. For evening, Enrico Caruso swirled Mrs. Johnson's hair back and high into a curly crest. He arranged her sister's hair in a little rounded cap for time. Their hair, blond and fine, reaches just to their earlobes.

THE GRAY TWINS, left center, have had just 19 years to get used to the fact that almost no one can tell Andrea (left) from Adrienne (right)—a fact that delights them very much. They are attending Barnard College and made their debuts last year, so parties are still very much on their schedules. Accordingly, Kenneth arranged their hair for classroom and ballroom. Andrea's hair is a mass of curls held in place with clips. Her sister's is smooth, held by a band.

THE LACY TWINS, lower left, were born and brought up in Pelham, a New York City suburb. They made a dramatic entrance into TV and modeling by being "discovered" on Park Avenue and cast for one of the famous Toni twin ads. Enrico Caruso arranged the puffy pompadour and side effects for Cynthia, right, and Julia's daytime version that is turned under and toward the face. Hair ornaments are Hattie Carnegie gilded leaves and a Décor bow.

THE "JUNIOR" BAKERS, upper right, are the girls everyone remembers from the British hit, *Stop the World—I Want to Get Off*. Born in London 17 years ago, they've been with the show for almost two years. Their hair—the length is mandatory for their stage roles—allowed Monti to arrange an ornate evening look for Jennifer, left (she interpreted it as "all ponytails and only five hairpins"), and a super-simple flipped-up look with a barrette for her sister Susan.

THE "SENIOR" BAKERS, lower right, were "the" twins of the late 'Forties and well known as debutantes and models. Today, Betty, left, is Mrs. John Scott-Paine and lives in Connecticut. Her sister, Virginia, is married to Col. F. M. Rogers of the Air Force and lives in Washington. Betty's party up-do was created for her by Kenneth; she agreed with him that curls should make a comeback. Virginia claims that her hairdo is still the best all-day, everyday look for most women.

(Continued on page 152)



Don't promise me miracles... just give me

THAT IVORY LOOK

Take a tip from baby... your skin needs Ivory's special purity just as much as hers. Ivory's the only soap famous for being 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % pure.[®] So mild it doesn't irritate even tender baby skin. And your skin needs non-irritating care, too. With daily care so gentle... Ivory gentle... your complexion has a chance to grow fresher, smoother, younger looking. Try Ivory. More doctors recommend it than any other soap.





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that lovely, fashionable

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SEAMLESS STOCKINGS

cost only one dollar!

The best seamless stockings a dollar can buy . . . sheer, seamless nylons with proportioned fit in all popular colors for day or evening. True quality — top value. At your favorite hosiery counter.

double exposure

(Continued from page 150)

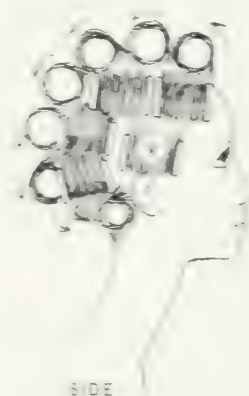
Three of New York's top creative hairdressers were apparently visited by the same stroke of genius this season. The result is their unanimous acclaim for the Genius cut. Instructions are easy to follow: Hair is shampooed and, while still wet, combed straight back from forehead (no part) and cut with scissors in "blunt" technique—no tapering, thinning or layering. It looks even all around, but actually lengthens gradually from center back to front.



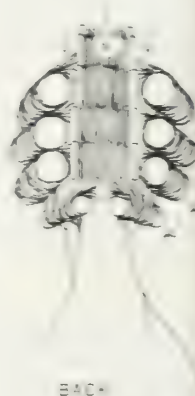
THE CUT



FRONT



SIDE



BACK

Follow the diagram, using two rows of rollers. You can substitute a row of pins (wind toward the face) if your hair is too short or thin for the bottom row of rollers.

COMB-OUT INSTRUCTIONS

GULLISON TWINS. *Patricia:* Brush all hair to top of head, secure with grip comb. Sides and back. Back-comb or tease the hair so that it will stand up on its own. Then working from center front, turn ends over your finger to form giant pin-curl shape. *Leisha:* Brush hair back smoothly from the face and turn the ends under. Pull hair forward close to the face to emphasize the slanting lines of your hair.

BATES TWINS. *Patricia Bates Johnson:* Hair is brushed up and back. Flatten with a "square" of bobby pins at center back. Lap left side over and turn under to form one large, smooth, curled hair. Secure with hairpins. *Evelyn Bates Owen:* Hair is teased from hairline to crown for rounded effect. Smooth top and brush ends forward.

GRAY TWINS. *Andrea:* Brush the back hair smooth and under. Brush top and side up, smooth with grip comb at hairline pins. Arrange ends in curls and highlight with clips. *Adrienne:* Brush hair back and smooth, place curved comb to hold center back, or use plastic or ribbon-covered band. Pull hair forward in short-tugging effect.

LACY TWINS. *Cynthia:* Center front hair is teased slightly, rolled under and pinned in place. Set this pompadour effect off with clips or use earrings secured to bobby pins. Tease the side hair for width, smooth forward. Arrange back hair in a pageboy. *Jan:* Brush hair back and smooth, shake to get a natural parting. Arrange sides close to the face with ends turned back and under. Set off with bow or barrette at one side.

BAKER JR. TWINS. *Jennifer:* Make ponytail of crown hair and wind strand of hair around base to cover rubber band. Divide back hair and make into two more ponytails, wind each under and toward ears into fat curls. Let ends of top ponytail fall between these curls. Wind side hair back into angled curls over ears. Wind a rhinestone or pearl necklace through your hair. *Susan:* Brush hair smooth and flip ends up. Use large tortoise or gilt barrettes to hold hair close to the head on both sides.

BAKER SR. TWINS. *Betty Baker Scott-Paine:* Hair all goes up into ponytail, then divided, like a pinwheel, into four sections. Tease two back sections for bulk and arrange in fat curls. Tease front sections to stand up, pull down on sides and flip up ends. Use hair ornament or clip to hide ponytail band. *Virginia Baker Rogers:* Brush hair back, shake your head to get natural parting. Arrange ends in a froth of curls.

FASHION'S SECRET: COMFORT



HIDDEN COMFORT IN THE DRESS BLACK PUMP

The suede upper has a softly elasticized collar for smoother fit. A puff of cushioning gives you the feeling of not quite touching the ground when you step. 14.99 (other styles, 9.99 to 15.99)

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QUALITY AT YOUR FEET®
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There's greatness in the snip square toe when it's accented with a fresh skip stitch and finished with a slim mid heel. 12.99 (other styles, 6.99 to 13.99)

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SMARTAIRE®



HUGGING NECKLINE ON A FAMOUS FITTING PUMP

The heel stays snug. The toe is always roomy. It's Naturalizer's famous combination last—extra smart with a soft elasticized topline. 14.99 (other styles, 5.99 to 15.99)

NATURALIZER®



Does she...or doesn't she?

Hair color so natural only her hairdresser knows for sure.

It's music to her ears—just as it is to most women's—to hear she always looks so fresh and radiant, so much younger than she is! Her hair has that shining quality, the color's rich and lively—as though she's found the secret of making time stand still. And in a

way, she has. It's with Miss Clairol, the effective way to cover gray hair and to vitalize or brighten fading color.

Keeps your hair soft yet full of life—in wonderful condition—because Miss Clairol carries the color deep into the hair shaft to stay



rd the way your own color does. That's
 Miss Clairol always looks so natural.
 That's why hairdressers everywhere
 mend it and more women use it than
 er haircolorings. Try Miss Clairol your-
 today. So quick and easy, you'll love it.



Even close up, her hair looks natural. Miss Clairol keeps it shiny, bouncy. Completely covers gray with the younger, brighter, lasting color no other kind of haircoloring can promise — and live up to!

MISS CLAIROL®



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Architectural relics
spared by housewreckers
can be prize decorations for
the modern home and a joy to
the informed scavenger.



Columns from old spaghetti factory support roof of Charles W. Moore's vacation house in Thredbo, Calif.

TREASURE FROM THE JUNKYARD

By Cynthia Kellogg

Photographs by Ernst Beadle

Americans, perhaps the world's greatest scavengers, have now turned to new hunting grounds: the junkyards. There, the prizes are the architectural scraps of old buildings which the junk hunters proudly bear off to decorate their homes.

Junkyards and shops are crammed today with ornamental bits and pieces of the 19th- and early-20th-century buildings being torn down by the thousands to make room for urban renewal and suburban housing projects.

As the photograph at left indicates, the variety of decorative "junk" is startling. Reading clockwise, starting with the parade of ducks across a Chinese shop sign (at lower right), which could decorate a wall, are: An iron ventilation grille from a New Orleans house to use as a planter; door-knobs for installation on new doors or use as paperweights; brass dragons that once held up fireplace tools but now could be used as decorative hooks for other hangables; old keys to decorate wall or chimney breast. Next, fireplace tiles for new fireplaces or floors or for wall decorations; a marble table with a pair of New Orleans foot scrapers for a base (these could be used also as andirons), and, on the table, a wood carving for decoration and copper hinges for doors; a lamp made of a newel post; a San Francisco ferryboat transom panel of stained glass set with shells to hang in a window or, lighted from behind, on a wall; letters and numbers from old signs to ornament a wall; a fan-shaped wood lunette to build in over a door or window or hang on a wall as a decoration or headboard; a cut-down column for a plant or sculpture pedestal, here topped with an iron roof ornament from a Sag Harbor, L.I., home; a carved architectural bracket to use as a shelf for sculpture or a plant.

In the center, left to right: A carved marble keystone from an arch in a New York house to use as a decorative sculpture; an iron fence ornament converted into a light sconce. At the left foreground, a fern sprouts from the base of a copper drainpipe, used upside down for a planter.

Most of us will have space and money for only such comparatively small relics as these. Architects and interior designers, however, are starting to use junkyard trophies in a big way. To the confusion, perhaps, of future archaeologists, they are building old windows, doors, columns, fireplaces



Architect Moore, center, relaxes in his columned one-room ballside retreat.



Old fireplace sets Gothic theme of dining room in Woodside, Calif. Remodeled by decorator Michael Taylor.

The fun of getting something for nothing is part of the lure.

and wall paneling right into new houses. They are using old louvered shutters at the windows, old bricks for floors or walls, old chandeliers and sconces for light fixtures.

Architectural relics can sometimes inspire the building of a house, as was the case in the vacation home on the preceding page. Architect-owner Charles W. Moore was so enraptured with columns he found in an old San Francisco spaghetti factory that he bought eight of them for two dollars each. He trucked them across the bay to a hillside in Orinda and then, with the help of his partners and students, invented a house for them to support.

Whether a fabulous fireplace or just an ornamental doorknob is the junk hunter's booty, it is the decorating value of old architectural details that has made junkyard browsing a growing national pastime. Relics can give a house decorative grace and individuality beyond the scope of modern builders and materials. "They just don't make things like this anymore," one collector remarked as she stroked her carved Victorian door. "I guess there are no craftsmen left who know how."

Even if a craftsman were found, the cost of producing a decorative window or door is prohibitive today. Finding the old ones makes economic sense. "I would have to spend \$300 to get a Palladian

window made for me, but I only paid \$25 for one I found in a junkyard," one remodeler pointed out.

The fun of getting something for nothing, or at most, lures some collectors on to bold steps. They often bypass the junkyards and strike a bargain with the wreckers, paying a token fee for their find and hauling it away in a borrowed truck. Other relic hunters have been known to visit a half-demolished house on a dark night and "liberate" whatever they can carry.

Finally, nostalgia for the past motivates collectors. As the houses come down, many Americans see the end of a leisurely, golden past and resolve to save at least one proud relic of it, EN

GAS KITCHENS SAVE MONEY




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*Keep and cook food perfectly
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by NORGE*

Norge Oven-with-a-Brain* lets you roast a turkey to perfection, then automatically keep it "just right" until you're ready to serve. And this 21-inch wide oven will even hold a 20-pound bird! Whole meals can be kept ready-to-serve for hours without overcooking with the Gas true low temperature control.

The Norge Gas refrigerator-freezer gives you food storage at its best—safe, constant, silent, and truly **modern!** Why not visit your appliance dealer or Gas Company soon? Ask about both of these Norge appliances: the Gas refrigerator-freezer and the Gas range that's built to Gold Star standards. Since both are Gas they'll **cost you less** to operate—year in and year out.

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Ice without trays! Ice is made automatically as you use it in this Norge Gas refrigerator-freezer. No more water spilled on the floor. No more defrosting—anywhere!

Easy-to-clean oven! Big "Balanced Heat" Norge oven has all-porcelain finish. Bottom oven liner can be lifted out for at-the-sink cleaning.



**LIVE MODERN
FOR LESS
WITH**


GAS

*A.G.A. Mark of Am. Gas Assoc., Inc.



WEAR-EVER STAINLESS CLAD 8" FRY PAN SPECIAL \$6.97 WITH COVER

Aluminum on the outside for even heating . . . stainless steel on the inside for easy cleaning. Start cooking modern with the special-priced \$6.97 fry pan . . . then complete your set with the other exciting new Wear-Ever Stainless Clad utensils made of Alcoa Duranel* . . . the beautifully matched Sauce Pans, Dutch Oven, Double Boiler and Griddle. Buy Wear-Ever Stainless Steel Clad Cookware . . . wherever you buy Wear-Ever. It's the new idea in cooking. Wear-Ever Aluminum, Inc., New Kensington, Pa.

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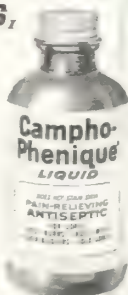
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**FEVER BLISTERS,
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Fever blisters as well as gum boils and cold sores heal faster when you apply CAMPHO-PHENIQUE. Wonderfully soothing, too, for poison ivy and itching of insect bites.

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On the "go" all day long? Need shoes that comfort your feet without sacrificing style? Then just slip into a pair of Dr. Scholl's Shoes. See and feel the exciting difference! You'll love their tailored smartness. And, with your first step, you'll discover new walking ease your feet have never known before!

Dr. Scholl's Shoes are made in all sizes for *all* types of feet. Expertly fitted at Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops in principal cities and selected Shoe and Department Stores. If not obtainable locally, write for new catalog to Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. 26SA, Chicago 10, Ill.



Hitching posts were bolted to the floor to make unique newel posts for the stairway in the modern Evanston, Ill., home of toy designer Marvin Glass. The painting is by Irene Binford.

Decorative junkyard relics provide individuality and a nostalgic touch to streamlined contemporary houses.



Wood door decorated with old moldings and hardware makes dramatic entrance to contemporary house of glass and wood owned by Mr. and Mrs. John S. Clark Jr. in Northfield, Ill.

Here's how the best cook in Danbury, Conn. makes fried chicken with no greasy taste



Mrs. Arthur C. Smith, Jr.
First Prize Winner, Cooking Contest
Danbury State Fair, 1961-1962
Goshen Fair, 1961
Bridgewater Fair, 1961

To avoid greasy taste in any kind of fried chicken,
I always fry right with Crisco
And for a tangy tropical touch—

- Sprinkle raw chicken liberally with lemon juice
- Sprinkle lightly with poultry seasonings, salt & pepper
- let stand ½ hr. - flour chicken thoroughly
- fry over medium heat till crisp & tender

Mrs. Smith's
"Tropical Fried Chicken"



Why Crisco gives you digestible fried foods with no greasy taste!

New Crisco is different from other shortenings. It has an exclusive vegetable formula with added special protection against greasy taste. Crisco works in your frying pan to make foods fried right turn out crisp, digestible, delicious—with no greasy taste. No other shortening has Crisco's formula.

Also, every ounce of Crisco is highly unsaturated vegetable shortening—no animal fat. In fact, new Crisco has doubled the preferred unsaturates many scientists believe are better. So for all your baking and frying use new Crisco ... Crisco gives you digestible fried foods with no greasy taste.



CRISCO

- EXCLUSIVE
VEGETABLE FORMULA
- HIGHLY UNSATURATED
- SO DIGESTIBLE



When you pick my pretty tissue
So softly made for you,
You save a pretty penny—
Which is pretty nice to do.

Softness is Northern

Northern.



Another fine product of American Can Company

For prints of Northern's 5 little girls (11" x 14") send 30¢ in coin to Northern, Box 898, Hinsdale, Ill. (U. S. only.)



The several souls of Hortense

BY JACOB TRANSUE

The world is full of "little talents" who have to learn that to be an artist requires sacrifice—sometimes life itself.

That was her name—Hortense. When she first told me her name I thought, *That's a terrible thing to do to a baby girl. Hortense Gadufy.* It often seemed to me that that awful name was part of her trouble. She should have been called Rose or Anne or something sensible. She was a strange little introvert with spectacles and an air of bewildered disappointment about her. I can't say what first attracted me to her, unless it was just the operation of my compensation reflex. Whenever I see anybody who seems to have talent and imagination—not too much, you understand, but *some*, enough to make him human—whenever I see somebody like that, I take to him and start this compensation bit. I want to make up to that person for the indifference of an unimaginative world. Projection. That's myself, I suppose. A little talent and vaguely human.

Anyway, she was kind of appealing. She had pale strawberry-blond hair and a round, wistful little face. We sold sheet music over the counter in Regent's Department Store. She worked there about four months. At first we just exchanged a few words, then we had a couple of brief conversations and then, the next thing you know, we were eating our lunches together every day sitting on boxes back in the stockroom.

Neither of us had any money, and we both brought our lunch in paper bags. I was paying for a baby-grand piano, and she was still pegging away at a couple of courses. Eventually we got to burning around together, and she moved into an apartment in my building.

Anybody reading this should understand what life is like among our kind. We are little talents, the dreamers, the residuum remains after the choosing is done. We never have much money, but we do a good living (as contrasted to our existing) on the fringe of the world of Art, capital Art. We flatten our noses against the mysterious barrier and watch the rich ones within actually perform. We spend what we have going to concerts and recitals, and so on. We're moral, because in music you can't deceive yourself about being a misanthropic genius. It may be possible if you're a composer, but not if you're a musician.

So, you see, we're not Bohemians. We live in small, tidy apartments, like women with our records and our pianos or violins or what not, and slowly, inexorably, become accustomed to the fact that we are no more than talented amateurs. The process of orientation from the expectations of our parents, childhood teachers and our

however, can be a racking process in very slowly and painfully. ing how many years unrealistic sneakily endure.

... there we were. Hortense was ...; I was twenty-seven. We were ...g, but in music, if you have the ...edients you know it by that time. ...u don't have them, you're still ...isting the knowledge. At least I ...tense was putting up more of a ...e. We worked in the music depart- ...ause it didn't absorb our musical ...and yet it allowed us to capitalize ...nowledge.

I say that Hortense and I were ...g around" together, I mean noth- ...ral. We lived, like most of our ...bate lives haunted by romantic ...nsubstantial as our fading dreams ...When Hortense and I listened to ...'d curl up together on the couch ...macy somewhere between sibling ...y and Platonic affection and wish ...e guts either to be lovers or get

... some time before Hortense would ...the piano for me, but she finally ...n her own apartment she worked ...l upright, and I think my little ...re out her resistance. She played ...*Opus 25, No. 1*.

...d been asked to guess what she ...y, I would have picked this de- ...ttle etude which has been the ...of generations of minor talents. It ...simple, so satisfying, and it re- ...ineluctably the property of the ...for only they can give it wings. ...est of us it flaps and struggles like ...d goose, even as it did for poor ...Yet, as I listened, I detected mo- ...e and there that had charm. One ...she had genuine insight but sadly ...e power and skill to support it.

...he last notes died away, she went ...he couch, sank down and picked ...azine. I didn't say anything. Peo- ...position find both truth and false- ...lerable. I just sat still and con- ...read:

...her give a little exclamation and ...said, "Here's another one!" ...er what?" I asked.

...vered the magazine and looked at ...a kind of miserable discontent. ...ad see?"

...over and sat down beside her, and ...d the magazine on my lap. Her ...nted to the large picture on the ...It was a group photo of the *corps* ...f a visiting foreign company.

...u see anything unusual about that ...she asked.

...d at it closely. "No."

..." She pointed out one of the

...about her?"

...oks just like me!" said Hortense

...he had pointed it out to me, I ...immediately that she was right. ...er in the picture bore an amazing ...nce to her. She had very long legs, ...are hips, small high breasts, ...a bit too high and a rather short ...r face was like Hortense's face— ...delicate mouth, slightly pointed ...a wistful expression.

...p seeing them all over," said ..."There's a girl in the first-violin ...of the Chicago Symphony. There's ...here in town. There's a girl out ...wood—I've seen her play a cou- ...parts. We all look alike and we're ...ng off the bitter edge of some form ...d we're all mediocre." She dropped

the magazine back on the table and picked up a cigarette. Then she began pacing back and forth, puffing on the cigarette.

When she got in a mood like this I felt sorrier for her than ever. It was as though there was something in her too big for her little self to hold, some huge tormenting force seeking an outlet.

"I hate being nothing!" she exclaimed passionately. "I hate it, I hate it! And yet, at the same time I wonder why I feel this way. After all, the world is bulging with people who have no talent at all, and they seem to get along all right and be happy enough. What's the matter with me? Why can't I be satisfied? What is this thing in us that craves to *be* something, to *do* something? Why can't I live without music? After all, it isn't fair!" She went to the piano and stood looking down at the keyboard.

I got up and made her a highball. She took it and sipped it. After the first outburst she seemed quieter, but closed in a frantic combat against despair. "I hate the world the way it is. It seems to me the whole world is in the same fix. Masses of craving incompetent nonentities."

I refrained from pointing out that she had just contradicted herself.

"Maybe I'm prematurely senile or something, but it seems to me our parents weren't like this. They were *persons*. And their parents, even more. In my home town you can see it—this dilution down from grandparents to parents to children. Less quality all the time. More people but less quality—as if our very substance had to be portioned out in smaller and smaller quantities to go around. Less honor, less commitment, less competence, less responsibility. . . ." She went to the window and stood looking down into the street below.

"And you see the results reflected everywhere," she went on. "Tawdry and untidy."

"Let's go to a movie," I suggested.

The movie wasn't any good either. According to Hortense, none of the actors had noses. Afterward we went to a coffee shop and sat gloomily over our cups.

Maybe you wonder at this point why I bothered with such a depressed young woman. I really don't know. Maybe I was depressed myself. But then, there was something about her. At least she had emotion. Few people will own up to that in this era of "cool." She wasn't ashamed to holler.

Finally I took her home and, just as I was about to leave her at her door, she said suddenly, "Listen, I want to go to the ballet. I want to see that girl with my own eyes."

"All right," I said. "When?"

"As soon as we can get tickets."

We were lucky about the tickets. I went down to the box office during lunch the next day and got a pair of cancellations. So that night there we were in the front row of the first balcony, which was rich for us.

Hortense had brought a pair of opera glasses she'd borrowed from somebody and, as soon as the *corps* made its appearance, she got them out. After a moment she handed them to me, and I took a good look at that girl. Her name, we knew from the caption of the picture, was Mercedes Blanchard. Well, the resemblance was uncanny. Not that she was an exact physical duplicate of Hortense, you understand, but that she was essentially so like. Her hair was dark brown and she appeared to be a little smaller than Hortense, but if Hortense had been a dancer she would have danced just like this girl—nicely, with an air of yearning and pent force, a little awkward, technically limited and inclined to fall off her points a bit too soon in the attitudes.

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Hortense snatched the glasses back and stared at the girl, with a small, ironic twist to her lips.

And then it happened. The corps pirouetted down and across the front of the stage, and poor Mercedes, who was roughly in the middle of the line, caught her toe or something and plunged off the stage into the orchestra.

There was a great commotion, the music died uncertainly and somebody was shouting hoarsely for the houselights. In a moment the lights went on, there was some activity in the pit and a doctor was requested. Finally the manager appeared and made an apology, and the show went on.

The next day we read in the papers that Mercedes had broken her neck and was dead. Hortense was very subdued. Everybody is superstitious in the pit of his stomach, and I suppose she was wondering if something might happen to her too. However, nothing did, except that three days later, as we ate our lunch together in the stockroom, she told me she was quitting.

"Why?" I asked, rather stunned at the suddenness of it.

"I've got another job."

"Where?"

"I'm going to work at Godovskaya's School of the Dance. Accompanist."

"You?" Not that dance accompanists are any great shakes as pianists, but it does take facility. Mainly, though, she had always shunned that kind of servitude.

She nodded. And that was that.

That evening was the second time I heard her play. Grieg's *Opus 24*. It seemed to me her playing had improved remarkably. She had more authority, more grace. It was really quite delightful. I was impressed. "You do better with Grieg than with Chopin," I said.

She sat still before the piano and smiled thoughtfully. "It does sound nice, doesn't it?" she said. "I've played this for three years, but I never *had* it before."

She was dressed nicely that night too. She had always tended to be a little dowdy. "You look very pretty tonight," I said.

"Thank you."

Somehow I didn't feel as sorry for her as usual. She didn't seem to need my sympathy. She sat down on the couch and picked up the paper while I made us a pot of coffee.

"Look," she said suddenly. I glanced over her shoulder. There it was again. The model she'd mentioned once before, like a semblance of herself, gazed out from the page.

The girl wasn't a top-flight model. It seemed these girls couldn't make it past the middle, even in beauty. She was posed with a group of other girls all wearing dresses of some new fabric the ad was promoting. The eyes looking at me from the picture were blue instead of green, but their expression was the same as Hortense's—level, intelligent and sad.

"I wonder what her name is," mused Hortense, and she closed the paper and took a cup of coffee from me.

Even though Hortense didn't work at the store anymore, she still lived in my building and we continued to see each other after work. We ate dinner together most evenings and things went along about the same. Several weeks after she went to work at the dancing school she got an additional job as organist at a fancy little church out on Long Island. And it was perhaps six weeks later that she was invited to a party out there.

"I'm allowed to bring a friend," she said. "Want to go? Musicians."

The party was in one of those lovely homes in Forest Hills Gardens. The family belonged to the church where Hortense played on Sundays. Our host was on the Stock Exchange, and our hostess was a culture bug who had corralled quite a few musical persons for her shindig. Present were a prominent violinist, a well-known conductor and numerous minor luminaries. Hortense, it seemed, was peeking through the portal to a new and wider world.

However, among the people we met that night were a balding concertmeister and his young wife, a model—the model. The following day the newspaper contained a small picture of her. She had passed away in a taxi following a party in Forest Hills Gardens. Heart attack.

I cut out the item and kept it, but I didn't mention it to Hortense. Knowing her sense of identity with these doubles, I thought it would be better if she never knew what had happened to the girl.

The next thing she played for me was part of Rachmaninoff's *Third Piano Concerto*. I sat beside her on the bench, watching her performance.

Her hands seemed larger, and she played with that almost lazy economy of motion that is characteristic of a first-class pianist. The music poured out tumultuously from beneath fingers which rippled and grasped with such power and certainty it was an experience to watch them.

"I must be out of my mind to talk about this," she said, stopping suddenly. She

In Which Green Year

By Peggy Irons

Hard to say at just what hour
I first felt glowing beauty start;
Hard to say at just what moment
I heard the music in my heart.

Or when it was my eyes dropped tears
Against delicious, lovely aching;
Hard to know in which green year
I learned I had a heart worth breaking.

wringing her hands gently to ease them, she gazed at the keyboard with a small, credulous smile.

"You've made strides, my girl," I said.

"I can't bear to look too closely," she said. Her hands returned to the keys, she started playing the little fractured peggios from one of the variations of Grieg's *Ballade*. The improvement from the previous time I'd heard it was unmistakable. And as I watched her frowning at the keyboard, it struck me suddenly: Hortense had become extremely attractive. Her features had sharpened. The pointed nose seemed to raise itself more, seemed to have become more prominent and shapely, the nostrils more finely chiseled.

"Have you been putting something on your hair?" I asked.

She stopped playing and looked at me with her lively concentrated gaze, from which the spectacles had been stripped. "No."

"Not that I object to that sort of thing. Your hair seems darker." It had become almost coppery.

"No," she laughed. "I don't have to go to beauty parlors."

Three weeks later, after more than a week when I hadn't seen her at all, she showed up in my apartment looking dazed. Actually it was euphoria. To someone like Hortense

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We were driving down the new turnpike. As Bob and I stopped to pay the toll, I recognized Penny McCann in the next lane. I hadn't seen her since graduation!

"Penny!" I shouted.

"Meet you at the gas station!" she called back.

"Who's she?" Bob asked.

"Penny was my best friend from school!"

"She certainly looks younger."

I was crushed. How could my own husband be so *cruel*?

Later, seeing them together, I was suddenly jealous of Penny. Because she *did* look younger than me. That lovely complexion of hers was so fresh, so creamy.

Alone with Penny, I got up the courage to ask her, "What makes your complexion so beautiful?"

"Simple," she said, "Palmolive care. It can help almost *any* woman be younger looking."

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HORTENSE

great good fortune can be almost as much of a shock as disaster.

"Guess what! I was out at the Vandermuirs last night—remember those people on Long Island? I met Jerome Krawitz!"

"Maestro Krawitz?"

She threw out her arms as if embracing the universe. "Maestro Krawitz!" She laughed and then began to pace excitedly back and forth across my small, piano-filled room. "Somebody told him I was a pianist, and you know how he is! But then, of course, you don't. Let me tell you. He's enormously enthusiastic! There's no poverty in him, no diffidence, no fear of going out to someone! Well, he insisted that I sit right down and play something for him, so I did, I played the *Ballade* because I've come to grasp it well, and it isn't so prevalent, you know. Well, he was most kind! Really generous! Really, really interested! Imagine it! Krawitz!"

She grabbed me and shook me a little, as though trying to jar loose a response. Then she swung away again across the room. "Then he called up Madame Figeac then and there and made an appointment for me to see her tomorrow! Madame Figeac! Do you realize what that means?"

I realized, all right. It was impossible to see the *grande dame* unless referred by one of her own personally anointed geniuses. I stood staring at my transfigured Hortense. Let me tell you that to see a deeply frustrated person become unfrustrated before your eyes is an awesome, a preternatural sight—like watching a century plant bloom. I said nothing. To tell the truth, I was so pronged by conflicting emotions that I was speechless. To see Hortense step out and up was a compliment to my taste, but was also, alas, a rebuke to my incapacity. I felt her hand being dragged from mine by the flow of events.

At that point I saw Hortense's gaze stop searching the brilliantly promising future and focus down on the insignificant foreground in which I was destined to remain. "Oh," she said, and I listened to the echoes of gratitude and regret. Then she stood up. "Come," she said. "I'm taking you out."

So I let her. I felt no sting of masculine pride, because that is something that exists only when the two people are peers. We weren't, not any longer. I had slipped into a new relationship with her. I no longer would have dreamed of curling up on the couch with her to listen to symphonic records. I was now in the historic position of the male confidant resting in the shadow of the throne, like Queen Mary's Rizzio.

Hortense dropped her job at the dancing school. She also moved into a loft. She had bought herself a very good old concert grand and had to find a big-enough place to house it. She got a fellowship grant with the assistance of Krawitz and began to study in earnest with Madame Figeac. We still saw each other. I was her escort, her friend. I called her cabs. I held her coat. I absorbed the effervescence following evenings out and provided companionship on quiet evenings in.

One day the following winter Hortense appeared at the store in the afternoon, searching for me. "I've had a telephone call from Krawitz," she explained tremulously. "He's in Chicago, guesting with the Chicago Symphony. They were supposed to do Rachmaninoff's *Third*, and Carew, who was to play it, has the flu. Krawitz says he can change the program, but it occurred to him I might come out and play it."

"How wonderful!"

"I can't! I can't!" She was wringing her hands.

"But he thinks you can!"

"I've never even played with an orchestra before!"

"What does Figeac say?"

"Oh, he called her first. And she was me to go."

"Then don't be an idiot!"

I sent her home to call Krawitz and pack her things while I arranged a plane reservation for her. Then I picked her up and took her to the airport in a cab. Then I went back to work and waited four days to hear what happened.

She called me at one A.M. after the concert. "It's over," she said.

Silence. She sounded strange. For a moment I wondered if it had been a fiasco but didn't know how to ask. At last I burst out "Well?"

"Very well," I heard her sigh. "Listen, she said, 'I'm flying home tomorrow. Will you meet me? Three o'clock?'"

"Of course," I said.

"Can we have dinner at your place quietly? Just the two of us?"

"Certainly, if you'd like."

"I'll tell you about it then."

By this time I'd made a few slight gains myself, for I'd finished paying for my piano.

You, Rabbi Ben Ezra!

By Elizabeth Mills

No, it is not later than I think.

I know what time it is.

That well-known charioteer

Is hot upon my blistering heels.

My endearing young charms, if any,

Have been fading for some time now

And are, one might say,

Rapidly nearing the dear-ruins stage.

My candle gets briefer

(Though not because I burn it

Double-barreled style in *that* sense,

And I cannot say in truth

The light is aught but glare

Affronting my bifocals)

And stairs leave me breathless

(Though not June-moon-spoon).

Micawber is dead and buried

In an unmarked grave,

And I and Madame Butterfly

No longer hope for *un bel di*.

Life begins at forty, you say?

Well, I have finished the countdown,

So what happened to the lift-off?

and had also been made assistant manager of the music department at the store. Consequently I was able to provide more help for the evening. I bought wood for my fireplace and ordered fresh shrimp and capon from a nearby delicatessen. I put some Pinot Blanc—her favorite—in the refrigerator and ran down to the florist in the building and had him make two arrangements in a pair of bowls I had acquired. Then I went to the airport by bus and brought her home in a taxi.

We spoke very little on the way home but I sensed the difference in her at once. When we arrived at the apartment and helped her off with her coat, I was not surprised to find that somehow or other she seemed taller, more willowy, that her hair was a gleaming auburn, that her eyes were deeper and quieter. I watched her move the old couch, and there was even a difference in her walk. She moved now as a player must appear to move in the eye of God, utterly self-contained because utterly merged in the great clockwork of creation. She was, of course, fittin', operative.

I lit the fire, put some violin sonatas on the phonograph and left her splashing in the



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While I went down to bring up our
think back on that evening now,
complete in my memory, like a
or like a scene from some un-
play that glows within the gray
n of an otherwise unremarkable
gathered up to itself all the color
ation and unwordable mystery
about to end in an enigma.
shed eating and I removed the
ving us still at the table before
which glittered off the little glasses
I had replenished the phono-
n a string quartet and the fire
her pressed log when Hortense
her purse the concert program.
z had them reprint it," she said
d it across the table to me.
at it. There, under Krawitz's
her own. Hortense Gadufy. I re-
how unfortunate that name had
me when she had been working
the store. Names are like that,
name that sounds absurd on a
assumes the power of the in-
Hortense Gadufy" meant some-

Morning

By John Ciardi

For my littlest one in a field
hard at the morning in him
the heads off daisies. Oh, wild
and spilling over the brim
up juices he ran
of himself. My son.

White flower heads
marks where his knees
and his hot-shod
off from time, as who knows
again a running morning will be
luck, flowers-sparked-full,
him and me!

It carried the luster of a com-
autiful woman who played the
a goddess.

"Tell you about it now?"
said.

moment she was quiet, leaning
y chair and looking into the fire.
and rested on the table, and her
med the stem of her glass as
ing in some elusive wave length.
u listen to me soberly?"
se."

"Yes," she said, "I've found out
about myself. If I look at it from
e, the way the world would look
ms dark and—evil. But from in-
e, it isn't dark at all, and I don't
e world would see it."

"Pride?" I hazarded. "Pride?"
se," she said, "it would look like
the outside. But I wouldn't
in moral terms at all. I can only
as—as *function*, pure and total.
uld tell you what it's like to play
chestra." Her voice grew richer
e. "There's nothing like it. Noth-
command, and yet you submit.
ing and drowning, pouring out
swept along —" She smiled.
after years of it, it may come to
nonplace to me, but I don't be-
lo, I don't believe that at all.
air of perfect lovers could achieve
like this in making love. But this
ner of love, my way of moving
ars and atoms."

cigarettes for us. "Then how could
I?"



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"Let me tell you." She turned toward me while I held the lighter to her cigarette, then faced the fire again. "The first rehearsal started very badly. I missed several cues and went off ragged at the first cadenza. The tempo he wanted seemed beyond me. After we floundered for a while, he called a break because he felt I was overwrought. So we went out for a bite to eat. On the way back to the hall we saw a girl across the street. One of the violinists. She was one of *them*. Do you know what I mean?"

"Yes."

"She looked at me and then stepped right off the sidewalk in front of a car. And suddenly it seemed to me that I had known this had to happen! And I knew she was dead before I had any right to know! And I knew I'd be able to give Krawitz any tempo he wanted. I felt the strength come into me, but not sadly or sacrificially. Gladly! A laughing rush of power."

The fire sizzled in the silence between us. At last Hortense went on. "It was as though I needed to add to myself whatever

vitality that girl had, or, no—as if a barrier had been swept aside allowing me to reassume what belonged to me, what I couldn't proceed without." She glanced at me sharply. "But, you know, I have no feeling for those girls at all. Oh, you exist as a separate individual, but they don't, except as parts of myself. Did I will that accident?" She leaned across the table toward me. "I know," she said softly, "that I would have willed it if it had been possible. I've thought about this and I know something else. If it had been otherwise—if I had been one of *them*, I

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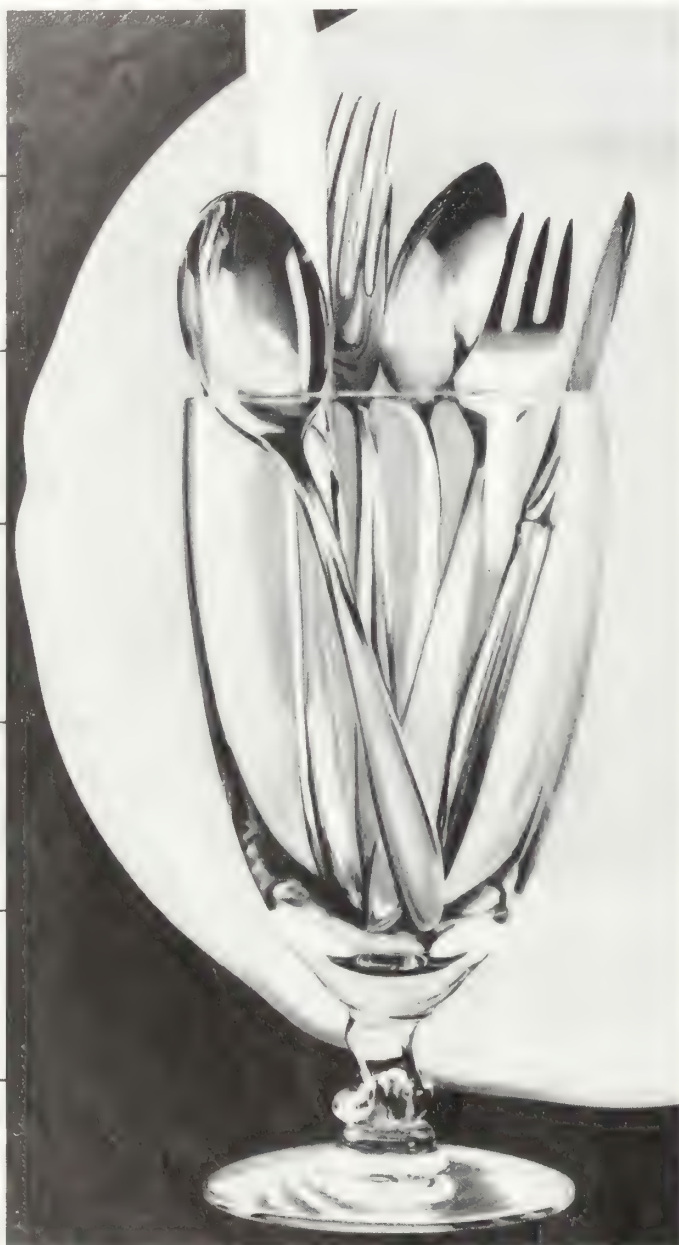
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HORTENSE

wouldn't have held back either. Because I would a thousand times rather participate in a whole than remain a fragment of any kind."

I chewed this over to myself for a while. Then I got up and went to my desk and searched around until I found the clipping about the death of the model more than a year before. I took it to her. "Did you know about this?"

She read it, then slowly shook her head. "No."

"Then you didn't will it. It's merely a series of coincidences."

She smiled. "Thank you," she said and turned back to the fire. And to this day I don't know if she accepted my opinion, or if, finding me skeptical, she merely withdrew her confidence. That was the last evening I spent with her.

After that she plunged into preparations for a recital tour that Madame Figeac had arranged for her. Then followed the tour itself, which ended in Hollywood, where she made some sequences for a film. She wrote me from there (without comment) that a minor actress had died suddenly during the filming.

The following year Krawitz took his orchestra off for one of those tours which are part of the cultural-exchange program. Hortense was chosen to go along.

The tour was a huge success. I got letters from her at every point. They circled through Europe, into the iron-curtain countries, into Russia, then back through Finland and Sweden. It was as they left Sweden that the accident occurred. The cab in which Hortense was going to the airport had an accident on the way. The driver and two other musicians riding with her were uninjured, but Hortense was dead. I couldn't believe it.

Well, life has gone on since then. I am now married, manager of the music department, and have made my peace with my mediocrity. My wife and I are music buffs. She plays the violin. We play for our own entertainment, and we go to the concerts and recitals and support the various music-fund drives.

About two months ago the great Swedish soprano, Inge Berensen, was signed by the Met to fill the Wagnerian roles. She's considered to be probably the greatest Wagnerian soprano of all time. Last week she came to the store. I saw her enter my department and cross the room, and she moved with such a serene astral inevitability that, as I watched her, all my buried memories erupted from their graves and left me staring. She is beautiful. Big, of course, as Wagnerian sopranos necessarily are, but astoundingly beautiful. Her hair is a deep mahogany red, true Titian hair, most unusual.

When she became aware of my scrutiny, she stood perfectly still, gazing back at me with a puzzled expression. At last she approached me and, in very good English with only a trace of the Scandinavian, she said, "Excuse me. For a moment I felt that I knew you. Have you ever been to Sweden?"

I said no. Then, impelled by nostalgia, I asked her if she had ever heard Hortense Gadufy play.

"Ah," she said. "The young American pianist. Yes, I attended her last concert the night before she was killed." Her deep and lovely eyes searched my face musingly but, whether she was considering the irrelevance of my question, or whether some spark of doubt or certainty rose to trouble her mind, I could not say.

Tonight my wife and I are going to the opera. My wife is going to hear Inge Berensen sing Isolde. But I feel as though I were going to hear Hortense.

•END



WEB

By Jean R. Holbrook

"What do you dream when you hear the sea?"

(This to the boy at her side.)

"I dream of the lands where visions
Where pagodas scallop a hot, dull sea
Of a teakwood vase and an ancient urn
And the roll of ash that will not return

"What do you dream when you hear the sea?"

(This to the girl at his side.)

"I dream of a small white house on a hill
With copper pots on the window sill
Where a sea gull wheels and, frightened, flies

From two small boys who have yellow eyes."

LOVERS' MEETING

By Mari Jack

When you come, I think I shall scarcely know you,

for what I know is not your face
but your life,

palpitating, warm in my hand's palm
like a wild bird:

perhaps a young brown wood dove.

When you come, you must wait a little
wait till I catch your life in my hand
hold it, vibrant, and know you have come at last.

Then your eyes will be yours, and your brow, yours,

your mouth will be your mouth, and your silence, yours.

You must come, speak, look, look in my eyes—

my face also unknown, trembling, a stranger's—

and wait a little, wait, have patience little,

till you are you again, and I am I, and our fragile beating lives, felt, caressed

(as a blind man, healed, touches his friends in wonder),

fill our flesh with light, known, beloved.

NEW HOUSE

By Lenore Ballard Laatz

I always wanted a new house, but there was the farm

To pay for and the needs of the children
I knew just where I wanted it to stand

When the burdens

Became overheavy, I'd walk up there and dream of it.

Stone with mullioned windows, hard wood floors.

"Someday," husband would say, "someday." He wanted it too.

The last child is gone now; we could build if we liked.

But I hold back, reluctant to make a dream reality.

I have not the need now I had then. The dream house

Could never serve me as well as one it did.



She has her eyes on you


wonderful, story-telling eyes are saying that there are many people, a lot of them helpless youngsters, who are in need of your help. Some of them are sick, some are disabled. There are puzzled teen-agers in need of a guiding hand, and families in need of counseling, and people who

are too old to work but too young to sit around doing nothing. When you look into this little one's eyes we hope you'll get the message—from the many people whose only hope for help is the once-a-year pledge you make to your United Fund or Community Chest. **One gift works many wonders / GIVE THE UNITED WAY**



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NEW Confidets

It's new from Scott...a sanitary napkin that really fits! The shape does it. It's tapered  to follow your body contours...for more comfort, more protection. There's extra thickness in the middle where you need it and a moisture-proof inner shield.



SCOTT  MAKES IT BETTER FOR YOU



Miracle recipes for the modern woman—the shortcut cook with gourmet tastes.

meals-in-minutes serve Glazed (canned luncheon meat, apples and apple slices with a sauce) or Lobster Tails Au Gratin, Cheddar cheese soup, baked in the shells. Try an easy new nut-filled Sherried Snowballs or Tapioca Flamingo for dessert. The versatility of all the miracle-frozen and packaged foods, the cook can produce delicacies that family, guests and gourmets!



Prescrubs for you

Golden Touch agitation is a unique, automatic prescription. For a full minute, try **TONGUE CASSEROLE**—(1-lb.-1-oz.) tongue into thin slices of precooked ham). In a shallow baking dish. (2) Add 1 can (7-oz.) whole cranberry seedless raisins, ¼ cup slivered almonds, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind; 1 cup meat. (3) Bake in a moderate oven, for 20-25 minutes or until done. Serves 4 servings. Serve with scalloped potatoes and buttered broccoli spears; or for dessert.

NOODLES-AND-SAUSAGE

—(1) Slice and sauté ½ lb. hot and sweet sausages. Drain. (2) Prepare 1 package (6-oz.) Italian-style sauce mix according to package directions. (3) Add the sausage slices and place in a 2-quart casserole. Top with slices of mozzarella cheese. Bake in a moderate oven, 375°F., for 20 minutes or until cheese melts. Makes 4 servings. Serve with a crisp green salad. **SAVORY FRENCH BREAD**—(1) Soften ½ cup softened butter or ½ cup mayonnaise, 1 clove garlic and crushed, 1 cup grated cheese and 1½ teaspoons seasoned salt. (2) Brown-and-serve French bread down to, but not through, the center. (3) Spread the garlic-butter mixture on the bread slices. Bake in a

hot oven, 400°F., for 15-20 minutes or until golden brown. Makes 4-6 servings.

LOBSTER TAILS AU GRATIN—(1) Sauté ½ cup chopped scallions in 1 tablespoon butter or margarine until golden. (2) Stir in 1 can (11-oz.) condensed Cheddar cheese soup, ¼ cup light cream, 2 tablespoons dry white wine and a dash of cayenne. Simmer for a few minutes. (3) Add the diced meat from 4 cooked lobster tails (reserve shells) and heat. (4) Heap mixture into shells; top with buttered bread crumbs and bake in a moderate oven, 375°F., for 20 minutes or until golden. Serve with lemon wedges. Makes 4 servings. Serve with a cold asparagus salad dressed with bottled Italian-style dressing and tiny hot rolls.

TUNA SCHOONERS—(1) Combine 1 can (7-oz.) tuna, flaked, ¼ cup chopped celery, 1 teaspoon instant minced onion, 2 tablespoons pickle relish, 3 tablespoons mayonnaise and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. (2) Split and toast 2 French rolls; spread with the tuna mixture. (3) Top with a slice of Cheddar cheese. Broil 3-4 minutes or until cheese melts. For an easy lunch, serve with chilled sliced tomatoes and potato chips.

With your next fried chicken or baked ham dinner serve **PINEAPPLE CORN STICKS**—(1) Drain and measure the syrup from 1 can (9-oz.) crushed pineapple. Add enough milk or water to the pineapple syrup to make the amount of liquid called for on 1 package (12-oz. or 14-oz.) corn-muffin mix. (2) Make the muffins according to package directions, using the pineapple liquid and adding the crushed pineapple and ¼ cup currants. Bake in well-greased corn-stick or muffin pans, according to the directions on the package. Serve warm.

BEAN MEDLEY SALAD—(1) In a large bowl, combine 1 can (1-lb.) each of drained cut Blue Lake green beans, yellow beans, and red kidney beans, ¼ cup chopped pimiento, ½ cup chopped scallions, and ½ cup slivered green pepper. (2) Mix together ½ cup each salad oil, vinegar and sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, and a dash of pepper. Pour dressing over the beans. Cover and marinate in refrigerator for several hours. Toss occasionally. Makes 6-8 servings.

BROCCOLI SOUFFLÉ—(1) Cook 2 (10-oz.) packages frozen chopped broccoli. Drain. (2) Combine with 2 cups well-drained cottage cheese, ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese, 2 beaten eggs, 1 teaspoon instant minced onion, (Continued on page 162)



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...and you'll look radiant as an angel. Angel Face is the complete make-up...powder and foundation in-one...tenderly covers every tiny flaw. Angel Face Make-up seems to soften the light to give you a look that's sheer heaven. 8 heavenly shades. 69¢ to \$1.25.



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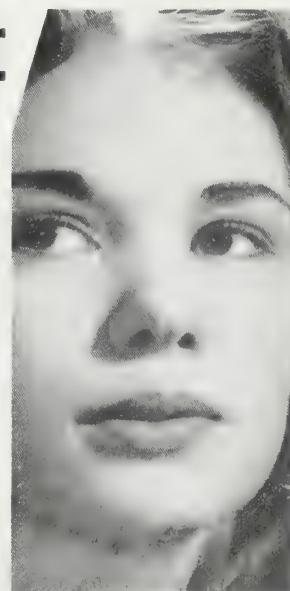
CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY, 864 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105

Overweight Girls Need This Special Deodorant Protection

Just being a woman means you have special deodorant problems—problems that can't be answered by underarm deodorants alone. Stout people seem to have a tendency to perspire more and this increases the protection needed—yet a bland, safe deodorant is required for tender, sensitive skin.

QUEST is a unique, effective deodorizer in neat easy-to-use powder form—compounded specially to solve intimate odor problems. QUEST is particularly suitable if you're inclined to be plump.

Dust every day before dressing with new hygienic QUEST and sprinkle it into bra and girdle in the morning. QUEST does not mask body odor with cheap scent, but actually prevents perspiration odors from forming. QUEST is safe enough to use in the most intimate, sensitive areas. QUEST is also specially recommended for use on sanitary napkins. Its soft, absorbent quality helps prevent irritation due to chafing, while providing long-lasting deodorant protection.



THE American Girl SHOE

- Genuine butter-rich calfskin
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- Soft Scott Foam lining all around your foot
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- Trim day-in-town styling

All this at \$10.99



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American Girl Shoe, 288 A Street, Boston, Mass.
Division: Consolidated National Shoe Corp.

Only Preparation H® Contains New Healing Substance That Can Shrink Hemorrhoids Without Surgery

Relieves Itching and Pain in Minutes.
Speeds Healing of Inflamed, Injured Tissues.



A world-famous research institute has discovered a new substance which now makes it possible to shrink and heal hemorrhoids without surgery. It relieves itching and pain in minutes, then speeds healing of the injured tissues all while actual reduction (shrinking) takes place.

Tests conducted under a doctor's observations proved this so—even in cases of 10 to 20 years' standing. And most amazing of all this very striking improvement was maintained over a period of many months!

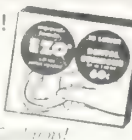
In fact, results were so thorough that sufferers were able to make such aston-

ishing statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem." All this was accomplished without the use of narcotics, astringents or anesthetics of any kind.

The secret is the astonishing new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) which quickly helps heal injured cells and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. It is offered in ointment or suppository form called Preparation H. In addition to actually shrinking hemorrhoids—Preparation H lubricates and makes elimination less painful. And it helps prevent infection, a principal cause of hemorrhoids. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easy to use away from home). Available at all drug counters.

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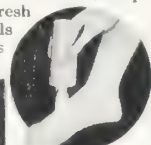
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Every morning, just apply
Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder to
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Takes only 60 seconds. Helps
keep feet cool, comfortable, bath-fresh
all day. Eases tight shoes. Disperses
foot odor. Helps prevent Athlete's
Foot. 19¢, 50¢, 90¢. At all stores.

**Dr. Scholl's
FOOT POWDER**



INSTANT COOK (Continued from page 161)

2 tablespoons chopped pimiento and 1 teaspoon salt. (3) Bake in a greased 2½-quart casserole in a moderate oven, 350°F., for about 30 minutes or until a knife inserted in the center comes out clean. Serves 6-8.

SAUCE REGAL—(1) In a 1-quart saucepan, combine 1 envelope (1½-oz.) sour-cream-sauce mix and 1 can (1½-oz.) cream-of-mushroom-soup mix. (2) Gradually stir in ½ cup milk, 1½ cups heavy cream and 1 beaten egg yolk. Heat to just under the boiling point, stirring constantly. Cook for 5 minutes. Serve with chicken or fish. Makes 2½ cups. Another sauce adding sparkle to fish, eggs or vegetables is **QUICK MORNAY SAUCE**—(1) In a 1-quart saucepan combine 1 envelope (1½-oz.) light-gravy mix, 1 envelope (1½-oz.) cheese-sauce mix, 1 cup cold water and 1 cup milk. (2) Heat, stirring constantly until smooth and thickened. (3) Crumble 3 oz. processed Gruyère cheese into the sauce. Cook and stir over low heat until cheese melts and flavors blend. Makes 2 cups.

Dieting, but still hungry for pancakes? Try low-calorie **ORANGE-CHEESE TOPPER**—(1) In a blender or mixer, whip 1 pint cottage cheese until smooth and fluffy. (2) Blend in ½ cup thawed orange-juice concentrate, undiluted and ⅓ cup seedless raisins. Makes about 3 cups. Serve with dollar-size pancakes, made from a mix.

SHERRID SNOWBALLS—(1) Sift together 2 tablespoons cocoa and 1 cup confectioners' sugar. (2) Stir in ⅓ cup sherry and 3 tablespoons light corn syrup. (3) Add 1 package (12-oz.) crushed vanilla wafers and 1 cup broken walnuts. (4) Roll the mixture into small balls and dust with confectioners' sugar. Makes about 40 cookies.

RASPBERRY RUM CAKE—(1) W fork pierce the top of a pound cake quick-frozen kind or made from a in several places. (2) Sprinkle ⅓ cup rum or sherry and let it star at least 30 minutes. (3) Slice and with frozen (thawed) raspberries and **CUSTARD SAUCE**—(1) Mix 1 age (3¼-oz.) instant vanilla-pudd mix with 2 cups milk, 1 cup light and 2 tablespoons rum. Beat w rotary beater or electric mixer. Chill before serving. Makes about 3 cups 6-8 servings.

PEAR-AND-APRICOT CRISP—(1) and slice 1 can (1-lb.-12-oz.) pear and 1 can (1-lb.-14-oz.) apricot halves. Arrange fruit in the bottom of a 9x9x2 baking dish. Pour ¼ cup orange over the fruit. (3) Combine 1 cup corn flakes, 1 cup sugar, ½ cup butter or margarine and ½ teaspoon grated orange rind. (4) Sprinkle over fruit and bake in a moderate oven, 350°F. for 30-40 minutes or until golden. Makes 6 servings. (Also delicious with fresh fruit.)

STRAWBERRY TAPIOCA FLAMING—(1) Wash, hull and slice 1 quart strawberries. Sprinkle with 1 cup sugar and let stand for 30 minutes. (If you use 3 (10-oz.) packages frozen strawberries thawed; do not add sugar.) Drain and measure juice, add enough water to make 3 cups. (3) Place juice, 1 cup quick-cooking tapioca and ½ tea-

ere you need it and
proof inner shield.



October's New Food Products Make Cooking Easier

READY-TO-EAT SMOKED HAM: From Hormel comes news of the Cure 81 Registered Ham, a boneless, fully cooked ham that has a delicious smoked flavor and is especially easy to carve and serve. Available in either banquet-size whole hams or family-size halves, the unique oval shape is perfect for barbecues and has little or no waste.

THERE'S NEWS IN FROZEN VEGETABLES: Eight varieties of Green Giant vegetables now come frozen in seasoned butter sauce, packaged in handy vacuum-sealed plastic pouches. Just drop the pouches into boiling water, and in minutes you have flavorful, buttery vegetables seasoned to perfection. Best of all, there's no messy pan to clean afterward! Each pouch contains 2-3 servings.

GOT A SWEET TOOTH IN THE FAMILY? Try Betty Crocker's new Toasted Coconut Frosting mix—real golden-toasted coconut in a creamy white frosting. The 13.8-oz. box is enough to frost two 8- or 9-inch layers and can also be used to make candy, fillings and other desserts.

FOR THE SMALL-FRY: Crispy Critters is a new animal-shaped, ready-to-

eat oat cereal from Post. Each elephant tiger, etc., is sugar-sparkled and, important to mothers, high in Vitamin and other important nutrients.

DIETERS' DELIGHT: For the calorie-conscious, Sego has created two new fruit-flavored diet drinks—Pineapple and Strawberry. They are nutritional balanced diet food like the original Orange- and Banana-flavored ones. Each can (one serving) contains 225 calories. You can substitute it for a meal, drink four cans for a daily diet of 900 calories. The new flavors come in 10-oz. cans, cost about 30 cents a can.

WANT A TASTE OF INDIA...FRANCE. JAPAN? Spice Islands tells you how its new *International Dining With Spice Islands*. The guide contains 10 volumes the first of which explains how to form an international dining club. (A minimum of nine club members is needed; each takes a turn preparing a dinner on particular national theme.) Each of the other nine volumes provides menus and detailed recipes from a particular country. The complete set is available for four dollars by writing to Spice Islands South San Francisco, Calif.

Now a remarkable way to get clothes cleaner with less wear Kelvinator – the washer with the Golden Touch

**Read about the different kind of washer that
prescrubs automatically, washes 1 to 12 pounds,
and carries a five-year parts guarantee.**



Prescrubs for you

Golden Touch agitation makes possible a unique, automatic prescrubbing action. For a full minute before wash cycle, Kelvinator prescrubs clothes in a small amount of water and the full amount of detergent. These concentrated suds loosen stubborn dirt and ground-in dirt, bring back "like new" look to your clothes. You never need prescrub by hand again!



Safely washes all fabrics

Golden Touch agitation is gentle enough to wash one pound of filmiest fabric safely without special tubs or special detergent. At the same time, it's thor-

ough enough to get 12 pounds of dirty work clothes completely clean. The remarkable Kelvinator can do this because it surges suds through every bit of laundry 300 times a minute, instead of pulling clothes back and forth 50 times a minute as ordinary agitators do. Such old-style agitation concentrates the washing action at the bottom of the tub. That means clothing at the bottom is scrubbed roughly, while clothing at the top of the tub gets very little agitation. Golden Touch agitation works throughout the full tub, gets your whole washload uniformly clean without any rough scrubbing.



Saves wear on clothes

Because Golden Touch agitation is so gentle, your clothes last longer. The Kelvinator doesn't beat clothes back and forth and pound lint out of them. It's amazing how little lint several washings produced in the Kelvinator lint filter above. Less lint means less wear. In fact, Golden Touch agitation is so safe it can even wash a delicate paper napkin without tearing it!

Rinses 3 separate ways

1. There's a spray rinse that thoroughly soaks every bit of laundry.
2. There's an agitated rinse that makes sure there's no soap or detergent left lurking in your clothing.
3. An overflow rinse floats suds and dirt out over your laundry instead of pulling them through the clothes you've just washed. There is a rim of small holes well above the washing area in a Kelvinator that lets the rinse water out with no chance of depositing scum on

your clean clothes. That's one more important reason why this Kelvinator, with the Golden Touch, gets clothes cleaner than you probably ever expected any automatic washer could.



Golden Touch agitation has no gears to go wrong

We know you're too busy to put up with washer breakdowns. That's why we eliminated the biggest single cause of washer failure, the gears. Result? The simplest, most dependable mechanism you can imagine. You'll never have to pay a \$70 bill for gear repairs when you choose the remarkable new Kelvinator with the Golden Touch. It's a product of American Motors ingenuity, an example of the imaginative approach to better living that developed Rambler automobiles. Kelvinator is built better to last longer, engineered to do a better washing job and keep right on doing it year after year after year. That's why Kelvinator can offer such a generous guarantee.

5-year parts guarantee

This gearless drive mechanism is so foolproof that Kelvinator guarantees its reliability. Kelvinator will repair or replace any defective drive mechanism part for five years and any other defective part for one year. Your dealer will even pay labor costs the first year.



Saves water and detergent

Golden Touch agitation takes place in a solid tub instead of a perforated tub. Other washers use up to 50% more hot water and more total water than Kelvinator with its solid tub. Using less water means important savings because considerably less soap or detergent is required.

There's never been anything like this Kelvinator with the Golden Touch. Delicate lingerie and the most soiled work clothes come spanking clean when you wash them with the Golden Touch. It's the crowning achievement of our 50th Anniversary Year.

KELVINATOR 





Why your dentist may recommend Crest at your next checkup

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THE FABULOUS COCO CHANEL

High priestess of Paris fashion for a half century, this vivacious, independent little woman has made vast fortunes telling your mother, and you, and your daughter what is and is not *haut monde* in clothes.



Much of the grand old Paris of song and memory is being gradually eroded by the dread tentacles of neon lights, snack bars, drugstores, supermarkets, boxlike buildings and choking traffic jams. But that golden den of thieves, the world of *haute couture*, somehow continues in its triumphant survival. It is a kind of perfumed anachronism, still exuding the fabled elixir so ferociously sought after by the world's most beautiful women. It is also Paris's most cutthroat industry.

Fashion in Paris is regarded as a serious art form, like painting or sculpture or poetry or music. It is the ultimate expression of refinement, elegance, luxury, craftsmanship and good taste—produced in a world of jeweled stilettos, palace intrigue, snobbery and skulduggery. It is a world where princesses, countesses and movie stars snatch suits from one another, where lady editors storm into the street if assigned to a seat in the second row, where clothing manufacturers huddle furtively in corners, puffing on cigars, and a haughty baroness sends her chauffeur to retrieve her bad-tempered lap dog from among the gold chairs before two lovely mannequins can make good their threat to cut him into strips and trim a coat with him. It is a world that gives an outsider the eerie feeling of having just had a brush with the Borgias.

No one has more gloriously navigated this sea of sharks than Gabrielle (her friends call her “Coco”) Chanel. She has not only triumphed; she has done so twice. After almost 30 years of dizzy success she closed her fashion house just before the beginning of the Second World War, reopened it 16 years later and triumphed again, carving out

a business empire, a personal fortune and a collection of jewels so dazzling that she can't even wear some pieces. They could wear her. The corporation bearing the name of Chanel is an immense industry, producing perfumes (in Texas they buy Chanel No. 5 by the quart), jewels, handbags, cosmetics, beauty preparations, soap, scarves and hats in addition to clothes. Her Chanel No. 5 (five is her lucky number) outsells all other perfumes in 141 countries. Chanel herself, according to one friend, is “terribly rich; unbelievably rich; fabulously rich; like Rothschild.”

To own a genuine Chanel suit is as much of a status symbol in 1963 as it was 50 years ago. Models in other great fashion houses of Paris save their salaries to buy one. Jacqueline Kennedy owns one. Customers who wear them are eyed with furtive envy by salesladies even in such rival territory as the House of Dior. Many customers keep their Chaneles 30 years or more, and one lady contemplates leaving hers to a museum in her will. There is even one Paris man-about-town who feels safer if his friend Chanel can be on hand to instruct his tailor how to fit his suits. “I am the only man in Paris,” he boasts, “to have a Chanel jacket.” Her steady customers have included such celebrated women as Marlene Dietrich, Ina Claire, Juliette Greco, Princess Paola of Belgium, Jeanne Moreau, Anouk Aimée and Elizabeth Taylor.

Not even her biggest customers escape her withering sarcasm or whim of iron, yet they come back for more. “I stay in the game,” she once muttered, “to fight the vulgarity in fashion built around the great protrusions like Gina Lollobrigida and Brigitte Bardot.” Yet last year she

By ANNE CHAMBERLIN

"I have
to have my hands in the
materials,
make it take form by
the feel."



Chanel literally attacks fittings with her bare hands, clawing and pushing at the fabric, jamming in pins and tearing out seams. Nothing escapes

went to great pains to create a special dress for Bardot, cut unusually short to reveal her long and shapely legs.

Elizabeth Taylor last year bought seven suits and two ensembles, which earned her the rare privilege of having her fittings take place in London and on the Italian island of Ischia. But there have been ominous grumblings from "Mademoiselle," as her staff calls Chanel, about all this extra fuss. Even worse, it seems that Miss Taylor has insisted on having her jackets specially fitted to emphasize her "protrusions," when it is well known that Mademoiselle tolerates no tampering with design or fabric. ("When I say it's right, then believe me it's right.") So Miss Taylor may be in for trouble on her next trip.

Archie Davidow, the New York manufacturer, who has been buying suits from Chanel for 50 years, is often told he's bought enough and should go home. All that quantity makes her suspicious. (Chanel scorns contact with buyers; Davidow is one of the few she will deign to see.)

Her Pygmalion influence on most women is so strong that some of the most stylish ladies in France are afraid to meet her for fear they will have to revamp their whole appearance. She still has the habit of transforming

women, as she has for generations. She has had a profound effect on the cover girl turned movie star, Suzy Parker, and has changed Romy Schneider from a pretty little Tyrolean girl into a glamorous star. Some people feel that the Chanel suit Romy puts on and takes off in *Boccaccio '70* plays one of the movie's leading roles.

In a fit of reforming zeal, Chanel once hired four prostitutes as mannequins to give them a chance to go straight. It caused an uproar in the *cabine* (models' dressing room) as the prostitutes started to convince the models they could earn better money walking the streets. "It's the last time I've had a hand in hiring personnel," Chanel says. "What a scandal!"

Her luxurious fashion house on Rue Cambon was designed by her friend of many years, the great French stage designer and artist, Christian Bérard. It is carpeted in pale rich beige, her favorite color, lined with mirrors and tall, ceiling-high Coromandel screens. There is no corner where one is not somehow reflected in the mirrors; the place is alive with whisperings behind the screens, and a constant hushed traffic up and down the carpeted stairs that lead to the workrooms and Mademoiselle's lavish apartment. One has the feeling at all times that Mademoiselle is Looking at You, and that

behind the lacquered screens They are secretly laughing at your clothes.

There is a continuous fluttering around Mademoiselle herself, as there might be in a royal court. Her friends, some of Paris's leading editors, writers, artists, dancers and actresses, make it a point to stop by nearly every day to chat with her, for she is a generous friend who impulsively bestows gifts and talismans, but a demanding one. On the estuary of the inner sanctum are the constantly shifting sands of royal favor. Today's favorite reaps the jealousy of the others, and a misstep can mean Siberia. One model, who was a special pet, had to quit suddenly because of her health, and says she hasn't been spoken to since. The closer Chanel's staff members get to the charmed circle the more terrified they become of displeasing her, and hardly anyone risks a decision without consulting her first.

The weeks preceding the opening of a new collection are, next to the Bastille Day fireworks, one of the great pyrotechnic spectacles in Paris, witnessed by only a privileged few. Mademoiselle, a sharp-chinned little figure looking like one of her own best-dressed clients, takes up her station on one of the gold ballroom chairs in the big showroom, with a pair of

scissors hanging from a rope around her neck and a box of straight pins on the chair beside her ("I want every single pin in this house changed; one is long enough"), asks to see the first dress, and the fun begins.

On this and all occasions she wears a hat. "The only reason I wear a hat all the time," she says, "is so I can tell people I don't want to go—that I'm just on my way out."

If she always seems to be wearing the same beige suit with the same black and-red trim, it is because she likes it so much she has several exactly alike. Still another such suit turns up in her most recent collection, modeled by a dark-haired Chanel-like girl. Chanel also always wears a few diaper-safety pins around the waist of her skirt and inside her jacket, explaining cheerfully that "without them I'd fall apart."

Unlike most of the other Paris couturiers, Chanel makes no drawings or *toiles* for her designs. "Fashion isn't design; it is architecture," she has said. "And in order to create the three dimensions of architecture, I have to have my hands in the materials. I have to make it take form by the feel of it."

Merely to take the materials in "her hands" is not always easy for Chanel.



"I stay in the game," she once muttered, "to fight the vulgarity in fashion."



Romy Schneider cuddles in a coat lined with Mongolian lamb...



...and in one of her blond coats, collared and cuffed in fur.

for she is in constant pain. She suffers from rheumatism and arthritis. Yet she still literally attacks each fitting with her bare hands, clawing and pushing at the fabric, jamming in pins, tearing out seams, sending seamstresses off in tears behind the fitting screens, where they get revenge by jabbing pins into the models. She works as long as 12 or 13 hours a day, alternating between painkillers and sips of Coca-Cola to keep going, occasionally massaging her swollen fingers and complaining, "My tools, everything I use for my work pains me. My friends say my gestures have changed. My gestures are limited by what hurts me that day." While the pretty doe-eyed models in their white smocks wait on gold chairs for their turn at a fitting and an ancient lady in espadrilles sews the treads back on the stairs, a scene of frenzied activity unfolds, accompanied by an uninterrupted stream of Chanelesque advice. "Look for the woman in the dress," goes a constant theme. "If there is no woman, there is no dress."

She tells one of the models, "You should go on a little diet," adding, "but I detest skinny women. You don't want to look like a famine." To another model: "Don't open and close your jacket that way. You look as though you were opening and closing a door." Or: "Don't turn so fast in that skirt. You'll get a bad reputation." Then, in a housemotherly vein: "They learn a lot, these girls, especially about what they look well in."

But most of her artillery is reserved for the *premières* (heads) of the nine workrooms where the clothes are sewn. They stand around like helpless acolytes with tape measures around their waists while she rips out their seams and laces them with sarcasm. "They think that just because I'm tired I won't notice," she says. "But even the last day I say, 'I wouldn't have made a coat like that if I were you, Madame.'"

Not one sleeve escaped her scissors in this last collection. There was not one jacket or skirt that did not offend her as being too skimpy. The slender look of her clothes, one learns, comes from more material rather than less. "That's too little, take that out. . . . That skirt is too thin, I tell you. Add material to it and it is elegant; otherwise it is stupid. . . . Who made that skirt? It's much too short. . . . When a skirt does not go down far enough it's not chic. That's its class. . . . Do you think any woman in the world could wear that skirt? Do you absolutely not want her to walk? . . . Put some more on the top of that dress, otherwise it's dry, small, sad."

There is a noise of scissors balking in fabric. "These scissors don't cut. They've never cut." Occasionally one of the *premières* of a workroom will venture a little fantasy of her own. This draws salvos such as: "I detest a draped back; there is nothing uglier. . . . I don't

like that fur on the bottom; it's too heavy. . . . That pink ribbon looks like a nursery, like folklore. . . . What's that bow doing there? You like those two bows? I call that dreadful. Bows are for dresses that are badly made."

Then there is a catalogue of general disparagement: "That dress looks like a bathrobe. . . . If there is one thing I detest it's a coat that's too long. It's for marketing. It looks as though it were for rent. . . . I don't like that dress; it's like a movie dress. . . . Frankly I don't like that dress, but since some women will like it, we might as well make it pretty."

Once in a while something actually pleases her: "I like that. It's unexpected. It's not to wear to go marketing, it's eccentric." And once in a while there is a crafty comment: "Let's complicate this for the copiers. Once in a while they have to buy the original to see how it's done."

Watching Chanel at work one realizes that part of her secret lies in this rigorous, intolerant, dictatorial perfectionism of a bygone world of cut and craftsmanship. She says that she once asked her friend the inscrutable Balenciaga why he didn't make simple clothes like hers, and he replied, "I would if I could, Coco, but I can't." But her real genius probably lies in her uncanny ability to translate her penetrating observation of life into clothing. She started the vogues for loosely fitted dresses without girdles, short hair, sling pumps, short skirts, turtle-neck sweaters, strapless tops, the "little black dress" and costume jewelry. She was the first to put a fancy boutique in a couture house to sell accessories, jewels, perfumes and cosmetics. Each innovation grew out of something in her own life. And her own life is the one secret she is too wily to reveal.

If men still find her fascinating and women are mesmerized by her, it is partly because she knows too well the incomparable feminine value of mystery. Not even her closest friends know the real story of her past. Each treasures a different version. To outsiders she says, "What do I care what people write about me? Each year they invent a new story. I will never sue."

The story of how she came to launch the fad of short hair is a case in point. The truth is that she was lighting the gas water heater in her bathroom at the Ritz. (Although Chanel's apartment above her showroom includes a gold-fixture bathroom "big enough to play football in," she has always slept in a bare little bedroom on the fifth floor of the Ritz. "People ask me why I keep on living here," she once told me. "They say I have concentration-camp taste. But I only come here to sleep. It's above the trees and quiet and I like it." She told someone else that she sleeps there because she can "be served breakfast by a cheerful cook.") In any case, some stored-up

around the great protrusions like Lollobrigida and Bardot."



med Chanel suit of the season (a black blazer) is worn by Romy Schneider, who represents third generation of film stars Chanel has dressed.

l, spraying her long black
cky black soot.

y to go out and being of
imperament, Chanel lopped
her hair so there would be
n. then shampooed the re-
went to the theater. Since
ady a celebrity in her hey-
d has a preferred place in
mythology.

willing to admit she was
ergne, a tough, bare, moun-
on of France known for its
tightfisted peasants whose
plies punch lines for many

French jokes. There is to this day a
flinty streak of Auvergne in her bones
and a faint trace of its accent in
her hoarse speech. One legend holds
that she was born on a train. Her own
version is simply: "*Je suis née en voy-
age* (I was born traveling)." It tells
more about her restless nature than
the mere name of a place.

It also helps account for her name.
In the hasty baptism which followed,
she was given the first name and
family name of the nun who stood up
as her godmother: Gabrielle Bonheur—
Gabrielle Happiness. The nickname
"Coco" came from her father.

When was she born? This amounts
to asking her age—something the
French would call a *question indiscrete*.
It smacks of vulgarity, which Chanel
calls the "ugliest word in our language."

To persist is to enter an impenetrable
thicket of conflicting dates supplied by
Chanel and all her friends. Six years
ago I asked a countess who knew her
well, and she waved a jeweled hand
vaguely, peered through a cloud of
cigarette smoke and said, "Oh, she
must be about seventy-five." I had in
my hand at the moment a French
magazine article in which Chanel de-
clared, "The surest way to grow old
psychologically is to lie about one's
age." And she had firmly told the
magazine she was 68. "A woman," she
likes to say, "has the age she deserves."

Seeing her today one realizes that
she has, in fact, defied age. Her small
body seems as lean and wiry as it must
have been when she was one of the
most skillful horsewomen in France,
scorning the saddle to ride bareback.
She still wears a Chanel suit as well as

any of her models. If there are lines in
her strong, sharp face, they draw less
attention than the piercing dark eyes
and the mocking, relentless wit, re-
vealed in a scarcely audible voice.

Her mother died when Chanel was
six and shortly afterward her father dis-
appeared, so she was taken to live with
two aunts. Probably to get out of the
house and away from their unrelenting
discipline she learned to make hats
and how to sew—basic engineering
skills which were to stand her in good
stead. Coco Chanel was not the type
of girl to be kept long down on the
farm, and escape came via a dashing
cavalry officer doing military service
in a nearby garrison—Étienne Balsan,
member of a wealthy French family
with fine stables. (Étienne's brother,
Jacques Balsan, married the American
heiress Consuelo Vanderbilt.) When his

“Look for the woman in the dress. If there is no woman there is no dress.”

cavalry duties ended. Balsan took Coco Chanel home with him, and for ten years she followed him about the glittering circuit of the horsey set of France, a trail that led to Pau, Deauville and Chantilly. But Chanel was too fiercely proud to settle into the life of a *demi-mondaine*. Although she was later to amass a fortune designing their clothes, she scorned the mistresses of wealthy men. For Chanel, life was bearable only if one were free. And freedom required money.

“Money,” she likes to say now, “has only one sound to me—*la liberté*.” In Deauville she set herself up in a hat shop—and the first sounds of *liberté* began to roll in.

Coco Chanel's first fashion innovation began in Deauville with the female head. It was the day of huge, frilly hats. “How can the brain function inside those things?” demanded Coco, as she stripped ladies' headpieces

to barest simplicity. Even today she can sit in her *salon*, talking casually to a friend, and with practiced fingers turn a strip of fur or a wisp of ostrich feathers into a careless little toque that looks exactly right with the coat or suit she is working on. The fashionable ladies of Deauville beat a path to the hat shop, and soon she expanded to accessories.

She took a fancy to the sweaters she saw on English sailors in the port, and began selling them in her store. What gave them added panache was that she started wearing them herself.

She moved her center of operations to Paris, where she bought a store on the corner of Rue St. Honoré and Rue Cambon, not far from her present *maison de couture*. Somewhere along the line Balsan was replaced in her affections by Arthur Capel, an Englishman nicknamed “Boy.” The agreed myth now is that “Boy” was Chanel's

real love. Perhaps his legend has gained romantic stature because he was tragically killed in an automobile accident. In any case, she had at least five other love affairs, and countless flirtations. But her most dazzling beau was the Duke of Westminster, one of Europe's richest men, who died early this year at 68. She always managed to have the kind of suitors who showered her with jewels, but Westminster outdid them all during her heyday—the mid-'20's to the mid-'30's.

As her collection of jewels grew, it amused her to have them copied in fake stones. And she designed real jewelry, using precious stones as though they were glass. “I couldn't wear my own real pearls without being stared at in the street,” she claims. “So I started the vogue of wearing false ones.” (“An elegant woman,” Chanel has always felt, “should pass unnoticed in the crowd.”) A short time ago the Duchess

of Alba, whose jewels are among the most fabulous in the world, \$6,000 worth of costume jewelry, the Chanel *boutique* in Paris, to with her real jewels, and Rothschild asked her jeweler to copy some *boutique* fakes in the real thing.

Probably the most striking of Coco Chanel's liaisons was with the Duke of Westminster in the 1920's. It required the full-time service of three men: One would be delivering her letter to the Duke; another would be on his way to Paris to deliver the Duke's answer to her last letter; and the third would be leaving with her answer to his last letter.

It was while yachting with the Duke in Venice that Chanel launched another fashion revolution. She wore one day clad in a sweater, and what a friend calls a “landslide of jewels” and—yes—slacks. The revolution thus started isn't over yet.

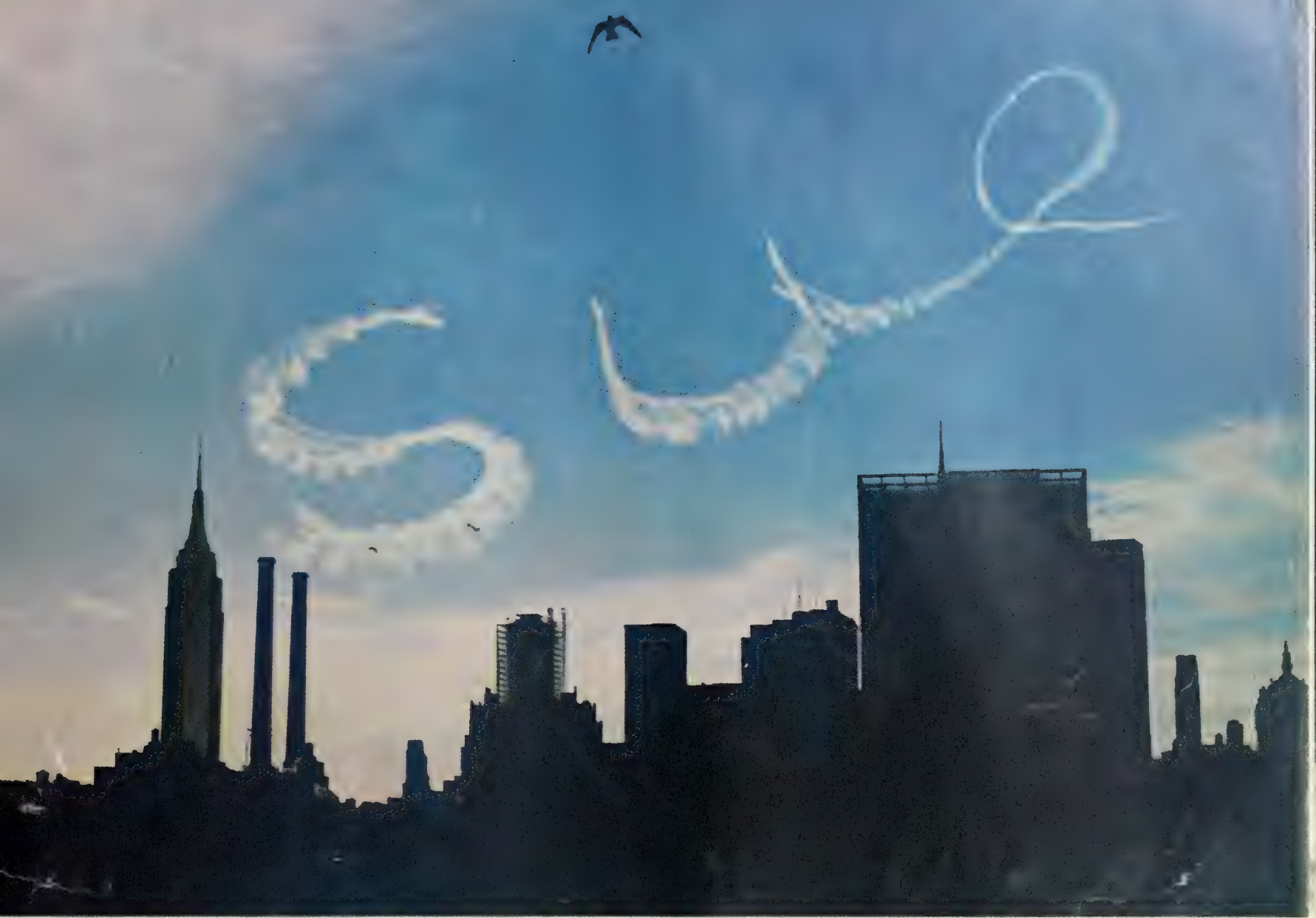
“The little black dress” started from an evening in the 1920's when she dined in Ciro's, the most fashionable restaurant in Paris at the time. He looked about her and announced to her companions that women in the restaurant (with the exception of herself, of course) were “ugly” wearing “all those colors badly together.” She made her public appearance wearing black. It hadn't been such a stir since the 17th century when the Poitiers wore it at the court of Henry II. Now Chanel is saying, “I'm doing something for a room where color enters it.” Then, striking her usual bawdy stance: “I hear that skirts are longer this year. I've got half a mind to make mine shorter.”

But Chanel would never be satisfied as to tinker with a hemline for her competitive gestures are of a more Napoleonic scale. A few years ago, in a fit of pique, she scheduled her opening at the same time as the House of Lanvin. Harassed editors and society ladies who dash over to catch the last of the season found themselves summarily shut out cold. No doubt it was a coincidence, but it is worth noting that this year's Chanel opening coincided with a much-heralded press conference for General De Gaulle. I understand the general drew a good crowd—there was also standing room only on Rue Cambon. Certainly the press concerned knew better than to take in both.

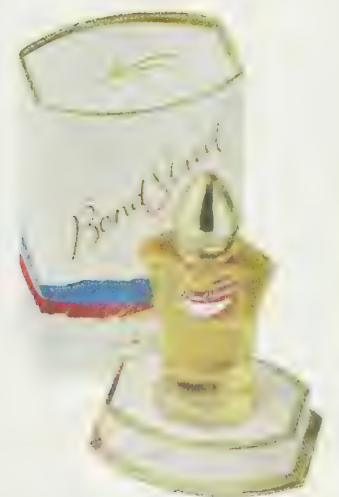
The glittering, privileged world of dukes and yachts that gave Chanel much of her inspiration has vanished, yet she is still animated by a sense of exhilaration in luxury and love luxury,” she says. “That's the thing you don't understand in America. You have comfort—but not luxury. You are too democratic.”



Painfully crippled by arthritis, Chanel still manages to pose so that her famous legs are shown to advantage.



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AMATEUR ABORTION A GROWING DANGER

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RECENTLY - DISCOVERED STORY BY ANTON CHEKHOV

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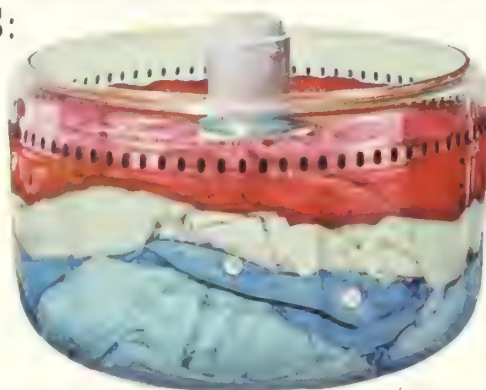
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JOURNAL

LADIES' HOME

NOVEMBER
1963

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

VOLUME LXXX NUMBER 9

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Cover: Photographer Mark Kauffman staged a party in his Harrison, N.Y., home so that the lacy black dress worn by Nancy Kovack could be shot in its proper setting. (For more bare, black scene stealers, see pages 58-61.) Miss Kovack, a stage and screen actress, is now appearing in Columbia Pictures' *Jason and the Argonauts*.

The authors: Short-story writer **Sallie Bingham** is married to Whitney Ellsworth, publisher of the *New York Review of Books*. . . . When not globe-trotting after stories, **Anne Chamberlin** makes her home on the New Frontier. . . . The first long story written by **Anton Chekhov**, the great Russian playwright, is published here for the first time in the United States. . . . **Muriel Davidson**, who usually writes about the entertainment field, turns to a serious subject—abortion. . . . **Romain Gary** is a triple-threat man, well known as a writer, soldier and diplomat. . . . **Don Gold**, an editor in the Curtis fiction department, donned his writer's hat for this issue. . . . **A. M. Rosenthal's** memoirs of his years as a foreign correspondent neglected to mention the Pulitzer prize he won for his work in Poland. . . . As fashion editor of the London *Sunday Observer*, **Katharine Whitehorn** frequently crosses the channel to cover *haute couture* and coiffures. . . . **Philip Wylie** gained many followers with *Generation of Vipers*, in which he outspokenly attacked momism and other American institutions. . . . **Jory Graham** and **James Poling** are free-lancers in the Chicago and New York areas, respectively.

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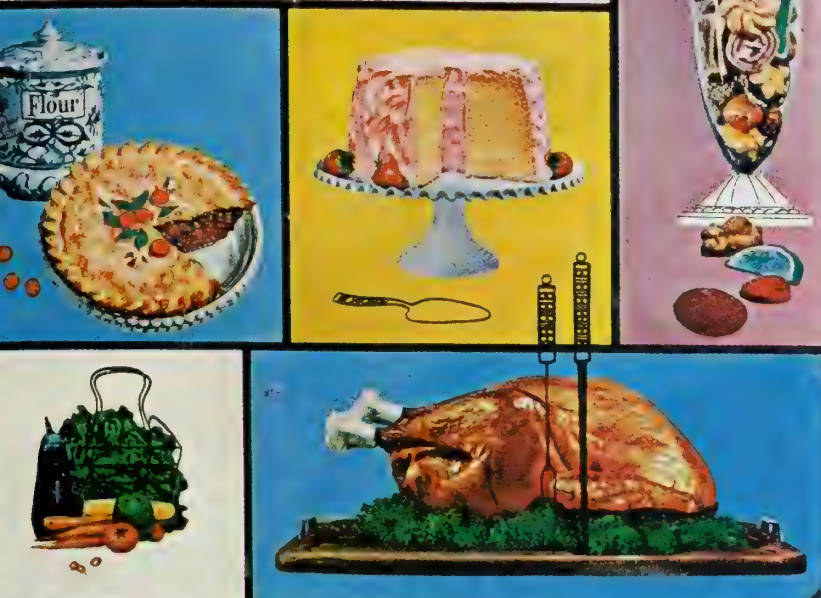
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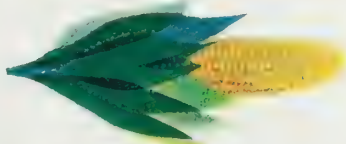
How to buy, how to store... How to get several different meals from one cut of meat... How to carve... Basic directions for roasting, boiling, frying, braising, cooking liquid... 225 recipes from *Broiled Hamburgers* to *Pork Chops Supreme* to *Beef Stroganoff*... Meat "made-ers"... Stuffings... Meat accompaniments... Meat servings on the budget.

Main Dishes

Interesting combinations of meat, fish, seafood or cheese with vegetables, beans, rice, macaroni, noodles, pastry, etc.... Half-hour recipes like *Spanish Rice*, *Oyster Spaghetti*... Pennywise dishes like *Cheese Fondue*, *Shortribs and Noodles*... Foreign fare like *Chicken Almond*, *Pompano en Papillote*... Buffet ideas like *Tuna Chow Mein Casserole*, *Chicken en Casserole*, *Turkey and Ham Tetrazzini*.

First course soups... Cream soups... Hearty soups... Tricks with canned soups... Chilled soups... Accompaniments, garnishes.

Vegetables



5-page cooking chart covering 33 vegetables... Different vegetable combinations... Vegetables to complement the meat... For entertaining... *Carrot Circles and Pineapple*, *Hawaiian Sweet Potato Balls*... *Philadelphia Cabbage*.

Sauces

Basic sauces including gravy... Sauces for meats, poultry, fish, seafood... For vegetables... For desserts, including ice cream.

Salads



First course salads... With-the-meal salads... Main dish salads... Party salads... New adventures in salads... Finishing touches.

Egg Cookery



What to remember... Breakfast stand-bys at their best... How to get the puffiest omelets, soufflés... Adventuring with eggs.

Appetizers

Party appetizers, first course appetizers... Hors d'oeuvres, canapés, dips, vegetable and fruit cocktails... Fancy finger food.

Beverages



Coffee, tea, chocolate, milk and fruit drinks... Basic directions, variations... Glamour touches.

Quick Breads

Biscuits... New adventures in coffee cakes, doughnuts, dumplings, fritters... Muffins, popovers... Fruit and nut breads (one combining banana, apricot and bran)... Waffles, pancakes.

Yeast Breads

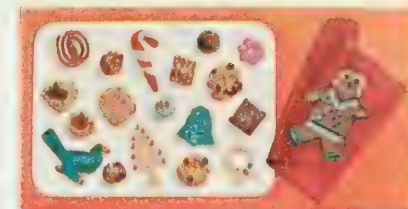
Working happily with yeast dough... Plump homey loaves of bread... Traditional holiday treats: *Bohemian Braid*, *Christmas Tree Bread*, *Jule Kage*, *Stollen*, etc.... Yeast raised rolls, breads, coffee cakes, of all types.

Secrets of making beautiful cakes... White, yellow, chocolate, spice... Sponge cakes, jelly rolls, angel food cakes, chiffon cakes... Cakes like Grandmother made: *Burnt Sugar*, *Applesauce*, *Marble*, *Red Devils Food*... Adventurous cakes: *Chocolate Butter-Mallow*, *Fruited Angel Food*, *Peppermint Swirl*.

Frostings, Confections

The simple, the imaginative... All types of frostings, fillings, toppings and glazes... Homemade candies.

Cookies



Everything from everyday oatmeal cookies to unusual *Lebkuchen* and other traditional Christmas cookies... For the cookie jar, for snacks, entertaining and special occasions.

Desserts

Festive or everyday... Fruit, chilled cream, gelatin, rice, tapioca, custard, refrigerator, frozen... Puddings, soufflés, cheesecake, cobblers, tortes, upside-down cakes, meringues, cream puffs. And other delectable desserts.

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Tricks in making tender flaky pastry... Pretty edgings, toppings... Fruit and fruit combinations, mincemeat, custard-type, cream-type... Meringues, chiffon, refrigerated... Tarts, Josephines. (Tried Betty Crocker's *Date Caramel Pie*?)



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OUR READERS WRITE US

No longer just habit

Dear Editors: From being a subscriber from habit, I have become one who looks forward to receiving the *Journal* again.

What a joy to look through and find such interesting layouts and fiction for a change! Granted, articles have a place in every magazine—let's not get carried away. Not all of your readers are housewives interested in domestic problems.

VERA H. KLOPPMANN
Milwaukee, Wis.

Joanna and Ulysses

Dear Editors: I want to say thank you to May Sarton for her beautiful story, JOANNA AND ULYSSES (September).

It is the first story I have ever read which touched me so deeply that when I had finished reading it, I began again immediately and reread it word for word. I shall keep it and reread it often.

FLORENCE B. PARHAM
Los Angeles, Calif.

The jet-heeled generation

Dear Editors: I am writing on the article IF YOU'RE 10 GOING ON 11, July-August, 1963, *Ladies' Home Journal*. I am eleven, and my classmates, friends and myself wouldn't be caught dead in socks (white especially) and strapped shoes. A lot of us wear jet heels. The dresses are baby-looking, and the models look like they have nothing up top. I liked the teen's clothes.

MICHELE CASEY
Philadelphia, Pa.

Finest yet

Dear Editors: September *Journal* is the very finest issue yet. At last the reader can relax and read straight through, from cover to cover, without shuffling and backtracking through the issue. Bravo!

MARLENE SMITH
Clarkston, Mich.

Human point of view

Dear Editors: Along with many readers, I rejoiced to see you making some face-lifting changes in your magazine. But, unfortunately, you didn't go far enough.

I think women's magazines in general are making a mistake in continuing to confine their scope to the traditional "women's concerns." True, these are a part of our life, but only a *part*. You have published good serious articles, but only now and then. I would like to see many more articles dealing with political subjects (women are *not* apolitical), with such serious domestic problems as desegregation, with international problems such as disarmament. But most of all, I would like to see all subjects

dealt with not from the so-called "women's point of view," which is largely fictional anyway, but just from the human point of view. We are no longer living the lives of women, but of active citizens, and we have broader interests and responsibilities than ever before. I would like to see them dealt with consistently.

MRS. J. K. PUNWAR
Madison, Wis.

Eleanor Roosevelt

Dear Editors: Congratulations on the publication of Mrs. Roosevelt's stirring article, TOMORROW IS NOW. It should be an eye-opener to those who put material wealth before human value and education.

MRS. E. C. THOMPSON
Poway, Calif.

Dear Editors: I just received my September *Journal* and had to sit down and write you immediately about the wonderful article by the greatest woman of our time, Eleanor Roosevelt. Her ideas made such good common sense to me. Thank you so much.

MRS. CARL OWENS
Nokomis, Ill.

Dear Editors: I was sickened and saddened to read Eleanor Roosevelt's TOMORROW IS NOW. Her political naiveté and compassionate nonsense should have died with her. ER should be remembered as FDR's wife and a charitable lover of man, not as an empty-headed idealist.

MARK F. ANDERSON
Crete, Nebr.

Our sensible predecessors

Dear Editors: Recently, while doing research for a paper I'm writing, I read some very early (1884-1900) issues of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Today's women's magazines could learn a lot from them.

Their advice was sensible and to the point: "Don't marry a man who chews tobacco. The use of tobacco is a dirty and filthy habit, injurious to the health, and expensive"; their opinions uncluttered by Freudian doubts: "If there could be anything which would justify such contemptible cowardice as wife-beating, it is finding a woman determined to ruin the digestion of her family by frying meat"; their honesty beyond question: an early "beauty" column was called "Advice to Homely Girls."

From now on my appreciation of the growing sophistication of the *Journal* (1963 variety) will be tempered by my memory of the realism and good sense of your predecessors.

MRS. CHRISTOPHER BRYANT
West Springfield, Mass.

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2-ply bathroom tissue.
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another just like it.



SCOTT  MAKES IT BETTER FOR YOU

Can this marriage be saved?



Jealousy was their childish weapon of torture

By Dorothy Cameron Disney

"I shouldn't have married at sixteen," said Gwen, now a glowingly pretty brunette of 21 and mother of two children. "I realized ages ago—even before I became totally disillusioned with my life and my husband that I wasn't ever really in love with Tom as a person. I was in love with love."

"I am an only child and, according to Tom, I was hideously spoiled by my parents. I haven't been spoiled by Tom, that's for sure. He remembers Christmas and birthdays, but he habitually overlooks our wedding anniversary. We've had five; he's forgotten four. He hasn't taken me dancing since our little boy was born, and Timmie is now almost three. Tom is selfish and inconsiderate in lovemaking and he is almost pathologically jealous."

"One Sunday in church I shared my hymnal with another man, a newcomer to the neighborhood. Tom, who was standing at my other side, became angry and red in the face. He did hold his peace until the services were over and I got him safely in the car. But he then started in on one of his non-stop harangues. Did I consider the new parishioner handsome? Was I sure I hadn't met him before? Perhaps I had been seeing other strange men. This ridiculous performance went on and on. The noise and confusion scared the youngsters terribly, especially two-year-old Janie, who is high-strung and nervous. As for me—by Monday morning I was a physical wreck, a zombie."

"Tom went to work. I collapsed and had to call Mother to come and look after Tim and Janie. That evening, after she had gone, I was still feeling limp as a rag and anything but loving when I walked Tom. I wanted him to eat, watch TV and leave me alone. Strictly alone. He wanted me to go to bed with him right then. He weighs 180 pounds, played football in the Marines and is practically solid muscle; I weigh 110 pounds, and tennis is the only game I have ever played. You can guess who won."

"Tom sells farm equipment, and the big boss is crazy about him. So are many other people—my parents included. His take-home pay averages \$750 a month, which sounds like an adequate income for a man of 25. For some reason Tom's salary just won't stretch far enough to feed and clothe a family of four. Tom says it's my fault, that I'm extravagant, that I'm a snob, that I try to dress Tim and Janie, who live in a modest-priced development, as though they lived in the White House in Washington."

"I'll admit I follow the newspapers to see what clothes Caroline and little Johnny Kennedy are wearing, and I choose the best. In my girlhood, Mother drummed it into me that there was no substitute for quality, that a cheap dress was always a cheap dress. She and Daddy went \$2,000 in debt to provide me with a dreamy wedding and a high-style trousseau."

"The latest trouble between Tom and me—big trouble now—began in a small way with an argument over our children's clothes. I was in the wrong—at first. There was a huge sale at a luxury store and I took the children there, just to look around. I suddenly lost my common sense, opened a charge account and went overboard outfitting Tim and Janie. While I sat in the parking lot, I added up the sales slips and they totaled \$300."

"Instead of driving home—I was afraid to face Tom—I drove in an absolute panic to ask for my parents' advice. Mother and Daddy and I have always been close. We moved to California from a small town in Oklahoma only a few months before I met Tom. All three of us hated to leave Oklahoma—I was born there—but poor Daddy works for a large oil company with Pacific Coast offices, and he had no choice."

"At first his transfer broke my heart and Mother's too. In California we were nobodies; I was perishing of loneliness in a high school with 4,000 other pupils when Tom rescued me. In Oklahoma we had a family membership at the country club. I was on the junior tennis team and was a champion girl diver. I was a baton-twirling majorette in high school, belonged to the top sorority and, at fifteen, had college boys pursuing me at dances. I hope my little girl doesn't start dating as young as I did, but I did have a wonderful time. The year

I was eleven and in the sixth grade I received my first full-length formal and Daddy chauffeured my boy friend and me to my first grown-up evening dance."

"Both Daddy and Mother were shocked when they heard how much I had spent buying all those clothes for the children. I got a good hard scolding before Daddy offered to help out on the bill. But he and Mother insisted I had to tell the whole story to Tom. Moreover, they saw to it that I obeyed. Mother phoned and invited Tom to join us for supper."

"Tom listened to my explanations politely and was polite to my parents, but he declined Daddy's loan and he wouldn't stay for supper. He told Mother the children could stay overnight and we left together. He yelled and threatened to run our car off the road. I was terrified he would kill us."

"We finally reached the store where I had done all the buying. I told him no shop would take back merchandise bought at a sale, but he marched me inside. Tears of humiliation were streaming down my face. Maybe the credit manager felt sorry for me. Anyhow, he compromised and let us return half of my purchases; Tom agreed to pay for the rest in monthly installments. Then we went home. If you can believe it, he wanted to make love. I refused. He told me I wasn't a real woman, which didn't bother me because I had heard that from him before. The trouble was, I said, he was oversexed. Then something dreadful happened."

"Tom said there was nothing wrong with him but plenty wrong with me. He told me I was undersexed and that he had proved it by personal experience. He then confessed he had broken our marriage vows and been unfaithful to me more than once."

"At first I didn't believe him. But he named two women in our neighborhood—

one of them, Estelle, has been divorced twice—and he said both women were more responsive to him than I had ever been. With that he grabbed his hat and banged out the door, shouting I could reach him at Estelle's apartment if I cared to call."

"Until dawn, all alone in our home, walked around and around, suffering, wondering what on earth I was to do. At nine o'clock in the morning I packed a bag and picked up the children at mother's house pretending to her everything was OK. At the bus station I bought tickets to Oklahoma, and I paid by check, a check I knew would bounce. In Oklahoma my wonderful grandmother didn't inquire why the youngsters and I had suddenly decided to pay visit, and I didn't explain. I was happy to see her and happy to visit the country club again, but I didn't know many people there. My old girl friends were scattered and gone."

"A week later Mother telephoned to say Daddy was sending money for the plane fare back to California. Then she put Tom on the phone. He asked me to come home and he apologized. He said he loved me and the children and nobody else. He said I had never even looked at another woman since our marriage. He promised that he would be considerate and treat me decently."

"He hasn't kept his promise. We still fight constantly over sex and over money. Six weeks ago I got so tired of his complaints about my inefficiency and extravagance that I hired a baby-sitter and went to work. I took a temporary job at the Citrus Festival held annually at our fair grounds. There I met a man who impressed me very much. He is courteous, soft-spoken, fond of children—and says he is fond of me. I haven't spoken to my parents, but two weeks ago I decided it was my duty to play fair with Tom. So I told him I was interested in somebody else."

"I guess I'm a romantic," said Tom, tall, muscular and with a sunburned face under sun-bleached hair. "I never should have married a girl of sixteen, although I have a good excuse. When I met and fell for Gwen I wasn't twenty myself."

"But I had served a two-year hitch in the Marine Corps and I was hungry for home, for permanence. There was no permanence in my boyhood. My dad farmed on shares out in western Oklahoma, somebody else's land, poor land generally and with our family (Continued on page 13)

ABOUT THIS CASE:

Many thousands of youngsters in high school are marrying, and many of these marriages end in the divorce courts. Surveys indicate that those young people who have had some premarital counseling are not the ones who rush prematurely to the license bureau. But if—like Gwen and Tom, who are described here—they have had no such education, it is imperative that parents and all others see to it that they get it as quickly as possible after the wedding. Then they will not have to seek a marriage counselor after going through much unnecessary unhappiness. The counselor in this case was Mrs. Elizabeth Carson Bond.

PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D. FOUNDER AND ADMINISTRATOR, THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF FAMILY RELATIONS

This series is based on information from the files of The American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational, counseling and research organization which has a staff of 70 counselors and is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from extensive interviews with the couples and counselors involved. Names, geographic locations, and other minor details have been altered to help conceal the identity of the couples who sought counseling.



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CLAM CHOWDER CAPRI (an intriguing taste for lovers of Manhattan clam chowder). Empty 1 foil pak *Knorr Garden Vegetable Soup Mix* into saucepan. Stir in 2 cups water, 1 cup tomato juice. Bring to boil. Reduce heat, partially cover, and cook gently for 15 mins. Add one 7 or 10 oz. can minced clams. (No salt or other seasoning needed.) Heat. Serves 4.



CASSEROLE ROMANO. Heat 2 Tbsp. oil in large skillet. Brown 1 lb. cubed pork on all sides. Add 2 cups water. Stir in contents 1 pak *Knorr Garden Vegetable Soup Mix*. Cover. Simmer till meat is tender, about 1 hr. Cut ½ small cabbage into wedges. Push meat to center. Arrange wedges around meat, cut side down. Cover. (No salt or other seasoning needed.) Cook cabbage till tender, 15 to 20 mins. Serves 4.



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on the move; Dad couldn't ever get up either the cash or the credit his own machinery.

boyhood vision of the future, the would see at night as I drifted off, was a big white farmhouse with picket fencing, lots of green grass, shade trees and, in the distance, grazing.

er on, after I enlisted, whenever I introduced to a girl, my vision would pop in my mind and I would smile. My new acquaintance smiled back at me and I would try to place her in the picture of my picture.

two years no girl ever suited. And then I met Gwen. It was a blind date. Gwen walked toward me she smiled. I was so dazed to smile back. I just stared. The first minute I knew I was looking at the girl in my boyhood picture.

ardless of how mad I am at Gwen now, which is plenty mad, I can't help but think that to me our meeting still seems destiny. Everything about us fitted. We belonged to the same church, we came from the same state, her parents are the same as mine except for being more prosperous. However, they throw every dollar the old man earns just as fast as I can get it, faster than my Dad and Mom. When Gwen decides she wants to make a man out of me—I'm too quick-tempered, I know she says I fell in love on our first date with her but with her new conquest. It was her sixteenth-birthday gift from her parents, less than a month old. I had the last six payments on that car when we got married, and it was a real blessing because I had no savings. Her folks had cashed in and spent the money on the bonds I sent them to keep for her father-in-law, who many a time has told me about Gwen and me despite my wishes, and I'm busted by our wedding.

I don't blame Gwen for all of our problems by any means. In part I blame her, even though they do treat me better than my own parents do. I also blame myself for the present fix I'm in. I'm a plain dumb fool to tell Gwen I'd fallen in love with her with other women when it's true. I've tried repeatedly to conquer my feelings but I was just sounding off. Last night I told her she believed me; this morning she told me she didn't. Gwen can be very mean and when she's mad. At the moment she's determined to pay me back for my boasts that I'd been unfaithful, by making me jealous of her. Making me jealous—and I'm jealous—well, it's a cinch. Now I am crazy jealous. I half-suspect may be imagining somebody Gwen has made up to torment me the way I made up my tall tales about other women in my life.

Gwen is now working. She earns \$48 a week before taxes, and we hire a baby-sitter for \$45 a day who charges us \$45. Her new job, so Gwen says, is a fellow who, so gallant he escorts her to and from her parking lot daily.

uddenly I began to get scared that this guy does exist. I talked to my father-in-law and to my boss about the matter. My boss allowed me to take off every morning, and I have set a date on Gwen as she checks in at the parking lot. Her father leaves early and watches in the evening. As for the rest of us, we have spotted any guy.

Her father-in-laws think I should order Gwen to quit her job immediately before any developments. Since she never obeyed their orders, I wonder why they think

she will obey mine. But I'm too fond of my in-laws to say anything along that line.

"The two have always played fair and square with me, although secretly my mother-in-law probably hoped to acquire a son-in-law from the upper crust. Both of them disliked for Gwen to marry so young and said as much. But they consented when I promised I would see to it she would finish high school before there were babies.

"On our honeymoon, which was disappointing to me and to Gwen also, I guess, I discovered she looked grown-up in her trousseau clothes but in actuality was just a brainless kid. Her interests in life consisted of having fun and whooping off money. The motel I picked for us to spend our first night together didn't please her because it was inexpensive. After I was undressed, she insisted we pack up and drive to a more glamorous place. Even when we did, she wasn't warm and loving in the way I had dreamed about.

"Gwen is a fair housekeeper now. In those days our apartment was a shambles unless her mother came and cleaned. I excused Gwen's sloppiness and even pitched in and helped with the dishes and sweeping—I despise to see a man at female chores—because she complained she had to study or else flunk out of school. She was lazy, undisciplined. Every evening I had to push her to do her homework. One time I accidentally pushed too hard and she hit a sharp corner of the desk.

"She whirled around, cigarette in hand, and darned if she didn't jump forward and set my hair on fire. I beat out the fire, and smacked her, and the next minute she somehow tripped me and the two of us were rolling across the carpet and she was scratching my face with her long fingernails while I banged her head against the floor. For a wonder, she didn't run home to her folks. Instead, both of us laughed until at last she got at her studies and asked me to drill her for a history examination.

"There were many times when Gwen did leave me and drive to her parents for comfort, usually in the middle of the night. One time, I remember, she and I had no argument of any sort. But suddenly I woke in the dark to hear her crying. She said she was homesick, got out of bed and packed and off she went. Thirty minutes later her folks sent her straight back to me. They would never allow her to stay for even a single night. Otherwise, I think it possible Gwen and I might now be divorced.

"Three months before her high-school graduation, after two tough years of study by both of us, she got pregnant. If the fact became known, by the rules of her school she would have been dropped. Her parents and I managed to keep Gwen from circulating the news. She had no interest at all in a high-school diploma. She was interested in the all-night dance sponsored by her graduating class. The tickets cost \$30. The party was a bust. It wasn't planned for married couples like us. We left the hall at her suggestion before the big-name band came on. She cried all the way home.

"At 21 Gwen still cries a lot. She loves our little boy and girl, who adore her—but says she wants no more youngsters—and often when I hear her romping, teasing, quarreling with our kids, I think all three of them are children.

"I sometimes wonder if Gwen's constant rejection of my love is based on fear of another pregnancy. And then, I wonder if there really may be another guy. I don't intend to let Gwen take my kids and divorce me. But I do wish she'd grow up."

"Teen-age marriages are likely to be rocky," the counselor said. "Gwen and

Tom, it might be noted, started out with advantages most teen-age couples lack.

"To be sure, Gwen was brought up with false values by parents who thrust adult pleasures on her while she was still a little girl—a modern and sad American phenomenon. Confronted by her wish for early marriage—the almost inevitable result of their parental pressures combined with Gwen's pathetic, adolescent fears after the move to California that she counted for little socially and might miss out on capturing a husband—they reluctantly agreed to the wedding. But then—and for this they deserve credit—the elders stood aside and refused to play favorites in the quarrels between the newlyweds.

"When Gwen and Tom, five years married, appeared in my office for counseling, they were extremely confused, mixed-up young people. It was plain that Gwen delighted in creating and in inciting dramatic scenes—under the impression she was thereby 'living.' Tom, who thoroughly enjoyed his temper explosions and tantrums, shared in this false view of life.

"Both believed the best way to demonstrate love is to display and arouse jealousy. Hence their absurd fictions of nonexistent infidelities. Tom believed it was his right as a male and a husband to demand a sexual relationship with Gwen at any time he chose, regardless of her desires. A self-avowed romantic before marriage, he discarded pretty speeches afterward as unmanly and enforced his demands with superior physical strength. Thus, he outraged Gwen's ideal of how a husband should treat a wife.

"Not surprisingly, as time went on she became less and less amenable to love-making and, in my opinion, punished Tom not only with her coldness but with outbursts of wild extravagance.

"I provided Gwen and Tom with specific advice because of their youth and because they requested it. I lectured them in true Dutch-uncle fashion on the folly of jealousy, and both meekly promised to try to conquer their own jealous feelings and stop inventing silly fables to wound each other.

"I sent them to their bank for assistance in drawing up a sensible budget. Gwen then perceived her job was a luxury they couldn't afford; she dismissed the baby-sitter and quit. Acting under my instructions, she refrained from broadcasting word of her resignation and she did not stage a farewell scene with the fellow employee who had worried Tom: this chap did exist and, incidentally, had a wife and family.

"Although I didn't meet Gwen's parents, I think they must have felt guilty about their overindulgence and lack of discipline in rearing their daughter. At any rate, they cooperated wholeheartedly in the counseling process. They made themselves less available to solve emergencies.

"I advised Gwen and Tom to stop rehashing and analyzing, quizzing and cross-examining each other about their smallest feelings. Such discussions, so fascinating to juveniles, seldom lead anywhere except to arguments and trouble.

"Tom taught himself to be aware and take heed of the evenings Gwen was tired and cross. At such times he attempted to keep his affection on a gentle level. When he began to woo Gwen in this way, she became more loving and responsive. Gradually their sexual difficulty was resolved.

"Gwen and Tom are progressing toward maturity, but they still have quite a distance to go. There are times when they bicker and quarrel and hurt each other needlessly. There are times their noise and clamor frightens Tim and Janie. The truth is, they married too young." • END

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JOURNAL ORIGINAL NO. 7

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Each kit contains five 26"x30" sheets of glazed paper, twenty 20"x30" sheets of tissue paper, a 14-inch glazed shopping bag, three 12-inch glazed bags, a 35-foot roll of 1/2-inch gold ribbon, 36 feet of yarn ties, five elastic gold ties, six colored pipe cleaners and assortments of gold appliques plus old-fashioned paste-ons in Christmas motifs.



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The sentimental trap

By PHYLLIS McGINLEY

Ceremony may be the cement of domestic life, but . . . invent a family custom and, if you have children, you will no more be able to let it go than you can pull yourself out of quicksand.

The hairdresser's salon is my lending library. Isled there in temporary peace underneath a gusty dryer, where no pot boils over and no telephone intrudes, I catch up with the week's crop of fashion magazines. It was in the glossiest of them not long ago that I read an alarming paragraph. At least it alarmed me.

"Families," it chirruped, "should own traditions as well as roots. Ceremony is the cement of domestic life. Ritual treats—champagne at breakfast, say, on wedding anniversaries; daybreak serenades for Grandmother each May Day; winter Thermos-bottle picnics for the whole family, with sleds and snowball fights; an old-fashioned Fourth of July flag raising—small things, every one. But they form the warm core of satisfying home relationships. Why not invent some such pretty custom?" it suggested helpfully.

I pushed out of my mind the stimulating thought of snow down my neck with my lunch or of unwelcome pilgrimages to Grandmother's morning doorstep (our favorite ancestress sleeps till noon) and gave the author prompt answer right there where I was pampering my vegetable rinse.

"Because it's dangerous," I muttered. "Give tradition an inch and it takes your house."

As victim as well as lover of tradition, I know its perils. Cement of domestic life it may well be. Yet pause a moment and remember that cement's most conspicuous quality is its tenacity. Invent a family custom and, if you have children below the age of reason, approximately 25, you will no more be able to let it go than you can pull yourself out of quicksand. Children are the great conservatives. They want to keep everything forever—their oldest and most disgraceful toys, their dog-eared storybooks, the diaries they kept at nine, and always every feast they remember from infancy. Abandon one and they themselves feel abandoned. It has something to do with their unwillingness to grow older. Oh, they want to grow up, all right. They long to own the privileges of adulthood. But instinct warns them that once they quit the safe walls of childhood, all sorts of dragons, ogres, evil witches lurk

in wait for them outside. So they cling to customs as young birds grip their nest in fear of flight.

Wise parents, therefore, will be slow to invent more annual festivities than they can handle later on. Bake one Epiphany cake with its bean and its thimble and its coin for the lucky, and every Twelfth Night there must be other baking. Give one bob-for-apples party on Halloween, and on every October 31 you'll be having to supply apples and pails (and dry towels) for the next decade. Light a Christmas tree in the patio when the oldest child is five, and when she's married and a mother she'll still be expecting it.

No one knows this better than my husband and I. As a family we were for years martyrs to tradition. For us the turning year was a huge calendar splashed with red letters. We kept all holidays with as much pomp as a Mexican keeps his fiesta, and we were forever so busy hanging banners or lighting candles or roasting Thanksgiving turkeys and Christmas geese that we had no energy left over to enjoy being spectators of our own jollity.

It all started innocently enough with a birthday. The birthday was mine, our marriage was a few months old, and my husband, still trailing clouds of glorious bachelorhood, went golfing. He not only went golfing but stayed on at the club to gloat over a low score. In the middle of genial reminiscence with his foursome (married men, themselves, of an earlier vintage) he mentioned that really he ought to run along; there was an anniversary girl at home.

There fell a deep and startled silence.

Then, "My dear boy," they told him out of rich knowledge, "you really *should* run along."

My own behavior, I recall, was exemplary. I was composed, understanding and speaking to him within a week. Still, the experience made a deep impression on us both. We agreed that an ideal household ought to be much as Yeats described it, a "place where all's accustomed, ceremonious." To me the idea was not new. I had been reared among my mother's people, a tradition-worshiping clan originally from South Germany; I had cut my teeth on ceremony. My husband, however, young-

est of nine in a family whose roots were half sentimental Celtic, half taciturn New England, had thought holidays were mere occasions catching up on one's sleep. But by nature he is enthusiast. Once he discovered the mystique of feast-keeping, he embraced it with the zeal of a religious convert. Indeed, he embroidered it. We began to remember Days. There were Friday-night presents because we had been married on a Friday. We exchanged valentines. Christmas trees shimmered in their proper season, and we planted shrubs on Arbor Day. We raised flags for weekend guests. Thanksgiving was the time for inviting in the married friends to overeat. And that was all well while there were two of us. We could acquire custom and drop it again if it incommoded us. But presently there were three of us and then four and the case altered. The beguiling celebrations we vented so lightheartedly turned into, if not quite cement, at least a kind of glue in which we stuck fast like flies in syrup.

Take the matter of birthdays. It had been tempting to dazzle babies with cakes and tiny tapers and other babies to amuse them at their first three or four anniversaries. "After all," we told each other, "it is only birthdays which are singular to each individual. Let the child be the empress. So we stuck her picture on the mantel with streamers extending from it to all four quarters of the living room. Further crepe-paper festoons over doorways spelled out "Happy Birthday" to all comers. Her chair was decorated with bows and ribbons, and from that improvised throne she gave her queenly orders. For 12 delirious hours her word was law, particularly in the matter of menus. And that was splendid when her choice of a Lucullan banquet wavered between chopped beef with spinach and lamb chops and strained peas. It was when she started to ask for crepes suzette in lieu of a cake that we felt the pinch.

By the same token, a collection of gifts was a problem when dolls or new coloring books were peaks of worldly desire. We also managed to necessary party with

(Continued on page 10)

If you want to enjoy tomorrow
what
you
don't
drink
today...

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Get it in **GLASS**

Tomato juice tastes good day after day when you buy it in glass. Glass never changes the taste. Resealing's a cinch—just twist. Next time you buy tomato juice, get it in glass!

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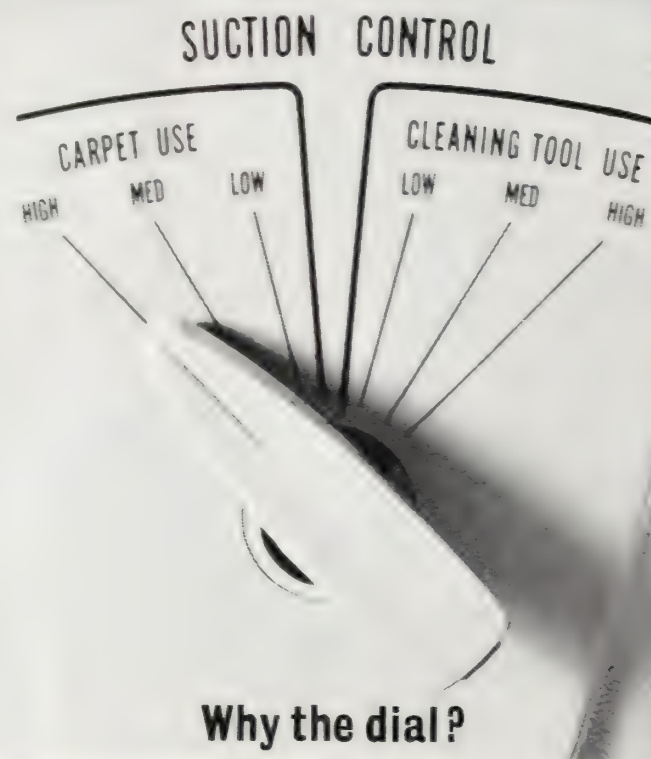
The bag is long in this new Hoover Dial-A-Matic. It is completely hidden inside the streamlined housing. And not just hidden, it makes possible a new kind of cleaning system that filters dust-carrying air three times to make it

pure and dust-free before it's released into the room. Another big advantage—airflow is routed *around* the fan chamber so the blades can never be damaged by clips, tacks, and bobby pins that are sucked in.



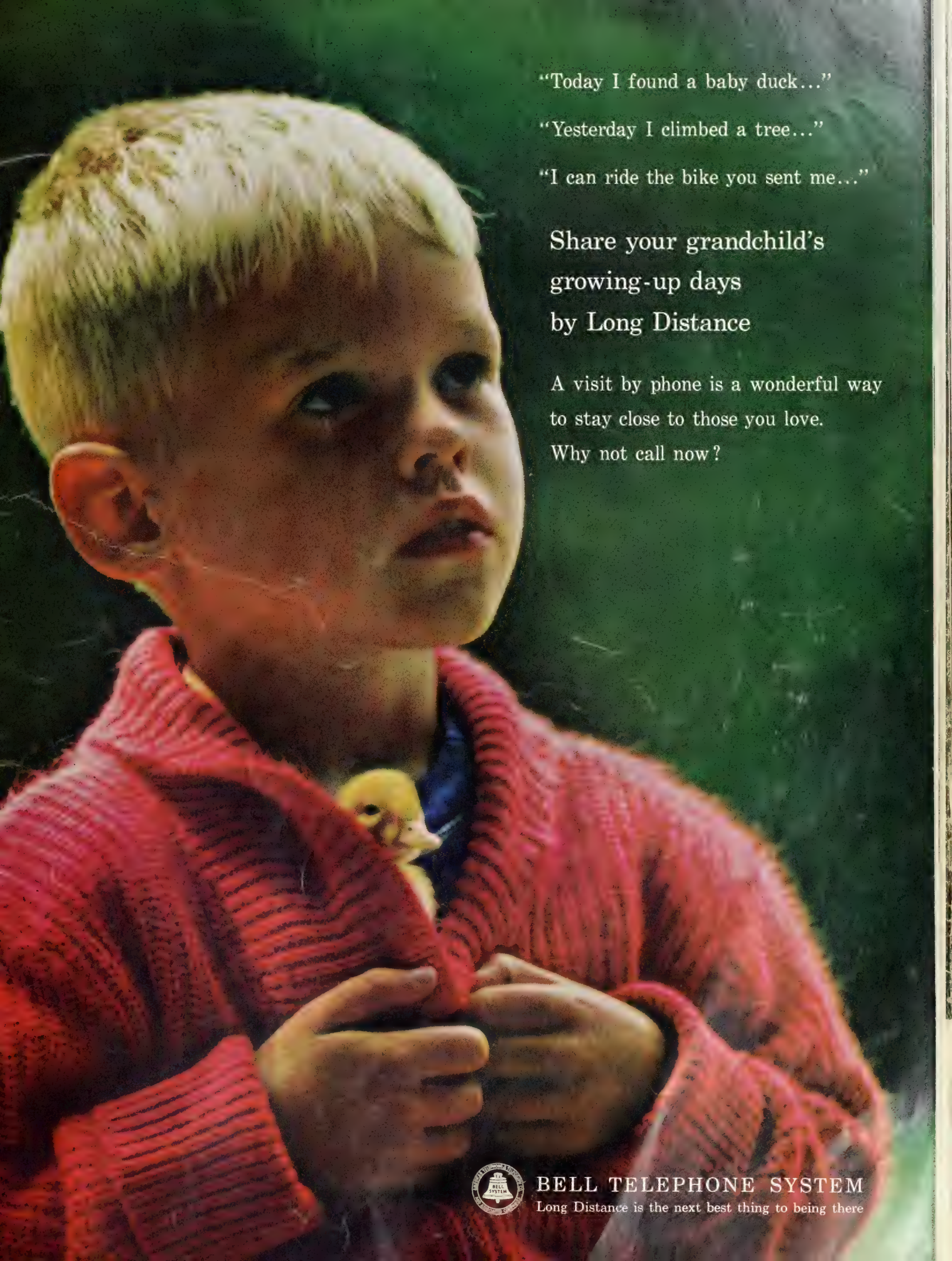
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This Power Dial makes the Hoover Dial-A-Matic an astonishing new cleaning concept, instead of just another vacuum cleaner. Dial the exact power you need for anything from deep-pile carpeting to throw rugs. Dial the right power for attachments for bare floors, furniture, and other above-floor cleaning jobs. Here at last is real *custom cleaning power*. Your Hoover dealer is waiting to demonstrate the new Dial-A-Matic with its complete set of attachments.



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This jumper, rinsed with **NU****SOFT**, is **SMOOTH**—needs no ironing! With **NU****SOFT** Fabric Softener many things come out of the wash so soft and wrinkle-free they need no ironing! Save time, and make everything feel soft—with **NU****SOFT**.



This jumper, without **NU****SOFT**, is **WRINKLED**—needs ironing! Because detergents leave fabrics harsh, stiff; you need **NU****SOFT** to soften deep wrinkles. With **NU****SOFT** you cut down ironing, renew the softness detergents wash away.

Renews the softness detergents wash away

effort than it takes to launch a missile. Anybody in good health can for an afternoon under the strain of a dozen overexcited tots, if she herself for it and takes vitamins regularly served food not too tempting to the table, showed movies so following the collation that the cat off immediately after the cake and eliminated boys. (Mixed parties much even for my holiday heart.) I judged that every guest got a prize if more than owning the reddest nose the donkey's tail widest of all. I urge these precautions on all members of birthday children. Nothing structure the party's joy as the wails of a six-year-olds competing for a box of crayons or a 25-bubble pipe.

Up began to close when birthday singing up but still expecting royal (which we had taught them), be- longing solid-gold charm bracelets appropriate gifts or suggesting a skiing as a suitable party outing. However, had been stirring in my time. I looked about me and how festive clutter burdened the assets bulged with holiday platters cloths. Our attics overflowed with steamers, horns of plenty. May Halloween costumes. The garden with monuments to dead pets buried with full processions and And it was always I who had to hang up, stow away each ritual im- That's the thing you have to learn from children—the way you learn that the cat they could not live without raised solemnly to care for goes sometimes unless you, their mother, sits tray. Children may give up in Santa Claus, but never in the face of parents. That there is la- id in helping them keep up treat- sions does not occur to them un- e parents themselves.

birthday, for instance, they liked as delightful as theirs. But who e the cake, unearth the streamers, owery table, tidy up the tissue- pping and return to the stores the d bed jackets designed for a more woman? If you need to ask, you no mother or else a great execu- e hinted in a moment of madness g me breakfast in bed would be a compliment on my Day. After one ched that burgeoning custom be- ld put out tentacles. What with from the kitchen of "Where do we a-con?" and sounds below me of utlery or overturned egg cartons, ddbits arriving congealed and hor- a newly chipped Meissen plate e near lunchtime, I decided this celebrant who would rather come s for her gala.

's Day was the same. I always the lark that morning. Not only to get into condition to accept the s I knew would be plucked for me. Little hands, I had also to be pre- pen sentimental cards with grate- ook a more elaborate dinner than get the household chores out y early so that for the afternoon ass myself off under the disguise Resting.

nt for the rest of the year's festivi- Saint Patrick's Day (real sham- ots and a green table), Fourth of its picnic, Decoration Day and the Midsummer Eve's pagan bon-

fire, coming-out parties for childish molars. My husband gave immoderate help, but I was the housewife, and on me depended those redundant rites for burying broken mirrors with incantation and charms against bad luck, for feeding Thanksgiving guests, observing April Fools' Day, Bastille Day, Labor Day, Valentine's Day, February 22, and the anniversary of the Day We Adopted Our Poodle. I think the girls be- lieved for a long time that Groundhog Day was a national holiday.

Even Easter's divine significance was blurred by the necessity for stuffed animals and egg hunts. I was rather bright, though, about the latter. Children are collectors, preferring quantity to quality, and since their object is to amass, the caprice can be expensive. (What to do with colored eggs six weeks after they had been dyed?) I used a trick. We hid the eggs indoors, and I kept the baskets handy in my lap while the babies peered behind mirrors, under sofas and back of pantry doors. As each little huntress fetched me her trophies, I quickly hid them elsewhere. Given a bit of luck, I used to be able to keep the girls searching until time for their naps.

Still, such exercises were manageable. What brought on the shaking hands and double vision was trying to live up to our family version of Christmas.

Slaves to tradition? We were bound to its tinsel wheel. Some lesser rituals had begun to drop away as the daughters went off to boarding school and college. My husband and I were able to be iconoclastic, as was our middle-aged whim about our own anniver- saries. But Christmas meant coming home, and to a home where existed an immutable program. There must be springerle and *Lebkuchen* baked in our own kitchen in im- memorial molds. The crèche must sit in its ordained spot beside the fireplace, with the Wise Men progressing day by day toward Bethlehem. We must sing the same old carols on Christmas Eve, decorate identical lintels, shrubbery, the table, the chandeliers. Each member of the family must take pos- session of the same chair or sofa, sanctified over the years by personal use, for display of the wrapped stocking which had to be filled by Mamma after we got back from midnight Mass. And on Christmas morning itself ritual must never vary. My husband had to come down first to play *O Come, Little Children* on the piano, shout "Merry Christ- mas" from the foot of the stairs, pull the shades and light three trees.

For did saner people struggle with one? We had them in matched sets like guest towels—one for the living room which reached the ceiling; a small one in a stand which whirled like a carousel and played *Stille Nacht*; and one my husband had incautiously invented. It was made of heavy wire, draped with lighter strands. Some of the wires he had bent into loops which held in their cups 50 colored devotional candles. The skeleton we hung with our shiniest, prettiest baubles so that the whole confec- tion both made a conversation piece and gave a lovely light. But to decorate all those fripperies took the better part of a week to put up and take down again. In addition, we had our silver horn to polish (it did not play, but made a distinguished adornment for the front door), the mistletoe to hang in the hall, presents to provide for pets, tradesmen and the postman. As a final task there was al- ways our Christmas china which couldn't go into the dishwasher and had to be washed by hand. My hand.

I suppose our original purpose in all this was not only to please the children but to make our house appealing to company. The trouble was that we spent so much time on decoration that we had none left for inviting

in admiring guests. Christmas Day used to be rather vague to me. I walked through it in a haze of tiredness, barely able to take in its profane pleasures, let alone its greater mean- ing. It is possible all of us were tiring of ritual, but nobody would admit it. The only real sign of change was in getting-up habits. Once it was father and mother who were routed unwilling out at break of day by pretty squeals from the nursery. When daughters, though, have been out dancing four nights in a row, you can't expect them down to look at their loot much before noon.

I was finally brought to my senses by a revelation.

It happened one December morning, a week or two before the Noel.

When I woke it was snowing. Over the brown landscape great flakes fell like manna, translating winter's bleak geometry into a kind of abstract art. And even before I took my first sip of the coffee which alone braces me to confront the naked day, I cried, relievedly, "Oh, wonderful! Maybe we'll have a white Christmas."

Forgotten were the inconveniences of a storm in the suburbs—chains, shovels, com- muting trains off schedule and grocery or- ders delayed. I remembered only that two college daughters would be home soon for the holidays. And while they would be too polite to reproach me, in each mind some- how the thought must lodge that if Mommy would just try a little harder, she could ar- range snow for the 25th.

A second later I began to laugh outright. It was too ridiculous. Snow did not depend on me and neither did Christmas. When my reason had degenerated to the extent of planning to operate the weather, I was in- deed an addict—an addict of custom. It was time I kicked the habit.

That was the season I had the mono- grammed stockings and refused to hang a trinket. The girls, stunned and incredulous, but determined, between them set up the big tree in the living room, found the figures for the crèche and made halfhearted efforts at getting out the musical stand. But once mother had revolted, with father abetting her, ceremony did not seem half so essential to our daughters.

The next year we had one tree, and last Christmas we forgot the mistletoe. We continue to polish the horn. The Wise Men still are moved forward each day toward the stable, and we buy the cat her catnip mouse. We still sing a few carols and attend mid- night services. But moderation has taken over. This year I even plan to invite the neighbors in for a party, so flowing am I with health and goodwill.

Still, habits leave their traces. I realized that we were all convalescent, not cured, when I heard a daughter talking not long ago to her husband, a recent family addi- tion.

"Richard," she was saying dreamily, "what's your first real memory?"

I didn't catch his reply, but it must have suited her, for she went on with warmth in her voice. "Well, mine is coming into the living room on Christmas morning when I was about three and hearing music and seeing those lighted trees."

And then she added passionately, "Oh, let's do have special treats for our children, Richard. You know, birthday parties and family songs and Halloween masks and things. My sister and I had this crazy, won- derful childhood. We got tired of being in- dulged before the parents did; but it's some- thing awfully happy to remember. Promise me we'll be that way too."

Comforted, I turned away from my eaves- dropping. Addicts we might have been. But perhaps the mania had been wholesome and worthwhile after all.

• END

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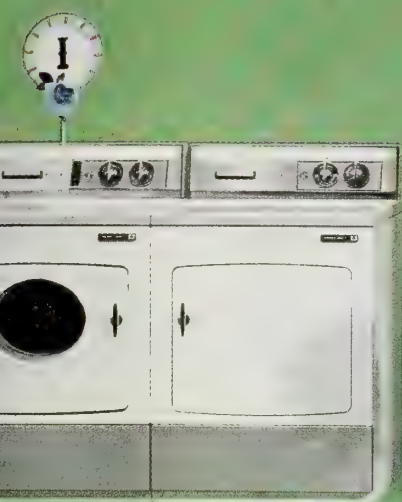
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HELP IS A WARM PUPPY

A Chicago pet shop gives mentally retarded a chance to work—with amazing results.

By JORY GRAHAM and JAMES POLING

The Lambs, a deceptively ordinary-looking pet shop on the fringe of Chicago's Gold Coast district, is run by two people who make it a practice to be 20 minutes late for work each day. Bob Terese and Corinne Owen are in business to make money, but they are also conducting a unique experiment in the rehabilitation of the mentally retarded. The pet-shop staff is made up entirely of youngsters whose IQs are 40 to 60 points below normal. And one device Bob and Corinne use to teach their handicapped charges initiative is to hold them responsible for opening the store at nine each morning.

One day last winter, however, Bob and Corinne were made very late by a road-blocking blizzard. They did not reach the shop until almost noon, and by then they were panicky. It was one thing to be a few minutes late, quite another to leave their "employees," with their seven-to-ten-year-old mentalities, alone all morning. In three hours anything could happen.

They needn't have worried. Everything at The Lambs (the name derives from Christ's injunction, "Feed my lambs") was in perfect order. There was the usual happy uproar of yelping puppies, meowing kittens and chirping birds, punctuated by the haughty crowing of the staff's pet rooster. The floors were scrubbed, the shelves and counters dusted, the cages cleaned, the animals fed and watered. And a scent of pine needles was in the air, proof that someone had remembered to spray away the night's accumulation of odors.

In the workroom in the rear of the store one collie puppy was yowling a protest at being bathed, while a second was being groomed under a hair dryer. One girl was squeezing ointment into a kitten's infected eye, another was preparing a brood nest for a finch. A boy was carrying on a whispered conversation with a baby chihuahua.

"When we walked in," Corinne recalls, "every-

one stopped work and stood there, grinning. They were all so pleased with themselves. And Danny—he was ten feet tall with pride because he'd sold three dog blankets and made change without a single mistake. He teased us. 'So who needs you?' he said. We were so proud of them all we almost wept. They were proof that the theory behind The Lambs is sound."

Bob Terese and Corinne Owen first met six years ago when they joined the staff of a suburban Chicago school for the retarded. Corinne, then 41, was a piano teacher with a degree in music. Married to a salesman with a modest income, she had three children, two of whom were ready for college. She took the teaching job only to help earn tuition money. Bob, then 33, had no degree. After majoring in physical education at De Paul University for three years, he had quit college to get married, then gone to work in Chicago's public-park system. By the time he joined the school's staff as a physical-education supervisor he had become the father of two small children.

A turning point for the normal too.

For both, their new jobs were not only an introduction to the world of the mentally retarded but also a turning point in their own lives. Working with handicapped youngsters, they discovered, gave them a deeper satisfaction than they had ever known and, quite independently, both decided to make a career of it. Bob says, "When you're deeply religious, as Corinne and I are, I think you suddenly know when you're doing what's right for you, what you should be doing."

Later they moved on to teach at Retarded Children's Aid, a typical "sheltered workshop" which offered mentally retarded youngsters a training program, supervised recreation and simple jobs at which they could earn small amounts. As their ex-

perience broadened, they began to doubt the value of the programs they had to administer.

"We're convinced it's wrong to lump retarded youngsters together and reach for the lowest common denominator," Bob says. "A youngster who learns to tie his shoelaces at nine shouldn't still have to go through group shoelace-tying drills at twelve. And why should the brighter youngsters be restricted to 'nuisance work'—the trade name for such monotonous jobs as packaging the four screws for a hinge in a plastic bag?"

"A lot of youngsters can do much more than they're being taught in today's standard programs. For them, a sheltered workshop can be a handicap. They should be exposed to the ordinary, workaday world and given a chance to earn a place, however small, in society. This isn't just our idea, there are others who share it. But not much is being done about it.

"Well, we think a retail store is the answer. In a store—under proper supervision—the kids are in the daily stream of life. And the constant challenge of new problems, new customers, different jobs to do, stretches their minds. In a store like The Lambs, instead of stagnating at lowest-common-denominator tasks, our kids are constantly stimulated—and they grow, amazingly."

Of the 5½ million mentally retarded people in this country, 1½ million are in the 18-to-30-year-old age group with which The Lambs is concerned. Whatever their age group, the mentally retarded are slow to reason and pathetically limited in their capacity for learning. They are not, as many assume, insane. They are wholly rational—which makes their tragedy doubly poignant. Resembling normal human beings much more than they differ from them, they just miss belonging.

Their lives, on the whole, are bleak. Somehow they may get through the first or second grade before their mental deficiency (Continued on page 30)



WHO REALLY WON?

...when the latest clinical research
on tooth decay compared Colgate's Gardol formula
and the most widely accepted fluoride brand?

AND YOUR FAMILY WON! And here's Colgate—the toothpaste your family likes because it tastes best and freshens breath, now clinically tested and confirmed a leader in reducing new cavities. The newest clinical study on tooth decay took place under university supervision.* Results of over half a million brushings by children were analyzed by an impartial electronic computer.

Compared with the most widely accepted fluoride brand, Colgate's Gardol formula achieved the same low number of new cavities, even among children at the most cavity-prone age!

This clinical fact is wonderful reassurance—particularly for mothers. Now even your youngest child can use Colgate Dental Cream, world's best-liked toothpaste, in the complete program of regular care your dentist recommends. Follow

his advice on diet, as well as how and when to brush. And notice the way Colgate with Gardol freshens your breath (stops mouth odor instantly for most people).

Yes, you won because now you can be a "one-toothpaste family" with Colgate. Colgate is a leader in reducing new cavities and helps stop bad breath. Tastes best, too. It's just got to be the best toothpaste you can buy.

*Journal of Dentistry for Children, First Quarter, 1963, pp. 17-25

Colgate with Gardol—a leader in reducing new cavities



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add some mm-mmmmmph to mealtime

Give new zip and zest to the regular meals that are so hard to plan. Stouffer's Escalloped Apples make an otherwise ordinary supper delightfully different. Fresh-cooked apples never tasted so tart-sweet and good as they do in Stouffer's buttery brown-sugar sauce. Simply sensational with pork or ham for company dinner. And desserts? Just

mm for a treat—over ice cream, or as a filling for old-fashioned apple pie—next time the girls gather at your house for Bridge. Fabulous. Stouffer's Escalloped Apples make even snack time a delicious occasion. Pick up Stouffer's Escalloped Apples from the quality section of your grocer's freezer. Mm-mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmph.

One of STOUTER'S RESTAURANTS' most popular recipes.

Stouffer's
Frozen Prepared Foods



The Lambs' staff—originally there were 12, now 21—assembles with its small char-

HELP IS A WARM PUPPY

(Continued from page 28)

begins to show. Then they are transferred to special classes or schools, or nursed through the public schools to the limit of their ability. Eventually, usually in their teens, the schools release them.

They then become social rejects. A few communities have sheltered workshops, but there are not nearly enough. There are also vocational workshops that teach simple crafts; again they are too few. In Bob and Corinne's home state of Illinois last year, the state's vocational workshops accommodated only 172 of a population of 35,000 retarded young people. For all practical purposes the retarded youngster has only his home or a custodial institution to turn to.

But youngsters left to vegetate at home usually retrogress. The case of one Lamb, Johnny Robertson, is typical. "He was sixteen when his private school sent him back to us," his mother, Mrs. Clarke Robertson, says, "and for the next six years he lived a life of intolerable emptiness. He wasn't employable. He couldn't even play. Children his own mental age wouldn't accept him, and teen-agers either shunned him or baited him. He began to grow morose and hostile, lost what confidence he'd gained at school, and finally took to locking himself in his room with his TV set.

"We called in an army of specialists, and all they could suggest were sheltered workshops. For many of the retarded they're excellent. But we felt Johnny was capable of much more than finger painting, pot-holder weaving and square dancing. So we began to search for an outlet for him. In six years we found him only one job, cleaning stalls for a riding academy. Which was fine; he loved horses. But the academy moved to Florida a few months later.

"And then, two years ago, this tiny little redhead, with her gentle voice, and this stocky, dark man, bulging with muscles and kindness, called on us. Would we gamble fifty dollars to help them start a pet shop where Johnny could work? We'd already spent \$35,000—so it wasn't much of a gamble. Of course, by our own choice, it's cost us a little more. Until The Lambs shows a profit, all the parents have agreed to contribute thirty dollars a month to its support, except for two families that can pay only half that amount, and one that can't afford anything.

"I still find it hard to believe. Twenty-two years of heartbreak and despair and, suddenly, you gamble fifty dollars on two people who you suspect are impractical

dreamers. And what do you get? A miracle. Our Johnny, who had no life, now has a full and happy one—a job and a place to go every day, a place where he is actually needed, a place where he has friends, good fun, a place where he has puppies, people to love and be loved by. The chance is unbelievable. Now he goes to the moon alone, eats by himself in restaurants, buys his own clothes, does everything he was afraid to do before. And he laughs, actually laughs! So do Clarke and I, now. Believe me, it's a welcome sound in a house that had heard none for years. And it's all, every bit of it, The Lambs' doing."

The Lambs began operation with Protestant, Catholic and Jewish youngsters from all walks of life—it now has 21. Bob and Corinne would like to accommodate more, but lack the room. The store is so small that the current staff has to work two shifts, 9-to-1 and 1-to-5.


The shop is in no way a training school. Rather, the store is an out-and-out re-education operation, with a complete stock of pet supplies and equipment, including false eyelashes for poodles and tampons for cats.

With a monthly break-even point of \$3,500, the store's gross has risen in years from \$1,200 to \$3,000 a month. Meyers, co-owner of a pet-store chain, thinks The Lambs will soon be operating at a profit. If it does, Sid can take some of the credit. When Bob and Corinne sought advice, he volunteered to join their board of directors as a consultant.

Today he says, "People think I'm out of my mind for competing with myself, particularly now that The Lambs seems to be cutting into my Chicago shop's business. But it's a joy to help the kids, a pleasure to help Bob and Corinne. You can't imagine how they've worked, and for how long. They're getting only \$425 and \$325 a month, which is about half what they're earning in other jobs."

The idea of starting a pet shop came to Bob and Corinne while they were with the retarded Children's Aid, but they could not interest the workshop's director. Nor could they win the support of any other welfare agency. So they decided to form their own organization—quit their jobs and go searching for backers among the parents of retarded children.

Neither of them was well-to-do; they were children to be fed and educated by both families. Once before, when he was working as a playground supervisor, Sid had been forced to moonlight as a fireman on a diesel. *(Continued on page 30)*



Chocolates (like you buy in candy shops) now put up by Kraft

Richer milk chocolate—like the kind they use in candy shops. That's the kind Kraft uses to bring you the finest chocolate candies at your store.

And they're always fresh—fresh from the Kraft candy kitchens. The packages are sealed in cellophane, then freshness checked right in the stores by Kraft sales representatives. Kraft guarantees this freshness or your money back.

They're richer—and they're always fresh. But find out for yourself. Try them all...soon.





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Make a date with the Admiral Playmate—the slimmest, trimmest, fully-automatic phonograph ever made! It's only $6\frac{3}{4}$ inches thin—no larger than a single-play model. Yet it has a 4-speed automatic changer that plays all size records—even shuts itself off automatically! Separate tone and volume controls let you balance sound beautifully! A sculptured case that won't crack, chip, fade, peel or tear lets you carry it about care-free! The Playmate is the gift for the campus your teenagers would pick themselves. Surprise them now—in Sea Coral, Cocoa Tan or Beryl Blue—for only \$39.95.*

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The store is a regular retail operation, stocked with pets and supplies.

HELP IS A WARM PUPPY (Continued from page 30)

locomotive to make ends meet. Now he went back to work on the railroad, on the midnight-to-four shift. His wife, Mary Ruth, took a job as a drugstore clerk. To continue supplementing her husband's income, Corinne took a 9-to-1 job selling magazine subscriptions by telephone.

With their afternoons free, they knocked on doors until they found 12 sets of parents who were willing to gamble \$50 each on their dream. The parents met formally, wrote a constitution and a set of bylaws, and got a state charter, as a not-for-profit, non-sectarian corporation to be known as The Lambs, Inc. Clarke Robertson, an investment broker, was elected president of the company, which then existed only on paper. Extraordinary things began to happen. The parents told their friends about the project, and they, in turn, told *their* friends. Slowly a small ripple of word-of-mouth publicity spread across Chicago.

A total stranger sent Bob word of a well-located empty store at 913 North State Street—along with a check for \$500. The store's owner, also a stranger, gave six months' free rent. The shop needed heat, plumbing, plaster, but that posed no problem, as it turned out. The Masonite Corporation donated enough pegboard to cover the walls. A city building inspector spoke to Joe Menotti, a neighborhood plumber. Joe said, "I made a lot of money last year. God is good to me. So the heating and plumbing is my gift."

The Jewel Tea Company and Goldblatt's department store sent showcases and counters, the Sylvestri Display Company provided the necessary display shelves. The Fair store sent its window-display crew out to decorate the shop. In their zeal they ended up covering one entire wall with a colorful, whimsical zoo-scene mural.

And when Gifford Gardner, president of the Pioneer Pet Supply Company, was asked if he would stock the shop on a consignment basis, he went much further. As the Midwest's largest distributor of pet supplies, he knew the industry's major dealers and manufacturers. He called them all, and the industry gave The Lambs

everything needed to go into business from rabbit pellets to tanks of tropical fish with the assurance that thereafter order would be accepted on a consignment basis if necessary. Gardner joined The Lambs board of directors.

Volunteer help was forthcoming in other area too. Dr. Archibald Oliver, educator who is one of Chicago's leading figures in the fields of mental retardation and cerebral palsy, brought his knowledge to the company's board. And the Julian D. Levinson Foundation, affiliated with Cook County Hospital and noted for its studies in retardation, offered the services of its staff to The Lambs for psychological and medical guidance.

Even so, after The Lambs opened in September, 1961, Bob and Corinne spent some discouraging months. Tears, belligerence and temper tantrums were commonplace; the banter and gaiety that characterize the shop today were completely lacking. It took weeks just to drum home the fact that the pets had to be fed every day.

Gradually—"It took a lot of prayer," Corinne says—chaos gave way to order. At the beginning the youngsters were given only simple jobs, to build their confidence. Meanwhile, they were watched to see whether their potentials lay. Once this was determined, the "stretching" began.

Take, as an example, Danny, true age 10. He showed an interest in handling money, so he was given the job of taking the day's receipts to the bank. Then Bob and Corinne pretended to be busy to prepare the deposit for him. Very slowly Danny learned to count the money, enter the sum in the ledger, then fill out a deposit slip. The job still takes him a good hour, but his confidence and self-esteem have soared.

Dennis was so afraid of animals that a time it was thought he might have to be dropped. Then one morning he brought a cake he had baked for his new-found friends. Seeing that he liked cooking, Bob and Corinne put him to work mixing hamburger with rice or ground meal in specified proportions for different breeds of puppies. Dennis soon began serving his "dishes," with obvious pride, to the very puppies that had once frightened him. (Continued on page 32)

start cooking
with a
**golden
spoon**



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turns to
richness when you
stir in PET.

*the milk with twice
the country cream
in every drop*

• PERFECT PUMPKIN PIE •

A PET Milk Golden Spoon recipe

keepsake recipe . . . for a pumpkin pie so creamy-smooth and just-perfect you'll never make it any other way. Just one egg, because PET is thick as cream. Thin milk could never do!

Mix in a 3-quart bowl 1 cup firmly packed Brown Sugar, 1 Tablesp. Flour, ½ teas. Salt, 1 Tablesp. Pumpkin Pie Spice (or 1¼ teas. Cinnamon, ½ teas. Nutmeg, ½ teas. Ginger, ¼ teas. Cloves).

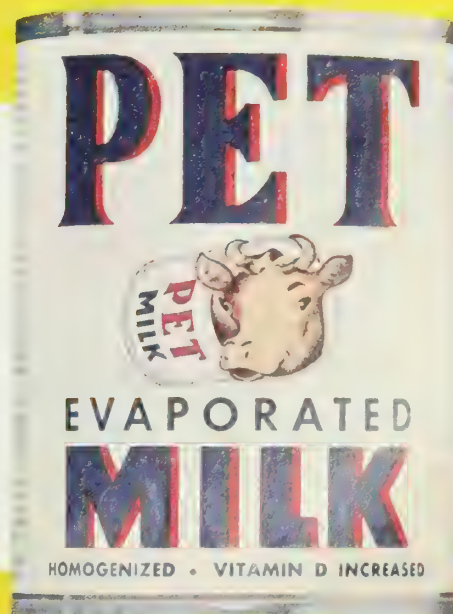
Add and stir until smooth 1-lb. can Pumpkin (1½ cups), 1½ cups PET Evaporated Milk (1 tall can) and 1 Egg, slightly beaten.

3. Pour into 9-inch unbaked Pastry Crust. Bake in 375° oven (high moderate) 50-55 minutes.

Pecan Ring—Bake pie 45 minutes. Take from oven. Spoon a mixture of ½ cup cut-up Funsten® Pecans, 2 Tablesp. Brown Sugar, 1 Tablesp. Butter or Margarine and 1½ teas. grated Orange Rind around edge of pie. Bake 10 minutes more.

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FOR EXTRA CONVENIENCE, BAKE IN **Pet-Ritz** FROZEN PIECRUST SHELLS
See package for baking directions.

"PET"—Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Art of Seasoning Ground Beef



Add ½ teaspoon of Tabasco to a pound of ground beef before shaping into hamburgers or meatloaf.

Does this sound *too* simple?

Not when you realize that Tabasco is a *seasoning*, like salt, onion, parsley or herbs. Its tempting aroma and flavor give unique character.

Forget, then, the idea of Tabasco as just a hot sauce. True, it starts with the famed, pungent peppers grown by the McIlhenny family. Then it is blended, watched over, mellowed for three years in oaken casks . . . to become the worldwide seasoning favorite. So have the bright red bottle ever ready—to add Tabasco by measure, while cooking.

Other ground beef ideas:

- Barbecue trick: while burgers broil, heat ½ stick of butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire, ¼ teaspoon Tabasco. Baste burgers with this sauce.

- When preparing spaghetti sauce, add ½ teaspoon Tabasco per pound of ground beef, along with the other seasonings.

Want more seasoning ideas?

Write for

30 new recipes and a flap from 1981 to 1982 or to 1983. TABASCO 1981-1982. Avery, Inc. Ltd.



Tabasco*

liquid pepper seasoning

HELP IS A WARM PUPPY

(Continued from page 32)

Another youngster has earned the nickname "Doctor Kildare." Roger came to The Lambs filled with talk of his aches and pains, convinced he was too ill to work. Realizing he was a hypochondriac, Bob and Corinne put him in charge of the pet medication and made him liaison man with the shop's veterinary. "Doctor Kildare" was soon too busy to remember to worry about his health.

When youngsters became so proficient in their set chores that they no longer found them challenging, they were given different kinds of work to do: assembling cat-scratching posts and bags of pet toys. Kilns were installed for the manufacture of pet-food dishes and other ceramic items. Bob persuaded two firms to give The Lambs their Christmas-card orders. Hand-printing 6,000 cards by the silk-screen process was the most exacting job the youngsters had ever faced. Yet they did their work so flawlessly that the two companies continue to give their Christmas-card business to The Lambs.

Delighted with their children's rapid progress, the board of directors voted each a five-dollar-a-month salary (since raised to \$7.50). It was a shrewd gesture. One father says, "That five dollars meant more to my girl than a thousand dollars would have to me." But important as their salaries are to the young people, winning a key is even more important. At the end of the first year, keys to the store were given to the four youngsters who had shown the most initiative and responsibility; thereafter they would be expected to open the store on time each morning. Since then two more keys have been awarded, and to the keyless staffers, winning one is their great ambition. "When I first passed them out," Bob says, "I never dreamed they'd become The Lambs' version of Phi Beta Kappa."

Word of the The Lambs' success began to spread. Mental-health teachers visited the store. Schools for the retarded wrote for information on how to start pet shops of their own. President Kennedy's sister, Mrs. Sargent Shriver, sent a letter of praise and encouragement, along with a contribution. And to test Bob's belief that some mentally retarded "should be exposed to the workaday world and given a chance to earn a place, however small, in society," Carson Pirie Scott & Co., a department store noted for its policy of hiring school drop-outs, agreed to hire six members of The Lambs for part-time work, two mornings a week.

Corinne Owen and Bob Terese teach an employee about the wonders of big-beaked birds.



Jerry Long, Carson's personnel manager, says, "We'd once tried a typically trained retardant and it didn't work. We weren't hopeful when Bob asked us to try some of his kids, but they had been beautifully prepared. They're responsible, punctual, they get along with their fellow workers, they're flexible—we've got them in our china department, our flower-and-garden section and, naturally, our pet store. And our section supervisors want more; they say they're among their best workers. In fact, we'd use all of The Lambs if they'd let us."

But they won't; Bob and Corinne know that The Lambs' program doesn't automatically prepare every retarded youngster to weather all the stresses to be met in a place like Carson's. The exceptional ones, yes. For the rest, they will always belong in a semi-protected atmosphere such as The Lambs offers, under trained supervision.

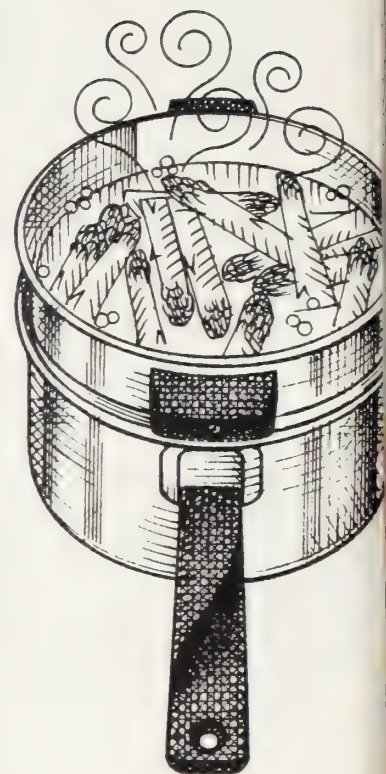
"Anyway," Bob says, "we need our staff more than Carson's does. We need them to help us make a profit, so we can get started on our House Fund."

The "House" is the great goal of The Lambs, and all profits will be dedicated to its acquisition. What's wanted is a big house in the country, with acreage for a kennel, an aviary, a boardinghouse for pets, a greenhouse, a pony ring. As Bob and Corinne envision it, the house would give their charges lifetime employment and support, enable The Lambs to help more of the mentally handicapped, and answer the terrible question that haunts every parent of a retarded youngster: *What will happen to my poor child when I'm gone?*

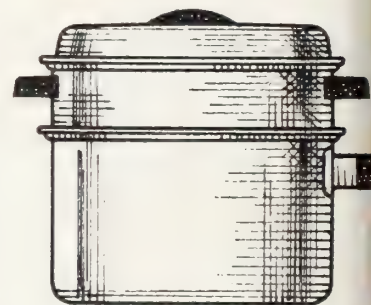
To Dr. Archibald Oliver, experienced in mental-health work, The Lambs' dream house has a deep appeal. He says, "It's a new concept that should be seized on. There isn't this kind of long-range planning in other current programs. But even if the dream house never materializes, I'm convinced The Lambs has proved its original point—that we can do a lot more for many retarded youngsters than we're now doing."

Suzy Bartuska bears witness. Six different agencies had tried to help Suzy, and failed. A year ago her mother brought her to The Lambs, Suzy then being 24 years old—mentally, 8. Choosing her words carefully, Suzy says, "The Lambs made me into a new person. Before I came here I was a coward, afraid to try anything. Because with me it's hard to learn new things. But now I even go to Carson's. I've got friends here now, and I have fun now. I'm starting at the bottom of the ladder, but I'm not complaining. I remember what things were like before The Lambs."

• END



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Is this pie so picture-perfect nobody can make it? You can—with Libby's famous Pumpkin and just-as-famous recipe. The pumpkin itself (America's favorite brand) is made from specially cultivated "pie pumpkins." The recipe—right on Libby's label—gives you the exact proportion of sugar, eggs, spices, milk and Libby's Pumpkin. You get a velvety-smooth filling every time . . . never dry, runny or lumpy. Whether you're an old hand at pie game or just a beginner, do give this man-pleaser a chance to prove itself! How about tonight?

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You'll be amazed with new Cold Water **all**.
Colors stay bright, whites stay white
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Wait'll you see the difference new COLD WATER **all** makes in your washes! This revolutionary, blue liquid detergent—New COLD WATER **all**—actually gets everything you wash clean in cold water. Everything—dungarees, towels, shirts, wash 'n wear—even diapers! Yes, everything comes out so clean, so white, so bright you'll hardly believe your eyes. And all without one single drop of hot water.

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Kinder to fabrics—With COLD WATER **all**—your clothes—even delicate synthetics—look better and feel better. That's because cold water is *kinder* to fabrics—clothes won't shrink as they can in hot water.

Better for cleaning and colors—Your white things stay white—stains won't set as they can in hot water. COLD WATER **all** is safer for colored things—colors won't streak, fade or run as they can in hot water.

Less ironing—Ironing is easier—ironing time is cut down—and some items don't need ironing at all. That's because cold water gives you a wash that's smoother—more “wrinkle-free”!

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Marjorie Paddleford, Food Editor of This Magazine, recently reviewed the new Family Cook Book. In her review she said:

"The new Family Cook Book will be used often, because it is so easy to use. Experienced homemakers will find it an invaluable source of ideas for saving steps, saving time, saving money—and pleasing their families. Yet, new brides will find it perfectly suited to their needs, too. It is a most versatile and refreshingly modern book—and I recommend it highly."

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The Family Cook Book is—indeed—the most useful cook book ever published. It is the book you will turn to, day in and day out, 365 days in the year. Traditional recipes, family favorites, short and simple ideas for convenience foods, and recipes with a new flavor, highlight each chapter of this

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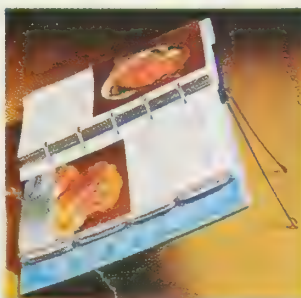
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ar or so later Jonnie knew more why good men can go to jail. A friend of ours was arrested. We told him that he was away on vacation, and he seemed to accept this. A couple of days later they stopped pretending. "I am in jail because Gomulka is angry," Jonnie said. The boys went up to practice a circus for the day our friend would get out of jail, the greatest thing they can give a man. Our friend has seen the circus.

Warsaw the last week the boys saw the circus around the house. They didn't go—just stood around in the bushes in the garden. The boys did not talk to them. But in Geneva, months later, he insisted on a nightly patrol of the city with me. "Have to make sure the boys don't leave their bikes out," he would say, holding my hand, he would make for the park, where the boys never rode, and he would go around the bushes with a flashlight. I think that observing the boys' reactions in these countries taught me more about the problem of objectivity than any number of essays on ethics and principle. Like a foreign reporter, a foreign correspondent is constantly trying to analyze and assess. The recitation of facts means little. The background against which the facts are essential to understanding. But part of the background is the reporter's own—his instinctive response to forms of government, his emotions and dislikes, his prejudices and hatreds.

Objectivity, I suppose, consists in recognizing one's built-in prejudices and allowing them to be in the process of trying to write the story. My own reactions to Poland were not influenced by the fact that I found Communism, even in its early forms, mentally suffocating. We had friends in Poland, but I really do not know whether I ever see the country again. The boys, I know, will always be prejudiced in favor of Poland because they had friends on Chodkiewicz Street. Chodkiewicz Street will always be more important to them than Wladyslaw Gomulka. The central committee of the Community of the People's Republic of Poland. And who is to say they are wrong? Judged from the boys, also in retrospect, attitudes toward a country are sometimes formed from fears created long before the country is seen. I had always wanted to go to Japan—something about the shape of things in the country, and its appeal to me. But when we told them that we were going to live in Japan, Jonnie was frightened and passed it on to Danny and Andrew. Some- one had read about earthquakes in Japan. Although he came to joke about it, and the other boys for months after that, to Tokyo were fatalistically convinced that one day they would all disappear into a dark crack in the earth.

Japan, Tokyo was a place of endless stimulation. For the boys, it was a great relief at first, less a part of their lives than Delhi or Warsaw had been. The boys were that, after our boys had lost their value as objects of curiosity in the neighborhood, the Japanese kids again and again buffed their overtures at friendship. The boys tried to isolate themselves, to learn Japanese and looking upon the country with cool detachment. Japan did not involve herself with them; they did not feel the cold shoulder. They stopped looking for signs of friendliness from Japanese children. It was a painful time, but it gave us and me insights into Japan.

Japan is an inward-looking society, a "we" and "they" society. Japanese adults among whom we moved had had the harshness of their insularity softened by time and sophistication and the necessity of dealing with outsiders. Their children had not gone through this, and our children were the losers. Their children still had to climb the walls with which Japanese are surrounded in youth. My children will never have the love for Japan I had, nor will it mean as much to them as Poland or India did.

But as a year passed and then another, my children did come to an understanding with Japan, based on their own necessity. Japan was the existing reality, the country in which they lived. After they got over their initial hurt they began looking at it again, sidling up to it. They never did find much response from Japanese children of their own ages, but older Japanese boys took them in. Then there was a day when they came for Jonnie and hauled him out to march and sing with them in a gay religious procession; that was a fine day.

The affection and receptivity they could not find from Japanese children they found from Japanese adults who had passed at least partly through the maze leading from insularity, and so were equipped to respond.

Now we are back in the United States, and I am working and trying to get used to the lack of motion, as a voyager at the end of a sea journey tries to get used to the lack of the roll of a ship. We have discovered to our relief that given a washing machine and a dryer, servants are marvelously easy to live without, and that the gift of family privacy is a boon we had missed without really knowing it. The boys have discovered that though they were permitted to roam about Tokyo as they desired, they are under strict instructions not to go into New York parks or certain streets after dark. This depresses them and me.

Adjusting to America

They have found that certain small polite manners they learned abroad from foreign children set them apart from American children. They are caught in a struggle between their small pride at being "different" and the urge to conform.

Jonnie, who is very much his own man, insists on wearing short pants just because he likes them, even though all the boys his age are wearing long ones. I find myself admiring him but also hoping that, as his battles continue, he will learn to bend a bit to pressures, a parental timidity of which I am not particularly proud.

The horrors of television have been visited full upon us, and Ann and I flail out at the boxed enemy like demented creatures. But, compensating, is the joy of the boys' discovery of books everywhere. They are all readers, the boys, but abroad books in English had to be searched for, sent for, traded for. They satisfied their book hunger abroad, but never had that pleasantly stuffed feeling. Now they are in a book orgy, and we let them wallow.

Best of all for the boys is the realization that at last they are no longer strangers, but at home. The strain of being polite about all sights and sounds, even when they thought some were pretty awful, just because they were "guests" in a foreign country is over. As part owners of the United States they can not only love it but criticize it. They enjoy this.

These are good days, but in our hearts I think that we are all waiting for the sound of the ship's engines and the roll and pitch of movement to start again. I am glad of this too. We want to settle down, but we do not want to bog down. • END

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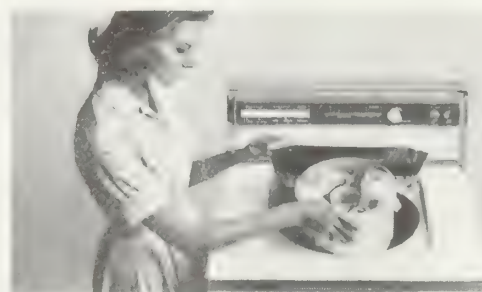
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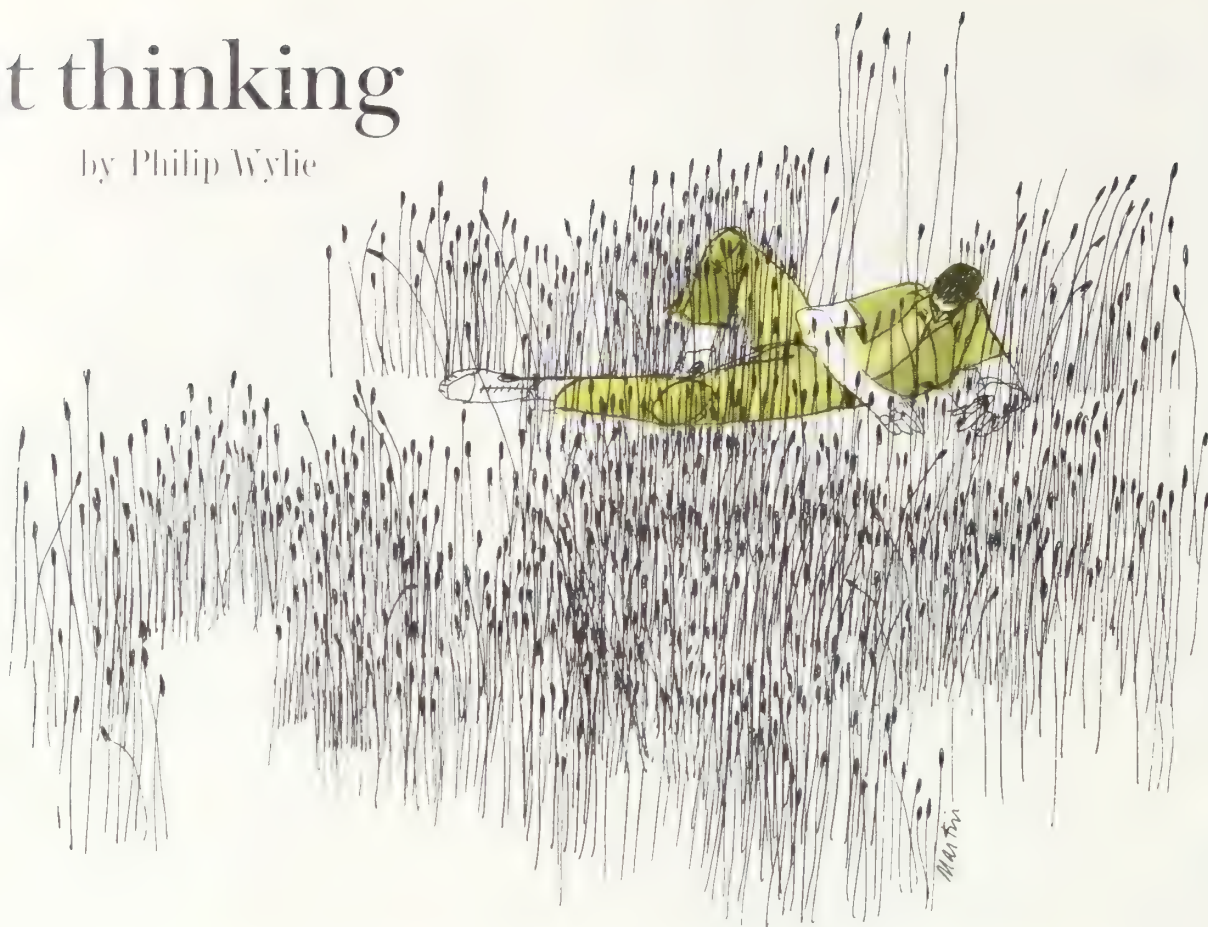


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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

Just thinking

by Philip Wylie



A noted author pleads for the return of solitary contemplation as an acceptable—and essential—national pastime

Not long ago an acquaintance rounded my house and found me sitting in the garden beside my lily pool. His sharp "Hello!" startled me. I waved at a chair beside mine and he sat down.

"Taking a break?" he asked.

"Just—thinking."

The man laughed. "Oh! Plotting a story."

"No. Thinking."

He was disconcerted by a possibility which now occurred to him: "I came by over an hour ago. Rang your doorbell."

I grinned. "Can't hear the chimes from this spot. My wife's shopping—maid's left for the day. If you'd come around the house, then . . ."

"You mean to say, you've been sitting here, doing nothing, for over an hour?" His eyes raked the flower-spangled nook in search of a book, a magazine, a portable radio. All he could discover was a big clamshell in which I'd stubbed out two or three cigarettes. Then he noticed the flicker and play of tropical fish amongst my water lilies—and remembered that I often write about fishes.

With manifest relief, he said, "I get it. Observing 'em."

A slight, familiar vexation possessed me. I've been caught doing nothing—except just meditating—many times. And almost everybody who is younger than I am seems alarmed by the spectacle of a man sitting alone, undistracted. It is as if everyone born since 1920 believed there was a law forbidding him to be alone unless he is actually working, or reading, or listening to canned music.

So, rather irritably, I explained to my visitor, "I was not observing fish. I was simply sitting here where it's reasonably quiet, pondering."

He wouldn't have it. "I guess writers do a certain amount of daydreaming —"

"Look. I wasn't daydreaming. I was doing what is called 'thinking.' I was thinking, deliberately, intensely, about the state

of the world—for the first half hour, approximately. Then—the state of me. I was trying my best to discern how I felt about my life and times. And about some new ideas I'd encountered last night in a book. I was trying to discover whether I should accept these ideas as part of what I believe and feel and am. And all that while I was getting acquainted with myself as I am, right now. Which is a person I was not yesterday—and won't be tomorrow."

He had listened at first with signs of understanding. But when I'd told him I'd been searching for my "self," his malaise returned. He tried to give me, by example, a friendly steer: "I do my best thinking when I shave and dress, mornings. With the radio on."

No doubt that was true. To him, what passed for thinking was possible only when his hands were occupied and his mind was lulled by some electronic noise. Like most people nowadays, he avoided situations where he had to exist with himself and nothing but himself.

But people weren't always like that. Even teen-agers, when I was one, liked periods of quiet contemplation. I had friends who spent hours with me, not saying a word. There were no portable record players, then, no transistor radios. We tramped in silence through miles of forest, we paddled in silence on lakes not yet disquieted by the snarling of outboard motors.

Lost but not lonely

At the age of eighteen I spent several months with three companions in a part of the Canadian woods where no Indian or trapper had ever been. We were often as quiet as the wilderness itself.

Once, for two days and a night, I was lost from the others. I built a fire and stayed where I was, certain that they would find me eventually. Wolves howled, closing in, but I knew they would not attack me.

Occasional loons cried out, sounding like French locomotives. Owls hooted, perhaps to report to other owls that the intruder looked harmless but was too big to eat.

I cannot recall that I felt lonely, even then, when I was more alone than most people can be nowadays. There was plenty to think about. Indeed, it is only when one is alone and undistracted that one can make a real acquaintance with one's self. Whatever it is that you recognize as "you" is what goes on in your mind, heart, spirit and imagination, quite free of outside stimulus. And knowledge of that self is, in a sense, all the actual knowledge you can ever have; the rest is in books or other people's heads. We still pay lip service to the ancient counsel, "Know thyself"; you can't know anybody else the same way.

The opportunities to be alone and undisturbed are no longer easy to find. We Americans have grown so accustomed to the clamor of human activity that we accept it as inescapable. Most of us, like the acquaintance who interrupted my reverie, have even come to regard thoughtful solitude as unnatural. The shocking implication is that the human spirit must be diverted from the calamitous temptation of its own company.

When I was a boy it was expected that every boy would spend hours gazing at the sky—"daydreaming," as it was called. Few objected to this; most people understood that the "dreamers" grew up to become the doers. For a grown man without a dream can add nothing to what we still call "the American dream."

Today, however, a daydreaming boy is prodded to meaningless activity by nervous parents who fear that solitude is somehow dangerous. A boy in reverie is hurriedly sent down the street to play games, lest he become anti-social.

As a result, young people pass through adolescence with no practice in testing their inner selves. They grow up mindless,

in effect, because they are not encouraged to explore their minds. And schools for this avoidance of self. Instead of emphasizing the need for self-reliance, they teach young people "group adjustment."

An "adjusted" youth will naturally seek to preserve the one condition to which he knows how to adjust: the safe, present state. Actually, his goal should be adjustment to an ever-changing world.

Era of group adjustment

To people like myself, brought up before Americans had turned away from self-reliance to "group adjustment," the outlook of most youths seems pitiable. They are members of a society that, like or not, is changing swiftly and radically. Our society is in so swift a flux that only a man who deeply knows himself can decide which of the changing ideas he will accept and which he will reject.

Most of us have lost all such independence of judgment. We are too unaware of ourselves to evaluate things, let alone ideas. We buy and use and wear and eat and do what others do. We listen by the score of millions to the same pop tunes on radio and we stare at the same TV Westerns. We believe what we hear—not what we think. Our minds have shrunk from disuse, from the avoidance of situations which demand serious reflection.

And in such rubber-stamp patterns we turn out mindless youngsters, adjusted to status quo; youngsters who seek not self-realization but security—in what is the least secure, most dangerous and fastest changing period of all human history.

We Americans are in desperate need of new ideas, new leadership, new goals and a new version of lofty hope that our nation can offer the beleaguered world.

Think.

A billion Communists are enduring unimaginable
(Continued on page

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JUST THINKING (Continued from page 48)

hardships for a single end: to overthrow our liberty and our democracy.

Think.

Mankind is breeding so fast that famine and disastrous overpopulation now threaten the planet.

Think.

America is using up more than half of all the minerals and raw materials mined and grown in the whole world. And that unequal consumption, on which our alleged "affluence" depends, will not long be tolerated by the other 94 percent of humanity: It is altogether unjust.

Such facts need a gigantic amount of hard thought, not only by political and military leaders, but by every citizen, if the U.S.A. is to remain a self-governed nation. Yet where—and when—and how—does the average American *think*?

Our homes—if they are in cities—are no longer suitable for cogitation. Our offices may be intended for quiet, but I have never been able, in any American city, to rent office space where I can have privacy and silence. The place where I work now, in a modern office building, has been soundproofed by experts; but I still can hear dictating mumbles next door, laughter and, at times, strident discussions.

Like me, many Americans have fled the intolerable cacophony of the city, to live in a suburb. Some, like me, are lucky enough to have homes in wide grounds hemmed by trees, on streets where only an occasional car goes by. Even so, the opportunities I have for my most necessary work—*thinking*—are subject to violent disruption.

When my house begins to rumble as the clothes dryer whirls, to churn and hiss as the dishes are washed, to whine with the dentist-drill nastiness of a vacuum cleaner, I can go to the silent reaches of my gardens. But even there I am safe only so long as no neighbor decides to crank up his power lawnmower.

It is not that I deny the gregariousness of man, or belittle our pleasures in each other's company. But in company the measure of a man's worth is how much he can give to a group. He who brings special excitement to the otherwise tedious round of conventional activities is the sought-after guest, the desired friend. And that person, always, is one who has studied and learned enough of himself—or herself—to be more than a carbon copy of others.

The ideal surrounding for such study is some untouched bit of the outdoors. We Americans think we enjoy that sort of place. Millions of us, annually, do what we call "getting away from it all"—although it is a long, long time since I've heard anyone say he wanted to "commune with nature"—meaning, to commune deeply with his inner self.

But our manner of joining up with nature is preposterous. We load our families into trailers and head, not for the silent and empty wilderness, but for some distant auto camp where we can plug into outlets all our portable gadgets, hook up with piped water—preferably hot and cold. We descend in swarms on our national parks and wilderness areas and there, careful to stay in sight of others, we spend a whole "vacation" making sure there is "something to do" from dawn to bedtime.

From the reports of park and wilderness officials I gather that not one American family in a hundred wants solitude and quiet in a virgin outdoor place. No lake exists, it seems, that is not as noisy as a klaxon factory, with outboard motors driven by spiritual cannibals. It's hard to

find a stretch of stream that's fit to beside for a pensive hour. Once-cry rapids bear a suds mass from detergent dumped upstream; in the trout pool there will be a discarded auto tire. The place where men once meditated are spoiled.

Yet if we Americans do not start think, if we let slip the old practice of exile in a silent place, we shall presently become a nation of superficial men, women, identical, interchangeable. Nobody will be able to find anything special in anybody else. Our opinions, like possessions, will be prefabricated. Elected leaders will become exaggerated examples of the mediocrity of our mass. And then we will no longer be free, or self-governed—or even want those reward responsibilities. For the Robot Age has arrived.

But once in a while almost every one of us catches the faint music of his unattended and unknown self.

"I've never been alone in my life," a young married woman said to me the other day. "Oh—I've been alone in the apartment when Bill was at work, before you Bill came. But there was always housework to do, always somebody barging in for coffee. And a radio going—just as there at home, with my brothers and sisters. Someday I'd love to go to a motel, all myself, and park my car—and just sit there, all afternoon—and go to sleep by myself when I felt tired—and wake up with nobody there but me."

Nothing to do but to be

Twenty-six years old that lady was lovely and unusually intelligent. Yet so as she could recall she'd never been alone with nothing to do but to *be*, even for an hour. Imagine it! She'd never really owned one hour of her entire life.

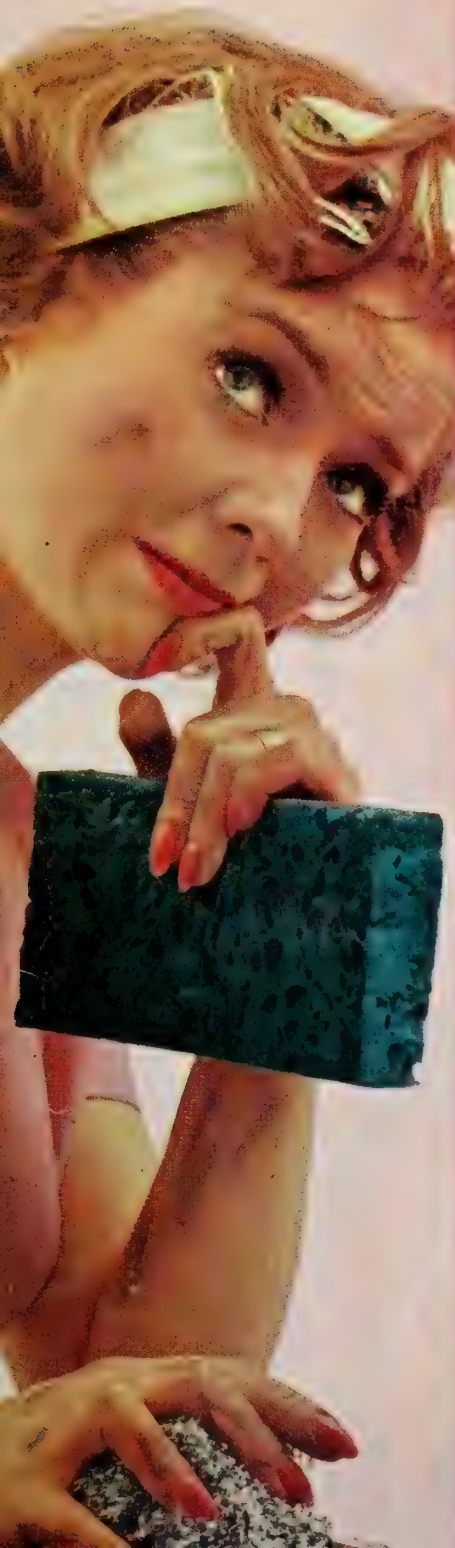
We needn't turn into a nation of avoiders. Solitude can be created in mind wherever a person can spend time alone, even in a room in a city. And children who want spells of being alone should be encouraged, not treated as if they were abnormal. In many families, these days the children do not even have a drawer they can call their own. They need a room to themselves, once in a while—tent on a back lawn. The "dens" men used to have, and the "sewing rooms" of the wives, aren't as useless as many moderns imagine. Architects, too, should realize (some do!) the need of solitude in a home; for there is nothing genuinely home-like in open floor space that can be more or less closed off with movable screens.

The outdoors, in spite of man's exploitation of nature, still offers relatively secluded spots for meditation. Anybody interested in "communing with nature," his nature included, can probably find a wide sloping field, a hilltop or a hidden boulder ideal for restorative reverie.

Not all the once immense emptiness of this land of ours has been destroyed. Though opportunities for solitude are diminishing, it is the ever-lessening demand for solitude that worries me most. For with little practice even a man in a crowd can be "alone."

If we could recover both the appetite for being alone and its fruitful product, awareness, America would again produce the dreaming doers who once enriched the lonely land of pioneers. We need people as never before, *thinkers*, who face the titanic problems peculiar to our time. Mankind's situation is desperate, calls for vast inaction. It concerns everybody, and demands that they get a grip and not together.

*"I wish
somebody
would invent
an oven that's
easy to clean"*

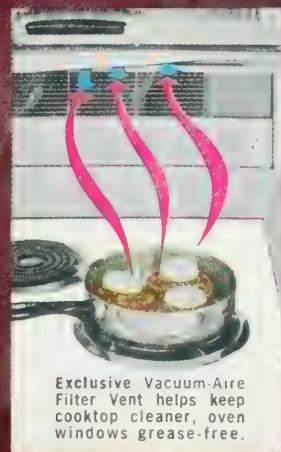


somebody has...



Hotpoint! ***in the new Hallmark*** **ELECTRIC RANGE**

Wait 'til you see it—this fantastic new Hallmark range with oven sides, backs, and floors that slide out individually and wash like dishes! No scouring, either—oven walls are coated with miracle Du Pont Teflon®, the non-stick finish, so spatters just sponge off. See the "stay-clean" cooktop, too, with a special air-flow system that "vacuums" off steam, smoke, grease, odors, even from the front cooking units. And now, in the Hotpoint Hallmark range, you can broil electrically with oven doors closed, keeping your kitchen odor-free. All this, plus Hotpoint's written 90-day replacement Guarantee of Satisfaction, in addition to the regular one-year warranty against defects in materials and workmanship. You've never seen a range like the new Hotpoint Hallmark. See it at your dealer's now!



Exclusive Vacuum-Aire Filter Vent helps keep cooktop cleaner, oven windows grease-free.

Hotpoint



Nature made onions so good why risk greasy taste when you fry 'em?

A sweet, red onion like this tastes best when it's fried light and crisp...with Crisco.

Foods fried right in Crisco don't taste greasy. Crisco has an exclusive vegetable formula; highly unsaturated, with added special pro-

tection against greasy taste...with Crisco's digestibility, too.

No other shortening has Crisco's formula.

So make 'em Crisco French-Fried onion rings. And make more than usual. You'll need them.

Foods fried in Crisco don't taste greasy

(Naturally, they're digestible)



More than one million girls—and women—with unwanted pregnancies will turn to abortionists this year, risking their lives by asking amateurs to perform. . .

The deadly favor

BY MURIEL DAVIDSON

At exactly 2:09 A.M., July 6, 1963, Mary O., aged 25, arrived at the emergency entrance of Kings County Hospital in Brooklyn, accompanied by her husband. Dr. Harvey Cohen, obstetrical resident in charge of admission, saw at once that she was in shock. He helped her to a chair, got her quavery signature on an admittance form, and proceeded to take the history of her illness. The mother of four children, ranging in age from eight months to six years, Mary O. told him she believed she was about two months pregnant. She said that the day before she had slipped and fallen in the bathroom, and had begun to bleed profusely.

Thirty hours later, at exactly 8:09 A.M., Mary O. was dead.

While Doctor Cohen and his assistants were struggling in vain to save Mrs. O.'s life, another tragedy was unfolding some 3,000 miles away. At 3 A.M., 17-year-old Anita M. was admitted to a Los Angeles hospital. She, too, was in shock, and she was hemorrhaging. Her temperature had soared to 105 degrees. In the emergency surgeons removed the youngster's reproductive organs.

THE DEADLY FAVOR

Anita M. is alive today—but she will never experience the joys of motherhood.

Both Mary O. and Anita M. were the victims of “one of the great epidemic diseases of our time”—so called by Dr. Louis Hellman, director of the Obstetrics and Gynecology Department at Brooklyn’s Kings County Hospital.

Mrs. O. had *not* fallen in her bathroom. Rather, someone attempting an amateur abortion had killed her by injecting a caustic solution into her womb.

Young Anita had fallen into the hands of a friend who had offered to help her with what is known as “the deadly favor.” When she was examined, the doctors found a knitting needle; it had punctured her uterus and ripped the abdominal cavity.

These are not isolated cases. According to Dr. Mary Calderone, medical director of the Planned Parenthood Federation of America, the epidemic of “the deadly favor” has now reached such proportions that there may be as many as 1,200,000 abortions—or bungled attempts—in the United States in 1963.

Doctor Calderone says, “If the statisticians are correct, their figures mean that there is one abortion to every four births in our country today.”

Cook County Hospital in Chicago reported 4,500 abortion cases in 1961. In the same year Los Angeles County General Hospital labeled 3,572 cases as “illegal abortions.” From 1957 to 1961 there were 1,003 abortion cases in Baltimore’s City Hospitals; 34 percent of them were classed as “infected—usually the result of criminal interference.” Brooklyn’s Kings County Hospital sees 2,500 abortion cases in an average year, of which only 100 are reported to the police as “unmistakably criminal.”

“We get six or seven abortion cases a day,” a resident doctor at Kings County Hospital told me. “Nobody knows how many are criminally induced, but the percentage is undoubtedly large.” There is disparity between cases actually reported and those doctors know to be criminal, because proof is hard to get.

The victim herself seldom talks. In 1957, for example, a woman died in a Little Rock, Arkansas, hospital steadfastly denying that she had undergone an abortion. An autopsy revealed that she was three months pregnant and that a syringe containing a powerful soap had punctured a blood vessel in her womb. Fatal bubbles reached her vital organs through the bloodstream.

In New York’s Harlem Hospital, a 28-year-old woman, racked with fever from an infection in the womb, was found to have a nail lodged in the uterus. Obviously the nail was the instrument of some unskilled abortionist. The victim would only say that she had swallowed the nail, and that by some unaccountable route it had found its way into her reproductive organs. Another woman, when confronted with a catheter (a rubber tube) which had been removed from her abdomen, told the doctor, “I must have been born with that inside of me”—a feeble joke.

For many other victims, however, the aftermath of the deadly favor is no joking matter.

Dr. Harold Jacobziner, Assistant Commissioner of the New York City Department of Health, asserts, “Of all the maternal deaths in New York City in 1962, over fifty percent resulted from criminal abortions. Out of one hundred and ten deaths, fifty-eight were due to illegal abortions. That’s a terrific indictment.”

I asked Kings County’s Dr. Louis Hellman, who also is chairman of Obstetrics and Gynecology of the State University of New York’s Downstate Medical Center, how he accounted for this soaring mortality rate in the past few years.

“Criminal abortion,” Doctor Hellman said, “has always been a severe problem. But in the last few years the law has really cracked down on the professional abortionist and put many of them out of business. By professional I mean well-trained but unethical physicians. Also, since the Castro revolution closed down Cuba, which used to be wide open for abortions, women can’t go there either. So where do they go? To the amateur. And that’s what has caused the epidemic.

“There are amateurs all over the place willing to do ‘a favor’—untrained hospital workers, aides who chaperon doctors during gynecological examinations, anyone who thinks he has a smattering of medical knowledge. We see the result of their handiwork later when women are admitted with peritonitis or a bacterial toxin which has poisoned the kidneys or caused the blood pressure to fall. That’s the kind of ‘favor’ that’s been done for them.”

There are two general methods by which the deadly favor is executed—mechanical and chemical. Neither of these methods is at all like the professional medical technique of abortion, which involves delicate surgical scraping. In the United States this operation, of course, is legally done only in a hospital and, in general, only when the life of the expectant mother is in jeopardy.

The first of the amateur abortionist’s techniques—the mechanical procedure—is based on the theory that the introduction of a foreign body into the womb causes it to begin the contractions of labor which subsequently expel the fetus. The most favored “instrument” of the amateur is a straightened-out wire coat hanger inserted into a catheter. Since the abortionist usually lacks anatomical knowledge, he often punctures the womb or its surrounding tissues and penetrates the abdomen. Hence the terrible danger of infection, and the subsequent discovery of strange objects in the abdomen.

Bizarre items doctors have found include turkey quills, knitting needles, hairpins, rattail combs, plastic bottles and even elastic bandages. Sgt. Dan Galindo, of the Los Angeles Police Department’s Abortion Detail, told reporter Janet Rale of an abortion performed by a young man with a degree in engineering from Ohio State University on his fiancée. On someone’s advice he bought an ordinary flashlight, removed the batteries and cut the bottom off with a can opener. He used the flashlight as a

speculum (an instrument employed by doctors to examine the cervix), inserting it into the vagina. Through this "speculum" he pushed a catheter into which he had threaded a wire. He then forced air through the contraption which, unknown to him, had penetrated a blood vessel in the girl's womb. An air bubble entered the bloodstream and in seconds reached her brain. Today this young woman is totally paralyzed.

The second method, the use of some kind of chemical, is even more dangerous and, in the opinion of most obstetricians, almost totally ineffective. Usually it is a technique inspired by some old wives' tale of painless, miraculous results. Actually the results are extremely painful, often causing great loss of blood and leaving huge, ulcerated burns at the junction of the vagina and the cervix—nowhere near where the fetus is lodged. Thus the victim, for all her suffering, is usually left as pregnant as before. Dr. Augusta Webster, director of obstetrics at Cook County Hospital in Chicago, reports that in one year, from 1955 to 1956, ten Caesarean sections had to be performed because chemical burns made normal birth impossible. In four instances the women had to have their reproductive organs entirely removed, leaving them unable to bear another child.

Amateur abortionists in different sections of the country seem to favor different chemicals. Doctor Webster says that in a four-year period, from 1953 to 1957, Cook County Hospital treated 273 cases of burns, made by a powerful germ killer ordinarily used greatly diluted with water. In these cases, however, this common chemical, which may be bought without a prescription, was used full strength in pill form. Dr. Louis Hellman reports that the favorite chemical of the amateur New York abortionist is a strong disinfectant with a lye base often used to clean hospital floors. Drs. J. A. Presley and W. E. Brown of the University of Arkansas School of Medicine say that a household chemical sold at grocery stores is in extensive use in their area. At Montreal General Hospital in Canada, doctors discovered that at least one abortionist had administered a rare, largely experimental drug for treating certain kinds of leukemia.

Who are these people—the amateur abortionists—who in hundreds of cases each year are literally getting away with murder? They apparently abound anywhere. Sergeant Galindo of the Los Angeles Police Department says, "If a girl confides in just three people that she needs an abortion, within 24 hours she'll have any number of places to go. Trying to police this is like trying to sweep out the tide with a broom. We see abortionists from all walks of life—

bartenders, janitors, butchers, office workers, poultrymen, real-estate salesmen, machinists. They seem to think if they can work on a lathe they can perform abortions. Many of them are hospital employees with opportunities to steal surgical equipment."

"The amount of pilfering is astonishing," Dr. Louis Hellman told me. Even though all the instruments used in the obstetrics and gynecology wards are kept under lock and key, seventeen speculums were stolen during one 24-hour period at Brooklyn's Kings County Hospital. Instruments like this, used by unskilled hands, become destructive, even lethal weapons.

Sgt. Fred Mitchell of the Los Angeles Abortion Detail, took my colleague, Janet Rale, to police headquarters to show her an abortion kit which the police confiscated from a janitor they had just arrested. In the kit she saw a rusty uterine probe, hypodermic needles, a speculum, antibiotics, barbiturates and pain-killers, a Mason jar full of catheters floating in some murky liquid, and another jar filled with

a dark-brown soapy solution. Said reporter Rale, "That rusty probe alone could really give you the shudders."

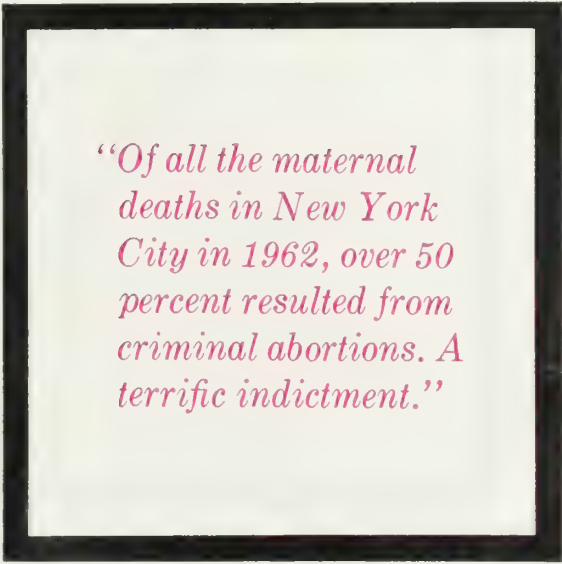
An example of the type of person who becomes an amateur abortionist is Hugh M. Pheaster, a surgical-tool salesman who was arrested in Santa Ana, Calif., last March on charges of bank robbery and auto theft. While he was in jail awaiting trial, Pheaster confessed to an abortion murder two years ago for which he had been tried and acquitted. He also told of performing 30 other abortions, for which he had received a total of \$6,000. He proudly added, however, that

he had done many abortions for nothing—as a "favor for a friend." The girl he admitted killing had been a friend.

Through the cooperation of the Los Angeles Police Department (which is the only city known to have created an Abortion Detail to investigate nothing but criminal abortions), we were able to get exclusive interviews with a recently convicted amateur abortionist and a recent victim.

A 30-year-old woman, whom we shall call Susan Miller, is the convicted abortionist. She is on three years' probation. Married and the mother of a 10-year-old daughter, she earns a good salary as an office manager in a big Los Angeles firm. Although she has worked since she was 13, she is well read and articulate.

Mrs. Miller told us that she herself has had eight abortions and, although she is still frightened by her encounter with the Los Angeles Abortion Detail, she maintains that she has "never been in the business, really," and that she was "too sympathetic to other people's problems and too



"Of all the maternal deaths in New York City in 1962, over 50 percent resulted from criminal abortions. A terrific indictment."

THE DEADLY FAVOR

good-hearted, and people take advantage." While denying her guilt, she told us the following story:

"A friend of mine told me about a girl who needed an abortion and asked me to get in touch with a woman I know who does them. I tried, but couldn't find her. The pregnant girl was desperate and asked *me* to help her. I told her I had some equipment and I would sell it to her and tell her how to abort herself." When we asked Mrs. Miller where she got the equipment, she said it came from a friend who had "been pinched." (When we asked several leading obstetricians if it is possible for a woman to abort herself, they unanimously said, "All but impossible.")

Susan Miller continued, "The girl was young and scared, and when I got to her house and she started to use the necessary tools, she asked me to check her and see if she was doing it right. I said, 'C'mon, I'll show you.' I helped with the catheter, and then saw blood on the tips of my fingers. I told her the abortion was finished. I said nothing about wanting any money. But her boyfriend had given her some money, and she insisted I take it. I stuck the money in my purse and took off fast. When I got home, I looked at it and saw that she had given me \$400." Mrs. Miller said that she had had a lot of problems just then. Her daughter didn't have a Christmas tree; her husband wasn't working. She said, "I had no feeling I was doing anything wrong." And she went on:

"A few days later, Anne, the girl I had helped, called and said she had had a fight with her beau, that he had knocked her down and she was bleeding heavily. I told her to go to a hospital and just tell them about the fight she had. Apparently when she got to the hospital she was so scared she told them she had had an abortion. I didn't hear anything more from her for a couple of weeks. Then one day I got a call from a girl who said she was a friend of Anne's and she asked if I would help her as I had helped Anne. My mind started clicking. I told this girl to have Anne call me. She did, and she asked me to help her friend. I agreed to meet her and her friend on a street corner.

"I hid the equipment in the back of my husband's panel truck, although he didn't know it was there. I went to the appointed corner, and I was immediately surrounded by six cops. It was a set-up. Anne's 'friend' had been a policewoman. My husband, having heard my odd conversation on the phone about street corners, had followed me. When he saw the police, he took off in the

truck like a shot. The police threw me into their car and we took off after him. It was a wild ride. They found the equipment and arrested both of us."

Sergeant Galindo considers the Miller case typical of 90 percent of amateur abortion attempts in his area. (He also believes that Mrs. Miller, despite her protestations of only minor involvement in the case for which she was convicted, has probably been doing "favors" for "friends" for years.)

Typical, too, is the story of the victim he allowed us to interview—with the possible exception that, as he puts it, "A good many of the women who fall into the hands of amateur abortionists are married. Either they don't want more children, or the baby is not the husband's."

Jane Blake (as we'll call her) is *not* married. She's only 18 years old. She comes from a fine family in an exclusive Los Angeles suburb. Jane is wistfully pretty, with streaky, dark-blond hair and huge gray eyes. Instead of going to college, Jane chose to attend a business school, and she now has a good job as a secretary in a stockbroker's office.

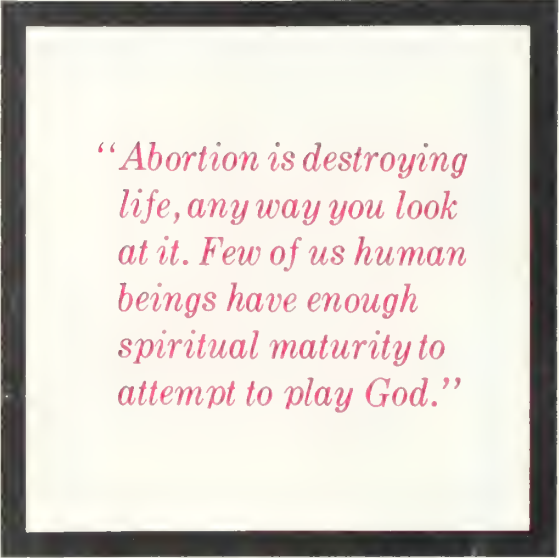
It was at her office that she met and started dating a 32-year-old man, secretly. When she realized she was pregnant, she was horrified. Finally she decided to tell her father. He made arrangements for her to go to Tijuana, Mexico, where unscrupulous physicians are easily found. He also gave her \$350, the standard price for a Tijuana abortion by a doctor. When she called for an appointment, she was told the doctor had gone on a vacation and would be away for three weeks. Jane couldn't wait that long. She was at least two months pregnant. Desperate now, and afraid to consult her father fur-

ther, Jane called the man she had been dating. He told her he would take her to a woman who was supposed to be a nurse. She agreed, and the date was set for the following day.

Jane told us, "We arrived at a home in a good district. The door opened before we could even knock. I don't know exactly what I expected, but this woman wasn't it. She was wearing a shaggy red sweater, soiled red plaid capri pants and slippers. She asked for one hundred fifty dollars right away. I asked her what she was going to do. She said there was nothing to it. She said it was just a sack of blood she was going to puncture and when she did that, the blood would fall out and the baby would be gone. Obviously she was not a nurse. I knew more about anatomy than she did. But I felt I had no choice."

At this point in her account, Jane started to cry. We waited until the weeping subsided.

Jane went on, "This woman took me into a tiny bathroom. There was a dressing table with a sheet over what



"Abortion is destroying life, any way you look at it. Few of us human beings have enough spiritual maturity to attempt to play God."

looked like metal utensils. She told me to sit on the table. She told me not to yell because her daughter was asleep in the next room. Then she started to probe. The pain was excruciating. I yelled. She said it was almost over. She told me she was putting in a catheter. There was again almost unbearable pain. Then she packed me with some gauze, gave me a shot she said would ward off infection, a pill to relieve the pain she said I would suffer that evening, and told me the catheter would fall out in twenty-four hours. If it didn't, I was to call her.

"I drove out to my sister's house, where I had arranged to spend the night. About midnight I had terrible cramps, and I started to bleed. I thought maybe that was normal, so I took the pill and went back to bed. Forty-five minutes later I woke my sister. I was in mortal agony. I was gushing blood. But we waited until six the next morning to call the woman. The person who answered told me the woman wasn't there. I asked when she would be back. They told me they didn't know.

"My sister called her doctor. I was rushed to the hospital in an ambulance. There the doctor removed the catheter. I lost more blood. I was fed intravenously. Shortly after that I lost the baby."

If that were the end of Jane's story, she would have been a lucky young girl. But it isn't. The following morning the doctor told Jane that she had not lost the placenta (afterbirth) and that infection was setting in. He would have to operate. Jane said, "They took me up to surgery. I cried all the way down the hall. I was fine after the operation. I had to stay out of work for a week, though. I told my friends at the office that I had had a slight female problem."

Jane told us it had never occurred to her that the police would be told. When they came to see her the Tuesday following the operation, they told her that she could either cooperate with them or she would be prosecuted. Jane cooperated. The woman who had attempted to abort her was arrested and convicted.

When the interview was concluded, Jane smiled for the first time. She said, "You just can't tell kids. You know, they think they know everything. I got what I deserve, I know. I hope what I've just told you will do some other kids some good."

Jane's story is *still* not over. She has more than a "slight female problem." Because of the infection, Jane's reproductive organs were impaired and she is now sterile.

What is the answer to this horrendous problem? Some of the physicians I questioned said that legalized abortion is the solution. Others had grave doubts.

"I'm not certain what the answer is," said Dr. Gail V. Anderson, director of obstetrics and gynecology at Los Angeles County General Hospital. "Of course the amateur abortionist should be put out of business. Certainly we should make it difficult to obtain equipment. But I'm not at all sure legalized abortion would change everything. It might create even bigger problems. Abortion is destroying life, any way you look at it. Few of us human beings

have enough spiritual maturity to attempt to play God. From the patient's point of view, legalized abortion would make it easy to be promiscuous. Lack of respect for relationship between the sexes may cause serious defects in character. The relationship between a man and a woman is delicate enough as it is."

Dr. Louis Hellman remarked that if abortion were made legal in the United States, there wouldn't be enough hospital beds to accommodate all the patients. Even in Japan, he said, where abortion has been made legal and specific doctors have been licensed to perform them, the underground abortionist still flourishes.

If there *is* a solution to this problem, it may lie with the family. Every doctor I spoke with expressed this same opinion. Dr. Saul B. Gusberg, director of obstetrics and gynecology at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York City, said, "I believe we are having a sexual revolution, and I believe this is entirely due to parents' lack of communication with their children. Parental permissiveness in everything a child does, including relationships with the opposite sex, is now showing up in the alarming rise of criminal abortions being performed by amateurs."

Equally emphatic about the parent-child relationship was Dr. M. Edward Davis, world-famous chairman of obstetrics and gynecology of the University of Chicago's School of Medicine.

Doctor Davis told me, "Parents *must constantly* educate their children about their bodies and about the delicate relationship between the sexes. It cannot be a sporadic, sometimes chat. It must be a policy of vigilant and dedicated policing. I have seen tragic instances where a young girl missed her period, became panicky and went through an unnecessary abortion attempt simply because she didn't know that there are many other causes besides pregnancy which can interfere with menstruation."

If a woman feels she cannot discuss her unwanted pregnancy with her family, she should consult her pastor. He will tell her that there are tens of thousands of couples unable to have children of their own who yearn to lavish their love and care on her baby. (In 1960, in the United States alone, 224,000 babies were born out of wedlock, most of whom were adopted into good homes.) Almost unanimously, clergymen and doctors will point out that it is far better to have the baby than to submit to illegal abortion, which may maim or even kill the expectant mother.

Doctor Davis, a deeply compassionate man, spoke wearily of the many tragedies he had seen in his many years of practice. Then he said, "I feel sure that if parents acquaint a girl with the role of the reproductive organs given to her by God and of the magnificence of her ability to procreate, the amateur abortionist soon would have few victims on which to perform his deadly favor.

"There is *no* place for illegal abortion," Doctor Davis added, "even for the married mother. Her baby, even if he is reared in a foster home, can become a useful citizen. Abortion, to me, is a useless destruction of life which can very, very rarely be justified." • END





Moving to stage center is the almost backless little black dress. Critics have dubbed it a sure hit of the current season.

THE CUTAWAY BLACKS

Black and bare, the scene stealers at left are show stoppers whether seen from backstage or down front. Far left, a V-backed velveteen by Lanz (\$40); earrings by KJL. Center, Cadora snowflake pin adds glitter to cutaway back of Martha Clyde's faille (\$30). Right, crepe with shoe-string straps by Sportwhirl (\$20). The gentlemen down stage are Dudley Moore and Alan Bennett, half of the four-member cast of *Beyond the Fringe*—a British import to Broadway. In addition to nightly performances in New York, they've become welcome party crashers with two recordings for Capitol: a *Beyond the Fringe* cast album and Mr. Moore's "Dudley Moore, One of the Stars of the Broadway Hit Plays the Theme from 'Beyond the Fringe' and All That Jazz." Above, Anthony Newley, star of *Stop the World—I Want to Get Off*, remains noncommittal as members of his company, Susan and Jennifer Baker show twin views of Strega's feathered silk chiffon (\$50). To catch Mr. Newley in a less inhibited mood, listen to the original-cast recording of *Stop the World* and to his new album, "Fool Britannia," with Peter Sellers and Joan Collins.



*Whether it's sing along,
swing along or hootenanny
time, the limelight
will belong to you when you
are dressed in this season's
sophisticated blacks.*



If the last dancing class you attended was back in junior high, it's time you caught up with the party. With Arthur Murray's new album, "Arthur Murray's Dance Instructions," you can have a group investigation of the bossa nova and the twist. On the left, the whirligig of girls getting first-hand instruction from Mr. Murray are dressed for the occasion in (moving clockwise from lower left) a velvet sheath by Rappi (\$40); an Empire-line crepe, its bare look emphasized by ribboned lace sleeves, by Arkay (\$40); silk alpaca with scoop neck by Suzy Perette (\$40); a slim V-backed crepe by Junior Sophisticates (\$35); a crepe sheath jet-banded at the neckline, by Jeunesse (\$30). All shoes by I. Miller. You don't have to wait for Monday nights to sing along with NBC-TV's Mitch Miller. Invite a crowd, turn on his latest record, and join in. Joining in here with Mr. Miller himself, our models wear, starting at the left, a Junior Accent velvet and chiffon divided at the Empire waistline by satin ribbon (\$45); a femme-fatale crepe topped by scalloped lace by Jeunesse (\$30); Anne Fogarty's Josephine dress in wool jersey (\$40) with earrings by Laguna. If it's a hootenanny you're in the mood for, catch one of Peter, Paul and Mary's performances. Or have one of your own with their newest record, "In the Wind." At right, with the trio, our inattentive models are wearing an A-line velvet skimmer with halter neckline by Jonny Herbert (\$40) and a Jeane Scott moiré with a wide Spanish sash (\$40). Earrings from KJL.

See page 124 for stores.









Glamorous hostess pajamas in printed and plain Martin velvet by Galitzine make pretty, festive reflection. Vogue Design No. 1287.

Entertaining with a velvet touch

Velvet fashions are sweeping the country . . . they are smartest, we think, for at-home party wear.

The prettiest hostesses this holiday season will be wearing velvet—and they'll have a rainbow of beautiful colors from which to choose. Chances are the pacesetters will wear long dresses; if not, glamorous "pajamas" that look like skirts with bright printed overblouses. They will entertain at formal dinners, because they know women love to dress up (and men love to see women in long dresses). The big news in velvet and velveteens (other than the fabulous colors) is the prints and charming embossed designs. Some are even quilted. Simple accessories are prettiest with these vibrant colors—perhaps matching velveteen shoes and jeweled earrings. With the marvelous new finishes on most velvets, they are practical and easy to care for. Some are even spot-resistant and crush-proof. All velvets have nap—be sure to consider this when you choose a pattern. We have provided special velvet yardages on page 124 in cases where they are needed.

Rosy pink velveteen (Crompton) dress with a high waistline and straight neck (opposite page) is the height of femininity. Vogue Design No. 6000. Therese Ahrens bow, Brania pin. Right: Leopard buttons and belt are accents for slim double-breasted avocado green velveteen wrap dress. Vogue Design No. 6077. Velveteen pillows in bright shades are by Lazybuck.

By Nora O'Leary

PATTERN EDITOR





Velvet hostess dresses are suitable for almost any type of party. Colorful and versatile, they range from the sleek and formal to the playful or demure. Bright and beautiful red velvet (Amity) well deserves a double take, left. The back interest is set off with bows, while the front is all graceful simplicity. Vogue Design No. 6085. Bow pumps by



Pappagallo. Black velvet (Martin) skirt is topped with eyelet blouse and turquoise vest buttoned with black braid frogs (Franken)—a perfect example of layered look for evening. The skirt, Vogue Design No. 5612. Blouse, No. 5090. Vest, No. 6099. Princess dress in Persian-blue velveteen (Amity) has a halter-effect neckline with a high back. Vogue



Design No. 5889. Shoes by Pappagallo. Giant hoop earrings by Brania. Embossed velveteen (it's actually a decorating fabric) makes an elegant though simple sheath. Vogue Design No. 5721. Gold snake-skin bracelets by KJL. Shoes by Evins. Demitasse and other accessories by The Pink Balloon. See backviews and other versions on page 124. •END

IN GOD

As the world's most successful gospel singer, Mahalia Jackson wages constant battle against

In the glossary of the music critics, the phrase "world's greatest gospel singer" is reserved for Mahalia Jackson, a large, sturdy Negro woman with an inner glow and a glowing voice. In August, she sang her gospel truth in front of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, as more than 200,000 civil-rights marchers urged her on with approving shouts and handclapping. It was an unforgettable performance, a highlight of a memorable day, but for those who know the effect of her singing, the response was one to be expected. Mahalia's performances, whether they be in Carnegie Hall, the Berlin Sportspalast or the Frederick Mann Auditorium in Tel Aviv, never fail to enchant and move audiences.

Most important, her singing transcends matters of personal religious belief. It fascinates teen-agers, who can appreciate the rhythms so essential to her music. It fascinates sophisticated listeners who find in the grandeur of her music a rare and inspiring beauty. This is an artistry and repertoire familiar to Negroes. Yet the effect of Mahalia's singing on whites is just as pointed and just as lasting. Negroes flock to hear her, and in all parts of the world she is adored by whites for bringing to them a sense of devotion many of them find nowhere else. Her recordings sell to a diversified audience—the knowing and the naïve, the young and the old, Negro and white.

On stage, Mahalia is devoted to the task at hand: to bring the word of the Lord to all present. Her musical talent is untutored, primitive and pure; it is a unique blend of technique and allegiance to God.

Once she has moved from the wings to center stage, she erupts on the spot, projecting waves of sound, warm twists and turns of melody. She locks her hands tightly before her, stares at the heaven she *knows* exists, and seems to be conversing with God. Her face takes on expressions of joy and ecstasy. She is at peace.

Offstage she is less delighted with her fate. In her Chicago home, or in hotel rooms elsewhere, she faces the frustrations of day-to-day living. An outgoing personality, she welcomes company and is eager to discuss the issues of our time, inevitably applying biblical lore to their solution. She will sing, informally and with a kind of spontaneous generation, for a group of friends. She is available to give advice to troubled souls. Her telephone number is listed in the Chicago directory; only a private secretary stands between the caller and Mahalia.

At the age of 52, Mahalia can indicate her success in secular terms. She lives in a \$40,000 brick ranch home on Chicago's South Side. She trades in her Cadillac regularly. Her records are steady sellers. She is wanted for more concerts and TV appearances than she can fulfill. Yet the gathering of dollars is one of the torments in her life.

In her living room is a plaque:

DEAR LORD
IN THIS HOUSE YOU ARE WANTED
AND YOU ARE WELCOME

A few feet away is a brand-new, high-priced air conditioner. It cools her living

room, but it does not personify "the good life," as she envisions it.

The richer she becomes, the less satisfied she is with her own life. The lure of money, she feels, conflicts with her devotion to God.

"Gospel singing in America has become big business," she says. "Many can sing these songs, but only some of them have the joy of belief. We who do believe, believe we are singing praise to Christ, that we are

depends for inspiration: Marian Anderson and Paul Robeson.

"I love both of them, Marian Anderson and Paul Robeson," she says. "I once saved for weeks to get the money to hear Marian Anderson sing. She has been a beacon light to me. She has a beautiful voice and she is a great singer of our race.

"I love Paul Robeson, too, because his songs get through to me. I loved him before he got

born in 1911. It was, to understate it, humble beginning. Her family lived in shack on Water Street, between the track and the levee. Her father, a tireless believer, was a stevedore by day, a barber by night and a clergyman on Sunday. She first sang to God at the age of five.

"I started singing when I was a little girl," she told the late Negro writer, Frank London Brown. "I sang because I wa



singing His Word. But today I get vexed. I've got to sing songs I know nothing about. And everything is contracts and business. I've got to be a phony and go through with it. . . . Half the time I go through the motions, asking God to help me.

"It's not like the old days. This prestige mess ain't nothing. You can be happy *without* money. When I wasn't getting a dime for singing, I had a more glorious feeling for singing than I have now."

In her living room are framed photographs of two Negro artists on whom she

criticized. I still think he's great and I don't even know *what* Communism is. Let them ask *me* those questions! You know, I think most Negroes still love him, but so many are just like sheep and go where the goat leads them. That fear of saying something wrong!"

Obviously one of her most prominent traits is her ability to reach decisions on the basis of independent thought. She can be moved, but she cannot be pushed, a quality rooted in what she terms "the old days." For her, these "old days" began in pre-World War I New Orleans, where she was

lonely. I never had a music lesson, but I sang the songs of the Lord."

In the New Orleans of that time, however, few could escape the temptation of the blues, the lure of sadness.

"The lady next door had a phonograph she remembers clearly, 'and all the people the South listened to Bessie Smith and Rainey. Bessie was my favorite, but I never let my people know I listened to her. Her music haunted you even when her voice stopped singing."

Her parents were devout Baptists, and

THE TRUSTS

...ial trappings of success. "I pray," she says, "that nothing will come between me and God."

...y teaching—her mother, Charity, Mahalia was six—kept her on a and-narrow path. She recalls her exhortation: "The devil will get om this house."

...vil got no help. Singing in the ion of the local church, Mahalia me: "All around me I could hear apping and the hands clapping. e me bounce. I liked it much n being up in the choir. . . . I liked e songs the *folks* sing which testify y of the Lord. . . ." She attended ularly as a child, but her attend-school came to a halt after the de. The Bible became her teacher. o believe that "Joshua *did* pray d the sun stood still." She became singing in church, "where they e me until the Lord comes."

ig No. 4 for Chicago

...age of 13 she was a cook and an, working at least 10 hours a ould iron a man's shirt in three e she recalls. When she was in her uncle told her about Chicago: d person could go shopping in ple's stores, ride on a streetcar, white people." In December, 1928, ed train "Big No. 4" for Chicago, h an aunt. She worked as a hotel 7.50 a week and in a date-packing r \$7.20 a week. She served as a maid and baby-sitter for white ore important, she joined the alem Baptist Church; she is still a she led a group of gospel singers in many Baptist churches (her in- it was \$10 a week). In the early oured in a cross-country gospel hose who heard her were shaken viction and her artistry. Among e many jazz musicians.

...e were always pestering me to e blues singer," she has said. "They'd Girl, you could be a blues singer." er, "What Negro couldn't be a er?" I knew that wasn't the life . Blues are the songs of despair. gs are the songs of hope. When gospel, you have a feeling there is what's wrong; but when you're ith the blues, you've got nothing " She vetoed jazz.

...the '30's, Mahalia saved her e opened a beauty salon, a flower urchased real estate. She married ckenhull, a chemist-turned-post- resisted his efforts to persuade dy music and become a concert e marriage was doomed. Her on: "A man who marries a woman ant her running around all over ry . . . even for the Lord." The ss of the marriage faded rapidly d in divorce in 1943; she bore no e has seen her husband on a few e since their divorce; there is no , but Mahalia is unwilling to at marriage—or the one she may d in the future. Marriage, for her, t failure.

That failure has led her to lament, "I accomplish more for other people than for myself. I have nobody of my own to give what I earn . . . I help my relatives and their kids, but they won't give me the kids. I have nobody to come home to. At my age a person misses these things more and more."

When her home life ended in divorce, her onstage career began to gather impetus. Her records had sold modestly; in 1946, her recording of *Move On Up a Little Higher* began the rise that has yet to falter. It had sold 1.5 million copies by 1954, has sold more than two million to date. Suddenly in demand after the release of that disc, she made her first trip to New York. She described her initial stay at a luxury hotel:

"Honey, when I stepped in there, it was like a castle. I mean the walls, the rugs, the furniture, the paintings. . . . I thought about all those young girls in the South with their starched dresses. Just as happy as they could be. They never had nothing. Never saw nothing. Never knew nothing about all this. I said, 'No wonder these people strive so hard.' Honey, I didn't want to go back to those starched dresses. I was ready to move on up . . . Once I saw what was to be had, there was no turning back."

There was no need to turn back. In 1950 she made her first appearance at Carnegie Hall (she's made more than 10 since). In 1952 she won a prize from the French Academy of Music for her recording of *I Can Put My Trust in Jesus*. "If they're going to be nice enough to give me a prize, I ought to be enough of a lady to go and say thank you," she said and made her first trip to the Continent. In Paris she took 21 curtain calls.

In 1954 her net income approximated \$50,000. She had her own weekly radio show on the CBS network each Sunday and a local TV show in Chicago. (Studs Terkel, a Chicago actor-writer, was instrumental in calling her talent to the attention of the station executives; she rewarded him with a camel's-hair coat and her enduring love.) In 1958 her magic triumphed over a downpour, which respectfully halted during her stint at the Newport Jazz Festival. The following year she returned to Newport to sing a portion of Duke Ellington's *Black, Brown and Beige* with the Ellington band, but only because that portion related directly to devotion to God.

In 1959 she sang for President Eisenhower at his birthday celebration in Washington. She sang at the Kennedy inaugural in 1961 too. In '61, she toured Europe and the Holy Land. She hopes to return to Europe soon. Excerpts from her personal diary of the '61 trip indicate the success she enjoyed.

In Tel Aviv, she said, "They may not accept my Lord Jesus, but they certainly accepted my songs and His Gospel when I sang about it."

In the Berlin Sportspalast she was told by the sponsor of the concert that "the last time he heard such an ovation, such applauding and cheering, was in 1938 when Hitler stood in the same spot that I stood and delivered his warmaking speech. This thought made me shiver. Hitler stood in

that spot and talked to the people and made war. I stood there 23 years later, and I hope that I was able to talk peace and the love of God."

Today she can reflect on a career that has neglected few of the entertainment media. She has appeared in a Hollywood film, *St. Louis Blues* ("I have no business acting theatrical," she said afterward) and on countless television shows. Her own syndicated five-minute show, in which she simply sings memorably, is programmed by stations in many areas.

Mahalia's supply of energy is abundant. When she isn't actually performing for a fee, receiving awards, singing in prisons, hospitals and for government officials or involved in community-relations projects, she searches for tiny, out-of-the-way churches. "Those humble churches are my filling stations," she says. "If I didn't get in one every time I can, I would run empty."

She donates to countless charities. She has established a Mahalia Jackson scholarship fund, for religious studies at Roosevelt University in Chicago. She plans to erect an evangelical temple in Chicago; the temple, according to her wishes, will be integrated and nondenominational. One matter of repertoire is certain. Her congregation will not sing bland songs. "Most colored people don't want them weak, sweet 'n' water songs," she emphasizes.

She believes that her own singing contributes to the success of such projects. "It's not that you're lifted out of segregation or poverty or sickness, but it lifts your mind above, that you can endure things. It gives hope that whatever may betide, whatever is wrong in the neighborhood or the world, tomorrow will be better," she has said.

"The Lord put me up"

She says, "The Lord took me, and I was nothing, and He put me up. If the Lord can bring me this far—take me out of the washtubs and off my knees scrubbing other people's floors—then He can do just as much for others."

This, she feels, is her obligation. "I believe I have a mission—to sing for people. When I'm doing something for someone, I feel good."

No experience, whether it is being victimized by intolerance in the South or suffering comparable indignities in the North, deters her from preaching her gospel. When she moved into her present home in an all-white neighborhood, trouble ensued. Rocks and epithets were hurled, and eventually the whites moved elsewhere. "The same birds are in the trees. I guess it didn't occur to them to leave just because we moved in," was Mahalia's comment.

Discussing such matters recently, she said, "I think it's foolish pride why white man and Negro don't live together. It's a very hurtin' thing. Why, when I worked for a white woman and she left her baby with me, that baby felt like a part of me. This boil will have to come to a head. The white people will be talking to each other, telling each other, 'We've got to stop this.' The

world is looking at us. And all Negroes don't want to jump in with the white folks. And all Negro men don't want to marry white girls. Shoot! The Negro would like to go to school; he would like to feel like a man. He's been made to feel like a boy, with his head always down, for so long that it may be fifty or a hundred years before he can hold his head up high."

During the past year Mahalia has devoted more and more time to working with the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. She continues to perform in one-night-stand concerts and in churches, but in recent months she's become increasingly involved in the efforts of the nonviolence preachers of the Freedom Now movement. She sang in Washington during the Negro march in August. She has offered her gospel to audiences at rallies from Connecticut to California. At Pittsburgh's Forbes Field, 19,000 of Doctor King's followers heard her sing. In Chicago she not only performed at a King rally, she helped finance it by paying the rent for the auditorium. During the trying time of the Montgomery, Ala., bus boycott, Mahalia rushed to Montgomery to participate, without charging a fee.

"I don't charge the good walking people," she says. "I do it for myself. I do it because I'm very glad the Reverend King came along. He's forcefully made people realize the power of nonviolence and love. Why, with dignity and strength, mountains can be moved. The white man can be too."

The plight of the Negro in America today evokes memories of Mahalia's own past. "If I had been white, I imagine I wouldn't have had to come up the same hard way, to walk so long and so far," she says.

She harbors a minimum of bitterness. With an eye on the past, she hopes to mold a meaningful future. "All the old Negroes who used their wisdom as best they could can now feel that their prayers are being answered," she says.

She remembers her father, dreaming of freedom in a society tainted by the tradition of slavery. "He would write away for copies of the Chicago *Defender* and share it with his friends. The police threatened him for stirring things up, but he wouldn't run. My daddy said that we Negroes are like a mule on the levee, with a rope around its neck and a stake in the ground. He can go so far, no further."

As an artist, Mahalia may lament days past, and long for a purity of presentation that show business has clouded, but her battles with herself do not prevent her from "making a joyful noise unto the Lord." For her, "Belief is more to a Christian than the Constitution of the United States." It is this belief that gives her the infinite strength she needs to prosper. If the costly French-provincial furniture in her lavishly decorated home reflects the materialism of our time, her voice, unadorned and powerful, represents a communion few performers can hope to achieve.

For Mahalia Jackson, a way of life matches the philosophy inherent in her songs.

"I pray," she says, "that nothing will come between me and God." •END



Photographs by John Zimmerman



AN AMERICAN MASTERPIECE

By Elaine Ward Hanna

FOOD EDITOR

Thanksgiving is a time of nostalgia and feasts. It is a time to offer our thanks for the good things in life—good fortune, good friends, good food. Our festive board pictured here is a blend of the traditional—favorite old New England recipes and a setting from the heart of pilgrim-land, the Shelburne Museum near Burlington, Vt. Over two hundred years ago our colonial forefathers gathered in rooms like the one where our Thanksgiving Dinner is set—rooms filled with the same warmth, fragrance and hospitality which we hope to create in our own streamlined, push-button kitchens. Pictured on the table on the handsome Staffordshire platter there is tender roast turkey stuffed with savory corn bread-sausage dressing and wreathed in green beans and red crab apples for a gay touch. There is a maple-glazed casserole of sweet potatoes and golden apple rings, turnips whipped into a fluffy “puff” that is kin to a soufflé, pearly onions and peas combined in a creamy white sauce and a tongue-tingling mulled cranberry sauce for a piquant relish.

ROAST TURKEY WITH CORN BREAD-SAUUSAGE STUFFING AND GIBLET GRAVY

1 (10-12-lb.) turkey, ready for roasting	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or margarine	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup canned chicken broth
Salt and pepper	2 8x8-inch squares corn bread	GRAVY
Shortening	2 teaspoons salt	6 tablespoons fat, from the turkey
STUFFING	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper	6 tablespoons flour
1 lb. bulk sausage meat	2 teaspoons poultry seasoning	4 cups liquid (broth, water or milk)
1 cup chopped onion		Salt and pepper
1 cup chopped celery, include some tops		

(1) Remove giblets from turkey. Cook and save the giblets and broth to use in the gravy. (2) Wash the turkey in cold water and pat dry with paper towels. (3) Rub the body cavities with salt and pepper. (4) *Stuffing*: (You may prepare the dry ingredients the night before, but never combine with the wet ingredients until *just before* stuffing the bird, and never stuff the bird until *just before* roasting it.) Sauté the sausage meat in a frying pan, breaking it apart with a fork as it cooks. Drain, reserve two tablespoons of drippings. (5) Sauté the onion and celery in the drippings and the butter or margarine. (6) Meanwhile crumble the two squares of corn bread to make about 8 cups of crumbs. (7) Using a fork, lightly combine sausage, onion and celery, crumbs, seasonings and chicken broth in a bowl. Season with salt and pepper as necessary. This will make enough stuffing for a

The Prentiss House (circa. 1733) is the oldest dwelling in the collection of colonial New England buildings to be found in the Shelburne Museum. All the buildings are gems of early architecture; most were dismantled miles from Shelburne and re-erected piece by piece on the museum grounds. Each is filled with furnishings of the sort made and used in New England in the days when the buildings were new. Among the museum attractions are a dignified Charlotte meetinghouse, a Stage-coach Inn with a comprehensive collection of Early American folk art, a blacksmith shop, a lighthouse used on Lake Champlain, the last 10-wheel steam locomotive, the famous side-wheel steamer Ticonderoga and several beautifully preserved 18th- and 19th-century homes. Among the latter is the Prentiss House—a traditional saltbox type. When acquired by Mrs. J. Watson Webb (the late president and founder of the museum), it retained all the original woodwork including two paneled fireplace walls; exceptionally wide and long floorboards and an unusual chimney which enclosed seven flues in one huge cone at the second-floor level. There is a splendid collection of early English Delftware in the dining room and exquisite examples of stump work and crewel embroidery throughout. The enormous brick fireplace in the kitchen is surrounded by appropriate skillets, skewers, burl bowls, pewter chargers and a clock jack or spit.



Pumpkin pie laced with molasses, and a mincemeat pie covered with lattice pastry are perfect finales to the harvest feast.

10-12-lb. bird. If you have extra stuffing, bake it in a greased casserole for about 30 minutes. For a larger bird, allow about 1/2 cup stuffing per pound of turkey. Stuff both cavities lightly to avoid a soggy, compact stuffing. (8) Truss the bird by fastening the neck skin to the back with a skewer. Lift wing tips up and onto the back. Fasten abdominal opening with skewers, then lace shut with cord. Tie drumsticks to tail with cord, or if there is a bridge of skin at opening, pull the drumsticks underneath the skin. (9) Place the bird, breast up, on a rack in a shallow roasting pan. Rub the entire surface of the bird with shortening. If you are using a meat thermometer, insert it in the center of the inside thigh muscle; be sure that it does not touch the bone. (10) Place a piece of aluminum foil 5 inches longer than the turkey over the bird. Pinch foil at ends, pressing lightly to anchor it. Leave it loose over the top and sides. (11) Roast in a slow oven, 325° F., for about 4 1/2-5 hours. After 3 hours cut the string or skin holding the drumsticks to the tail. This allows the heat to penetrate the inside of the thigh. Since individual birds vary greatly, always test for doneness about 20 minutes before the turkey should be done. Press the fleshy part of the drumstick be-

tween the fingers, protecting them with paper or foil; meat will feel very soft when it is done. The drumstick should also move up and down easily. The meat thermometer should register 190° F. Plan to have the turkey come out of the oven at least 30 minutes before serving, so that it will be easier to carve. Remove the turkey to a platter and keep warm while you make the gravy. **Gravy:** (1) Pour the drippings into a bowl leaving the brown residue in the pan. Skim the fat layer from the drippings. (2) Measure 6 tablespoons of the fat back into the roasting pan. (3) Blend in the flour. Cook slowly, stirring constantly, until frothy and brown. (4) Combine the stock from the giblets and the drippings from the turkey; add enough water, milk or canned chicken broth to make 4 cups of liquid. (5) Add the liquid all at once, stirring constantly, and cook until smooth and thickened. Add the chopped giblets. Simmer about 5 minutes. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Makes about 1 quart gravy; turkey serves 10-12.

GLAZED SWEET POTATOES AND APPLES

8 medium-size sweet potatoes, cooked and peeled	1/2 cup maple syrup
4 apples, peeled and cored	1 teaspoon salt
	1/4 teaspoon nutmeg
	1/4 cup butter or margarine

(1) Cut sweet potatoes in slices about 1/2-inch thick; slice apples into 1/4-inch rings. (2) Arrange layers of potato slices, apples, maple syrup and seasonings in a greased 2-quart casserole, and dot each layer with butter or margarine. (End with layer of maple syrup, seasonings and butter or margarine.) (3) Cover and bake in a moderate oven 375° F. for about 50 minutes, until the apples and potatoes are tender. Baste occasionally with juices during baking. Makes about 8 servings.

CREAMED ONIONS AND PEAS

3 lbs. small white onions	2 cups milk
1 package (10-oz.) frozen peas	1/2 cup chicken broth
1/4 cup butter or margarine	1 1/2 teaspoons salt
1/4 cup flour	Dash pepper
	1/2 teaspoon sugar
	Buttered cracker crumbs

(1) Peel onions and cut a small X in bottom of each to prevent splitting while cooking. Cook onions in boiling salted water until almost tender. (2) Add the peas, which have been thawed slightly, and continue cooking until onions are just tender and peas are cooked, about 5 minutes. Drain well. (3) Meanwhile make a cream sauce. Melt butter or margarine and stir in flour. Add milk and

chicken broth, and cook until smooth and thickened. (4) Add seasonings and cook the sauce gently about 10 minutes. Carefully mix in onions and peas. If sauce seems too thick, thin with a little additional chicken broth. Keep warm in the top of a double boiler. To serve: Sprinkle with buttered cracker crumbs. Makes 8 servings.

WHIPPED TURNIP PUFF

4 cups mashed cooked turnips	2 tablespoons sugar
2 cups soft bread crumbs	2 teaspoons salt
1/2 cup melted butter or margarine	1/4 teaspoon pepper
	4 eggs, slightly beaten

(1) Mix all ingredients together very well. (2) Spoon into a greased 6-cup casserole and brush the top with a little additional melted butter or margarine. (3) Bake in a moderate oven, 375° F., for 1 hour. Makes about 8 servings.

LATTICE-TOPPED MINCE PIE

Pastry for a two-crust 9" pie	1/4 cup currant jelly
3 cups prepared mincemeat	2 tablespoons brandy (optional)
	1 tablespoon sugar

(1) Line a 9" pie plate with pastry. Mix together the mincemeat, jelly and the brandy. (Continued on page 7)

TO: The party hostess
SUBJECT: Feasts for a group
made easy with soup



CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY
HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT
TESTED RECIPES



CHICKEN PAPRIKA

4 pounds chicken parts
1/3 cup seasoned flour
1/3 cup shortening
2 cans Campbell's Tomato Soup
1/2 cup water
2 cans (4 oz. each) sliced mushrooms, drained
1/2 cup chopped onion
1 tablespoon paprika
1 large bay leaf
1 cup sour cream

Dust chicken with flour; brown in shortening in large skillet. Pour off fat. Stir in remaining ingredients except sour cream. Cover; simmer 45 minutes or until tender. Stir now and then. Remove bay leaf. Blend in sour cream. Heat. Serve with noodles. 8 to 10 servings.

BEEF ROULADES

4 pounds thinly sliced round steak
1 cup packaged herb-seasoned stuffing
1/3 cup shortening
2 cans Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup
1/2 cup water

Pound steak into 12 long pieces; pound with meat hammer or edge of heavy cleaver. Prepare stuffing as directed; place 1/3 cup on each piece steak; roll up; fasten with toothpicks. Brown in large skillet in shortening; pour off fat. Stir in soup, water. Cover; simmer 1 1/2 hours or until tender. Stir now and then. Uncover; cook until desired consistency. 12 servings.

Beef Roulades is one of 608 recipes in Campbell's new 200-page cookbook, "Cooking with Soup"...yours for 50¢ and 3 Campbell's soup labels. Send money and labels to COOKBOOK, Box 430, Spring Park, Minn. Offer expires 3/31, 1964. Good only in U.S.A. & Puerto Rico. Void if restricted or forbidden by law.





For "the most delicious turkey ever" "TENT" IT with Reynolds Wrap

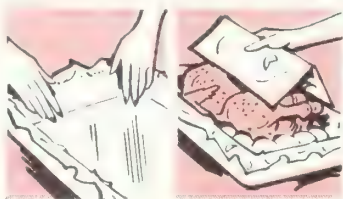
- cuts oven-splattering • no messy clean-up
- eliminates basting

Last Christmas *American Home Magazine* said: "Tent your turkey and you'll have the most delicious bird ever. 'The tent of aluminum foil provides a roasting action which produces golden brown just-right results with such reliability that this technique is fast becoming standard poultry cookery."

"Foil used tent-fashion permits a small amount of heated air to flow around and brown the bird, while retaining moisture. Need for basting is eliminated." (Note: Cuts oven-splattering, too. And you save messy clean-up if you also line the pan with Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap.)

Make tent by taking a strip of Reynolds Wrap 4-5 inches longer than turkey, creasing it lengthwise. Pinch in foil at drumsticks and breast to anchor it. If legs or breast brown too fast, press foil over them. Tent method takes conventional timing—see your cookbook. (For the completely wrapped high-heat method, see directions on the Heavy Duty carton.) Only Reynolds Wrap has all these features:

- End-of-Roll Reminder
- Metal Serrated Edge Cutter
- Sealed Sanitary Carton



Line Pan.

"Tent" Turkey.

OVEN-TEMPERED FOR FLEXIBLE STRENGTH!

Watch Reynolds exciting TV program on NBC: "The Richard Boone Reynolds Aluminum Show" Tuesday nights.



THANKSGIVING (Continued from page 70)

if you like. Spoon into pie shell. (2) Cover with a lattice crust, or cover completely with remaining pastry. Crimp edges, and if you use a closed crust, be sure to make several steam slits. (3) Sprinkle with sugar to make it glisten. (4) Bake in a hot oven, 425° F., 40 minutes, until pastry is golden and filling is bubbly. If edges brown too much, cover with aluminum foil. Delicious warm or cold. Serve with Cheddar cheese if you wish. Makes 8 servings.

HARVEST PUMPKIN PIE

1 unbaked 10-inch pie shell	2½ cups canned or mashed cooked pumpkin
1½ cups sugar	2 tablespoons molasses
1 tablespoon flour	¼ cup melted butter or margarine
1 teaspoon ginger	4 eggs
½ teaspoon cinnamon	1 cup light cream
½ teaspoon salt	Whipped cream (garnish)
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg	Maple-flavored syrup

(1) Mix together the sugar, flour and seasonings. (2) Stir in the pumpkin, molasses and melted butter or margarine. (3) Beat the eggs slightly and add the cream. (4) Blend into the pumpkin mixture, mixing well. (5) Pour into the pie shell (crimp edges high—the filling is generous). (6) Bake in hot oven, 400° F. for about 1 hour, until knife inserted in the center comes out clean. Cool. Just before serving, decorate with whipped cream sweetened with a little maple syrup. Makes about 8 servings.

SPICED CRANBERRY COMPOTE

1 lb. (4 cups) cranberries	1¼ cups water
2 cups sugar	1 3-inch stick cinnamon
	3 whole cloves

(1) Wash and pick over cranberries. (2) In a large saucepan, boil the sugar, water and spices for 5 minutes. Add the cranberries and bring just to a boil. Remove from the heat. (3) Pour cranberries into a bowl, cover and refrigerate overnight. (4) Drain syrup from cranberries into a small saucepan. Remove spices. Bring to a boil and cook for 5 minutes. Pour over cranberries in bowl. Cover and chill several hours before serving. Makes about 1 quart sauce, 8 servings.

ICED FRUIT SHRUB

1 package (10-oz.) frozen sliced strawberries	½ cup white vinegar
1 package (10-oz.) frozen raspberries	1 cup sugar
	Water or soda water chilled

(1) Mix strawberries, raspberries and vinegar. Cover and refrigerate overnight. Strain through a fine sieve or several thicknesses of cheesecloth, to drain as much juice as possible. (2) Add sugar to the juice and bring to a full rolling boil. Chill the syrup. (3) To serve: Fill glasses with crushed ice, add syrup to taste and fill with water or chilled soda water. Makes about eight 6-ounce glasses. Serve as an appetizer with Sesame-Seed Wafers.

SESAME-SEED WAFERS

½ cup sesame seeds	⅔ cup shortening
1 teaspoon caraway seeds	½ teaspoon salt
2 cups flour	¼ cup ice water
	2 tablespoons soft butter or margarine

(1) Sprinkle the sesame seeds thinly on a baking sheet and toast in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 5-10 minutes, until golden. (2)

Pound the caraway seeds into a fine powder. (3) For the pastry, mix together the flour, shortening and salt. Chop with 2 knives or a pastry blender until the pieces are about the size of small beans. (4) Add ½ teaspoon of the powdered caraway and mix well. (5) Add the ice water, a few drops at a time, and toss with a fork. (6) Roll out ½ inch thick on a lightly floured board. Spread with the soft butter or margarine. Fold in thirds and press the ends together. Chill for half an hour. (7) Roll out again ½ inch thick. Sprinkle with the toasted sesame seeds, and roll them lightly into the pastry. (8) Cut with a small cookie cutter about 1½ inches in diameter. Place wafers on an ungreased baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 15-20 minutes, until golden. Yield: about 30 medium-size wafers.

MUSTARD PICKLE


2 large cauliflowers	⅔ cup salt
4 medium-size cucumbers, washed, seeded and chopped medium fine (include peel)	2 quarts cold water
8 green peppers, washed, seeded and chopped medium fine	1 cup flour
4 cups very small white pickling onions, peeled	2 cups sugar
	6 tablespoons dry mustard
	1 tablespoon turmeric
	2 quarts vinegar

(1) Remove all leaves from cauliflower. Break into small cauliflowerets and wash well. Place all prepared vegetables in a large bowl. (2) Dissolve salt in water and add to vegetables. Cover and allow to stand overnight in the refrigerator. (3) The next day, transfer the contents of the bowl to a large kettle. Bring just to a boil. Remove and drain immediately. (4) In a separate saucepan mix together flour, sugar, mustard and turmeric. Add vinegar, a little at a time, stirring to obtain a smooth, thin mixture. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Cook and stir until smooth and thick. (5) Add vegetables and continue simmering until vegetables are just heated through. Do not allow to overcook; they should be still crisp. Ladle into sterilized preserving jars. Seal at once. Store in a cool room. Makes 8 pints.

THANKSGIVING DINNER ROLLS

3 cups flour	¼ cup water
1½ teaspoons salt	1 tablespoon sugar
½ cup butter or margarine	2 packages active dry yeast
¼ cup evaporated milk	3 eggs, slightly beaten

(1) Sift 1½ cups flour and the salt into a bowl. (2) Heat the butter or margarine, milk, water and sugar to warm (110°-115° F.). Add the yeast, let stand 2-3 minutes, stir to dissolve. (3) Add yeast mixture to flour. Mix well, beat until smooth. Cover and let stand in a warm place for 20 minutes. (4) Add eggs and remaining 1½ cups flour. Beat vigorously. Knead the dough in the bowl until smooth and satiny. Add a little more flour if dough is too sticky to handle. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk, about 1 hour. (5) When dough is risen, knead down lightly and divide into 24 pieces. Form into 1½-inch balls and place in greased muffin pans. (6) Cover and let rise until doubled in size. Bake in a hot oven, 425° F., for 10-15 minutes or until golden. Makes 24-30 rolls. Note: Rolls may be baked, wrapped in aluminum foil and stored overnight then reheated in foil for about 10 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F., just before serving.



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The Ladies' Home Journal is proud to present an Anton Chekhov short story previously unpublished in the United States. Its significance is explained by Ernest J. Simmons, Professor Emeritus of Slavic languages at Columbia University who is also the author of "Chekhov; A Biography." —THE EDITORS.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE: Chekhov entered literature through the cheap humorous weeklies, and his progress was not easily achieved. "Late-Blooming Flowers" is one of the fine transitional tales which eventually led him to the quality monthly periodicals. No literary artist of Chekhov's eminence ever created his initial efforts so completely from the stuff of his life. "Late-Blooming Flowers" is a case in point. There are autobiographical elements in Doctor Toporkov, who rose from lowly beginnings to become a successful physician. Chekhov cherished the same ambition.

In revolting against the crudities of the humorous weeklies, Chekhov pointed out that life was not always funny. Misery and sadness were real, a part of life. Though "Late-Blooming Flowers" bears a slight resemblance to his early humorous tales, from behind the amusing touches emerges the terrible sadness of two lonely beings who are victims of life's frustrations. —ERNEST J. SIMMONS.

LATE- BLOOMING FLOWERS

By Anton Chekhov

On a certain dark autumnal afternoon something was happening at the house of the Princes Priklonsky.

The old princess and her daughter, Princess Marusya, were standing in the young prince's room, wringing their hands and pleading with him. They were pleading as only unhappy, weeping women can: in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, their honor and his father's ashes.

The old princess stood in front of him, motionless and weeping. After giving full rein to her tears and speeches, interrupting Marusya at every word, she hurled reproaches, harsh words and even oaths at the prince—and endearments and entreaties, too. A thousand times she reminded him of the merchant Furov who had presented their promissory note for payment, of his late father who must now be turning over in his grave, and so on. She even reminded him of Doctor Toporkov.


Doctor Toporkov was a thorn in the flesh of the Priklonskys. His father had been the serf Senka, the late prince's valet. Nikifor, his maternal uncle, was to this day valet to Prince Yegorushka. And in his early childhood this same Doctor Toporkov would be slapped when he did a poor cleaning job on the princely knives, forks, boots or samovars. And now— isn't it laughable?—the young, brilliant doctor lives like a lord in an awfully big house and drives about in a carriage-and-pair as if to spite the Priklonskys, who go on foot and haggle endlessly whenever they do hire a carriage.

"He's respected by everyone," said the old princess, weeping and not drying her tears. "Everyone likes him; he is rich, handsome, accepted everywhere. And he was your own former servant, Nikifor's nephew! I'm ashamed to say it. And why? Because he behaves himself well, doesn't go carousing about, or keeping company with bad people . . . works from morning till night. And you? Oh, my God!"

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LATE-BLOOMING FLOWERS

(Continued)

Princess Marusya, a girl of twenty, pretty, like the heroine of an English novel, with wonderful flaxen ringlets and large intelligent eyes the color of the southern sky, was pleading with her brother Yegorushka with no less energy.

She spoke at the same time as her mother, and kissed her brother on his prickly moustache which smelled of sour wine, and stroked his bald patch and his cheeks and clung to him like a frightened puppy. She used none but tender words. The young princess could not say anything even faintly resembling a caustic remark to her brother. She loved him so much! In her opinion, her debauchee brother, the retired hussar Prince Yegorushka, was the personification of the highest truth and a model of the noblest virtues! She was convinced to the point of fanaticism that this drunken sot had a heart which all the good fairies of elfland might envy. She saw in him an unfortunate, misunderstood, unrecognized man. His drunken debauchery she excused almost with delight. Of course! Yegorushka had long ago convinced her that he drank out of grief, that in wine and vodka he was drowning a hopeless love which was consuming his soul, and that in the arms of lewd women he was trying to erase her lovely image from his cavalryman's head. And what kind of Marusya, what kind of woman, does not consider love a reason for anything, an excuse for everything? What kind indeed?

"Georges!" Marusya was saying, clinging to him and kissing his red-nosed, haggard face. "You are drinking because of your grief, it's true. But if that's the case, forget about your grief! Do all unhappy people have to drink? Bear up, be brave, put up a fight! Be a Hercules! With such a mind as yours, with such an honorable, loving soul, one can endure the blows of fate. Oh, you unlucky failures, you are all cowards!"

Prince Yegorushka was lying on his bed, gazing at the ceiling with his tiny, bloodshot eyes. There was a slight noise in his head and a pleasant fullness in the region of his stomach. He had just dined, drunk a bottle of red wine and now, smoking a three-kopeck cigar, was enjoying his rest. The most varied emotions and thoughts swarmed through his foggy brain and wretched little soul. He was sorry for his weeping mother

and sister, and at the same time he was very badly to get them out of his room, they were hindering him from taking a nap and snoring in peace. He was angry because they dared lecture him, but at the same time he was tormented by little pang of what was probably also a very little of science. He was stupid—but not so stupid that he could not realize that the household the Priklonskys was indeed on its last legs, thanks partly to him.

The princess and Marusya pleaded for a very long time. Lamps were lit in the drawing room, and some woman dropped to visit them, but they kept up their pleading. In the end Yegorushka grew tired, tossing about, unable to sleep. He stretched himself noisily and said:

"All right, I'll turn over a new leaf."
"On your word of honor as a gentleman?"
"May God punish me if I don't!"

His mother and sister clutched his hands and made him swear once more on his honor. Yegorushka swore again and that lightning might strike him dead in any place if he did not stop leading such a disorderly life. The old princess made him kiss the icon. He kissed it and crossed himself three times. In short, the oath given was the most genuine imaginable.

"We believe you!" said the princess Marusya, and they rushed to embrace Yegorushka. They did believe him. Who could refuse to believe a word of honor, a desperate oath and the kissing of the icon taken together? And besides, where there is love there is reckless faith. Their spirits revived, the two of them, radiant like the Israelites of old celebrating the new Jerusalem, went forth to celebrate the marriage of Yegorushka. Having sent their guest packing, they sat down in a corner and began whispering together about how their Yegorushka would reform and begin leading a new life. They made up their minds that Yegorushka would go far, that he would quickly improve their circumstances so that they would not have to suffer the extreme of poverty—that horrid Rubicon, the crossing of which must be endured by spendthrifts. They even decided that Yegorushka would without fail marry a nice woman, and a beauty, too. He was so handsome, so clever and so distinguished that there could hardly be a woman who could help falling in love with him! And in conclusion the old princess recounted the stories of those ancestors whom Yegorushka would soon begin to emulate. Grandfather Priklonsky had been an ambassador, he had spoken all European languages,



"Before they were married they were always ducking out. Now they just have to spend as much time as possible with us!"

and commanded one of the most
regiments, and the son would be-
come . . . what would he

you'll see what he'll become!" the
princess decided. "Now you'll see!"
They put each other to bed, they con-
tinued to talk for a long time about the
future. The dreams they dreamed
were falling asleep were most en-
chanting—so bright that in their sleep they
found happiness. These dreams in all
reality were fate's reward for the hor-
ror they were to suffer on the following
day. Life is not always miserly; some-
times it even pays in advance.

At three in the morning, precisely at
midnight when the old princess was dream-
ing of *bébé* in a general's magnificent
uniform and Marusya in her sleep was ap-
pearing to her brother for a brilliant speech
just made, a plain Russian droshky
stopped at the home of the Princes Priklon-
sky. The droshky sat a waiter from the
Fleurs cabaret, holding in his
aristocratic body of Prince Yego-
rushka dead drunk. Yegorushka was com-
pulsively, and dangled from the
waiter's arms like a slaughtered goose on
a spit. The driver jumped
out of the box and rang the bell at the
door. Nikifor and the cook came out
to meet the driver, and the two men
saw the drunken body upstairs. Old
Nikifor was neither surprised nor horrified, un-
derstandably numb with practiced
drunkenness, he hid it comfortably in the feather bed
under a blanket. The servants
knew not a single word. They had long
been used to treating their master as
though that required carrying in, un-
der a blanket, and consequently
were not in the least surprised or
alarmed. A drunken Yegorushka was for
him the norm.

The morning matters became alarming.
At eleven o'clock, when the princess
and Marusya were drinking their coffee,
they came into the dining room and
saw to their Ladyships that there was
something seriously wrong with Prince
Yegorushka.

"Look like he's dying!" said Nikifor.
"Come and take a look at him!"
The faces of the princess and Marusya
paled. A little piece of biscuit fell
from the princess's mouth. Marusya upset
her coffee and pressed both hands to her
heart, in which her anxious heart, taken by
fear, began to beat nervously.

"He got home at three this morning,
right," said Nikifor in a quavering
voice. "Nothing unusual. But now, God
knows what's up with him; he's tossing and
turning."

The princess and Marusya caught hold of
each other and ran to Yegorushka's bed-
room.

Yegorushka, greenish white, disheveled
and abnormally thin, was lying under a heavy
blanket; he was breathing heavily,
tossing and turning from side to side.
His head nor his hands remained
in one position; they were continually
tossing and shaking. Groans were torn
from his breast. On his moustache was
a little fleck of something red, ap-
parently blood. If Marusya had bent down
and looked into his face she would have
seen a little cut on his upper lip and the
ends of two teeth in his upper jaw. His
body exuded heat and a smell of

The princess and Marusya sank to their
knees and began to sob.

"We who are guilty of his death!"
said Marusya, clutching her head. "We
did it yesterday with our reproaches,

and . . . and he couldn't bear it! His heart is
so tender! We are guilty, *maman!*"

And, conscious of their guilt, they both
opened their eyes wide and clung together,
trembling all over, just as people tremble
and cling together when they see the roof
about to cave in with a loud and horrible
crack and crush them under its weight.

The cook was smart enough to run for a
doctor. One arrived, Ivan Adolfovich, a tiny
little man, largely made up of a very big
bald spot, foolish piggy eyes and a small
round paunch. They were as glad to see
him as if he had been their own father. He
sniffed the air in Yegorushka's bedroom,
felt his pulse, took a deep breath and made
a wry face.

"Be not alarmed, Your Highness!" said
he to the old princess in a pleading voice.
"I know not, but to mine opinion, Your
Highness, I find not your son is in great, so
to say, danger. It is nudding."

To Marusya, however, he said something
quite different.

"I know not, Prinzess, but to mine opin-
ion . . . Everyone has his opinion, Prinzess.
To mine opinion, His Highness—pff! *Schwach*,
as we Germans say. But it all depends . . .
it depends, so to say, from the crisis."

"Is it dangerous?" Marusya asked softly.
Ivan Adolfovich knitted his brows and
began explaining that everyone has his own
opinion. . . . They gave him a three-ruble
note. He thanked them, became embar-
rassed, coughed and vanished into thin air.

Coming to their senses, the princess and
Marusya decided to send for the "celebrity."
Celebrities are expensive, but . . . what is
one to do? The life of a dear one is more
precious than money. The cook ran to fetch
Toporkov. Of course, he did not find the
doctor at home, and had to leave a note.
Toporkov did not hurry to answer the
invitation. They waited for him all day,
anxiously, with sinking hearts; they waited
all night, all next morning. . . . They were
even thinking of sending for another doctor
and had made up their minds to call Topor-
kov a boor right to his face when he
arrived, so that another time he would not
make others wait so long for him. The
inhabitants of the house of the Princes
Priklonsky, despite their grief, were out-
raged to the depths of their souls. At last,
at two o'clock on the second afternoon, a
carriage drove up to the portico. Nikifor
hurried with his mincing steps to the door
and a few seconds later was, with the utmost
deference, removing the broadcloth great-
coat from his nephew's shoulders. Toporkov
announced his arrival with a cough and,
without greeting anyone, set out for the
patient's room. He passed through the hall,
the drawing room and the dining room
without looking at anyone, imperiously,
with the air of a general, the whole house
squeaking under his gleaming boots. His
massive figure commanded respect. He was
stately, pompous, impressive, with strik-
ingly regular features, as if carved out of
ivory. His gold-rimmed spectacles and im-
mobile, extremely stern face added to his
haughty bearing. He was a plebeian by
origin, but almost nothing of the plebeian
remained in him except his strongly devel-
oped muscles. Everything about him was
aristocratic, even "gentlemanly." His face
was ruddy, handsome and even—if one is to
believe his female patients—very hand-
some. His neck was as white as a woman's.
His hair was soft as silk and beautiful but,
regrettably, cropped short. Had Toporkov
been interested in his appearance he would
not have cut his hair, but allowed it to fall
in waves to his very collar. His face was
handsome, but too dry and grave to seem
pleasant. Dry, grave and immobile, it ex-
pressed nothing (Continued on page 114)

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The FAIRIE

By Romain Gary

Your Van Gogh is a fake."

Sarkis was sitting behind his desk, under his latest acquisition: a Rembrandt he had just secured, after fierce bidding in the New York sale, until the greatest museums in the world had finally admitted defeat.

Sunk deep in an armchair, Baretta, with his gray tie, his black pearl stickpin, his pure-white hair, the discreet elegance of his severely cut suit and his monocle waging a futile battle against his corpulence and the Mediterranean mobility of his bloated features, took out his pocket handkerchief and dabbed at his forehead. "You're the only one who says so. There were some doubts, for a while. I don't deny it. But by now it's settled: The self-portrait's authentic. The manner is unmistakable; you can see it in every stroke of the brush."

Sarkis was playing with an ivory paper knife, looking bored. "Then what's the problem? Consider yourself happy to possess such a masterpiece."

"All I ask is that you refrain from expressing your opinion. Don't throw your weight onto the scale."

Sarkis smiled wryly. "I was represented at the bidding. . . . I refrained."

"The dealers follow you like sheep. They're afraid to contradict you. And besides, let's be frank: You control the biggest ones, financially."

"That's an exaggeration," Sarkis said. "I merely took some precautions to make sure I would have a certain priority in the auctions."

Baretta's expression was almost imploring. He was sweating profusely. "I don't see what it is you have against me."

"My dear fellow, this is preposterous. Because I didn't bid for this . . . thing, the opinion of those of the experts who doubt its authenticity has apparently gained ground. But if I had bought it, it would have escaped you. What is it you want?"

"You've mobilized every qualified opinion against this painting," Baretta said heatedly. "I know, you're using all the influence you have to prove that it's a fake. And your influence is great—enormous. All you need to do is say a word."

Sarkis tossed the ivory paper knife on the desk and stood up. "I'm sorry, my friend. Very sorry. It's a question of principle, and you should be the first to understand that. I'm not going to be the accomplice of a hoax, even by abstention. You have a beautiful collection, and you should admit quite frankly that for once you were fooled. I never compromise in questions of authenticity. In a world where fraudulence and false values are constantly getting the upper hand, a masterpiece is the only certainty we have left. We should protect

our society against every kind of counterfeit. For me, works of art are sacred, and authenticity is my religion. Your Van Gogh is a fake. That tragic genius was betrayed enough in his lifetime. We can—we *must*—protect him, at least, against posthumous betrayal."

"Is that your last word?"

"I'm amazed that a man of your standing can ask me to become an accomplice in that kind of thing."

"I paid three hundred thousand dollars for it," Baretta said.

Sarkis made a disdainful gesture. "I know, I know," he said, nodding. "You deliberately worked the bidding up. After all, if you had bought it for a song. . . . That was a little too obvious."



With a nervous gesture Baretta pressed the case for his recently discredited masterpiece.



ed with a paper knife, obviously bored. "I never compromise," he said.

ven so, ever since you made a few of your stic remarks, you should see the looks on e's faces when they stand in front of my re. After all, as a fellow collector you should e first to understand."

do," Sarkis said, "but I don't approve. De- the canvas, as a homage to authenticity and greatness—now there's a gesture that would the prestige not only of your collection but of reputation as a man of honor as well. And mber, it's not you who's at stake here. It's Gogh."

retta's face grew rigid. Sarkis recognized an sion that was so familiar to him, the one never failed to appear on his rivals' faces he vanquished them in a tough business deal.

Good enough, he thought ironically, that's how you make friends in this world. But the incident related to one of the few things that really mattered to him and touched on one of his deepest needs: the search for authenticity. He had often wondered about the source of this strange nostalgia. Perhaps he had seen too much crookedness in his life. Perhaps it came from a total absence of illusions. He knew that he could trust no one, that he owed everything to his extraordinary financial success, to the power he had acquired, to money, and that he lived his life surrounded by a masked and comfortable hypocrisy which muffled the noise of the world, but didn't completely absorb its insidious echoes. "What a *parvenu*! The finest private collection of El Grecos isn't enough for him.

In the competitive world of the art collector, fraud can spell disaster

He still has to snatch the Rembrandt away from the American museums. Not bad, for a barefoot kid from Smyrna who stole from the fruit stands and sold obscene postcards in the harbor. He's a mass of complexes, despite the self-assurance he parades. All that chasing after masterpieces is only a way of overcoming his feeling of social inferiority. He's trying to forget his origins."

Maybe they were right. He had lost sight of himself so long ago, perhaps deliberately—he didn't even know anymore if he thought in English, in Turkish or in Armenian—that the indisputable identity of a universally acclaimed work of art inspired in him a reverence which only absolute certainty can awaken in uneasy souls. Two *châteaux* in France, magnificent apartments in New York and London, impeccable taste, the most flattering honorary decorations, a British passport—and yet that trace of a singsong accent he retained in the seven languages he spoke fluently, that physical type which is patronizingly called "Levantine" but which is also found in the sculptures of the highest periods from Sumer to Egypt and from Ashur to Iran, were enough to make people imagine he was haunted by an obscure sense of social—no one dared say "racial"—inferiority. And because his shipping lines were as powerful as the Greeks' and because his Titians and Velázquezes hung beside the only authentic Vermeer discovered since Van Maageren's fakes, it was whispered that soon it would be impossible to hang an old master in one's house without looking like a nouveau riche.

Sarkis knew all about these arrows—exhausted ones, by now—that whizzed behind his back; he entertained too well for *le Tout-Paris* to deny him his informers. Envy. He accepted it as a homage that was his due. Even those who sought his company most eagerly, hoping to spend a cheap vacation on his yacht or on his Cap d'Antibes estate,

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FAKIE

(Continued)

were the first to mock the ostentatious luxury from which they were, of course, the first to benefit. And when a vestige of shame or simply opportunism kept them from performing these exercises in psychological compensation too openly, they knew how to show just enough irony in their smiles to mark both their disdain and their discretion, between two invitations to dinner. For Sarkis continued to invite them; he was not fooled by their toadying or by his own vanity, which came into its own when he saw those wellborn beasts eating from his hand. He called them "my fakes," and when they were sitting at his dinner table or when he saw them out the window of his Antibes villa, water-skiing behind the speedboats he put at their disposal, he smiled a little and raised his eyes in gratitude toward some El Greco or Velázquez whose reassuring authenticity nothing in the world could challenge or dispute.

There had been no personal animosity in his campaign against Baretta's Van Gogh. Actually the man who had started from a little Naples grocery to become the head of the biggest food trust in Italy today was rather sympathetic to him. He understood his need to cover the trace of Gorgonzolas and salamis on his walls by great paintings, the ultimate in status symbols that money can buy. But the Van Gogh was a fake. Baretta knew it perfectly well. And since he was persisting in trying to prove its authenticity by buying experts or at least their silence, he was stepping into the arena of pure power and therefore deserved a lesson from those who still kept watch over the rules of the game.

"I have Falkenheimer's appraisal on my desk," Sarkis said. "I wasn't sure what to do with it, but after listening to you . . . I'm sending it to the papers today. It's not enough, my friend, to be able to buy beautiful paintings; we all have money. You also have to show some simple respect for authentic works, if you have no true reverence for them. After all, they *are* objects of worship."

Baretta slowly pulled himself out of his armchair. He lowered his head like a bull and clenched his fists. Sarkis observed his implacable, murderous expression with a certain pleasure. It made him feel younger, reminded him of the days when he had to fight his ground inch by inch with his competitors—the days when he still had competitors.

"I'll get even with you for this," the Italian said. "You can count on me. We've taken just about the same road in life. You'll see that in the streets of Naples you learn holds just as dirty as in the harbor of Smyrna."

He rushed out of the office. Sarkis didn't feel invulnerable, but he failed to see what "hold" even the richest man could get over him now. He lighted a cigar while his thoughts, with that speed to which he owed his fortune, examined instantly every aspect of his business enterprises, to make sure that every hole was plugged, perfectly watertight. Since the friendly settlement of the dispute with the United States Internal Revenue Service and the transfer of his floating empire to Panama, nothing and nobody could threaten him anymore. And yet the conversation with Baretta left him feeling a little uneasy. Always this strange doubt haunted him. It was utterly ridiculous, of course; but somehow, for some mysterious, unfathomable reason, he could never get over the secret sensation of being

a fraud, a fake. He put his cigar in the tray, got up and joined his wife in the salon. His insecurity never vanished completely, but when he took Alfiera's hand, pressed his lips against her hair, he experienced an emotion which, for lack of a better definition, he called "certainty" only moment of absolute trust he did question at the very instant he was enjoying it.

"That took a long time," she said.

He bent over her forehead. "Couldn't I rid of him. How did it go?"

"My mother dragged us from one turtier to the next, but my father finally rejected, so we ended up at the Naval seum. Very dull."

"You have to learn how to be bored little," he said. "Otherwise things lose their savor."

Alfiera's parents had come from Italy to see her. A three months' stay: Sarkis courteously but firmly engaged an apartment at the Ritz.

He had met his young wife in Rome years ago, during a lunch at the Lebanese embassy. She had just come from her family estate in Sicily where she had been brought up and which she was leaving for the first time; in a few weeks' time, cherished by her mother, she had made something of a sensation, even in a society was remarkably blasé. She was then eighteen and her beauty was *rare*, in strict sense of the word. It was as if nature had created her to affirm its absolute mastery and reduce to its true humble perspective all that the hand of man had achieved. Under black hair that seemed to lend its luster rather than receive it, her head, eyes and lips were, in their puremony, like a challenge from life to art, the nose, whose delicate sweetness excluded neither firmness nor character, gave her a touch of sensitivity which saved it from the coldness almost always accompanying the too-deliberate pursuit of that perfection that nature alone, in its great moment of inspiration, or more likely, in the mysterious combinations of chance, manages to achieve or perhaps to avoid. A masterpiece: it was the unanimous opinion of those who looked at Alfiera's face.

Despite all the worship, the compliments, the sighs and outbursts she provoked, the girl possessed a modesty, even a timidity which the good sisters of the convent where she had been brought up were doubtless totally responsible. She seemed perpetually embarrassed and surprised by the flatter murmur that followed her everywhere; under the fervent stares that even the most discreet men could not keep from besting a little too insistent, she paled, turned away, walked faster, and her expression betrayed a lack of assurance, a confusion that was a little astonishing in so good a child. It was hard to imagine a beauty both more adorable and less conscious of her beauty.

Sarkis was twenty-two years older than Alfiera, but neither the girl's mother nor her father—one of those dukes who swarmed from southern Italy and whose tarnished coats of arms no longer suggests anything more than a few scraps of goat-nibbled country estate—found anything abnormal in this difference between the couple's ages. On the contrary, the girl's extreme timidity, lack of self-confidence, all seemed to recommend a union with a strong and experienced man. Sarkis's reputation in this respect could scarcely be surpassed. Alfiera had accepted his courtship with an obvious pleasure, and even with gratitude.

There was no engagement, and the wedding was celebrated three weeks after their first meeting. No one had expected



grill it,

Grand for brunches or suppers! While French Toast cooks, put Del Monte Pineapple Slices and ham on the grill. When done, top hot toast with slice of cheese, then grilled ham and pineapple. Even cooking won't change the bright, sunny flavor of Del Monte Brand® Pineapple.

curry it,

In $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter, sauté 1 lb. shrimp with 1 cut-up green pepper and 4 scallions till shrimp are done. Stir in $1\frac{1}{2}$ tsps. curry powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup heavy cream and No. 2 can Del Monte Pineapple Chunks (after pouring off syrup). Cover; cook 5 min. Serve with hot rice to 4 or 5 lucky people.

devil it-

A great recipe! Sauté 9 ozs. deviled ham with 1 onion, chopped. Mix with can of Pork and Beans (1 lb.-14 oz.), 2 Tbsps. each brown sugar and Del Monte Catsup, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. dry mustard. Fill 4 to 6 casseroles; top with Del Monte Crushed Pineapple from No. 2 can. Bake 30 min. at 350° F.

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TOLL HOUSE CUPCAKES

Combine and beat till creamy $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft butter, 6 tbsps. granulated sugar, 6 tbsps. brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. vanilla. Beat in 1 egg. Sift together and stir in 1 cup plus 2 tbsps. sifted flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. baking soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt. Spoon by rounded tablespoonfuls into paper-lined $2\frac{1}{2}$ " cupcake cups. BAKE at: 375°F. TIME: 10 to 12 min. Remove from oven. TOPPING: Combine in bowl $\frac{1}{2}$ cup firmly packed brown sugar, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. salt; beat till very thick. Stir in one 6-oz. pkg. (1 cup) Nestlé's Semi-Sweet Chocolate Morsels, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped Diamond Walnuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. vanilla. Spoon 1 tablespoonful over each cupcake. Return to oven. BAKE at: 375°F. TIME: 15 min. YIELD: 16.

You'll find recipes for Toll House® Cookies and Marble Squares on every package of Nestlé's® Semi-Sweet Chocolate Morsels—and the exciting, new Toll House Cupcakes on packages of Diamond Walnuts.

E Sarkis would "settle down" so quickly, that this "adventurer," as people called him for no particular reason, this "pirate" forever tangled in the telephelines him with his floating empire stock market in the world, so suddenly the attentive husband more time to his young wife's business deals or even to his colleagues who was in love, sincerely and those who boasted of knowledge who felt they had access to information in direct proportion to the cynicism and gossip they showed did not fail to suggest that perhaps not the only explanation for the expression of triumph he had achieved in his marriage. In fact, they were the heart of this art-lover's thing less than pure: the joy of being from others and acquiring a collection a masterpiece more precious than all his Grecos.

Settled in Paris, in the former home of the Spanish ambassadors, in the six months Sarkis neglected his friends, his pictures; his wife had to cross the seas, and his wife in the four corners of the globe to cable reports on their big auctions that were common. It was apparent that nothing had happened except Alfiera; his happiness that seemed to reduce the state of a remote and uninhabited little upset."

Never pleasant to turn on a subject nothing to you personally at his most vulnerable point: that's what I'm going to do."

"I rose a little, and as always annoyed, the trace of the smile became more noticeable.

"Of principle, darling. They're selfish—and it's costing military—of silence around a subject and if we don't stop it now, it will bother distinguishing the difference, and even the best collector never mean a thing."

"I help gesturing emphatically of Cairo by Bellini that hung on the wall. The young woman seemed to look down, and an expression of embarrassment, almost of melancholy shadow over her face. Timidly she looked on her husband's arm.

"I'm so hard on him."

"It's necessary."

"A month after the dispute known as 'Van Gogh' had been released to the newspapers of the report from the experts' workmenheimer, that Sarkis found the photograph accompanied by no title. He glanced at it absent-mindedly as the face of a very young man whose most remarkable feature was a nose shaped like a vulture's. He found the photograph in the wastebasket and thought no more about it.

"A new copy of the photograph came in the mail, and, during the course of the week, each time his secretary brought him his mail, he found the face of the man staring at him.

"Opening the envelope one morning he found a typewritten note accompanying the enclosure. The text said: 'This is a masterpiece of your collection.' Sarkis shrugged his shoulders.

He could not see what this grotesque photograph had to do with his collection or why it should interest him. He was about to throw it away when a doubt suddenly flashed through his mind: The eyes, the shape of the lips, something in the oval of the face had just vaguely reminded him of Alfiera. It was ridiculous; there was actually no real resemblance, scarcely a remote suggestion of a family likeness. He examined the envelope; it was postmarked Italy. He recalled that his wife had countless cousins in Sicily whom he had been supporting for years. Sarkis decided he would mention it to her. He put the photograph in his pocket and forgot about it. It was only during dinner that evening—he had invited his parents-in-law, who were leaving the next day—that the vague resemblance came back to him. He took out the photograph and handed it to his wife.

"Look, darling. I found this in the mail this morning. It's hard to imagine a more unfortunate nasal appendage than that, isn't it?"

Alfiera's face turned dead white. Her lips quivered and her eyes filled with tears; she shot her father a pleading glance. The duke, who was struggling with his fish, almost choked. His cheeks turned crimson, his eyes bulged out of their sockets, and his thick, black, carefully dyed moustache, which would have been much more appropriate on the face of some *carabiniere* than on an authentic descendant of the King of the Two Sicilies, raised lances for the charge: He emitted a few furious growls, held his napkin to his lips, and seemed so visibly distressed that the *maitre d'hôtel* leaned toward him with concern. The duchess, who had just passed a definitive judgment on Callas's latest performance at the Opera, remained open-mouthed, her fork in the air; under the mass of auburn hair, her overpowdered face collapsed and set off in search of its features among the rolls of fat.

Sarkis suddenly noticed, with a certain astonishment, that his mother-in-law's nose, without being as grotesque as the one in the photograph, bore some resemblance to this latter: It stopped sooner, but it was incontestably proceeding in the same direction. He stared at it with an involuntary attention and could not keep from turning his eyes, with some anxiety, toward his wife's face. But no, in those adorable features there was no similarity whatever to her mother's, thank God. He set down his knife and fork, leaned over and took Alfiera's hand.

"What's the matter, darling?"

"I almost choked, that's what's the matter," the duke said emphatically. "You can never be too careful about fish. I'm sorry, my child, to have upset you like that."

"A man in your position should be above such things," the duchess said, apparently at random, and without Sarkis being able to understand whether she was talking about the fishbone or was continuing a conversation whose thread had perhaps escaped him. "You're too envied for all this ridiculous gossip. There's not a word of truth in it!"

"Mother, please," Alfiera said, her voice breaking.

The duke produced another series of growls which a pedigreed bulldog would not have disavowed. The *maitre d'hôtel* and the two servants came and went around them with that studied indifference that barely concealed the liveliest curiosity. Sarkis noticed that neither his wife nor her parents would look at the photograph. On the contrary, they were careful to keep their eyes away from this object on the tablecloth.



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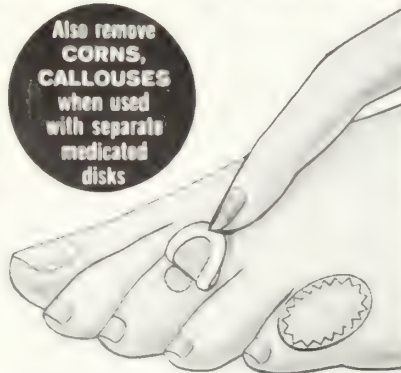


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The
FAKIE

(Continued)

supplication. When Sarkis squeezed her hand, she burst into sobs. Sarkis signaled to the servants that he wished to be left alone. He stood up, approached his wife and leaned over her.

"My darling, I don't see why this ridiculous photograph —"

At the word *ridiculous*, Alfiera's whole body shivered, then stiffened, and Sarkis was horrified to discover on this face of such sovereign beauty the expression of a hunted animal. When he tried to take her in his arms, she wrenched herself away and ran out of the room.

"It's natural that a man in your position should have enemies," the duke said. "I myself —"

"You're happy together, that's all that counts," his wife said.

"Alfiera has always been terribly impressionable," the duke remarked. "Tomorrow, it will all be over."

"You must forgive her, she's still so young."

Sarkis left the table and hurried after his wife. He found their bedroom door locked, and heard sobs behind it. Each time he knocked, the sobs redoubled. After begging her in vain to open the door, he went to his study. He had completely forgotten about the photograph and wondered what it was that could have reduced Alfiera to this state. He felt vaguely apprehensive and quite unable to concentrate. He must have been there over a quarter of an hour when the telephone rang. His secretary reported that Signor Baretta wanted to speak to him.

"Tell him I'm out."

"He insists. He says it's important. Something about a photograph."

Baretta's voice at the other end of the wire was cheerful enough, but Sarkis was too used to judging his interlocutors quickly not to detect a nuance of spiteful mockery.

"What is it you want?"

"Did you get the photograph, my friend?"

"What photograph?"

"You know, the one of your wife! I had a lot of trouble getting hold of it. The family took its precautions. They never let the girl be photographed before her operation. The one I sent you was taken at the convent of Palermo by the good sisters; a group photo, but I had it specially enlarged. I felt I owed that to you. Her nose was completely remade by a plastic surgeon in Milan when she was sixteen. So you see, it's not only my Van Gogh that's a fake. The masterpiece of your collection is one too. You now have the proof before your eyes."

There was a loud chuckle, then a click. Baretta had hung up.

Sarkis sat completely motionless behind his desk. *Kurlik!* That was what the Turkish and Armenian merchants called people who let themselves be hoaxed, the naive, the credulous, the gullible, who deserved to be mercilessly exploited. *Kurlik!* The word rang out in the silence of his study with all its scornful clarity. *Kurlik!* He had been hoaxed by a couple of penniless Sicilians, and not one of all the people who called themselves his friends had revealed the fraud to him. They must have laughed behind his back. Only too happy to see him walk into the trap, adoring the work of a forger—he who was known for his sharp eye, and who never compromised in matters

of authenticity. *The masterpiece of collection is a fake.* Opposite him, a for the *Toledo Crucifixion* teased moment with its pale yellows and greens, then blurred and vanished, leaving him alone in a contemptuous and world that had never really accepted that regarded him as no more than a *parvenu* who was too used to being exploited for anyone to bother about. The only human being he utterly trusted was the only human relationship on which he had ever, in his whole life, relied completely. She had acted as an accomplice, the two Sicilian horse thieves, she had hidden her true face from him and, during years of tender intimacy, had never broken the conspiracy of silence, had never granted him the mercy of a confession. *Kurlik!* He tried to control himself, above this cheapness; it was time to atone about his past, to get rid once and for all the little Smyrna bootblack who begged the streets, slept under the stalls, and anyone could insult and humiliate. He heard a slight noise and opened his eyes. He was in the doorway. He stood up. He tried to behave. He had learned what was expected of him; he knew the weakness of human nature and was capable of forcing them. He was a gentleman now. He stood and tried to resume the mask of indifference. He knew how to wear so well, to cover the composure of a tolerant man of the-world, humorous and wise; but when he tried to smile, his whole face twisted in an attempt to take refuge in impassivity, his lips were quivering.

"Why didn't you tell me? How could you? You!"

"My parents —"

He was surprised to hear his shrill, hysterical voice crying somewhere away: "Your parents are crooks."

She wept, one hand on the doorknob, daring to come in, facing him with a expression of overwhelming supplication, wanted to go to her, take her in his arms. He knew that this was the moment to show his true stature, to display his gentility and understanding, to rise above the vanity they called his oriental vanity; no woman's *amour propre* must count before his shoulders shaken with sobs, before imploring glance, before this tragic transformation. It was a moment of authenticity. And of course he would have found Alfiera everything, but it was not Alfiera who stood before him. It was someone a stranger whom he didn't even know, whom a forger's skill had forever hidden from his eyes. A living lie: On this adored face, an imperious, cruel force drove him to reconstruct the hideous culture's beak, its gaping, greedy nostrils; he searched features with an expert, piercing eye, seeking the tell-tale mark that would reveal deception, that would betray the tricks of the hand. Something hard and implacable stirred in his heart. Alfiera hid her face behind her hands.

"Oh please, don't look at me like that."

"Calm yourself. However, you'll understand that under the circumstances."

Sarkis had some difficulty obtaining a divorce. The grounds he first alleged were forgery with intent to defraud—scandal at the court, and the case was dismissed during the first suit. It was only at the cost of a secret agreement with Alfiera's family—the exact figure was never revealed—that Sarkis was able to appease his need for authenticity. Today he lives in virtual retirement and devotes himself entirely to his collection, which continues to grow. He had just acquired Raphael's *Blue Madonna* at the Basel sale.

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Going Away

**Her husband had baffled her; she could not deal with her son.
Why, she wondered, was she not important to her men?**

BY SALLIE BINGHAM

"She isn't fixing to send him herself," Harriet explained. She was kneeling on a clean white sheet which she had spread on the sewing-room floor to save her stockings, and the hem of her black skirt made a little pool around her knees. Beside her, the box of straight pins was set in its own lid; at regular intervals she took two pins out of the box and put one in her mouth and the other in the hem of the new apricot-colored dress from New York. "She's counting on you to send him," Harriet said.

Mrs. Long studied herself in the mirror, gathering the loose material of her dress tightly around her waist. She held her breath for a moment, and then let it out with a gasp; her rib cage rose and swelled against the silk. She had nothing on underneath the dress but a bra and girdle, because it was only eight o'clock in the morning. Harriet had to fit before the heat.

"My goodness," Mrs. Long said. "What did I do or say to make Lucy think that?"

"Nothing. She's just counting on you to send that boy to college."

Mrs. Long could not help feeling rather put out. It was just like Harriet to come stirring up sleeping dogs. She went from house to house with her sewing kit, her apron and her clean white sheet, and her little way of knowing things and telling things that might just as well have been left unsaid; her little air of impartiality.

"That boy doesn't have enough sense to come in out of the rain—you know that as well as I do," Mrs. Long

said. "I asked him one time what he was studying at Manual, and he told me, 'Wood.' "

"That's the truth. Turn around halfway. You're going to have to wear a slip under this tight skirt, Mrs. Long," Harriet jerked at the skirt of the silk dress, which came away from Mrs. Long's buttocks with a sucking sound.

"The truth is I've gained four pounds this summer, and it's all gone straight to my you-know-where," Mrs. Long said, sighing. "I don't know what it is about hot weather—I'm into the icebox twenty times a day. It's not as though he was a bright boy."

"No'm. He had his work cut out for him, just getting through Manual High."

"My Lord, Harriet! He couldn't pass an entrance exam at this late date, even if I did pay his way."

"State college at Lexington don't call for an exam."

"He wouldn't stay in a week."

"No'm. And then, he'd need a whole lot of new clothes and books, let alone getting there."

Before Mrs. Long could agree, Lucy Morris came into the room carrying an armload of clean folded sheets. She laid them down on the table next to Harriet's sewing kit and Mrs. Long's blue-and-white piqué robe. Then she turned back the top layer of the first sheet, carefully, to see if the initial needed mending. It was always the initial, tender as a half-healed sore, that got opened up in the wash.



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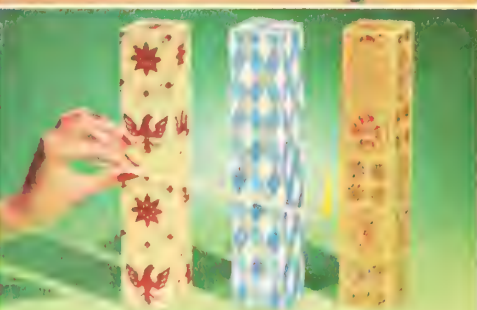
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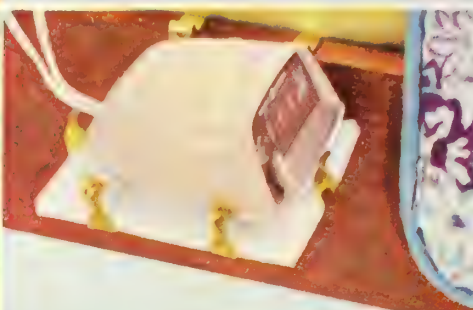
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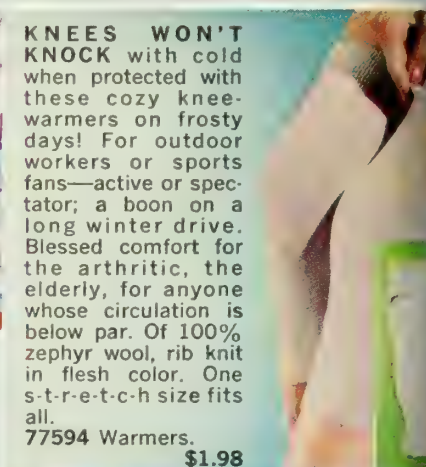
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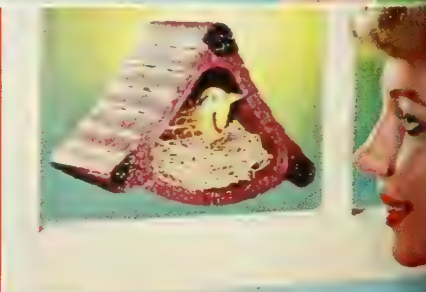
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3 for \$2.79



CLEVER SEE-THRU BIRD HOUSE has one-way mirror! Attaches to outside window, lets you watch nest building, egg-hatching, feeding of young, their first flight — all without their seeing you! Of insulating polystyrene; $6\frac{1}{2}$ x5".
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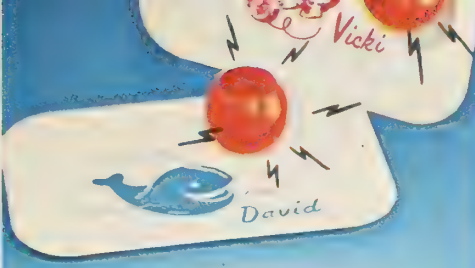
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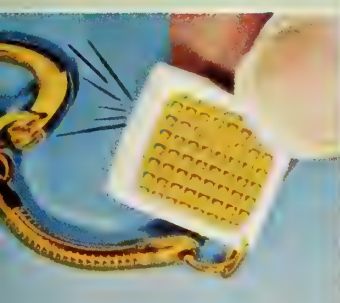
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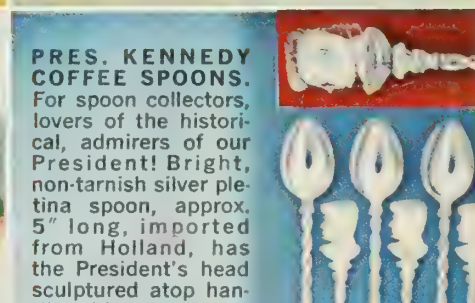
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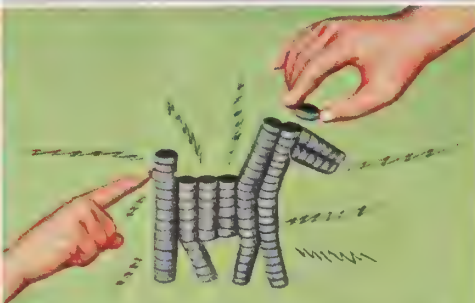
MAGNETIC PICKER-UPPER extends your arm 30" to bring things within easy reach without climbing or stooping. Scissors-like action, non-slip grip, lifts cans off shelves; magnetic tips pick up pins, needles, etc. A true blessing for the elderly or ill! **38745 Picker-Upper. \$2.98**



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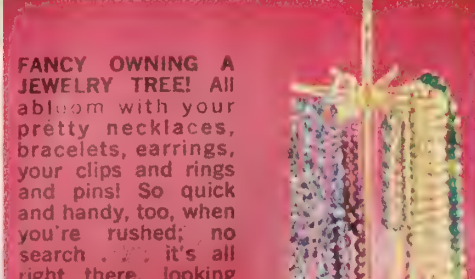
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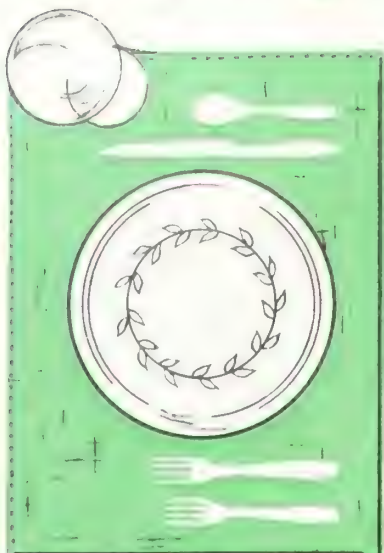
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"Turn around once more," Harriet said cautiously, over a pin. "I'm not satisfied with that placket yet." She took the pin out of her mouth and set it in the waist of the apricot-colored dress, to show where she would have to move the hook.

Mrs. Long saw in the mirror where she was setting the pin. "Lord, I've got to lose some weight," she said in a low voice.

Disappointed, Lucy Morris refolded the top sheet and laid it aside. Then, with great care, she lifted the top layer of the next sheet and looked at the initial, lying in its cave. The two arms of the big L had been pulled apart on this one; broken threads dangled from the tear. Satisfied, Lucy laid the sheet on her own pile, which she would take upstairs that evening to mend in front of the television set.

"All right, now," Harriet said, and she shucked the silk dress off over Mrs. Long's head and handed her the blue-and-white robe. For a moment, in the mirror, the older woman was revealed, her skin soft and yellow against the shining rose-pink of her girdle. Then she clutched the bathrobe and pulled it around her shoulders.

"I mean to pack Jock's trunk this morning, so it can get off to Railway Express," she said. "There'll be some mending for you to do, Lucy." She started toward the door, fumbling with the buttons of her robe, and then hesitated and looked at Harriet. "Have you heard him get up?" she asked.

"He hasn't called for his breakfast," Lucy answered for the seamstress, who had no way of knowing.

Mrs. Long glanced anxiously at Lucy. "Sometimes I think he's still too young to be up half the night," she said. "I always know where he is—it isn't a question of that. But he never can do with less than ten hours' sleep."

Neither Lucy nor Harriet said anything to that. The seamstress, her work completed, closed the box of pins and took off her apron. Lucy inspected the last sheet and laid it on her own pile, now as high as the pile for the linen closet. Outside the window, the first breeze of the day touched the maple and set its shadow shimmering across the pool of sunlight on the varnished floor.

Mrs. Long went out. In the corridor the dark green wallpaper, streaked to resemble watered silk, had begun to peel high up in one corner. She had passed that way a hundred times before without noticing, but now she stopped and looked up at the dangling tongue of paper. The hall could not go another year without redoing. Oh, it was one thing after another; the house was worse than a poor relation to her; there was no end to its demands. Yes, the hall would have to be stripped and repapered that fall, for she could not simply allow things to go down, although there would be no one to notice once Jock was at college. Of course, she could not complain, she had been lucky to keep him for so long; not every mother had the advantage of living near a good private day school. Yet she looked at the wallpaper accusingly, as though it might have held up longer instead of falling now, when she was anxious, and often alone.

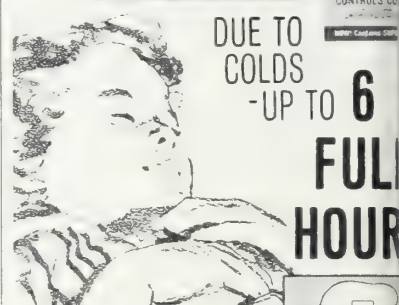
After she had dressed in the slacks and shirt which was her working-day uniform, she looked at the list she had made the evening before. Packing Jock's trunk would take up the rest of the morning. Then, in the afternoon, she had to drive Lucy into town. Mrs. Long insisted that Lucy take every Thursday and every other Sunday off to see her son. She could not resign herself to the idea of the boy, seventeen years old and living alone in a boardinghouse. Lucy didn't seem to worry, although she never had any idea of how the boy spent his time; she spoiled him outrageously, spending a month's pay on a blue-and-white seersucker suit from Marshall Alden. Mrs. Long had seen him in it, lounging on the boardinghouse porch.

She had tried to discuss the situation with Lucy, to warn her that the boy might get out of his depth, but Lucy had not seemed to understand. "He's a good boy, Mrs. Long," she had said rather sullenly. Mrs. Long did not doubt that he was a good boy now, but she wondered how long he would stay good, unsupervised in that boardinghouse. In the end, Lucy's sullenness had made Mrs. Long angry. And now the girl had the idea of sending him to college fixed in her head, and fixed it would remain for a long time, if Mrs. Long knew anything about Lucy Morris. If only he had been a bright boy! But he wasn't, and there was no use ignoring that. As she stood in the bedroom holding her list for the day, the last of

the uncertainty she had felt in the sewing room fell away, and she looked at the slip of paper with satisfaction. She had always written a clean hand. Then she put the paper in her pocket and went back down the hall to Jock's room.

Passing the sewing room, she heard women talking. She hesitated with her hand on the knob of Jock's door, and listened. There was no sound except the creak of a shade in the gentle morning breeze. She went back to the sewing room. Two women glanced up when she came

CONTROLS COUGHS

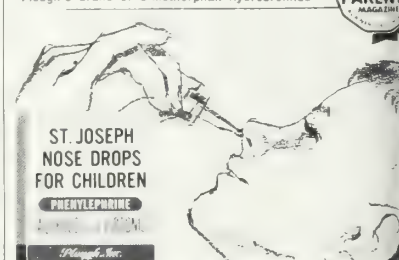


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"Must have been that character who jostled me as I was getting off the bus."

in front of them awkwardly, her
 looked in the belt loops on her
 looking, in spite of herself, childish
 . "Have you heard that boy yet?"
 sheepishly.
 ad not. As she turned away, she
 were watching her, complacently,
 ness. Her neck burned under that
 thought she was a fool, a lonely
 n, spoiling her only child. They
 now how easy it would be for her
 was gone; how she would march
 hall singing when his bed was
 gallantly, on the spur of that
 she went into his room.
 lying on his side, turned away
 the sheet drawn up and draped
 over his shoulder. As far as she could
 d nothing on underneath; it was
 she had not been able to break.
 had driven her half mad, sleeping
 a jaybird all during the hot sum-
 ms, and then jeering at her for a
 en she objected—as though that
 the reason! It was just that she
 e style in her relations. And now
 displayed his round, childish shoul-
 d, as though he owned the place,
 there wasn't always the chance of
 of his own mother, coming in, es-
 then he slept every day of the sum-
 almost noon. Breathing quickly,
 ion soaring, she went to his bu-
 pulled out the top drawer.
 mirror over the bureau she saw
 hen draw his knees up to his chin.
 she turned her attention to the
 rowing calm as she plunged her
 his socks. There must have been
 alent of two or three dozen pairs
 out the drawer; the white cotton
 red bands that he wore playing
 d the dark woolen ones, and the
 black evening socks, curiously
 which he had taken to wearing to
 he began to pull the socks out of
 r, spreading them on the bureau
 she could find the mates. As she
 matching the socks and rolling
 ly together, she glanced now and
 e mirror and watched him sleep-
 vteen, asleep, he was still the
 ooth-skinned, independent, yet
 manageable boy whose growing
 en the core of her life. When he
 knew she would find him discon-
 or he had grown very polite. His
 ope underground; now, when she
 what he was doing, how he spent
 he no longer refused, furiously, to
 instead, he ran down a list of mean-
 tails: "This morning I practiced
 and then had a chicken sandwich
 o." Yet since he had, at last, the
 manners she had always tried to
 she couldn't very well complain;
 took what he gave her, in silence.
 tidied the sock drawer, she laid
 pairs of the best, only two of which
 have to give to Lucy to mend.
 closed the drawer and opened the
 chaos was inspiring: T shirts, eve-
 s, pale, striped, Sunday shirts
 ned together in layers, like a nest.
 possible to tell, at first glance,
 e dirty and which were clean. She
 ry one of them out of the drawer
 ed them on the floor, then squat-
 gan to sort them. Each shirt that
 worn had a black ring inside the
 e really must, she thought, speak
 out his neck. She laid aside the
 entable shirts to go in the trunk
 ed the rest together for the laun-
 next drawer she opened was not
 allenge: His underwear still lay in
 ole piles, which caused her a pang.
 mean he did not change it often.

G

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When she had laid aside everything she would need for his trunk, she lingered for a moment, watching him in the mirror. He was still sleeping soundly, his lips pressed together, his face set firmly, almost earnestly, against the pillow. He worked at his sleep like a conscientious child. Nothing in the world would wake him for at least another hour. At that she felt a confusion of pleasure and chagrin, for she could not help rejoicing in his luxuries as, when he was going out, she rejoiced in the way he looked, so clean and shining; it was only right, she

felt—in spite of herself—for him to take his pleasures. Yet it was only wrong, she knew, for him to be so spoiled, and very wrong of her to give in to this foolish indulgence of him. With this admonition at the top of her mind, she turned, firmly, to her last and most disagreeable task: She opened the little drawer under the bureau mirror.

From childhood, it had been his secret place. There, when he was twelve and sullen and far from her, she had found his diary, scrawled in a white notebook. "Mother is the saddest thing, but she is driving me

crazy," she had read, and smiled and gone on to other revelations. His twelfth summer had been a good deal easier for both of them because of the insight she had gained from the diary. After that she had forced herself to examine the drawer from time to time, just as when she hired a new maid she examined her room on the first day off.

Now, cautiously, glancing first in the mirror, she opened the little drawer.

There was nothing in it. Incredulous, she pulled the drawer all the way out and bent down to look in its farthest corners. The



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empty. She could not remember opening before; even when the contained nothing of interest to her, it was crammed full of letters, cards, shells. The drawer smelled of that empty dry smell, as though it was a premonition of loss to come. She sat up, feeling suddenly tired, and in a moment, that Jock was awake. He stirred, but his eyes were closed as he was watching her. "Good morning," she said brightly as she slipped back into its grooves. "There for you this time, Jock."

He would move. He lay on the bed, solidly, like a tuber on the ground. She turned to face him, her palms across her slacks. "Breakfast, if you're ready,"

"You expect to find this time?" He made her feel tired and a little with his heavy adolescent inquisitiveness that for once he would not cry. "I didn't expect to find it," he told him quietly.

He tucked the sheet tidily against his chest and shoulders, his face, baked-looking, yet bland, and his nipples were purple, bruised. "No evidence this time," he said.

He began to grow angry. She did not know why she should always have been angry over old wounds. "I know you held that against me," she said, looking at his foolish, soft face with the two little bruises. "Where would you be now if I were not in time? I'd be willing to let you be getting ready to go off to be tied down in Mautussett with your wife and family."

That was what the evidence, she thought, was meant to prevent. "You're going to be naive. . . ." He piqued him, although she knew that she meant, and she turned to pick up the little pile of mending.

Take these to Lucy so they'll be ready for the trunk," she said, and she went to the room with a distinct feeling of having won one battle in the war. She was breathing quickly, almost as if her face was flushed, so that she might have been a girl when she came to the door. Harriet, who was sitting on the floor, looked at her curiously. "Jock turned; was arranging sheets on the bed."

Opening her arms. Mrs. Long went out onto the sewing-room door. "I want these done by four o'clock in the trunk."

Harriet said warningly. "Get out of the closet, her eyes were on the pile of mending. As she went to the table, Mrs. Long felt her small, heavy bulk, as a threat to the girl had always been sullen. She went out and began, very delicately, to take the clothes apart, examining them for its flaw."

Reason, Mrs. Long stood watching her. There was something fascinating about her short, ugly hands, gray as ash, and the clothes.

"The are just about finished," she said. "I don't believe Mr. Jock will get much more good out of these," she said, picking up a pair of green socks, both

Mrs. Long shrugged. She did not care; it was not her business to know about the mending. "All right then, throw them out."

Lucy turned away, rolling the socks together. She carried them to the shopping bag in which she kept her private possessions: her going-to-town hat, a day-old newspaper, and a comb with a few hairs in it. She pushed the socks deep down into a corner of the bag.

"What in the name do you want with them?" Harriet asked her crossly.

Lucy picked up the bag and gave it a shake to settle its contents. "I guess Ralph Junior can use them, come fall."

"He'll burn up in them; that's heavy wool," Harriet said.

"They tell me it gets pretty cold in Lexington," Lucy said.

Mrs. Long turned on her heel. She was smiling, and as she passed Harriet in the doorway, she could not resist giving her a sly little wink. If Lucy thought she was that easily persuaded!

As Mrs. Long went out into the hall, Jock came from his room, yawning, wrapped in a sheet. His bare feet were bone white, and his toenails were yellow as horn.

When he saw his mother, he stopped yawning abruptly and nodded, as though they were in an airport and he was afraid she was going to kiss him.

She stood, rooted, while he came slowly toward her. Finally, when he was only a step away, she moved and he went past her to the bathroom, his sheet trailing behind him on the floor.

"I'll get your breakfast," she said.

He turned, rubbing his cheeks to see if he needed to shave. "I don't think I'll have any breakfast. Thank you," he added.

"I've got a T-bone steak for you."

"No, thank you," he said carefully. "I have to play in the round robin at the club, so I'll wait and eat afterward."

"I got it on purpose for your breakfast," she said. She did not know why she was insisting. She was aware, too, of the women in the sewing room listening, and she felt ashamed, as though the boy had turned her down.

He went on down the hall, saying over his shoulder, "Why don't you eat it for your lunch?"

"Oh, you know I never have anything but cornflakes and skimmed milk. I've got to lose some weight!" she called after him, as though this was something he might like to challenge.

Ignoring her, he went into the bathroom and closed the door. A moment later she heard the shower.

Behind her, in the sewing room, no one spoke, and she grew angry at the thought of the two women sitting in there listening to her plead. She marched down the hall and glared in the door as she passed. Lucy was sitting by the window darning a sock. Harriet stood behind her, watching. "No, not there," she said, touching the sock with her finger. "There. . ." Then she looked up and saw Mrs. Long. "Well, I guess I better be going," she said, settling her hat, and for the first time Mrs. Long wondered why she had not left an hour before.

She went on down the hall to Jock's room. His bed, split open, still looked warm, and she jerked up the covers. Then she marched to the blue steamer trunk standing in the corner and pulled out all the drawers. She filled the drawers mechanically, without satisfaction; the morning had been taken from her, and she felt lean and deprived. The smell of the wooden trunk hangers reminded her suddenly of the trip abroad she had taken with her parents when she was seventeen; after all these years, she

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noticed, the Cunard Line label was still fixed to the side of the trunk. Holding the hangers in her arms, she looked at the label. Why had it all turned out so badly? When she was seventeen, she had had thin, long, very dark hair which had hung straight down her back, waving each time she turned her head; her hair was still thin and soft. Yet when she was seventeen, on that ship, she had danced with the purser for two

nights running without realizing that he was, so to speak, on duty. When her father told her that, gently, yet somehow smiling, she had known suddenly that she would never be of any importance to a man. And that was how it had worked out. She had never been able to deal with Jock, or with his father; they had devoured her life, draining her of everything that was good in her, and then they had both left her—her

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So, if you have varicose veins, take advantage of the liberal Bauer & Black Pair and Spare offer. Buy a pair of R-2 or J-2 Elastic Stockings . . . get a free spare worth as much as \$8.48. Expert fitting at leading drug, department or surgical supply stores. Other styles start at \$3.75 each.



THE KENDALL COMPANY
BAUER & BLACK DIVISION



Mail transparent wrapper and the information panel from one end of an R-2 or J-2 Elastic Stocking box to The Kendall Co., Bauer & Black Division, Department 9309, 309 W. Jackson, Chicago 6, Illinois. Your free "spare" stocking will be mailed to you. Be sure to include name and address. Offer expires February 29, 1964.

Going Away (Continued)

husband, George, to Minneapolis, to live alone, and now Jock to college, with his ugly little assurance. Yet she had always tried to do what seemed right to her, in order not to defraud herself or other people; when she was a girl, she had never let men put their hands in the front of her dress because it had seemed destructive, and as a woman, too, she had never let herself be abused—and she had never abused anyone else. Then why had her life turned out so shabby and poor?

She put the hangers down on the bed and, turning, took one of Jock's suits out of the closet. She had meant to hang it in the trunk, but instead she held it in her arms and let the warm, weak tears rise along the edges of her eyes.

Rousing herself, she examined the suit. The green corduroy looked rusty from long wear; the lining was in shreds and the cuffs frayed almost beyond repair. But it was a great favorite, and so she laid it aside, planning to ask Jock before she decided to exclude it from the trunk. She looked forward to talking to him sensibly about the corduroy suit. She would say, "I know it's a favorite," and he would understand that she was not entirely unsympathetic.

She had nearly finished packing the trunk when Jock came in. She turned around when he opened the door, and so she saw the look of irritation that passed across his face. He was wearing his seersucker robe, loosely held together, and his hair was wet and curling from the shower.

She stood in front of him holding the corduroy suit. She had meant to be sympathetic, but his look had annoyed her, and so she said, "I'm going to give this suit away. It's a complete wreck."

He did not move from the door, as though he could not bear to commit himself to the room as long as she was in it. "But I want to take it to college," he said.

She folded it over her arm with a little pat. "It's really too far gone, Jock. I can't let you go up there looking like a rag bag. I know it's a favorite," she added, too late.

He came toward her and reached for the suit. "I mean to take that, Mother."

Something flashed between them. He was set and hard. And she, growing angry, betrayed by them all, clasped the suit tightly in her arms. "No, I'm sorry, I simply can't let you take it."

He reached out and took hold of the

sleeve. His determination outraged her; she felt he was threatening her, physical his blunt, male strength. She would be able to hold onto the suit if he tried to wrench it away from her. Clutching it in her arms, she tried to step around to the door.

He barred her. "I want that, Mother." Finally his stubbornness released her. After all, he was nothing but a child, one hand she put him out of her way easily, as when he was small she had sometimes put him away from her knees. She walked out of the room and closed the door gently behind her.

Exultant, she hurried to the sewing machine and threw her prize down on the table. She looked up from the sock she was darning.

"Could you use this suit for Jock?" They're the same size, aren't they?"

Lucy came swiftly to the table and reached for the suit. Opening the trunk, she ran her finger down the torn lining, looked at the sleeves. Finally she turned to Mrs. Long. "I believe he could use it," she said, "with some fixing." Then she stepped one step forward, which brought her close to Mrs. Long. "I want to thank you for all you've done for him," she said mechanically, like a parrot.

"But I haven't done anything yet," Mrs. Long said. "No'm. I just know you will," Lucy replied reverently. "Ain't no place in this town for a girl could wear this suit."

Mrs. Long sat down in the straight-backed chair by the table. She felt suddenly tired, though she had won her way. Jock, very tired and depleted. But it was still a victory. She leaned back and the chair creaked under her weight; she turned away and began to examine the leather buttons on the corduroy jacket.

For a little while Mrs. Long did not move. She folded her hands together in her lap and watched the maple-tree shadow move across the sunlight on the floor. For a moment everything grew simple around her, as in a child's bedroom; and she saw the needle shining in her son's black bag, and Lucy's tennis shoes, slashed to ruin at her corners. At the end of the hall, Jock began to whistle tunelessly on one note. Mrs. Long thought, Yes, going away, simply, as though it were the final line of a popular song.

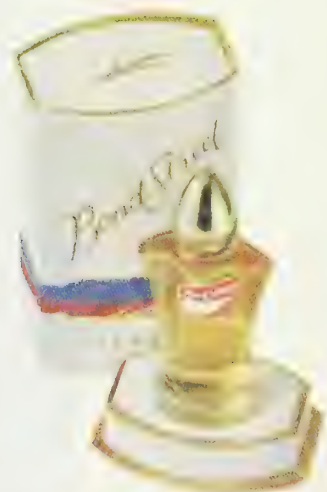
"I'll have to do something about this, though," Lucy said.

Mrs. Long roused herself, and when she spoke, though her voice was plaintive, it sounded pacified. "Is it Lexington he wants to go to?" she asked.





Did you ever receive a kitten like this?



Or a basket of yellow orchids? Or a box at the Opera? Did anyone ever send you a sable-lined raincoat? A love song been written just for you? No? Then start wearing the fragrance that can take you places.

Products for America are created in England and finished in the U. S. A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., N.Y., N.Y.

Bond Street
by Yardley

Why

insist on a Hide-A-Bed® Sofa?



Early American Iron Work Chandelier. "Revere" Hide-A-Bed Sofa in cherry red, charcoal brown, gold, brown, champagne textured upholstery. With Beautyrest mattress. \$409.50.

Here's why:

beauty you can see / comfort you can feel / quality you can rely on

Why settle for less than the most famous convertible sofa? Only a Hide-A-Bed, a Simmons exclusive, can grace your life with the perfect sleep of a Beautyrest® mattress... grace your home with the beauty of superb sofa



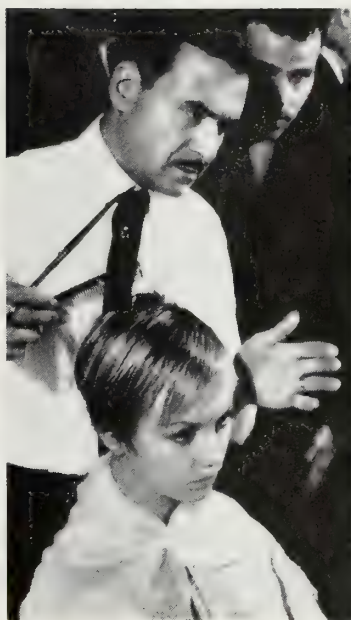
designs and welcoming sitting comfort. Isn't that what you really want? The Golden Value Group of 22 Hide-A-Bed sofa styles is in the stores now. Priced from \$199.95 to \$529.50, and so well worth it. See them.

There is only one HIDE-A-BED and it's made only by SIMMONS



Subtleties and deceptions

Inventive ideas and stylish short cuts are the essential ingredients of a successful party. As the season begins, some words to the wise.



"As one door closes, another opens," a philosopher said, and nothing summarizes more simply the succession of the seasons. The golden brevity of summer has given way to the paler light of autumn, but with the latter there have arrived the quickened rhythm, the brisker purpose, the air of renewed accomplishment that punctuate the end of summer indolence.

Autumn is the season of entertaining, of renewing social ties broken by the warm-weather abandonment of cities and towns, and above all it is the season of holidays. Its gifts include the substantial feast day of Thanksgiving, and the gala prelude to those grand twin holidays—Christmas and New Year's.

In the ensuing pages and elsewhere in the issue, we deal with the subject of Entertainment. Our aim is to awaken ideas in the hostess, stir her imagination, and even provide a few small subtleties and deceptions to help her save time, the one item always in short supply. The inventive virtuosity of the hostess is the key to exciting entertaining, and we hope these suggestions, modified or expanded, will enliven gatherings during the autumn of 1963, whether an unexpected cocktail party, a family Thanksgiving Dinner, or a Christmas Ball.

We urge you to turn directly to any subject that engages your attention. THE CUTAWAY BLACKS (Page 58) is for both the entertainer and the entertained. ENTERTAINING WITH A VELVET TOUCH (Page 62) tells its own story. A traditional Thanksgiving dinner begins on Page 68, but if you have in mind a buffet dinner for an indeterminate number of guests, we refer you to PARTY ON THE GO on Page 99. PARTY PACK (Page 102) presents an idea for storing party essentials. COFFEEHOUSE PARTY (Page 107) describes a novel but thoroughly contemporary type of evening entertainment, INSTANT COOK (Page 133) tells how to be stylish and prompt, and REFLECTED GLORY (Page 110) tells how to be stylish and beautiful. We can include, in fact, even ALEXANDRE THE GREAT (Page 148), which relates the story of a talented French hair stylist, and SHE DRESSES THE LADY PIONEERS OF THE NEW FRONTIER (Page 134).

If the purpose of a party is pleasure—and there's no motive more noble—we trust that these features and ideas will help place that prize within the reach of both hostess and guest alike.





The apple harvest is in at your grocer's. Get some for great snacking with Cracker Barrel Natural Cheddar Cheese.

KRAFT CHEESE IS FINE PROTEIN FOOD

Always great natural cheddar—no guessing!—when you get Cracker Barrel brand. Wrapped in aluminum foil, it comes to you as fresh as though it were cut before your very eyes. And every wedge and big 10-ounce stick is marked for flavor: Sharp—Extra Sharp—or Mellow. It's more than good cheese: it's a real pleasure. It's Cracker Barrel brand by

KRAFT



PARTY ON THE GO

Versatile modern furniture that can lead a double life comes to the aid of the party.



The big entertaining season of the year starts this month, with Thanksgiving heading a calendar of festivities that will last through Twelfth Night. To breeze through this party season, consider investing in furniture that solves the biggest entertaining problem—seating and serving large numbers of guests. The handsome new examples in our multiple-exposure photograph are a buffet on hidden casters that glides to any room to become a bar or serving counter, a coffee table that pulls up to dining height and

collapsible chairs that store in a closet between parties. Cart, by Founders, is walnut with a black Micarta top and cane doors that reverse to match the walnut (\$150 in New York at Lord & Taylor). Scandinavian table, imported by Moreddi, has a 42-inch teak top on a chrome or bronze pedestal (\$175 in New York at Altman's). Kreuger Metal chairs sport party-color upholstery (\$17 each in Chicago at J. Cotey). Leg-O-Matic wood chairs have cane backs, supple plastic seats (\$25 each in New York at Sloane's).

BY CYNTHIA KELLOGG
DECORATING EDITOR

continued

NOW YOU SEE IT...

Telescoping furniture solves the storage problem—it can stay right out in the room between parties. The dining table here stretches to a mighty 110 inches and folds up to a mere 9 inches in width. It comes in several kinds of

wood, starting at \$230 in birch (through decorators from Scandinavian Design in New York). The coffee table shelters double nest of small tables. Danish import by Selig, fashioned of teak and, in New York, \$105 at Gimbel's.



...NOW YOU DON'T

Now-you-see-it, now-you-don't furniture leads a double life. Desk with drawers in the center easily converts into a dining table for four. By Mount Airy in walnut, it also comes with file cabinet placed at either end or at both ends. In

New York, \$239 at Macy's. Cube pedestal opens up like magic (just press firmly on the wood dot in its top) to mysteriously create a collection of six small tables. Danish import by Moreddi in exotic woods (\$185 at Bloomingdale's).



PARTY PACK

By Margaret Davidson HOME MANAGEMENT EDITOR



A party pack is a collection of all the extras you need for parties—extra dishes and flatware, glasses, coasters, candles. It's a wicker basket, or a cardboard carton, full of pretty things you've picked up at sales or through mail-order houses: colorful salt and pepper shakers you found at the five-and-dime; and Christmas-motif paper napkins that were half price after last year's holidays. Everything is kept together, so there's no last-minute hunting for those little candleholders you found last year and bought just for parties. And because everything is extra and used only for parties, the party pack can be stored out of the way of the daily essentials. Be sure that all your extras are good mixers—that they will look well with your "good" things. And don't be carried away by anything that's expensive. Party extras have a way of getting lost, broken or thrown out with the trash. The collection here (and it's possible to be even more economical) includes a dozen classic white plates, cups and saucers—all for under \$30. Glass plates for salad or dessert are 35 cents each. Tulip-shaped glasses, which can be used for wine, champagne or water, are 60 cents each. Stainless-steel flatware is under \$30 for eight place-settings. To see how the party extras blend with the regular good things, turn the page.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERNST BEAT

WHITE DISHES: SEARS; STAINLESS-STEEL FLATWARE: BLOOMINGDALE'S, N.Y.C.; GOBLET: RIEKES-CRISA CORP.; DEMITASSE CUPS, BLUE BOW: AZUMA, N.Y.C.; CLEAR PLASTIC BOWLS: MASTERCRAFT; LINEN: LEACOR

New Idea

ADD SNAP AND SPARKLE TO SALADS. ADD CRANBERRY SAUCE!



Mix one can of Ocean Spray Whole Berry Sauce into your favorite flavored gelatin recipe. (Use half the water called for.) Result: a sparkling new salad. It looks and tastes just like a party.

GO CREATIVE WITH OCEAN SPRAY CRANBERRIES



New idea in GLAZES

Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar with a can of Ocean Spray Whole Berry Sauce. Or use Ocean Spray Jelly Sauce, beaten till smooth. Spoon on ham $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before it's done.



New idea in TOPPINGS

Make ice cream even more dreamy—top it with Ocean Spray Whole Berry Sauce. Try this on puddings, custards, sponge cake. It's crunchy, sweet, tart, tangy.



New idea in RELISHES

Sharpen up Ocean Spray Whole Berry Sauce with horseradish or mustard. Or make a relish out of Ocean Spray Jelly Sauce. Beat it till smooth, then add to it.



New idea in FILLINGS

Beat Ocean Spray Jelly Sauce till smooth. Heat it and use it to fill puffy omelets. Or spoon it over pancakes or French toast. It adds new zest to brunch.



New idea in JUICES

Ocean Spray Cranberry Juice Cocktail—the tangy new drink. Try it straight—or mix it with ginger ale or orange juice or any number of fruit juices. It's great!



OCEAN SPRAY

WHOLE BERRY OR JELLIED SAUCE

MAKES FOOD MORE FESTIVE

PARTY PACK continued



The buffet is spread and, thanks to the attractive and inexpensive party pack, any number can be entertained in most elegant style—the simpler

products taking on glamour when in the company of pretty and colorful things. Good china is side by side with not-so-good; extra goblets mingle with

the good crystal, and stainless alternates with silver. If more than one table is used, the extras can be segregated from the regulars.

STERLING FLATWARE, CHAFING DISH, TRAY, BOWL AND CANDELABRA: INTERNATIONAL; FLUTED GOBLET: FOSTORIA; BLUE-PATTERN PLATES: SPODE.

You'll never believe vegetables could taste so good
until you cook them the "Flavor-Seal" way with Mazola® corn oil!



NEW "FLAVOR-SEAL"
VEGETABLE RECIPE

Here's all you do:

Measure 1 tablespoon MAZOLA Corn Oil into skillet or saucepan. Add seasonings and 1 package (10 oz.) frozen vegetables or 3 cups (about 1 lb.) prepared fresh vegetables, washed, drained, not dried. Cover tightly. Cook on medium to low heat until just tender (8-12 minutes). Time varies with type and tenderness of vegetables.

During cooking, shake or move pan several times to prevent sticking. For starchy or stalky vegetables, add up to 3 tablespoons water. For frozen vegetables, turn frozen block frequently during first part of cooking, to thaw and break up.

DELUXE 2-QUART

Saucepan and Cover

in glamorous "Symbol" Cookware by Griswold.

Now, Mazola's special low price only **\$4⁷⁵** and 1 label from any size Mazola Corn Oil (offer for limited time only)

You'll enjoy cooking vegetables the "Flavor-Seal" way...particularly in this heavy cast aluminum saucepan with its festive red porcelain-clad lid. This "Symbol" saucepan by Griswold has smooth interior finish, easy-grip handle and cover knob. Guaranteed by manufacturer against cracking or breaking.

Fresh Flavor! Even children who say they don't like vegetables go for the full, fresh flavor you'll get every time using the "Flavor-Seal" cooking method!

Nutritious! Save all the natural vitamins and minerals so often boiled away.

Bright, Appetizing Color! You know they'll taste better when you see bright, natural color. Firmer texture, never mushy! Every bite more delicious than ever before!

Just 1 tablespoon of Mazola Corn Oil cooks a full pound of vegetables

Well...but wisely with MAZOLA golden-light corn oil

USE THIS COUPON... SEND TODAY FOR THIS TOP VALUE!

MAZOLA SAUCEPAN OFFER Offer expires January 31, 1964
Box 336C, Sidney, Ohio 45365

Please send me my "Symbol" Saucepan and Cover. I enclose label from bottle of Mazola Corn Oil and \$4.75 in Money Order or check (no stamps please).

Name _____

Street Address or Rural Route _____

City _____ State _____

Offer limited to Continental U.S. Void where prohibited or restricted by law. Customer must pay any sales tax.



Big & little boys
might snatch a few...

...but who cares
when they're
so easy to do?

PEANUT BUTTER & JELLY BUNS!

Finger-licking good . . . with a peanut-butter-and-jelly filling no man or boy can resist. Only you and Fleischmann's Yeast can bake 'em so high high rising . . . and Planters Peanut Butter makes 'em even better. It's the only leading peanut butter with vitamins A and D. So bake up these lighthearted tender buns soon!



PEANUT BUTTER & JELLY BUNS (makes 24 buns)

½ cup milk	2 eggs, beaten
½ cup sugar	4½ cups unsifted flour (about)
1½ teaspoons salt	6 tbsps. Blue Bonnet Margarine, softened
¼ cup (½ stick) Blue Bonnet Margarine	¾ cup Planters Creamy Peanut Butter
2 pkgs. Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast	¾ cup strawberry jelly, jam or preserves
½ cup warm water (105°-115° F.)	

Scald milk; stir in sugar, salt, ¼ cup margarine. Cool to lukewarm. Dissolve yeast in warm water. Add milk mixture, eggs, half the flour. Beat until smooth. Mix in enough flour to make a soft dough. On floured board knead dough until smooth and elastic, about 8 minutes.

Place dough in greased bowl, turning to grease top. Cover; let rise in warm draft-free place until doubled, about 1 hour. Punch down, turn onto floured board; divide in half.

Combine six tablespoons softened margarine with the creamy peanut butter. Mix well until smooth. Roll half the dough into 16" x 12" rectangle. Spread with half the peanut butter mixture. Spread with half the strawberry jelly. Roll up from 12" side; seal seams.

Cut 12 one-inch slices; place in greased 9" square pan, cut side up. Repeat with rest of dough and filling. Cover; let rise in warm draft-free place until doubled, about 1 hour. Bake at 375° F. 20 minutes or until done.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST & PLANTERS PEANUT BUTTER

“Margaret Rudkin has written a cookbook as fresh and unconventional as her famous Pepperidge Farm bread”

ONE who has ever tasted a slice of her Pepperidge Farm bread—that crusty, firm-textured, wonderfully *nostalgic* bread—that Margaret Rudkin doesn't just love food expects it. She has communicated her feeling for the of good food in this wise and intensely per- book.

**Over 500 recipes—
for eating and living**

Pepperidge Farm Cookbook is really three one. A working cookbook. A treasury of recipes, lovingly gathered over 25 years. Hoping up between the old recipes and the re is a charming autobiography.

Margaret Rudkin tells you about favorite foods of hood—flummery, fluffin, cocky-leeky soup out the grandmother who made them for gives recipes from the country kitchen she

a young wife her—recipes for n bread, fried oatoes, hot cream tart. And s, her own joy- highly success- pe for living.

n courses,
and fancy

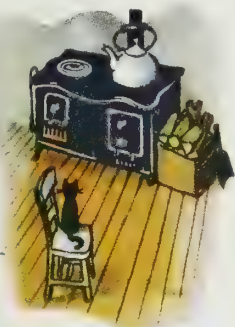
pattern for eat- living,” Mrs. proposes, is “something for fun, something ial times, and something plain for quiet h just the family.”

thing for fun? Try Margaret Rudkin's re- Beef Stroganoff Without Panic.

pecial occasions, there is her *two and one-half page* recipe for Blanquette de Veau. Or try Marinated Duck (the preparation time is 32 to 40 hours).

For “just the family,” there are simple sup- pers like Tomato Cheese Pie, Top-Stove Shortribs (with apricots!), Boiled Beef with barley.

For soup and sand- wich dinners, there are sandwich ideas by the dozen and hearty, sus- taining soups. You can feed a hungry family on



the Beef-and-Vegetable Soup Margaret Rudkin re- members from childhood:

“My mother always hummed the recipe like a little tuneless song when she made it—

*“A shin of beef and bones
Pepper and salt and onions
Carrots and celery
Bay leaf and parsley
Leeks and potatoes
A can of tomatoes
And a handful of oatmeal to stick to your ribs.”*



Margaret Rudkin's own baking secrets

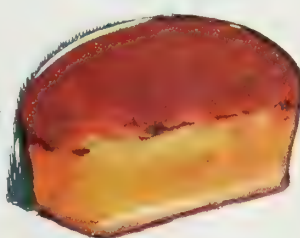
You will want to bake bread when you read Mrs. Rudkin's loving and easy-to-follow instructions.

The first bread baked at Pepperidge Farm—a hearty, nourishing whole wheat loaf—was for her own growing family:

“I was generous in my use of butter and milk, honey and molasses, and invented a recipe which resulted in a delicious bread, pleasant for anyone to eat without being told ‘eat it because it's good for you.’”

That recipe is used at Pepperidge Farm today. Anyone who has ever tasted Pepperidge Farm

Frozen Puff Pastry knows Margaret Rudkin has a genius for desserts. And she gives you her own recipes for everything from Plain Pastry with Butter, to Spanish Gato-Almond Cake. Mrs. Rudkin makes you want to experiment with all kinds of baking. Old-fashioned Potato



Loaves and Fresh Peach Kuchen, Swedish Cardamom Braid and Dutch Apple Cake, French Brioche and English Bath Buns.

And if you are adventurous, try “Maggie Murphy's Pot Oven Bread,” baked crusty and fragrant on an open hearth in a 3-legged iron pot.

“Quaking Pudding”—and 43 other antique recipes

If “Pot Oven Bread” seems prosaic, you can make a “Quaking Pudding.” You will find the recipe, dated 1663, in Margaret Rudkin's chapter on “Cooking from Antique Cookbooks.”

Margaret Rudkin doesn't just collect antique recipes. She *translates them for you into modern cooking terms.*

With her as a guide, you can prepare “Chicken in a Pungent Sauce” from a recipe that originated in the first cookbook ever printed, in 1475.

You can “Make a Cake the Way of the Royal Princess, the Lady Elizabeth, Daughter to King Charles the First,” from a contemporary recipe.

Or “Preserve Bullasses Green as Grass”—a 17th century version of greengage plum preserves.

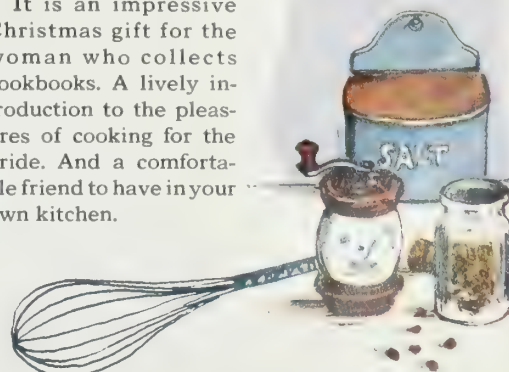
450 pages; 420 illustrations

The illustrations in the Pepperidge Farm Cookbook are original drawings by the Danish illustrator Erik Blegvad. (Six are reproduced here.) The pages are large enough for big, easy-to-read type. The binding is stainproof and washable.

Give a first edition copy

The first edition of the Pepperidge Farm Cookbook is available at bookstores now.

It is an impressive Christmas gift for the woman who collects cookbooks. A lively introduction to the pleasures of cooking for the bride. And a comfortable friend to have in your own kitchen.







REFLECTED GLORY

GLITTERING
NEW COSMETICS PUT
A FRESH FACE
ON EVENING MAKEUPS

The new evening makeups break all of the old beauty rules that have governed making up for special occasions. No heavy masklike foundations, no overripe color schemes, no bearing down hard on eye pencil or even powder puff. Instead of counting on color for their effectiveness, the new makeups use light. You can personally test the principle of the self-illuminating makeups this very evening. Do it in this way: At your dressing table, pick up a beam of light in a hand mirror, then reflect the light onto your face. See the difference? Your face takes on a glow, your features are highlighted but not sharpened, your skin gains daytime translucency. Now imagine these same light benefits being built right into your foundation, your powder and rouge, eye shadow, even your eye liner. That's what the cosmetic manufacturers have managed to do. The secret ingredients (you'll think they're pearl dust and diamond sparks) reproduce these reflections on your complexion. The lit-up cosmetics are as pale and fragile as the shadings of a prism, yet enable you to wear even your most difficult costume colors. (Black changes from sinister to dramatic. Previously trying colors become flattering.) Directions for applying the makeup for maximum effect are on the following page.

By DOROTHY ANNE ROBINSON

BEAUTY EDITOR



The word gets around...

that lovely, fashionable

beauty mist
SEAMLESS STOCKINGS

cost only one dollar!

the best seamless stockings a dollar can buy . . . sheer, seamless nylons
with proportioned fit in all popular colors for day or evening.
True quality — top value. At your favorite hosiery counter.

REFLECTED GLORY (Continued)



Used in combination with a new evening makeup foundation, glow rouge will also highlight your features. Apply it to all the bony areas of your face as shown above. To obtain an especially sparkly effect, press on a topcoat of luminous face powder.



EYES. Pick up the shape of your eyebrows with hair-length strokes of taupe or gray eyebrow pencil. Using a cake eyeliner (with glitter built in), draw a narrow line close to the eyelashes. Widen only at the outside corner. Fill in lid area to the eye bone with eye shadow in a pale luminescent color. Above the bone use the same shadow diluted with foundation. Under the down curve of eyebrow draw a delineating line of white with eye shadow or nail-whitening pencil. For the look of thicker, longer lashes, use one of the new eyelash-extending mascaras. With eyebrow pencil, shadow under bottom lashes at outside corner. LIPS. Outline your lips with a brush or lip pencil. Fill in with silvery pink or coral lipstick. Dab fingerprint of foundation in center of bottom lip, then blend but don't blot. • END

every woman who has been over-washing her hair...

A shampoo so rich
you only need to "lather once"!



You only need to lather
once with rich, new
Liquid Lustre-Creme.

Then rinse your clean,
fresh hair and set in any
hair style you like.

See how much more life
and body your hair has,
how easy it is to manage.



SHIRLEY JONES, starring in "Dark Purpose" a Universal release, uses new "Lather Once" Lustre-Creme and her hair behaves beautifully! Yours will, too, because—instead of over-washing your hair, stripping away the oils, leaving it dry and hard to manage—you only need to lather once with rich, instant-foaming Lustre-Creme shampoo. Then your hair has more life and body; any hair style behaves beautifully. Try it and see!

NEW "Lather Once" Lustre-Creme Shampoo



When you've got
acid indigestion...



"Boy, what a difference
Phillips' Milk
of Magnesia makes!"

That's the feeling of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia! As soon as you take it, Phillips' liquid action goes right where the trouble is, to relieve upset stomach, heartburn, queasiness, and other discomforts of acid indigestion *in seconds!*

Many people like the feeling of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia even better in its refreshingly tangy mint-flavored form. Either way, Phillips' is one of the fastest, most effective stomach acid neutralizers known to medical

Next time you suffer from upset stomach, heartburn, or other discomforts of acid indigestion, take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia and feel better *in seconds!*



LATE- BLOOMING FLOWERS

(Continued from page 77)

except the extreme fatigue of a hard, full day's work.

Marusya went to meet Toporkov and, wringing her hands in front of him, began to plead with him. Never had she done such a thing before, with anyone.

"Save him, Doctor!" she said, raising her large eyes to him. "I implore you! You are our only hope!"

Toporkov walked round her and set off for Yegorushka's room.

"Open the window vents!" he ordered, going into the patient's room. "Why aren't the vents open? How can anyone breathe?"

The princess, Marusya and Nikifor rushed to the windows and the stove. The double windows, already fixed for winter, turned out to have no vents. The stove had not been lit.

"There are no vents in the windows," said the old princess timidly.

"That's strange. . . Mmmmm. . . How can I treat sick people under these conditions! I won't do it!"

And slightly raising his voice, Toporkov added:

"Move him into the hall. It's not so stifling there. Call the servants!"

Nikifor hurried to the bed and stood at the head of it. The princess, blushing—because, except for Nikifor, the cook and a half-blind housemaid, she had no other servants—grasped the bed. Marusya, too, took hold of it and pulled with all her might. The decrepit old man and the two feeble women lifted the bed with groans and, not trusting their own strength, stumbling and afraid of dropping it, carried it out. The old princess's dress ripped across her shoulders and something tore in her stomach; everything turned green before Marusya's eyes, and her arms hurt dreadfully—Yegorushka was so heavy. But he, Toporkov, Doctor of Medicine, strode importantly along behind the bed and frowned angrily because they were taking up his time with such trifles. And he did not even lift a finger to help the ladies! What a brute!

They set the bed beside the grand piano. Toporkov removed the blanket and began undressing the tossing Yegorushka while asking the princess questions. Yegorushka's shirt was off in a second.

"Make it shorter, please! This is beside the point!" rapped out Toporkov as he listened to the princess. "Everyone who isn't needed may get out!"

Having tapped Yegorushka's chest with his mallet, he turned the sick man over on his stomach and tapped again; he listened, puffing softly—doctors always puff softly while they listen—and diagnosed a drunken fever without complications.

"It won't hurt to put a straitjacket on him," said he, rapping out each word in his level voice.

Having given a few more instructions, he wrote out a prescription and marched rapidly to the door. While writing the prescription he had asked, among other things, for Yegorushka's family name.

"Prince Prikklonsky," said the princess.

"Prikklonsky?" repeated Toporkov.

How quickly you have forgotten the name of your former . . . landlords, thought the princess. She could not bring herself to think of the word "masters." The figure of the former serf was too awe-inspiring!

She approached him in the entrance hall and asked, with a beating heart, "Doctor, he isn't in danger, is he?"

"I don't think so."

"Do you think he will recover?"

"I dare say," replied the doctor coldly, and with a slight nod of his head he went down the stairs to his horses, which were just as stately and impressive as he himself.

After the doctor had left, the princess and Marusya breathed easily for the first time in twenty-four anxious hours. The celebrity Toporkov had given them hope.

"How considerate, how nice he is!" said the princess, blessing in her heart all the doctors in the world. Mothers love Medicine and believe in it when their children are sick!

"An imp-o-o-o-o-rtant gentleman!" Nikifor remarked, having seen no one but Yegorushka's good-for-nothing drunken friends at his master's house for a long time. The poor old man never dreamed that this important gentleman was none other

than his own grubby Kol'ka, the very s whom in days gone by he had often dragged by the heels from under the water cart flogged.

The princess concealed from him that doctor was his nephew.

That evening after sunset Marusya, exhausted from grief and fatigue, was overtaken by a violent chill which forced into bed. The chill was followed by a rapid fever and a pain in her side. All night she lay delirious and groaned, "I'm dying, maman!"

So soft you
forget them
so safe that
you can....



Fems
FEMININE NAPKINS



"He thought he was just handing her a line."

Toporkov, arriving at ten o'clock morning, had to treat two instead of one since Yegorushka and Marusya. He thought Marusya was suffering from pneumonia.

House of the Priklonskys began to die. Invisible but terrible, death waited at the heads of both beds, threatening to steal the old princess's children at any moment. The princess was in despair.

"I don't know," Toporkov would say to Marusya. "I can't tell, I'm not a prophet. It will be in a few days."

He spoke these words dryly, coldly, and without touching the old woman to the heart. Oh, for a word of hope! To complete her misery, Toporkov prescribed almost nothing for the invalids but spent his time only tapping, listening and scolding because the princess was not fresh and the compress not applied at the right place or time. The old princess regarded all these newfangled details as ridiculous and useless. Day and night, tapping, she roamed from one bed to the other, forgetting everything else in the making of vows and praying.

Thought of fever and pneumonia as fatal illnesses, and when Marusya spit blood she imagined that the princess was in "the last stages of extinction," and fainted away.

On the seventh day when her joy when, on the seventh day, the young princess smiled and

well again."

On the seventh day Yegorushka, too, died. With the adoration due to a doctor, the old princess, laughing and from happiness, went up to Toporkov for arrival and said to him:

"Give me my children's lives to you, Doctor, thank you!"

"What is it?"

"Thank you so much! You have saved my children."

"... The seventh day! I expected it on the fifth. However, it makes no difference to them this powder morning and afternoon. Continue with the compresses. You may change your son's heavy blanket for a lighter one. Give him something acid to eat. It will drop in again tomorrow."

The famous man, with a parting nod of the head, strode back toward the staircase, measuring the general's pace.

On a translucent, slightly frosty day—those autumn days for which you wait—set up with the cold and the damp air, heavy rubber boots. The air is so clear you can see the beak of a jackdaw on the highest steeple; everything is filled with the smell of autumn. Go out into the street and your cheeks will glow with healthy, high color, bringing to mind the red of the apples. Yellow leaves, fallen and trampled underfoot in the street, flashing like gold pieces, patiently waiting for the first snow. Nature is quietly and peacefully falling asleep. Not a breath of wind, not a sound. Motionless and dumb, as though wearied by spring and summer, she lies basking in the warm rays of the sun, and as you gaze at its first peacefulness, you feel at last at ease.

It is just such a day when Marusya and Yegorushka sat at the window, awaiting Toporkov for the last time. The light—soft and caressing—shone through the windows of the Priklonsky house; it played on the rugs, the chairs, the grand piano. The room was flooded with this light. Marusya and Yegorushka were looking out the window onto the street and rejoicing in their recovered health. Convalescents, if they are young, are always



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very happy. They feel and appreciate good health as the ordinary healthy person can neither feel nor appreciate it. Health is freedom, yet who except a freed serf takes pleasure in the consciousness of liberty? Marusya and Yegorushka were conscious each moment of the end of their serfdom. How wonderful they felt! They wanted to breathe, to look out of the window, to move about—in a word, to live—and all these desires were fulfilled every second. All was forgotten now—Furov and his promissory notes, the gossip, Yegorushka's conduct,

and their own poverty. The only things not forgotten were the pleasant ones, those that caused no disquiet: the fine weather, prospective balls, dear *maman* and . . . the doctor. Marusya laughed and talked incessantly. The main topic of her conversation was the doctor, whom they were expecting any minute.

"What a wonderful man! He can do anything!" she was saying. "How omnipotent is his knowledge! Judge for yourself, Georges, how great a feat: to fight against nature and overcome it!"


As she talked, her hands and eyes made a big exclamation point after each high-flown but sincerely spoken phrase.

Blinking and nodding, Yegorushka listened to his sister's enthusiastic words. He respected Toporkov's stern face himself, and was certain that he owed his recovery to him alone. *Maman* sat nearby and radiantly and triumphantly joined in her children's raptures.

Toporkov delighted her not only with the skill of his treatment but with that "positive quality" which she had learned to read



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LATE- BLOOMING FLOWERS

(Continued)

doctor's face. For some reason this quality" appeals very strongly to

only sorry that he . . . that he is of origin," said the princess, glancing at her daughter. "And his professors not particularly clean. He is all to the elbows in all sorts of things.

Young princess flushed and moved to armchair, farther from her mother. The doctor's face grated upon Yegorushka, too. No patience with her lordly airs and graces.

Over time will teach anyone, you see! I myself had had to suffer more than in the airs and graces of people who were better than he.

One day, *Mutter*," he said, shrugging his shoulders contemptuously, "whoever I put on his shoulders and a big pocket watch is of good origin, but whoever I put behind where his head should be, up bubble instead of a pocket, well, that's zero and that's all there is to it!" Hearing this, Yegorushka was acting the part of a fool. He had heard these same words two years ago from a certain seminarian with whom he had had a fight in a billiard room. "I could be glad to exchange my title and my pocket," added Yeg-

Yegorushka looked up at her brother, full of indignation. "I would say a great deal to you, *maman*, but you wouldn't understand," she sighed. "I will change your mind. It's too

princess, caught out as a reactionary, embarrassed and attempted to justify

"I used to know a doctor at Petersburg. He was a baron," she said. "Yes, and abroad, too. It's true. Education is a great deal. Well, yes . . ." Toporkov arrived at one o'clock. He came in as he had the first time: walking quietly, looking at no one.

"I don't drink any strong liquor, and avoid it as far as possible," he said, turning to Yegorushka, having put down his hat. "Watch out for your liver. It's already noticeably enlarged. The enlargement is due to consumption of strong drink. I take the prescribed mineral waters." Turning to Marusya, he gave her his final words of advice.

Marusya heard him out attentively, as if listening to an absorbing story, and straight into the eyes of this learned

"You did understand, I suppose?" he asked her. "Yes! *Merçi*."

The visit had lasted exactly four minutes. Toporkov coughed, picked up his hat and turned to Marusya and Yegorushka fixed on their mother. Marusya even blushed.

The princess, waddling like a duck and followed by the doctor and awkwardly pushed her hand into his white fist. "Let us show our gratitude!" she

Yegorushka and Marusya dropped their heads. Toporkov raised his closed hand to his spectacles and perceived the roll of his head. Neither abashed nor lowering his head, he moistened his finger in his mouth and almost inaudibly counted the banknotes. He counted twelve twenty-five-ruble notes for nothing had Nikifor run to a

certain place yesterday with his mistress's bracelets and earrings! A bright glow lit up Toporkov's face, something like the radiance with which holy men are depicted; a slight smile contorted his mouth. Apparently he was very pleased with his fee. After counting the money and putting it in his pocket, he nodded once again and turned to the door.

The princess, Marusya and Yegorushka glued their eyes on the doctor's back, and all three of them simultaneously felt their hearts sinking. Their eyes glowed with warm emotion: This man was leaving and would never come again, but by now they had become accustomed to his measured step, his staccato voice and his serious face. A little notion suddenly flashed into the mother's head. All of a sudden she wanted very badly to show this wooden individual some kindness.

He is an orphan, poor boy, she thought. He is lonely.

"Doctor," said she, in a gentle, old woman's voice.

The doctor glanced back.

"What is it?"

"Won't you have a cup of coffee with us? Please be so kind!"

Toporkov frowned and slowly drew his watch from his pocket. He looked at the time, thought for a moment and said:

"I will have some tea."

"Please sit down! Right here!"

Toporkov put down his hat and sat down; he sat straight, like a tailor's dummy with its knees bent into position and its head and shoulders straightened. The princess and Marusya bustled about. Marusya's eyes grew enormous and worried, as though she were faced with an insoluble problem. Nikifor, wearing a worn black cutaway coat and gray gloves, ran in and out of all the rooms. Every corner of the house resounded with the noise of tea-things and the tinkling of teaspoons. Yegorushka was for some reason called out of the hall for a minute, quietly and mysteriously.

Toporkov sat still for about ten minutes, waiting for his tea. He sat and looked at the pedals of the piano, not moving a limb and not making a sound. At last the door from the drawing room opened. A beaming Nikifor appeared with a big tray in his hands. On the tray were two glasses in silver holders: one for the doctor, the other for Yegorushka. Around the glasses, in a strict symmetry, stood small pitchers of light and heavy cream, sugar and tongs, circles of lemon with a little fork, and biscuits.

Behind Nikifor came Yegorushka, his face a lifeless mask of self-importance.

The princess, her forehead damp with perspiration, and Marusya, very wide-eyed, brought up the rear of the procession.

"Do have some tea, please!" the princess invited Toporkov.

Yegorushka took a glass, walked to one side and carefully took a sip. Toporkov took a glass and also sipped. The princess and her daughter sat some distance away and occupied themselves with studying the doctor's face.

"Perhaps it's not sweet enough for you?" inquired the princess.

"No, it's sweet enough."

And, as one might have expected, a silence ensued—awful, horrible, the kind when for some reason one feels extremely awkward and inclined to retire into oneself. The doctor drank and said nothing. Seemingly he was unconscious of those around him and saw nothing in front of him except his tea.

The princess and Marusya, who wanted terribly to talk to this clever man, did not know what to begin with; they were both afraid of appearing foolish. Yegorushka



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watched the doctor and from the look in his eyes it was obvious that he meant to ask something but could in no way manage it. A sepulchral silence fell, broken now and again by sounds of swallowing. Toporkov swallowed very loudly. Apparently he was not shy about it, and drank as he felt like doing. In swallowing his tea he made noises much resembling the sound "glee." Each swallow seemed to drop from the inside of his mouth down a kind of precipice and splash against some large, smooth object. Nikifor, too, broke the silence from time to

time; every now and then he champed his lips and chewed a little, as though trying the taste of the doctor-guest.

"Is it true that smoking is harmful?" Yegorushka at last brought out.

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LATE- BLOOMING FLOWERS

(Continued)

The princess and Marusya exchanged glances. What a brilliant man! Yegorushka blinked and screwed up his fishlike face. Poor fellow, he had not understood the doctor.

"We had an officer in our regiment," he said, wishing to turn this learned conversation toward the commonplace. "A certain Koshechkin, a very decent fellow. Awfully like you! Awfully! As alike as two drops of water. It would be impossible to tell you apart. Isn't he a relative of yours?"

Instead of an answer, the doctor made a loud swallowing noise, and the corners of his mouth lifted slightly in a wry, scornful smile. He plainly despised Yegorushka.

"Tell me, Doctor, am I really absolutely well now?" asked Marusya. "May I count on a full recovery?"

"I dare say. I am counting on a complete recovery on the basis of . . ."

And the doctor, holding his head erect and looking straight at Marusya, began explaining the aftereffects of pneumonia. He spoke in his measured way, pronouncing each word distinctly, neither raising nor lowering his voice. They listened to him more than readily, with delight, but unfortunately this dry man could not popularize, nor did he consider it necessary to garble the facts a little to fit in with other people's way of thinking. Several times he used words like "abscess," "coagulated regeneration," and in general spoke very well and beautifully, but very unintelligibly. He went through a whole lecture, interlarded with medical terms, without using a single phrase which his listeners could understand. However, this did not prevent them from sitting openmouthed and gazing at the learned man almost with veneration. Marusya could not tear her eyes away from his lips and hung on his every word. She gazed upon him and compared his face with those she was used to seeing every day.

How unlike this wise, tired face were the vacant, haggard faces of her suitors, Yegorushka's friends, who plagued her every day with their visits. The faces of the vicious and debauched—from whom she, Marusya, had never heard a single good, decent

word—could not hold a candle to this passive, but intelligent and haughty

What a fascinating face! thought Marusya, enraptured by his face, and his words. What a mind, and how he knows! Why is Georges a soldier? ought to be a scholar, too.

Yegorushka looked fondly at the doctor and thought: If he is talking about intellectual matters, then that means he considers us intellectual, too. It's fine that we should be considered so in society. What an a fool I made of myself, lying to him and Koshechkin.

When the doctor had finished his lecture his listeners drew a deep breath, as though they had just accomplished some kind of glorious exploit.

"How wonderful to know everything!" sighed the old princess.

Marusya got up and, as if desiring to express her gratitude to the doctor for his lecture, sat down at the piano and struck the keys. She wanted very much to draw him into a conversation, a deeper and more sentimental one, and music always induced conversation. And, too, she wanted to show off her talent before this brilliant, understanding man.

"This is from Chopin," said the old princess, smiling languidly and clasping her hands in her lap like an aristocratic schoolgirl. "What a charming thing! This is mine, Doctor—I must brag a little—beautiful singer, too. She is my pupil. Days gone by I possessed a splendid voice. And now this —" The princess mentioned the name of a famous Russian singer. "You know her? She owes a great debt to me. Yes. I gave her lessons. She was my darling girl! Distantly related to my husband, the prince. Do you enjoy listening to songs? But why do I ask? Who does enjoy singing?"

Marusya began to play the best part of the waltz and looked around, smiling. She had to read on the doctor's face what impression her playing had made on him.

But she could not read anything at all. His face was just as emotionless and dry as before. He was quickly finishing his tea.

"I adore this part," said Marusya.

"Thank you," said the doctor. "I don't want any more."

He swallowed for the last time, got up and picked up his hat, expressing not the slightest desire to hear the waltz to the end.



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WITH LOVE . . . FROM THE MAILMAN

LATE~ BLOOMING FLOWERS

(Continued)

The old princess sprang up. Marusya, embarrassed and hurt, began to close the piano.

"You are going already?" said the old princess, frowning severely. "Would you like anything more? I hope, Doctor . . . You know the way now. Some evening, perhaps . . . Don't forget us."

The doctor nodded twice, awkwardly shook the hand the young princess held out to him and went silently out to get his fur coat.

"What an iceberg! What a stick!" said the princess, after the doctor's departure. "It's frightful! He can't smile, he's such a wooden statue! It was pointless playing for him, Marie! It's just as though he stayed only for the tea! He just drank and left!"

"But how intelligent he is, *maman*, so very intelligent! Who is there he could talk to in our house? I'm an ignoramus; Georges never says a word. Can we really keep up an intelligent conversation? No!"

"Now there's a plebeian for you! There's Nikifor's nephew for you!" said Yegorushka, drinking up the cream in the pitchers. "And what a character! 'Rational, indifferent, subjective'; how he spouts, the wretch! How do you like this plebeian? And what a carriage! Look! What swank!"

And all three of them looked out of the window at the carriage just as the famous man in his great bearskin coat was sitting down. The princess was green with envy and Yegorushka winked significantly and whistled. Marusya did not even see the carriage. She was too occupied to look at it, for she was scrutinizing the doctor who had made such an overpowering impression on her. Who is not affected by novelty?

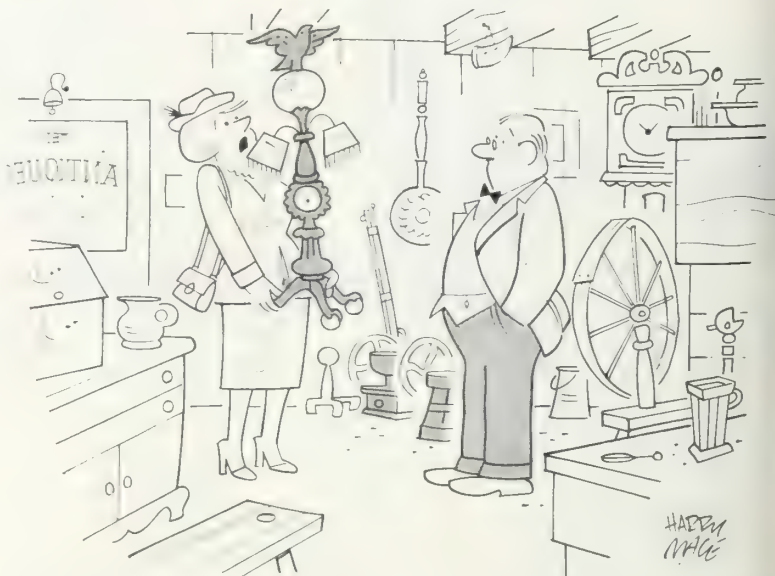
But Toporkov was too much of a novelty for Marusya.

The first snow fell, followed by the second and the third, and winter closed in for a long stay with its crackling frosts, snowdrifts and icicles. I don't like the winter and I don't believe the person who claims he does. Cold in the street, smoky in the house, wet in one's galoshes. Now harsh like a mother-in-law, now whining like an old maid, for all its enchanting moonlight nights, troikas, hunts, concerts and balls, winter very quickly becomes a bore, and it stretches on too long, poisoning more than one homeless, consumptive life.

In the home of the Princes Priklor life ran on in its customary way. Yegorushka and Marusya were now quite well, and their mother had stopped regarding the invalids. Circumstances, as before, showed not the least sign of improving. Matter came ever worse and worse, money scarcer and scarcer. The princess pawned and repawned all her jewels, inherited and acquired. Nikifor, as before, chatted in the grocery store, where they sent him get various small items on credit, the masters owed him three hundred rubles, had no intention of paying him. And cook, to whom the storekeeper, out of compassion, had made a present of his old bed, chattered in exactly the same way. Finance became still more pressing. He refused to accept any more delays and was impatient to the princess when she begged him to postpone presentation of their note. Following in Furov's footsteps, their other creditors also began to clamor. Every morning the princess had to receive notaries, bailiffs and creditors. It seemed that bankruptcy proceedings were being prepared.

The princess's pillow was always wet from her tears. By day the princess stood firm, but at night she gave full vent to her tears and wept the whole night through. It was necessary to look far for the reasons. The reasons were under one's very nose; they struck the eye in sharp and brilliant relief. Poverty, self-respect incessantly outraged . . . and by whom? By wretched little people like Furov, cooks, petty tradesmen. Her beloved possessions had gone to pawn, and parting with them cut the princess to the very heart. Yegorushka, as before, led a disorderly life. Marusya was unattached. Was all this not cause enough for weeping? The future was obscure, through the fog the princess could perceive ominous specters. There was little hope for this future; nothing to be hoped for from much to be feared.

Money was scarcer and scarcer all the time, but Yegorushka indulged himself more and more, urgently, desperately, as though he wanted to make up for time lost during his illness. He spent everything on drink, both what he had and what he did not have, his own and others' money. In his licentiousness he was as insolent and rude as the devil. To borrow money from the first comer did worry him at all. It was habitual with him to sit down to play cards without a penny in his pocket, and he considered it no sin to gorge on food and drink at another's expense or to go for a ride in a hired carriage without paying the driver. He had changed



"My husband wouldn't let me keep it. . . . But he said to tell you nice try."

Earlier he had been angry when
ughed at him; now he was only
mbarrassed when he was thrown
erwise forced to leave a place.
Marusya had changed. She had
omething new, and it was terrible.
a to be disillusioned by her brother.
reason it suddenly appeared to her
as nothing like an unappreciated,
stood man, but simply a very or-
erson, a man just like all the rest,
worse. She had stopped believ-
hopeless love. This new feeling

TOP THE PAIN



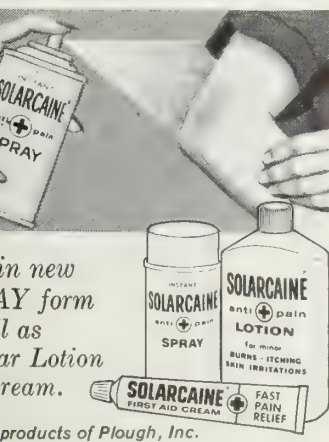
WITH LARCAINE

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knees and elbows—other surface
s suffer—need more than a mere
ointment. They need something to
fast! That's the instant to apply
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elieves dozens of skin irritations
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was terrible! Sitting for hours by the win-
dow and staring aimlessly out into the
street, she pictured to herself her brother's
face and tried hard to read in it some grace
which would quench her disillusion, but she
did not succeed in reading anything in this
lusterless face except: worthless creature!
trash! Along with his face there flashed into
her mind those of his comrades, their visi-
tors, her mother's old cronies, her suitors,
and the tearful, grief-dulled face of the old
princess herself—and Marusya's poor heart
was wrung with sadness. How petty, empty
and colorless, how stupid, boring and idle it
was, being around such close and beloved
but utterly worthless people!

Her heart was wrung with sadness, and
her soul was seized with a single, passionate,
heretical desire. Sometimes there were mo-
ments when she longed passionately to go
away, but where? To that place, of course,
where people lived who did not tremble be-
fore poverty, did not lead depraved lives,
but worked hard, did not pass their time
chatting all day long with silly old women
and drunken fools. And one decent, wise
face stuck out like a nail in Marusya's im-
agination; she read intelligence, a tremen-
dous knowledge and weariness into this face.
It was impossible to forget this face. She
saw it every day, and in the happiest cir-
cumstances—namely, when its owner was
working, or gave the impression that he was
working.

Every day Doctor Toporkov would flash
by the Priklonsky house in his luxurious
sleigh with its bearskin rug and its stout
coachmen. He did indeed have a great many
patients. He paid visits from early morning
till late evening and managed during the
day to cover every street and alley. He sat
in the sleigh just as in an armchair, impos-
ingly, holding his head and shoulders very
straight, not looking to either side. Nothing
could be seen above the soft collar of his
bearskin coat except his smooth white fore-
head and his gold-rimmed spectacles, but to
Marusya that was quite enough. It seemed
to her that the eyes of this benefactor of
humanity were emitting cold, proud and
contemptuous rays through the spectacles.

This man has a right to be contemptuous!
she thought. He is wise! What a magnificent
sleigh, though, what wonderful horses! And
this a former serf! What giant strength one
must possess to be born a lackey and climb
to such forbidding heights as he has!

Marusya alone remembered the doctor,
but the others were already beginning to
forget about him and soon would have for-
gotten him completely had he not reminded

them of himself. He reminded them of him-
self altogether too poignantly.

On the day after Christmas, at noon,
when the Priklonskys were at home, the
outside bell rang timidly. Nikifor answered
the door.

"Is the dear princess at h-o-o-o-me?"
came an old woman's voice from the hall,
and a little old woman tottered into the
drawing room without waiting for an an-
swer. "How do you do, dear Princess, Your
Ladyship . . . my benefactress!"

"What do you want?" asked the princess,
looking curiously at the old woman. Yego-
rushka burst out laughing behind his hand.
It seemed to him that the old woman's head
looked exactly like a little overripe melon,
with the stalk upward.

"Don't you recognize me, little mother?
You really don't remember me? Have you
forgotten Prokhorovna? It was me delivered
the young prince!"

And the old woman shuffled up to Yego-
rushka and suddenly kissed his shoulder
and his hand resoundingly.

"I can't understand it," muttered Yego-
rushka crossly, wiping his hand on his coat-
tails. "That old devil Nikifor lets in all sorts
of tra—"

"What do you want?" repeated the prin-
cess, and it seemed to her that a strong smell
of lamp oil came from the old woman.

The old woman settled herself into an
armchair and after an interminable pre-
amble, smirking coquettishly—matchmak-
ers are always coquettish—announced that
the princess had something to sell and she,
the old woman, had a purchaser. Marusya's
face flamed. Yegorushka snorted but, his
curiosity aroused, walked over to the old
woman.

"That's odd," said the princess. "Does
this mean you have come with a proposal of
marriage? I congratulate you, Marie, on
your suitor! And who is he? May we know?"

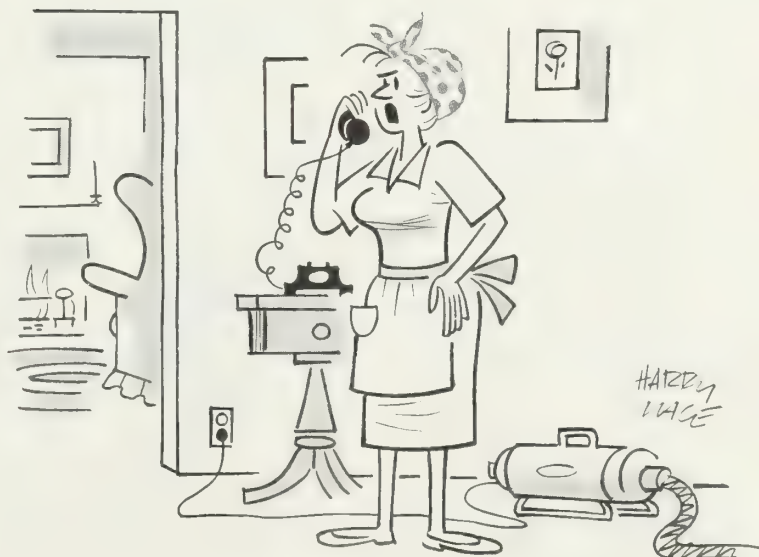
The old woman puffed and panted, reached
into her bosom and pulled out a red calico
kerchief. Untying the knots in the kerchief,
she shook it over the table, and a small
photograph fell out, along with a thimble.

They all averted their noses; from the red
kerchief with its yellow flowers came a pow-
erful smell of tobacco.

The princess picked up the photograph
and languidly held it up to her eyes.

"A handsome fellow, little mother," the
matchmaker began, describing the picture.
"He's rich, noble . . . a wonderful man, a
teetotaler."

The princess flushed and handed the pho-
tograph to Marusya. The girl turned pale.



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LATE-BLOOMING FLOWERS

(Continued)

"Strange," said the princess. "If the doctor so desires, I should think he himself could . . . Matchmaking is the last thing we need here! An educated man, and then all of a sudden . . . He *did* send you? Himself?"

"He himself. He likes you terribly. . . . A good family."

Marusya suddenly gave a little scream and rushed headlong from the room, clutching the photograph in her hands.

"How odd," went on the princess. "Most surprising. . . . I don't quite know what to say to you. I had never expected anything like this from the doctor. Why did you have to trouble yourself? He could surely have come himself. It's even insulting. What does he take us for? We aren't some kind of tradesmen. And even tradesmen have begun to live differently now."

"What a character!" muttered Yegorushka, looking with disdain at the old woman's small head. The retired hussar would have given much to be permitted to "take a crack" at that small head just once! He hated old women as a big dog hates cats, and he showed a dog's enthusiasm at the sight of that melonlike head.

"What about it, little mother?" said the matchmaker, breathing heavily. "Maybe he wasn't born a prince, but I can say, little mother-princess . . . You are all our benefactors, aren't you? Oh dear, oh dear! But isn't he noble in every way? He's had all sorts of education, and he's rich, and Holy Mother! the Lord has bestowed all kinds of luxury upon him. But if you'd like him to come and call on you, then please . . . he'd be delighted to. He can come."

And, taking the princess by the shoulder, the old matchmaker pulled her close and whispered into her ear, "He's asking sixty thousand—it's the usual thing. A wife's a wife, but money's money. You know, yourself. 'I can't marry without money,' he says, 'because my wife must have every kind of comfort . . . so she should have her own capital.'"

The princess turned scarlet and, rustling her heavy skirts, rose from her chair.

"Be good enough to inform the doctor that we are extremely surprised," she said.

"Most offended. This is wrong. I can't say anything else to you. . . . Why don't you say something, Georges? Let her go! There's a limit to anyone's patience."

After the matchmaker had left, the princess clutched her head in both hands, fell onto the couch and moaned.

"Oh, that we should live to see this!" she wailed. "My God! Some wretched quack, yesterday's lackey, making us a proposal! Noble! Ha, ha! What sort of nobility is that, may I ask? He sent *us* a matchmaker! Too bad your father is not here! He wouldn't have let this pass! Vulgar idiot! Boor!"

But the princess was not so much offended that a plebeian had asked for her daughter's hand as that he had asked for sixty thousand rubles which she didn't have. The slightest allusion to her poverty was an outrage to her. She wailed till late in the evening and woke up twice in the night to cry again.

The matchmaker's visit made a greater impression on Marusya than on anyone else, however. The poor girl was thrown into a raging fever. Trembling all over, she fell into bed, buried her burning head under the pillow and began to ask herself again and again as well as she was able: Can it be true?

The question was a puzzler. Marusya did not know how to answer it. It conveyed at the same time her amazement, her confusion and the secret joy that for some reason she was ashamed to confess and wanted to hide even from herself.

Can it be? He, Toporkov? It can't be! Something's wrong! The old woman has things all mixed up.

And at the same time the sweetest, most intimate and enchanting dreams, such as make the heart stand still and the head throb, swarmed through her brain, and an inexplicable happiness seized her whole little being. He, Toporkov, wanted to make her his wife, and look how graceful, how handsome, how clever he was! He had devoted his life to humanity, and he went about in such a magnificent sleigh!

Can it be true?

One could love him! Marusya concluded toward evening. Oh, I do consent! I am free from all prejudice and I will follow this serf to the end of the world! Just let Mother say one word and I will leave her! I do consent!

The other questions, the secondary and even lesser ones, she had no time for. They

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"That's another story we'll never find out the ending to."

importance to her. What was the
 ker doing here? Why and when
 len in love with *her*? Why had he
 himself, if he was in love? What
 ad she with these and many other
 ! She was surprised, astonished
 oyed . . . and this was enough.
 onsent," she whispered, trying in
 nation to picture his face, with the
 ed spectacles through which his
 ous, tired eyes looked forth. "Let
 ! I do consent!"

ile Marusya tossed on her bed in
 er and felt all her being on fire
 iness, the matchmaker was calling
 eepers' houses and scattering the
 otographs generously on all sides.
 n one rich man's house to another,
 oking for the goods for which she
 mmend a "noble" purchaser. To-
 d not sent her specifically to the
 ys. He had sent her "wherever she
 On marriage itself, for which he
 ecessity, he looked quite indiffer-
 him it was immaterial where the
 er called. He needed—sixty thou-
 y thousand, no less! The house he
 o buy could not be had for less
 sum. He could not borrow this
 nywhere, and they would not
 nstallment payments. There re-
 ly one way out: to marry money,
 was now doing. Marusya, I assure
 ot in the least responsible for his
 ie himself in Hymen's bonds.
 o'clock that night Yegorushka
 ly into Marusya's room. Marusya
 y undressed and trying to get to
 was exhausted by her unexpected
 she wanted somehow to quiet her
 y beating heart, which seemed to
 through the whole house. In eve-
 e of Yegorushka's face there were
 d secrets. He coughed mysteri-
 ed meaningfully toward Marusya
 ough wishing to impart to her
 terribly important and secret,
 at her feet and leaned down to

ow what I'm going to say to you,
 he began softly. "I will tell you
 y point of view is . . . Because
 thinking of your happiness. Are
 ? I'm really thinking of your hap-
 rry him—this Toporkov! Don't
 uss about it, marry him—and
 that's it! He is the right sort of
 every way. And he's rich. It
 an a thing that he is of low birth.
 bbish!"

a shut her eyes tight. She felt
 And at the same time she was
 at her brother liked Toporkov.
 ch enough to make up for it! At
 von't go without bread. But wait
 some prince or count, and you'll
 end up dying of hunger. We
 en a kopeck! Pfft! All gone! Are
 or what? Heh? Does your silence
 ent?"

a smiled. Yegorushka began to
 for the first time in his life kissed
 very warmly.

o ahead and marry him. He's an
 man. And how wonderful it will be
 e-old lady will stop howling!"

hka plunged into reverie. Having
 while, he shook his head and said,
 nly one thing I don't understand.
 evil did he send this matchmaker?
 t he come himself? There's some-
 ing here. He isn't the kind of man
 matchmaker."

ue, thought Marusya, shudder-
 me reason. There *is* something
 e. It was stupid to send the match-
 me to think of it, what *does* it

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Model LKE 890

Yegorushka, who usually would not have had the sense to think the matter out at all, this time found an answer. "You know, though, he has no time to gad about, himself. He's busy all day long. He dashes about like a madman, calling on his patients." Marusya relaxed, but not for long. Yegorushka was silent for a little while, and then said, "And another thing seems odd to me: He told this old witch to say that the dowry should be not less than sixty thousand. Did you hear? Otherwise, he says, it's out of the question."

Marusya at once opened her eyes; her whole body trembled, and she sat up in bed, forgetting even to cover her shoulders with the quilt. Her eyes sparkled and her cheeks flamed. "Is that what the old woman says?" she said, tugging at Yegorushka's hand. "Tell her it's a lie! People like this—I mean people such as he—couldn't even say such a thing. He and . . . money? Ha, ha! Only those who don't know how proud, how honest, how unmercenary he is could possibly have these low suspicions! Yes! He's a won-

derful man! They just don't understand him!" "I think so, too," said Yegorushka. "The old woman was lying. Maybe she wanted to worm herself into his favor. She has got this way from dealing with shopkeepers!" Marusya nodded in agreement and hid her pretty head under the pillow. Yegorushka stood up and stretched. "Mother is howling," he said. "Well, we won't pay any attention to her. And so, what about it? Are you agreeable? Fine! Let's not give (Continued on page 125)



Do Face Creams Really Work?

by Helen F. Porter

A good part of my time as a beauty consultant is spent answering questions about face creams. To answer them fully, I've made a careful study of creams—from placenta and hormone creams to medicated and vitamin creams. I've found, as I'm sure many of you have, that while most creams did some good, none really satisfied me.

But recently I've been using a face cream that I think is just what women have been hoping for. It's light, greaseless and *polyunsaturated*. It smooths into your skin almost instantly, and never leaves a greasy film on your face . . . or your pillow case. And, most importantly, this cream actually puts polyunsaturates right on your skin.

These elements with the tongue-twister name are about 50% more abundant in skin before the age of 20 than after 40. The exclusive formula of *this* cream is based on polyunsaturates in stabilized form—the only form in which they retain freshness.

DAILY USE TEST

This cream, which is made here at Prince Matchabelli, is called Polyderm. I do wish you'd give it a try, because I feel sure that once you start using it regularly you'll find, as I did, that Polyderm helps your skin retain its natural moisture, and gives you a softer, smoother, younger looking complexion.

I use Polyderm every night before bed, starting at the base of my throat, and massage my skin for a minute—gently upward and outward right up to the roots of my hair.

If you'd like to see whether you like the feel of Polyderm on your skin (and of course to see whether you like what its polyunsaturate formula does for you), I've arranged to have a trial-size jar—enough for a week—made available. Just send 25¢ your name and address to me, Helen F. Porter, at Prince Matchabelli, Box 182, Mt. Vernon, N. Y. If you just can't wait to get started, you'll find Polyderm at leading drug and department stores everywhere for \$2 to \$7.50, plus tax.

Entertaining with a velvet touch

(see page 62)



6085



5612



6099



5090

Vogue Design No. 6085 One-Piece Evening Dress. "Easy to Make." 10-16 (31-36) \$1.50, in Canada \$1.65. Long dress shown requires 3½ yards of 39" fabric with nap, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 5612 Skirt and Stole. "Easy to Make." Waist sizes 24-32 \$.60, in Canada \$.65. Long skirt shown (without stole) requires 3¾ yards of 40" fabric with nap, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 6099 Vests. 10-16 (31-36) \$.75, in Canada \$.85. Vest shown requires 1¼ yards of 35" fabric with nap, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 5090 Blouses and Monogram Transfer. 10-18 (31-38) \$.75, in Canada \$.85. Blouse shown requires 2¾ yards of 35" fabric without nap, size 14.



5889



5721



6000



1287



6077

Vogue Design No. 5889 One-Piece Dress. "Easy to Make." 10-18 (31-38) \$1.00, in Canada \$1.10. Dress shown requires 4 yards of 39" fabric with nap, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 5721 Evening Dress and Stole. 10-18 (31-38) \$1.00, in Canada \$1.10. Dress shown requires 1½ yards of 54" fabric with nap, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 6000 One-Piece Evening Dress. 10-18 (31-38) \$2.00, in Canada \$2.20. Dress shown requires 3¾ yards of 39" fabric with nap, size 14.

Vogue International Couturier Design No. 1287 Overblouse, Pants and Skirt. Designed by Irene Galitzine. 10-16 (31-36) \$2.50, in Canada \$2.75. Overblouse shown requires 2¼ yards of 40" fabric with nap, size 14. Pants shown require 2¾ yards of 40" fabric with nap, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 6077 One-Piece Wrapped Front Dress. 10-16 (31-36) \$1.50, in Canada \$1.65. Version shown requires 5½ yards of 39" fabric with nap, size 14.

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LATE- BLOOMING FLOWERS

(Continued)

any airs. A doctor's wife—ha, ha! wife!"

anka patted Marusya on the sole and, very content, went out of m. As he was going to bed, he his head a long list of guests he invite to the wedding.

get the champagne from Abol- thought as he fell asleep. And res from Korchatov. His caviar resh. And the lobsters, too.

orning Marusya, dressed simply aste and not without coquetry, at the window and waited. At ck Toporkov tore past, but he . In the afternoon he once again t with his jet-black horses under windows, but not only did he not not even glance up at the win- hich Marusya was sitting with a a in her hair.

o time, thought Marusya, look- a adoringly. He will come on

id not call on Sunday, either. A ed, and two, and three, and still call. He was not thinking about nskys at all, of course, but aited and grew thin from wait- not the ordinary kind, but ones ellow claws—tore at her heart asn't he come yet?" she asked hy? Oh yes, I know. He is hurt . Why is he hurt? Because ated the old matchmaker so tact- he thinks I can't possibly fall in im."

st!" muttered Yegorushka, who on Aboltukhov a dozen times and could get the best champagne. ster, which came at the end of rusya stopped waiting.

ka came to her in her bedroom d, laughing spitefully, informed r "fiancé" had married a woman hant class.

he honor to congratulate you! I onor! Ha, ha, ha!"

ys was too cruel for my little

heart altogether, and not just for vo but for months remained the t of inexpressible grief and de- bled the pink ribbon from her egan to hate her life. Yet how and unjust emotion is! For even ya found justification for his ac- or nothing had she read so many hich people took a wife or a hus- te those they loved, so that they ade to understand, or be piqued, ounded.

ed this fool to spite me, thought h, how wrong we were to dismiss l so contemptuously! Such peo- rget insults!

lthy color vanished from her lips forgot how to smile, her d even to dream of the future— as distraught! It seemed to her Toporkov lost, the meaning of for her, too. What good was her ow, if there remained only idiots, and drunkards to share it with! o a deep depression. Paying at- nothing, neither noticing nor ything around her, she began to r monotonous, drab life as so r maiden ladies, old and young, ged to do. She paid no attention rors, of whom she had a great to her family or acquaintances.



BALI BRASSIERE CO., INC., 16 EAST 34 STREET, NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK

She looked upon her family's miserable circumstances indifferently, with apathy. She did not even care when the bank foreclosed on the house of the Princes Priklonsky, with all its historic possessions which had been so dear to her, nor when she had to move to new quarters, humble and cheap in the *petit-bourgeois* taste. She was in a long, heavy sleep, which nevertheless was not without its dreams. She dreamed of Toporkov in all his aspects: in his sleigh, in his furs, without his furs, sitting down, striding importantly along. This dream became her whole life.

But a thunderstorm broke, and the dream vanished from the blue eyes with their flaxen lashes. The old princess, unable to endure their ruin, fell ill in the new lodgings and died, leaving her children nothing except her blessing and a few dresses. Her death was a terrible blow for the young princess. The dream vanished, to make way for sorrow in its place.

Autumn set in, as raw and muddy as last year's.

Outdoors, it was a gray, tearful morning.

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New Balinese Longline! In Lycra® spandex and nylon, sizes 32-40, B cup; 32-42, C cup; \$10.00. Sold only in fine stores with fitting rooms.

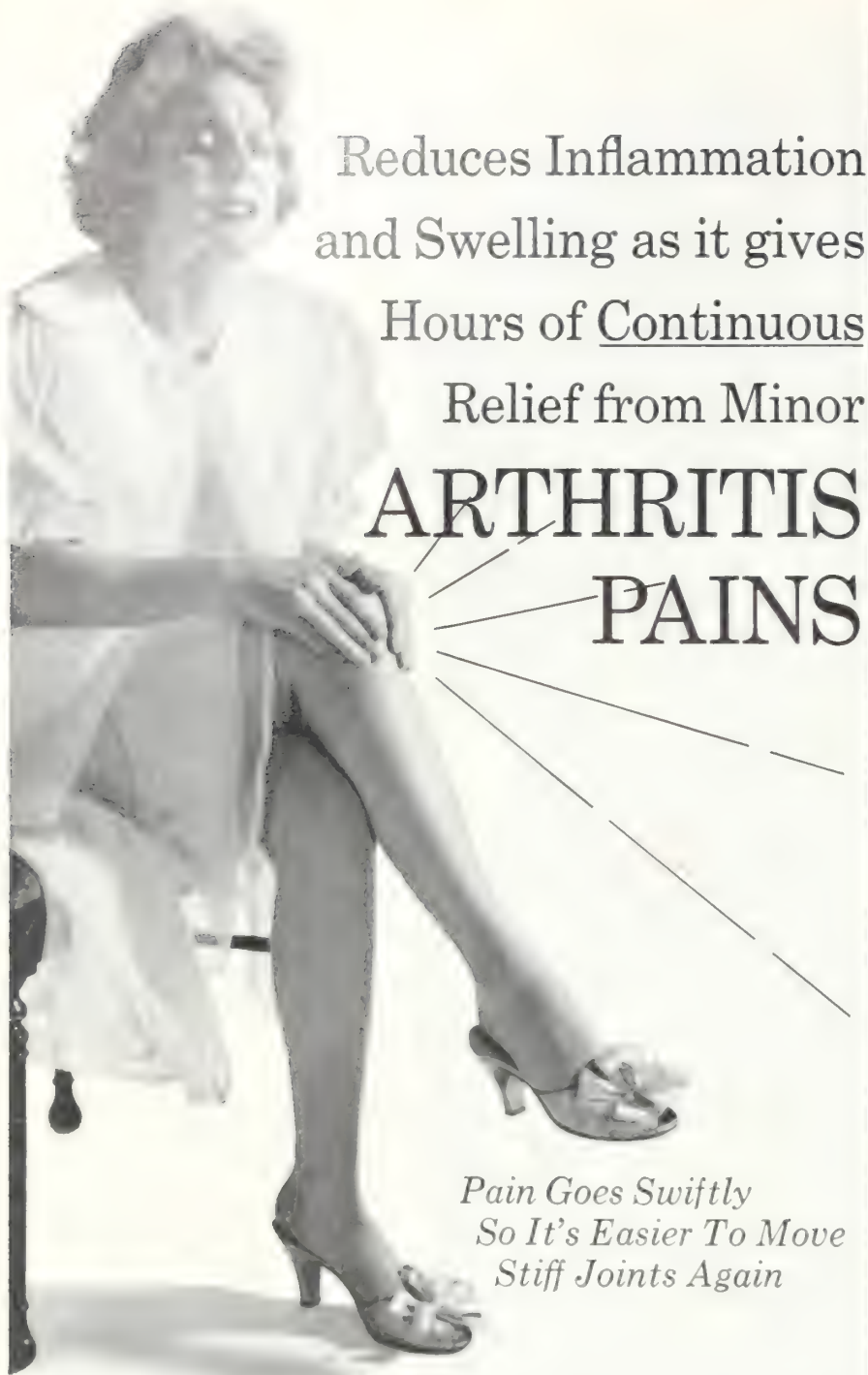


Only Bali gives you your perfect stretch-strap length—then locks it into place with exclusive Adjusta-Tape closing.

Bali

Dark gray clouds, as if smeared with mud, covered the entire sky, and their immobility produced the utmost gloom. It seemed the sun did not exist; it had not once looked down on the earth for a whole week, as though afraid of soiling its rays in the wet dirt.

The rain beat a tattoo on the windows with unusual force; the wind roared in the chimneys and howled like a dog that has lost its master. There was not a face to be seen in which one could not read a desperate boredom.



Reduces Inflammation and Swelling as it gives Hours of Continuous Relief from Minor **ARTHRITIS** **PAINS**

*Pain Goes Swiftly
So It's Easier To Move
Stiff Joints Again*

Young people as well as old may be victims of rheumatoid arthritis—4 out of 5 cases occurring between the ages of 25 and 50.

For the person in pain, every morning means another day of suffering. The cause? Inflammation around joints that brings on stiffness.

Medical Research Reports

As yet there is no cure. But medical research has definitely established that the pain-relieving medication in Anacin gives hours of continuous relief from arthritis' minor pains—even those arising from deep in the joints. And this medication has been judged safe for

long use by one of the world's leading authorities on arthritis.

Minutes after taking Anacin you get relief. And, so important, Anacin contains a specific ingredient which reduces the inflammation around joints that brings on stiffness. Hour after hour, Anacin keeps on giving relief, thus enabling you to move more freely. In fact, tablet for tablet Anacin gives longer-lasting relief than any leading aspirin.

You see, Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, a combination of ingredients. See if this special combination in Anacin doesn't work better for you than anything you ever tried. Take as directed.

Contains the
pain-reliever
doctors
recommend
the most



LATE- BLOOMING FLOWERS

(Continued)

Better the most desperate boredom than the deep sadness reflected this morning on Marusya's face. Dragging herself through the wet mud, my heroine was plodding on her way to Doctor Toporkov's. Why was she going to him?

I am going for treatment! she thought to herself.

But do not believe her, reader! Not without cause is there a struggle in her face.

The princess arrived at Toporkov's house and shyly, with a palpitating heart, rang the bell. In a minute steps were heard behind the door. Marusya felt her legs freezing and buckling under her. The lock turned and Marusya saw in front of her the inquiring face of a pretty housemaid.

"Is the doctor at home?"

"We aren't seeing people today. Tomorrow!" answered the maid, and, shivering in the damp draft, she stepped back. The door slammed right in Marusya's face, shook slightly, and was noisily locked.

The young princess was disconcerted, and slowly made her way home. There she was met by a free spectacle, but one she had long ago tired of. It was far from princely.

Prince Yegorushka was sitting in the tiny living room, on a couch upholstered in shiny new calico. He sat Turkish fashion, with his legs crossed under him. Near him on the floor lay his good friend Kaleriya Ivanovna. The two of them were playing cards "for noses," and drinking. The prince was drinking beer; his Dulcinea, Madeira. The winner, together with the right to flick his opponent on the nose, also received a twenty-kopeck piece. A small concession was made to Kaleriya Ivanovna, as a lady: Instead of twenty kopecks she was allowed to pay with a kiss. This game gave both of them inexpressible enjoyment. They rolled about with laughter, pinched each other, and at every other moment leaped out of their places and chased each other up and down. Yegorushka went into califlike raptures whenever he won. He was enchanted by the antics with which she paid the kisses she lost.

Kaleriya Ivanovna, a long, thin brunette with terribly dark eyebrows and protuberant goggle eyes, came to see Yegorushka every day. She arrived at the Priklonskys' at ten o'clock in the morning, drank tea with them, had dinner and supper, and went home after midnight. Yegorushka assured his sister that Kaleriya Ivanovna was a singer and a highly respectable lady, and so on.

"You just talk to her!" Yegorushka tried to persuade his sister. "She's a smart girl! Awfully smart!"

Nikifor, I think, was more correct in calling Kaleriya Ivanovna a tart. He wholeheartedly despised her and was beside himself whenever he had to wait on her at the table. He sensed the truth, and the instinct of an old, devoted servant told him that this woman had no place beside his masters. Kaleriya Ivanovna was stupid and frivolous but that did not prevent her from leaving the Priklonskys every day with a full stomach, her winnings in her pocket, and the conviction that they could not live without her. She was the wife of the billiard scorekeeper at the club, that's all, but this did not prevent her from being absolute mistress in the Priklonsky house. This pig liked to put its feet on the table.

Marusya was living on a pension she had inherited from her father. It was larger than is usual for a general, but Marusya's share



Let's talk frank about *internal* *cleanlines*

Day before yesterday, many women itated to talk about the douche even their best friends, let alone to a doctor or druggist.

Today, thank goodness, women are beginning to discuss these things freely and openly. But—even now—many women don't realize what is involved in treating "the delicate zone."

They don't ask. Nobody tells them they use homemade solutions which are not be completely effective, or some harsh antiseptics which may be harmful to the inflammatory.

It's time to talk frankly about internal cleanliness.

Here are the facts: tissues in "the delicate zone" are very tender. Odors are persistent. Your comfort and well-being demand a special preparation for the douche. Today there is such a preparation.

This preparation is far more effective in antiseptic and germicidal action than old-fashioned homemade solutions. It is far safer for delicate tissues than liquid antiseptics for the douche cleanses, freshens, eliminates odor, guards against chafing, relaxes and promotes confidence.

This is modern woman's way to internal cleanliness. It is the personal antiseptic for women, made specifically for "the delicate zone." It is called Zonite. Complete instructions for use come in every package. In cases of persistent discharge, women are advised to see their doctors.

Millions of women already consider Zonite as important a part of their grooming as their bath. You owe it to yourself to try Zonite.



ant; yet it would have been a comfortable existence if only had not indulged so many

anting nor knowing how to not wish to accept the fact that and was very put out if any- m to reconcile himself to his s and moderate his whims as e.

Ivanovna doesn't like veal," en say to Marusya. "We must chicken. The devil take you! self up as a housekeeper, but nage! Let's not have this rot- orrow! We'll starve the woman

contradicted him gently, but in id unpleasantness she would chicken.

there no roast today?" Yego- yell sometimes.

we had chicken yesterday," rusya.

ushka knew very little about thmetic and did not wish to ng. At dinner he persistently eer for himself and wine for novna.

one have a decent dinner with- he demanded of Marusya, s shoulders in amazement at y. "Nikifor! We must have ur business to see to this! And ought to be ashamed! Don't e on the housekeeping myself! to make me lose my temper!" unrestrained sybarite. Kaleriya n came to his assistance.

ine for the prince?" she would ey sat down to dinner. "And eer? Someone must go and get give the man the money for ve you some small change?" ss said yes, she had some small handed over the last of it. and Kaleriya ate and drank iced how Marusya's watches, rings were disappearing into by piece, and her expensive ng to the old-clothesman.

er saw nor heard with what mutterings old Nikifor would e trunk when Marusya bor- y from him for tomorrow's ese trivial and obtuse people— d his vulgar friend—all this at all.

xt morning, Marusya went to rkov at ten o'clock. The door y the same pretty housemaid. e princess to the vestibule and f with her coat, the maid drew

in her breath and said, "I suppose you know, young lady, the doctor doesn't give a consultation for less than five rubles? You do know?"

Why does she speak to me this way? thought the princess. What insolence! He doesn't even know, poor man, that he has such an insolent servant!

And at the same time Marusya's heart skipped a beat: She had only three rubles in her pocket, but surely he wasn't going to drive her away for a miserable two rubles.

From the vestibule Marusya went into the waiting room, where a great number of patients were sitting. The majority of those thirsting for healing were, of course, ladies. They occupied all the seats in the waiting room and had settled themselves in groups for heart-to-heart talks. Extremely animated conversations were going on about everything and everybody: the weather, sicknesses, the doctor, children. They all spoke quite loudly and laughed boisterously, as though in their own homes. Some of the women knitted or embroidered while waiting their turn. There were no plainly or badly dressed people in the waiting room.

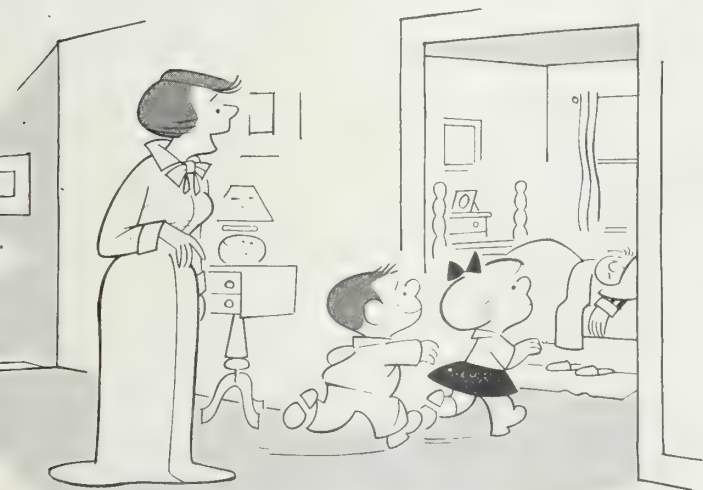
Toporkov received his patients in an adjoining room. They went in to him in turn. They went in with wan faces, serious, trembling slightly, but came out red and sweating, as they might have after confession, completely happy, as though released from some unbearable burden. Toporkov gave each patient no more than ten minutes. Their illnesses, evidently, were not serious.

All this is just so much charlatanism! would have occurred to Marusya had she not been preoccupied with her own thoughts.

Marusya went into the doctor's consulting room last. As she entered this room, which was cluttered with books with German and French inscriptions on their covers, she shivered as a hen does when it is plunged into cold water. He was standing in the middle of the room, leaning on the desk.

How handsome he is! passed through his patient's head before anything else.

Toporkov did not consciously pose—he would hardly have known how to—but all the attitudes he ever assumed seemed on him particularly majestic. The pose in which Marusya had caught him now resembled the poses of those stately models from whom painters usually draw the great military heroes. Near the hand he leaned on the desk were scattered the ten- and five-ruble notes he had just received from his women patients. Here, too, lay, in strict order, his instruments, forceps, test tubes—it was all extremely incomprehensible and extremely "scientific" to Marusya. All this and the office itself with its luxurious fur-



"He's still asleep . . . so climb on him quietly!"



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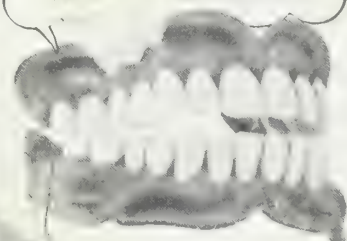
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"...you won't want to be a burden on your children"

"Last night, I couldn't sleep remembering how your advertisement said you won't want to be a burden on your children."

This is the first sentence of a letter I found on my desk this morning. It was written by a mother who had just read the recent Travelers advertisement shown below. And her letter presents the case for retirement insurance so eloquently that I thought you'd want to read it, too.



Will they have to give you an allowance?

When your children have families of their own, you won't want to be a burden on them.

And you won't be, if you start a retirement program now under the Travelers umbrella of insurance protection. A Travelers retirement program guarantees you an income if you live to retire. And it guarantees your family an income if you don't.

In 1962, The Travelers paid more than 600 million dollars in Life, Accident and Health benefits. 68%

of this amount went to living policyholders.

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Call your Travelers Agent. You'll find him listed in the Yellow Pages of your telephone directory under "Insurance."

Remember, you can get all types of insurance protection under the Travelers umbrella.

The TRAVELERS INSURANCE Companies

"Most parents give their all for their children," her letter goes on, "never thinking that all of a sudden their earning power will diminish or health will fail. We give and give, when we should be saving enough to prevent dependency on our children in years to come."



"Do keep hammering at young parents, Jean, to insure their precious independence in later years. I am facing my 'allowance' days with mixed emotions—embarrassment, and frustration, and gratitude for giving me a son who is making it as easy on me as is humanly possible."

Let your Travelers man put you under the Travelers umbrella of insurance protection now, with a Travelers retirement program—for your sake, for your children's sake. And write to me, woman-to-woman, about any insurance question you may have. Write to Jean Kinhead, The Travelers, Hartford 15, Connecticut.

The TRAVELERS INSURANCE Companies CONNECTICUT

LATE-BLOOMING FLOWERS

(Continued)

nishings completed a majestic picture. Marusya closed the door behind her and stood still. Toporkov motioned her with his hand toward an armchair. My heroine went quietly to the chair and sat down. Toporkov swayed majestically, sat down in another chair opposite her and fixed his questioning eyes on Marusya's face.

He hasn't recognized me! thought Marusya. Otherwise he wouldn't keep silent. . . . Good Lord, why doesn't he say something? How on earth am I to begin?

"Well?" mumbled Toporkov.

"I have a cough," whispered Marusya and, as though in corroboration of her words, coughed twice.

"Have you had it long?"

"For about two months now. . . . Mostly at night."

"Hmmm. Any fever?"

"No, there doesn't seem to be any fever."

"It seems to me I have treated you before. What was the matter before?"

"Pneumonia."

"Hmmm. Yes, I remember. Your name is Priklonsky, I believe?"

"Yes. My brother was sick then, too."

"You will take this powder before bedtime, avoid colds."

Toporkov quickly wrote out a prescription, got up and assumed his earlier pose. Marusya also stood up.

"Nothing further?"

"Nothing."

Toporkov fixed her with his eyes. He looked at her and at the door. He had no time to waste, and he was waiting for her to leave. But she stood and looked at him, lost in admiration and waiting for him to say something. How handsome he was! A minute passed in silence. At last she roused herself, noticed a yawn on his lips and expectation in his eyes, handed him three rubles and turned to the door. The doctor threw the money on the table and locked the door after her.

On the way home from the doctor's house, Marusya was terribly angry with herself.

Well, why didn't I speak to him? Why didn't I? Because I'm a coward, that's why! Everything turned out so stupidly. I only bothered him. Why ever did I hold that wretched money in my hand, as if to show off? Money . . . is such a delicate matter . . . God forbid! It's so easy to offend a man! One should somehow pay inconspicuously. And then, why did I keep quiet? He would have talked to me, explained things. I should have found out why the matchmaker came.

When she got home, Marusya lay down on her bed and hid her head under the pillow as she always did when she was upset. But she had no chance to calm herself. Yegorushka came into her room and began striding from corner to corner, his boots thumping and squeaking.

His face was mysterious.

"What do you want?" asked Marusya.

"I—uh—I thought you were asleep; I didn't want to disturb you. I want to tell you something . . . something very nice. Kaleriya Ivanovna wants to come and live with us. I persuaded her."

"That's impossible! C'est impossible! Whom did you ask?"

"Why is it so impossible? She's a very nice girl. She'll help you with the housekeeping. We'll put her in the corner room."

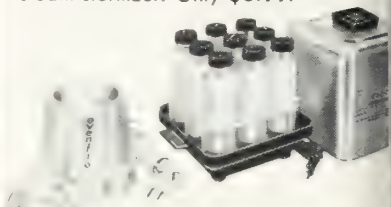
"The corner room is where maman died! It's impossible!"

Marusya began to twitch and shake as

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This substance is now available suppository or ointment form under the name Preparation H®. Ask for it at all drug counters.

had been stung. Red
 eared in her cheeks.
 ssible! You will kill me,
 ou force me to live with
 Darling Georges, don't
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 I want her to live with

began to sob. Her pale
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 ie if she comes to live
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 again.

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 "If you only knew
 y I am!"

reed herself from the
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 n had died, found it
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 of all. She chose the
 of revenge.

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s, hints and smiles
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 self in Kaleriya's debt
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 hter of the billiard
 Yegorushka's mistress,
 g Marusya's life.

pent whole evenings in
 helpless, weak and ir-
 would shed tears into
 ad palms. Nikifor would
 n her and rub salt in her
 his recollections of the

punish them!" he com-
 "Don't you cry, now!"

ter Marusya went once
 porkov's.

entered his office, he
 a chair, handsome and
 before. This time his
 very tired. His eyes
 those of a man who has
 ated from getting his
 motioned with his chin
 armchair opposite him,
 at Marusya. She sat

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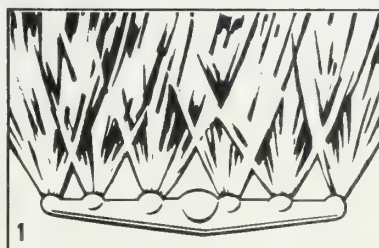


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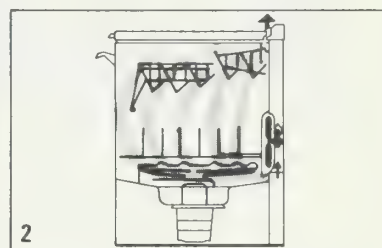


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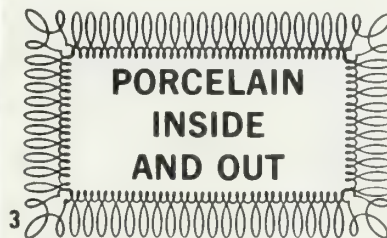
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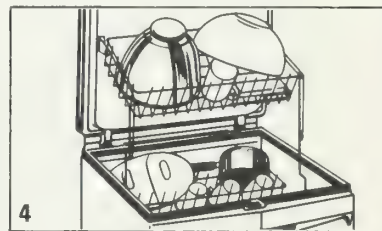
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KitchenAid Home Dishwasher Division, Dept. KL-3, The Hobart Manufacturing Company, Troy, Ohio.

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DISHWASHERS

There is sadness in his face, thought Marusya, looking at him. Oh, he is probably very miserable with his tradeswoman!

They sat in silence for a minute. How delightful it would have been to complain to him of her life! She would have disclosed things such as could never be read in any of his books with their French and German inscriptions.

"I have a cough," she whispered.

The doctor glared cursorily at her.

"Hmmm. Any fever?"

"Yes, in the evening."

"Do you perspire at night?"

"Yes."

"Undress."

"What do you mean?"

Toporkov made an impatient gesture toward his chest. Marusya, blushing, slowly unfastened the buttons over her breast.

"Get undressed. Be quick, please!" said

Toporkov, and took his mallet in his hand.

Marusya drew one hand out of her sleeve. Toporkov quickly went up to her and in the twinkling of an eye had pulled her dress down to her belt with his accustomed hand.

"Undo your chemise!" he said and, not waiting for Marusya to do it herself, unbuttoned her chemise at the neck and to the great horror of his patient began tapping with his mallet on her white, emaciated breast.



WEAR-EVER STAINLESS CLAD 8" FRY PAN SPECIAL \$6.97 WITH COVER

Aluminum on the outside for even heating . . . stainless steel on the inside for easy cleaning. Start cooking modern with the special-priced \$6.97 fry pan . . . then complete your set with the other exciting new Wear-Ever Stainless Clad utensils made of Alcoa Duranel* . . . the beautifully matched Sauce Pans, Dutch Oven, Double Boiler and Griddle. Buy Wear-Ever Stainless Steel Clad Cookware . . . wherever you buy Wear-Ever. It's the new idea in cooking. Wear-Ever Aluminum, Inc., New Kensington, Pa.

*TM Aluminum Company of America

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What brand is this?

is one of the good-looking new Jetticks, America's smartest shoes for daytime wear. Step into the new Enna Jetticks in style! Enna Jetticks shoes give you precision-fit, comfort and

prime quality leathers—yours in a wide choice of styles and colors. (Top Secret, above, is only \$12.99.) Other Enna Jetticks from \$9.99 to \$12.99. Enna Jettick Shoes, Inc., Auburn, New York.

LATE- BLOOMING FLOWERS

(Continued)

"Put your hands down. Don't get in my way. I won't eat you," muttered Toporkov, but she was blushing furiously and ardently wishing that the floor would open and swallow her up.

Having finished tapping, Toporkov began to listen. The sound at the top of the left lung seemed very dull. He could make out clearly a rasping rattle and hard, dry breathing.

"Get dressed," said Toporkov, and began asking her questions: Did she have good living quarters, was her daily regimen sound, and so on.

"You must go away to Samara," he said, preaching her a whole sermon on the proper way of living. "You should drink mare's milk there. I've finished. You may go."

Marusya fastened up her buttons somehow, awkwardly handed him five rubles and, after waiting a moment, went out of the office.

He kept me a full half-hour, she thought, going home. But I said nothing! Nothing! Why didn't I speak to him!

She went home, not giving a thought to Samara but thinking only of Doctor Toporkov. What did Samara mean to her? It was true there was no Kaleriya Ivanovna there, but on the other hand neither was there any Toporkov.

To blazes with it, this Samara! She walked along, angry and rejoicing at the same time. *He* had found her to be sick, and now she might visit him without ceremony as often as she liked—every week, even! It was so wonderful in his consulting room, so cozy! Especially wonderful was the couch which stood in the depths of the room. She longed to sit with him awhile on this couch and talk over anything and everything, complain a little, advise him that he shouldn't charge his patients quite so much. Rich people, of course, should be charged a lot; but the poor not so much.

He doesn't understand life; he can't tell the difference between rich and poor, thought Marusya. I would have taught him!

This time, too, another free spectacle awaited her at home. Yegorushka was tossing about on the couch in a fit of hysterics.

He was sobbing, cursing, and shaking though in a fever. Tears rolled down his drunken face.

"Kaleriya has gone!" he wailed. "I haven't been home for two nights now! I got terribly angry!"

But Yegorushka was bellowing unreasonably. In the evening Kaleriya returned, forgave him and drove away with him to the club.

Yegorushka's dissolute life had reached its apogee. Marusya's pension was enough for him, so he began to "work." He borrowed money from the servants, cheated at cards, stole Marusya's money and longings. One day, walking beside his sister, he filched two rubles from her pocket which she had been saving to buy herself a pair of shoes. One ruble he kept for himself, and with the other he bought Kaleriya some pears. His companions left him. Former visitors to the Priklonsky house, Marusya's acquaintances, now addressed him to his face as "Your Lordship the Count." Even the "girls" of the Chateau Fleurs eyed him distrustfully and laughed at him whenever, having borrowed money from some new acquaintance or other, they invited them to come and have supper with him.

Marusya saw and understood this climb of degradation.

Kaleriya's familiarity also mounted crescendo.

"Don't rummage about among my clothes, please," said Marusya to her one day.

"Nothing will happen to your clothes," answered Kaleriya. "But if you think I'm a thief, then have it your own way. I shall leave."

But Yegorushka, cursing his sister, groveled at Kaleriya's feet for a whole week, begging her not to leave.

Such an existence could not drag on forever. Every story comes to an end, and little romance, too, came to its end.

Shrovetide began, and with it the days that are the heralds of spring. The days grew longer, rain poured from the roofs, and from the fields began to blow that fresh young wind by which one can sense that spring is near.

On one of these Shrovetide evenings Nikifor was sitting by Marusya's bed. Yegorushka and Kaleriya were not at home.



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STATE

"I am terribly hot, Nikifor," said Marusya.

But Nikifor was sniveling and adding to her torments by his memories of the past. He spoke about the late prince and princess and about their former life. He described the forests where the late prince used to hunt, the fields across which he would chase the hares—and Sevastopol (the late prince had been wounded at Sevastopol). Nikifor told many stories; Marusya particularly liked his descriptions of the country estate which had been sold five years before to pay their debts.

"You'd go out there sometimes, onto the terrace. Spring was just beginning. And Lord! you couldn't tear your eyes away from God's earth! The forest was still dark, yet it was the very picture of joy. The little river was glorious, deep. Your dear mother in her childhood used to go fishing with a rod and line. She'd stay out there by the water all day. She loved to be out of doors. Oh, Nature!"

Nikifor grew hoarse telling his stories. Marusya listened to him and would not let him go. On the old servant's face she saw reflected the pleasure he obtained from telling her about her father, her mother, the country place. She listened, peering closely into his face, and she felt a great longing to live, to be happy, to fish in that same river her mother had fished in. The river, the fields beyond the river, the forest a deep blue beyond the fields, and over all this the sun shining, tender and warm. . . . How wonderful to be alive!

"Dear Nikifor," said Marusya, pressing his dry hand, "my dear man, lend me five rubles tomorrow. For the last time . . . will you?"

"I will. I only have five. Take them, and God will provide for us."

"I will pay you back, dear man. Just lend them to me."

The next morning Marusya put on her best dress, tied her hair with a pink ribbon and went to call on Toporkov. Before leaving the house, she glanced at herself a dozen times in the mirror. In Toporkov's vestibule a new maid met her.

"I suppose you know?" the new maid asked her, helping her off with her coat. "The doctor charges at least five rubles for a consultation."

On this occasion there were an exceptional number of women patients. All the chairs were taken. One man was even sitting on the piano. Reception of the patients began at ten. At twelve the doctor made a break for an operation, and began receiving again at two. Marusya's turn did not come until four o'clock.

Having had no tea, exhausted from waiting, shivering with fever and agitation, she did not notice how she came to be in the armchair facing the doctor. There was a sort of vacuum in her head, her mouth was dry, her eyes were misted over. Through this mist she could see nothing but things flashing before her eyes—his head, his hands, his mallet.

"Did you go to Samara?" the doctor asked. "Why didn't you go?"

She did not reply. He tapped her chest and listened. The dull sound on the left side had spread over almost the whole lung; it could be heard, too, at the top of the right lung.

"There is no need for you to go to Samara. Don't go," said Toporkov.

And Marusya, through the mist, read something slightly resembling compassion in his dry, serious face.

"I'm not going," she whispered.

"Tell your parents not to let you go out in the air. Avoid harsh, indigestible food. . . ."

Toporkov began to give her advice, was carried away and read her a whole lecture.

She sat but heard nothing, and through the mist fixed her eyes on his moving lips. It seemed to her that he had been talking

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much too long. Finally he fell silent, stood up and, staring at her through his spectacles, waited for her to leave.

She did not go. She was happy to sit here in this fine armchair, and it was dreadful to go home, to Kaleriya.

"That's all," said the doctor. "You may go."

She turned her face and glanced at him. Don't drive me away! he would have read

in her eyes if he had been in the slightest degree a physiognomist.

Big tears splashed down; her arms fell feebly along the sides of her chair.

"I love you, Doctor!" she whispered.

And a red glow, resulting from an overpowering inner fire, spread over her face and neck.

"I love you!" she whispered once more. Her head swayed twice, sank down lifelessly, and her forehead touched the table.



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LATE-BLOOMING FLOWERS

(Continued)

And the doctor? The doctor blushed for the first time in all the years of his practice. His eyes began blinking, like those of an urchin who has been ordered onto his knees for punishment. Never had he heard such words, and in such a form, from any of his women patients! Nor from any woman at all! Had he heard aright?

His heart began to beat turbulently and knock against his side. He cleared his throat in embarrassment.

"Mikolasha!" a voice sounded from the adjoining room, and in the half-open door appeared the rosy cheeks of the shopkeeper's daughter he had married.

The doctor took advantage of this summons and quickly left the office. He was glad to seize on anything at all to escape from the awkward situation.

When he returned to the room after ten minutes, Marusya was lying on the couch. She lay on her back with her face turned upward. One hand fell to the floor, together with a strand of her hair. She was unconscious. Toporkov, flushed and with a beating heart, softly went up to her and undid her laces. He ripped off a hook and, without noticing it, tore her dress. Out of all the ribbons, the minute openings, and the tiniest folds of her clothing came tumbling onto the couch his prescriptions, his visiting cards and his photographs.

The doctor threw water on her face. She opened her eyes, raised herself on one elbow and, looking at him, grew thoughtful. Where am I? she wondered.

"I love you!" she moaned, recognizing him.

And her eyes, full of love and entreaty, came to rest on his face. She was gazing at him with the eyes of a young, wounded animal.

"Whatever can I do?" he asked, having no idea at all what to do. He spoke in a voice that Marusya did not recognize, not in his monotonous staccato—but gently, almost tenderly.

Her elbow bent and her head fell back on the couch, but her eyes continued to gaze at him all the while.

He remained standing before her, reading the entreaty in her eyes and feeling himself to be in a most frightful position. His heart was pounding, and something unprecedented and strange was taking place in his mind. A thousand unbidden memories came to life in his heated brain. Where did they spring from? Was it possible that they had been called forth by those eyes, with their love and entreaty?

He remembered his early childhood and the cleaning of his master's samovars. After the samovars and the cuffs, there came recollection of his patrons, and his patronesses in their heavy robes, and the parochial school where they had sent him to study because of his fine voice. The parochial school, with its birchings and the sand in the gruel, gave place to the seminary. At the seminary, Latin, hunger, dreams, reading, his love for the daughter of the reverend-steward. He remembered how, against his patrons' wishes, he had run away from the seminary to the university. Without a penny in his pocket and in worn-out boots—what fascination lay in that escape! At the university he was glad to accept hunger and cold for the sake of his work. What a hard road!

In the end he had won; with his own brains he had opened a tunnel into life and passed through that tunnel, and . . . now

what? He knows his trade superbly, a great deal, works a great deal and is to work day and night. . . .

Toporkov looked out of the corner eye at the ten- and five-ruble notes lay scattered on his desk; he thought of "ladies" from whom he had just received this money, and blushed. Was it possible that just for these five-ruble notes and "ladies" he had trod this hard, laborious road? Yes, just for them.

And under the pressure of these memories his majestic figure shrank, his haughty bearing vanished and his smooth face wrinkled.

"Whatever can I do?" he whispered again, looking into Marusya's eyes.

Those eyes put him to shame. What if she had asked, What have you accomplished and what have you gained during the whole time of your practice?

Five-ruble and ten-ruble notes, and nothing else. Study, life, peace—everything he had sacrificed to them. And they had him in return princely quarters, a carefully chosen table, horses—everything, in a word, which goes by the name of comfort.

Toporkov remembered his semi-idealism and his university dreams; these easy chairs and this couch, upholstered in expensive velvet, these rugs completely covering the floor, these wall-scrolled pictures, this three-hundred-ruble clock appeared to him like a dreadful, impassable bog.

He stepped forward and lifted Marusya bodily, high up out of the bog in which he had been lying.

"Don't lie here!" he said, and turned face away from the couch.

And as though in gratitude, a cascade of her wonderful flaxen hair poured down over his breast, and unfamiliar sparks sparkled close to his gold-rimmed spectacles. And what eyes! How he longed to touch them with his fingers!

"Let me have some tea!" she whispered.

Next day Toporkov was sitting with her in a first-class compartment. He was traveling to the south of France. What a strange man! He knew there was no hope of recovery, knew it very well, like the fingers of his own hand, yet he was tapping her. The whole way he was tapping, listening, asking questions. He could not believe his own findings and with all his strength he was endeavoring to tap from her breast even the smallest ray of hope.

The money which up till yesterday had been piling up so zealously was strewn in huge doses along the way.

He would have given everything to hear the cursed rattle in even one of the girl's lungs. Both he and she wanted much to live! The sun had risen for them and they were looking forward to the day. But the sun did not save them from darkness, and flowers will not bloom in autumn!

Princess Marusya died, having lived less than three days in the south of France.

Since returning from France, Toporkov has taken up his life as before. As before he treats "ladies" and accumulates five-ruble notes. However, one can see a change in him. When speaking to a woman, he looks aside, into space. For some reason it frightens him to look into a woman's face.

Yegorushka is alive and well. He has Kaleriya up and is now living at Toporkov's. The doctor took him into his house and dotes upon him. Yegorushka's chin reminds him of Marusya's chin, and because of this he allows Yegorushka to squander his five-ruble notes.

Yegorushka is perfectly contented. •



pleasures of convenience foods

BY LOIS STILWILL

of modern cooking can be with the aid of today's con- When time is short, try Pie, bright as confetti with peppers, golden corn and chicken with Wild Rice, a true alty that's wonderfully sim- with wild-rice mix; Dutch potatoes, old favorites teamed sweet-sour sauce; Mocha combination of chocolate, cream. With these and other d here, you'll discover that ng can have delicious results. ORN PIE—(1) Combine 1½ und, ½ cup chopped onion, salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. l in a 10-inch pie plate. Broil tes or until meat is as done (2) While meat is broiling chopped onion and ½ cup green and red pepper in 3 tter or margarine. (3) Slowly spoons flour. (4) Add 1 can mushrooms, 1 can (1 lb. 1 oz.) orn, 1 teaspoon salt and ½ er. Cook and stir until mix- slightly thickened. (5) Drain d from the meat. Fill with the Makes 6 servings.

ANKS AND POTATOES— ups packaged sliced potatoes ackage directions. (2) Mean- slices of bacon in a large and crumble. Drain all but 3 t skillet. (3) Cut 1 lb. to quarters and sauté in the gs. (4) Combine 1 tablespoon ablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 tant minced onion, ½ cup up water. Add to the frank- ok, stirring constantly until Add the cooked potatoes and n and cook for about 10 min- with 2 tablespoons chopped 4 to 6 servings. A large relish d sticks complete the meal. WITH WILD RICE—(1) Com- oz.) long-grain and wild-rice poon instant minced onion, (about ½ of a 1½ oz. can) p mix and 2 cups canned in a 2-quart saucepan. (2) il, cover and simmer gently nutes or until liquid is ab- occasionally with a fork. (3) cooking dredge 1 lb. chicken s (or about ½ lb. of each) in and sauté in ¼ cup butter (4) Stir cooked rice into eat for 5-10 minutes to blend s 4 servings. Serve with the en-beans-with-almonds and BERRY-GRAPEFRUIT Drain 1 can (1 lb.) grapefruit easure the syrup and add

enough water to make 1 cup liquid. (2) Bring to a boil and use to dissolve 1 package (3 oz.) mixed-fruit-flavored gelatin. Stir in 1 tablespoon lemon juice. (3) Chill until thick and syrupy. Add the grapefruit segments and 1 package (10 oz.) thawed frozen sliced strawberries (4) Spoon into a 1-quart mold and chili until set. Unmold on lettuce leaves and serve with LEMON POPPY-SEED DRESSING—Combine ½ cup mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ¼ tea- spoon dry mustard and 1 teaspoon poppy seeds. Makes 4 servings. DEVILED HAM-POTATO BOATS—Pre- pare packaged baked potatoes with sour- cream sauce according to package directions. Add 1 can (2¼ oz.) deviled ham to the sour-cream sauce mix in place of the liquid called for on the package. Makes 4 servings. CURRIED VEGETABLES—(1) Sauté ½ cup chopped onion and 1 teaspoon curry powder in ¼ cup butter or margarine. (2) Add 1 package (10 oz.) frozen mixed veg- etables, 3 tablespoons golden raisins and ¼ cup water. Cover and simmer for about 10 minutes or until vegetables are tender. Makes 3 or 4 servings.

A new appetizer guaranteed to start any meal with style is ONION AND CHUTNEY DIP—(1) Combine 8 oz. creamed-style cot- tage cheese, 1 cup dairy-fresh sour cream and ¼ cup milk. (2) Add ¼ cup chopped chutney, 2 tablespoons chopped peeled green chili peppers, 2 tablespoons chopped pi- miento and 1 envelope (1½ oz.) onion-soup mix. (3) Cover and chill for at least 1 hour to blend flavors. Serve with crackers. Makes 2½ cups. For the grand finale, glamorous desserts that are delightfully easy: DATE BALLS—(1) Combine 1 box (14 oz.) date-bar mix, ¼ cup hot water, 1 egg, 1 cup chopped walnuts and ½ teaspoon cinnamon. Stir until smooth. (2) Using a teaspoon, form the dough into small balls. Bake on a baking sheet at 400° F. for about 8 minutes. (3) Dust with confectioners' sugar. Makes about 5 dozen small cookies. MOCHA MARVEL PIE—(1) Using about 8 ladyfingers, line an 8-inch pie plate. (2) Beat together 1 package (4 oz.) instant chocolate-pudding mix, 1 teaspoon instant coffee and ¾ cup milk. (3) Fold in 1 cup dairy-fresh sour cream. Spoon into crust. Chill until firm. Serve with sweetened whipped cream, if desired. Makes 6 servings. CANDY PEACHES—(1) Drain 1 can (1 lb. 14 oz.) cling peach halves; reserve ¼ cup syrup. (2) Arrange the peach halves, cut side up, in a skillet. Fill the centers with red cinnamon candies, about 1 teaspoon in each peach half. (3) Combine syrup and 3 table- spoons lemon juice and pour around the peaches. Cover and heat for 10-15 minutes over a low heat until candy melts. Serve with lemon sherbet or vanilla ice cream and a sprinkling of flake coconut. Makes 5 or 6 servings. • END

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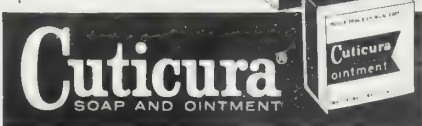
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SHE DRESSES THE LADY PIONEERS OF THE NEW FRONTIER

By Anne Chamberlin

Since Jackie Kennedy led the way to her door, Madame Paul of Georgetown has shattered many a notable nerve by her breathtaking approach to dressmaking.



Madame Paul, right, oversees fitting for Mrs. Paul B. Fay Jr., wife of Navy Under Secretary.

No one can pinpoint the day that social life replaced government as the major industry of Washington, D.C., but anyone today who thinks that getting a Nuclear Test-Ban Treaty through the U.S. Senate is more important than being at the same dinner party as W. Averell Harriman is either a civics teacher or a tourist. An alert Washington woman knows that her place in history will be measured by the parties she gets asked to. The one thing she never worried about was what to wear to those parties—that is, she didn't worry until Jacqueline Kennedy moved into the White House.

Before the Kennedy situation developed, a Washington lady could safely ride out season after season of black-tie dinners, charity balls, luncheons, receptions, committee meetings, teas, cocktails and benefit movies clad only in a succession of silk prints, strapless taffetas, "little black dresses" and a fur stole, preferably sable, but mink would do.

Mrs. Nixon made it *de rigueur* to wear a cloth coat and use lots of tissue paper when you packed. A single strand of real pearls was considered a good substitute for jewels, and a small, conscientious band of ladies featured shoes dyed to match the dress; you could tell they were on the way up. Indeed, Washington had the comfortable reputation of being the most unfashionably dressed capital in the world, with the possible exceptions of Moscow and Tirana, Albania.

But the Jacqueline Kennedy problem has thrown this orderly scene into disarray. "I am determined," she told a friend before moving into the White House, "that my husband's Administration won't be plagued by fashion stories." But it was already too late. As soon as Washington women got a look at her they threw open their closet doors and saw that every dress there was a Mistake.

The ensuing wave of insecurity has led to many agonizing wardrobe reappraisals in the last three

years. For those who could afford it, there was always the possibility of jetting to Europe to pick up enough Diors and Balenciagas to get through the evenings, and one could make it a rule to go downtown only in a Chanel suit. But the more common path has been carved by those who have taken the Continental *je ne sais quoi* right here in Washington, D.C. And perhaps nothing can compare to the adventures of those who have slipped under the mesmerizing influence of "Madame Paul," a lady of Swiss origin and French inclination who runs a dress shop called St. Aubin de Paris on Wisconsin Avenue from Georgetown's French grocery store. Dealing with Madame Paul is an experience, like weightlessness.

Born in Lausanne, Madame Paul made her first contact with the United States in 1937 when she married Dr. Norman Paul, an American medical student who brought her back to the United States, joined the

(Continued on

One.

Two.

Three.



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MADAME PAUL
(Continued)

Army and settled in an Army post in the Midwest. Madame avoids specifying the Midwestern state; she usually refers to it as "the State of Misery." In due course she became a citizen, landed in Washington when her husband was transferred there, took a look at what the capital's women were wearing, and decided that,

for her, the situation definitely shaped up as a business opportunity.

When Madame Paul opened her *boutique* four years ago, one of her first clients was the wife of a young senator, Mrs. John F. Kennedy, followed in rapid succession by Mrs. Kennedy's mother, Mrs. Hugh Auchincloss, and by her sisters-in-law, Mrs. Robert F. Kennedy, Mrs. Edward Kennedy, Jean Kennedy Smith, Eunice Kennedy Shriver—to say nothing

of Mrs. William Fulbright, Mrs. Louis Scheyven, wife of the Belgian ambassador, and Lady Ormsby-Gore, wife of the British ambassador, to name only a few. As Madame Paul says, "I don't want to become a factory."

Madame Paul has penetrated so many highly placed clothes closets in this Administration that it is now possible to find a complete room at an elegant Washington *soirée* paved wall to wall with *femmes fatales* all costumed by

Madame Paul. Many of them will have met in their slips that afternoon in Madame's scatterbrained hear quarters, for Madame does not believe in having a dress done a minute before it is needed. Not just urgently needed; frantically needed. A cliff-hanging sense of timing is part of her creative pattern, and the sight of panting taxi driver skidding into Washington National Airport to deliver a dress box at the plane ramp or ringing the doorbell at 7:59 the evening of an eight o'clock dinner, a sure sign that Madame Paul has had a hand in the lady's wardrobe. One customer who could not produce a convincing emergency had a suit in production at Madame's shop for nearly a year. But when she was asked to a big party that Madame had heard about, and was already making dresses for, Madame produced a dazzling *robe du soir* in 2 hours. One debutante simply went straight to her party from Madame Paul's store, with Madame's seamstress still tacking on bits of embroidery as she went out the door.

A Madame Paul crash-program number can be recognized by a certain breathless quality in its owner who may also be glimpsed surreptitiously picking a few last pins out of the hem during dinner. Occasionally a complete seam has been known to part during an evening in crash-program dress. "Oh, didn't you know?" Madame will laugh good-naturedly when informed that both rhinestone straps popped and narrowly missed hitting the British ambassador in the eye. "Madame Paul dresses always come apart."

Just walking into Madame's *boutique* has the quality of a desperate mission. Your entrance is heralded by a set of Chinese bells fastened to the door, making you feel like an Italian donkey on its way uphill. If you happen to be wearing a Mistral (and you are unless you got your dress from Madame Paul), she will give you a long, pale look and turn away, though she might just be sick. (One client felt pretty secure in an old Balmain until Madame Paul saw it. "I think you'd better just leave this dress here with me," she said with a smile. "If you have it at home, you might accidentally wear it again.")

The shop itself looks as though it had just moved there the night before. There is a wild disorder of bolts of fabrics stacked on tall shelves, round bolts sprouting like asparagus stalks out of large bird's nests. Wisps of samples float about the room. Silks and brocades that traveling clients bring back from Bangkok and Hong Kong await Madame Paul's inspiration, mingling freely with the stock that is for sale, as do various women's dresses. Often you can be inside a dress and viewing the effect in the mirror (the front effect only). Madame has no rearview mirror, so just assures you firmly that the back view is even better than the front before she suddenly cries, "Isn't that beautiful? It belongs to Mrs. Fay." In one memorable episode, a client actually bought another's blouse before its origins could be clarified. There were tears, telephone calls, telegrams and flowers before things were patched up. On the other hand, being nosy gets you nowhere. The client



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The three exquisite Royal Doulton Bone China patterns shown above are (left to right) Tiara, \$22.95, the new Signet, \$19.95 and Thistledown, \$19.95. All prices are for five-piece place settings. Send 10¢ for our 23-page full-color brochure of beautiful Bone China patterns. Write: Doulton & Co., Inc., Department 11LH, 11 East 26th Street, New York 10, New York.

ROYAL DOULTON
ENGLISH BONE CHINA



Wish I'd
stayed with
Knox..."



Mrs. Robert F. Kennedy wore a Madame Paul dress in Bangkok.

who tried, "Whose dress is *that*, Madame Paul?" was rewarded with a crafty, "Oh, nobody in your set."

Madame Paul rises to her greatest heights when tackling a wardrobe problem of panoramic proportions, such as Ethel Kennedy's trip around the world last year. Madame produces whatever is needed on the basis of telephone conversations. On these occasions she goes into a kind of creative trance, during which she must be fed minute and frequent details such as what time the plane will land, or where the boat will dock and who will be there and what they may be wearing.

Madame's advice on accessories is very far out for Washington, and assumes that you own a good supply of all sizes. She advised one lady to wear a "beeg diamond clip right here on your sleeve"—and the lady did. During the evening people kept coming up to her and asking, "Why are you wearing that pin on your sleeve?"

Whatever happens, one should never be so vulgar as to ask how much something is going to cost. That kind of question gets you a sigh and a squeeze on the arm—right about where you should be wearing a "beeg diamond." Madame says her prices are "always a good surprise, not bad."

It is also advisable to speak four languages. Madame Paul keeps six seamstresses toiling in various parts of town, each with a specialty—suits, dresses, coats, evening clothes. There is one Cuban, one Haitian, two Frenchwomen, one Italian and one Portuguese. Since Madame Paul speaks only French and English, there is a total communications breakdown at fitting time. Unless, as I say, the customer happens to be fluent in all four languages.

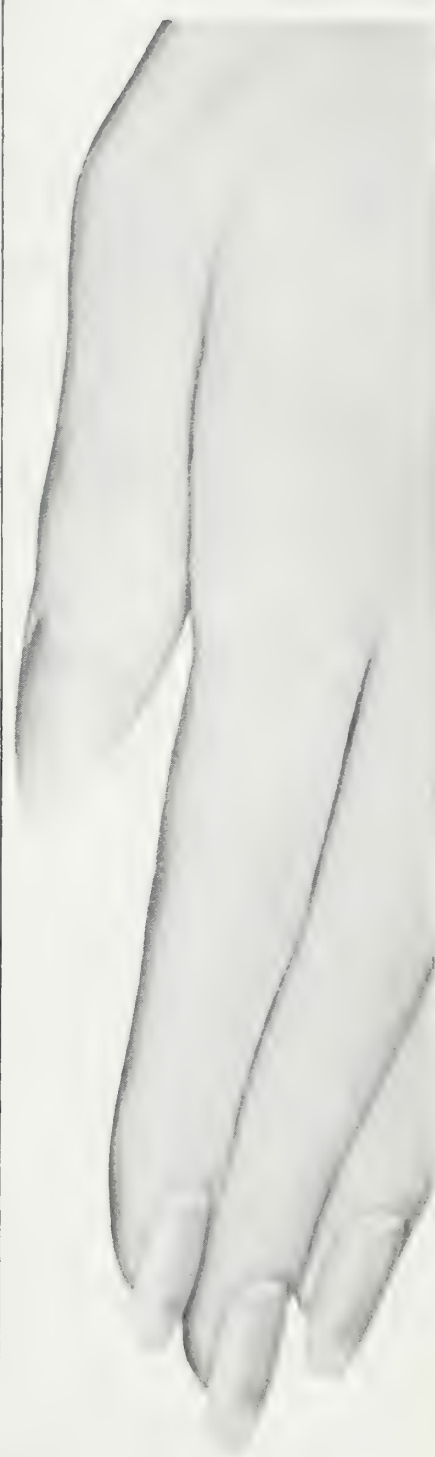
Madame has an assistant in the store,

Alma Rodrigues, from the Dominican Republic, who speaks mostly Spanish, some English and no French. Madame Paul talks to her in French anyway, while Alma keeps repeating helplessly, "But I don't speak French!" Here, the trilingual client fills a useful role, and a fitting at Madame Paul's becomes an intellectual experience, nearly as invigorating as the quivering moment when Madame Paul consults her "leettle book" and reveals at last how much it's all going to cost.

At yearly intervals Madame flies to Europe, to the Paris collections and to Italy, returning with new ideas and new fabrics to become entangled in the ones already wafting about her *boutique*—and with jewels. Once she has sprung all this from U.S. Customs, she conceals the jewelry in various corners in the back of the shop. Nothing is put on organized display *chez* Madame Paul, except possibly the key chain and sunglasses somebody left there at her last fitting. Clients learn to root around the merchandise on their own while they wait for a fitting. Favored clients are exposed to new jewelry one by one as they try on clothes. "You should wear thees with your green satin," whispers Madame convincingly, and before long the whole cache vanishes, with yelps of despair from those who didn't grab the swag offered them the first time round.

It should perhaps be mentioned that men still play a residual role in the Washington Wardrobe Crisis—many of them pay Madame Paul's bills. Thus, while it is widely believed that the leading men of our country are discussing affairs of state over their after-dinner cigars and brandy in Washington, what they are *really* talking about is how to make Madame Paul go away before she bankrupts them.

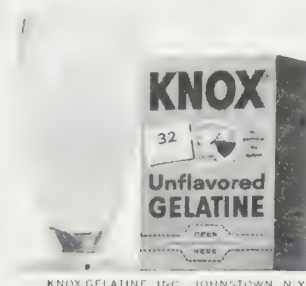
• END



"Now I do!"

So many women start with Knox Gelatine for brittle, chipped fingernails... and then stop before new nails can grow in. That's a mistake, because you must take one envelope of Knox in juice or bouillon every day for 90 days to allow old fingernails time to grow out... new, stronger nails time to grow in. Medical tests have shown wonderful results for 7 out of 10—strong, smooth nails to be proud of. So don't let another day go by.

Start with...stay with Knox

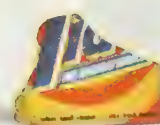


KNOX GELATINE, INC., JOHNSTOWN, N.Y.

Guess what two famous products now give a new meaning to cleaning!



(The washer's initials are G.E.)



(The detergent is America's favorite)



So you guessed it was the new General Electric washer and New Improved Tide. But there's no guesswork about the kind of cleaning they give. Sheets, for instance, are so clean and fresh you'll wonder how you could have been satisfied before.

The reason why is this: General Electric's big 12-lb. capacity top-loader was designed with a special washing system that sends Tide's active suds swirling through clothes again and

again to give the cleanest, freshest wash possible. The kind of clean wash you know you're getting when you see a nice white layer of Tide suds in your washer.

Naturally, this great cleaning technique goes together. When you buy a new top-loading General Electric you'll find a box of Improved Tide in it.

Tide samples, and this ad, supplied by Tide pursuant to agreement with appliance manufacturer.

Today's General Electric washer and the Improved Tide they put in it give a new meaning to cleaning.

"Waltz Through Washday" with a new General Electric and Improved Tide.



Worldwide bazaar

a part of the American way of life, mail-order catalogs now let you Christmas-shop around the world from your armchair.

years ago rural American families on the mail-order-catalog houses by all but the most ordinary home-made goods. Necessities of the contents of those earlier catalog winter underwear, horse collars, wire and pails) with just enough spread through the pages (bonnets, skates and sleds) to earn the nickname of "wishbooks."

the automobiles bringing towns and ser, Americans go right on wishing by mail. And those early mail-merchants are not only still in business have expanded their catalogs to where they are virtually entire centers. (In tune with the times, series now extend all the way to and fine art.)

ands of other would-be mail-order have come into the business too, re is now almost nothing on earth not be ordered by mail.

at the *Journal* we've had the fun of shopping through a bushel basket-mail-order catalogs. After much de- n we have come up with a list of at we think will not only appeal to ers but also help them in filling ristmas-present lists.

otherwise noted, your order must e mail-order house by December order to guarantee you delivery by er 20th. Send your orders by air- any distant place, and do not send ail a check or money order only. ems are sent postage paid, which is ith the initials pp. following the price. When items are sent mail or collect, this is also noted, along with approximate idea of the shipping costs. uty is applicable, it is paid on de- your postman, and we have also e approximate amount.

project to occupy an entire family he winter months ahead, a do-it- harpsichord kit. The musical es- are all included along with easy di- No power tools are needed and the quotient of mechanical ability will roject through to a successful con- The standard-size instrument is of caliber. (\$150, plus Railway Ex- ickermann Harpsichords, Inc., 115 her Street, New York 14, N.Y.)

symbolic *têtes des animaux* hung e butcher shops in France are now d to America. The steer head, which ches tall and made of zinc sheet nished in bronze, will hang over a or, an inside fireplace, or even the

kitchen stove. (\$70 pp., at Charles W. Chase, Haddam Neck, East Hampton, Conn.)

(3) An exact replica of an Early American eagle of the 1790-1815 period, executed in a material that faithfully duplicates the appearance of the original—stained oak. It is 16 inches high. (\$37.50, shipped express collect, Museum of the City of New York, 103rd Street at 5th Avenue, N.Y. 29, N.Y.)

(4) For kite buffs, and this category knows no age bracket, a Rotoki. This kite, which is two plastic spools, spins and reels into the air. It is controlled with two rods. (\$4.95 pp. in knockdown form; \$5.95 pp. assembled from Rotoki Corp. P.O. Box 2001, Livonia, Mich.)

(5) There is always one Christmas gift that an individual remembers for a lifetime. A live South American squirrel monkey could very well be it. On arrival he is about nine inches high and about six months old. His wants are simple, so that even a young child could have complete responsibility for his welfare. (\$25, express collect. Order by Dec. 1st from Trefflich Bird & Animal Co. Inc., 228 Fulton Street, New York 7, N.Y.)

(6) From the land of muumuus, Nalii's Hawaiian child's muumuu with a wide sash that ties in the back. It would make a charming housecoat. In sizes 3 to 6. (\$8.75 airmail pp.) Also in sizes 7 to 14. (\$10.75 airmail pp.) In yellow, pink or blue prints. The Liberty House, Box 2690, Honolulu, Hawaii.

(7) Sears, Roebuck & Co. carries fine art in its special mail-order catalog of art from the Vincent Price collection. Prices start as low as \$30 for framed originals and go as high as \$2,000 for a rare Rembrandt etching. Artists in the collection include Chagall, Vertes, Picasso, Roualt, Buffet, Goya, Larry Rivers and Whistler. (Write to Sears, Roebuck & Co., Dept. 9921, 3401 W. Division Street, Chicago 51, Ill., for a free graphic catalog from which to make your selection and place your order.)

(8) Five-foot-high pepper mill is so good-looking we think it would make a handsome kitchen or patio decoration. It works too. It is bright lacquer red, and a saucy wooden bird sits on top. (\$45, plus postage, from Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N.Y.)

(9) From Egypt, embroidered wall tapestries 18 x 52 inches are made with appliques of eight different colors of cotton cloth. No two designs are alike, as each is an individual craftsman's interpretation of such deities as Ra, Horus and Isis. (\$8.40 pp., Shopping International, 25 N. Main Street, White River Junction, Vt.)

(10) Mexican tin hand-worked with all the artistry that is generally lavished on a silver candelabra. This holds six candles and is 8 inches high, 13 inches wide. (\$5.75 pp., Phoenix-Pan American, 793 Lexington Avenue, New York 21, N.Y.)

(11) This chair comes with any name or nickname (up to 18 letters) that you choose placed on the sling back. It folds, it's light and will see year-round duty as a Papa's chair on the patio, aboard the boat, in front of TV and when there are extras for dinner. In red, yellow or white canvas with black painted frame. (\$14.50 express collect, Jensen-Lewis Company, 156 Seventh Avenue, New York 11, N.Y.)

(12) Another present for a man, this time for a boating or camping fan. Red lantern is unsinkable, has a red safety flasher for emergencies and will throw a beam a quarter of a mile. Impervious to rust, salt water, acids and grease. It is powered with 6-volt dry-cell battery. (\$8.95 plus postage, Abercrombie & Fitch, Madison Avenue at 45th Street, New York 17, N.Y.)

(13) A hunter's red hat that not only meets prescribed precautionary requirements but also is good he-man fashion. In red felt, it can be coaxed into whatever shape most becomes the wearer. Sizes 6¾-7¾. (\$1.95 pp., L. L. Bean, Inc., Freeport, Maine.)

(14) The bag for a woman who travels, it's big enough to hold all the essentials for a weekend. In deep lava brown, white or black. Bag is a sensible plastic reproduction of the handsome French leather travel bags and will stand up to rough treatment magnificently. (This one, \$27.50 plus postage, from Saks Fifth Avenue, 611 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.)

(15) Shoe-shine kit will teach young fry good habits and delight the parents who ask for sensible gifts for their children. The stand is enameled in shiny white and embellished with brilliant drawings. One side is hinged, and inside is where the stock of polishes and brushes go. (\$12.50 plus postage, at Saks Fifth Avenue, 611 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N.Y.) (Continued on page 140)



(16) This is the cooking pot to give to friends who love Chinese food—the wok. It is the secret of the stir-fry cooking on which most Chinese cuisine is based. It comes in three parts—rounded bowl pot (14" in diameter), a ring that it sits in and which in turn fits over the gas or electric burner, and the lid. It cooks almost every Chinese food. (\$6.90 pp., Cathay Hardware Corp., 49 Mott Street, New York 13, N.Y.)

(17) More Oriental influences. "Tako" is the picture story of the kites of Japan and, besides being generally informative, the book actually directs a young child (7-11) in building a kite. The materials—bamboo and wonderfully brilliant printed papers—are all included in a special section of the book. Imported from Japan. (\$3.10 pp., Japan Publications Trading Co., P. O. Box 469, Rutland, Vt.)

(18) This is a wonderfully practical table and one that will go well with many periods of furniture. Painted black with simulated bamboo turnings on the legs, it has a gently curved top that lifts off, making it a perfect coffee-serving tray. The table is 19 inches high and the tray top approximately 19 inches long. (\$78 plus postage, Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N.Y.)

(19) For people who like their coffee Italian-style, here is a bright copper coffeepot (tin lined) that does the trick. It makes regular coffee too. This size makes enough for six demitasses. (\$10.25 pp., Bazar Francais, 666 Sixth Avenue, New York 10, N.Y.)

(20) Under the coffeepot is a candle warmer that will keep your coffee hot. The stand has two hand-carved swan's heads, is of elm wood and is 3½ inches high, 5-by-5 inches wide. (\$7.50 pp., Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, New York 29, N.Y.)

(21) More bamboozling, these Italian *faenza* demitasse-size cups and saucers are right in the current decorating mood—bamboo. (\$3.50 pp. each, Henri Bendel, 10 W. 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y.)

(22) Brass-lidded ice bucket is wrapped in a

leopard-print vinyl. (\$13.75 pp., Henri Bendel, 10 W. 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y.)

(23) A handmade copper pot from Mexico comes to you via Texas. Eight inches in diameter, it would make a lovely container for fruit or nuts. Of course, you can cook and serve food in it too. (\$7.95 pp., The Peddler's Wagon, 1905 Midkiff Road, Midland, Texas.)

(24) More decorating news here. Fur rug in lovely tone on tone (off-white, beige, deep brown) African Springbok antelope pelt would make an excellent bedside or fireside accent rug. It is approximately 4 feet long, 2½ feet wide. (\$21 pp., Shopping International, Inc., 25 North Main Street, White River Junction, Vt.)

(25) Charcoal cookery is reaching new refinements with this motor driven shish-kebab grill. There are six skewers. (\$35 plus postage, Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N.Y.)

(26) An extremely handsome chess set is made in Mexico of green and white hand-carved onyx. The brown and white board is also made of onyx. (Chess men available separately.) (\$25 pp.; the board \$45 pp. Chess Studio, 191 Sullivan Street, New York 12, N.Y.)

(27) All the way from Europe, an official omelet pan of polished aluminum. (A European cook would never use it for anything but eggs.) It has rounded sides and a longish black Catalan handle to make it easier for you to turn out the finished product onto a platter; 10½ inches in diameter. Omelet and egg recipes are included with the pan. (\$10.50 pp., La Cuisiniere, 903 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N.Y.)

(28) Especially handsome cutting boards, made of elm wood, that have swans' heads carved into their design. (\$6.50, Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, New York 29, N.Y.)

(29) A pitcher made of exotically striped Zerkova wood lined in black lacquer, which means it can be used for mixing drinks, for

milk or flowers, or just as decoration. It is 7¾ inches high. (\$12.50 pp., Hall's, 1114 Grand Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.)

(30) Hand-printed in England on pure Irish linen, these placemats have a plate-size plaque of pheasants in their centers. The napkins are reverse colored. Mats come in teal green (napkin is creamy white printed in teal). (\$5 pp. for a set of four mats, four napkins. The Mill House Fabric Printers Ltd., Victoria Place, Penzance, Cornwall, England.)

(31) Fat copper water kettle is as traditional as it can possibly be. It holds two quarts. (\$12.95 pp., Bazar Francais, 666 Sixth Avenue, New York 10, N.Y.)

(32) The monogram of William and Mary shaped out of brass makes a very fine trivet for hot pots or casseroles. It comes from the craft shops of Colonial Williamsburg and is a perfect replica. (\$7.95 pp., Craft House, Colonial Williamsburg, Williamsburg, Va.)

(33) Kitchen canisters for a really modern kitchen are very hard to find. These enameled metal ones—there are four in all—come in brilliant hues and are easily kept shiny and bright with a damp cloth. In Royal blue, orange, red, yellow, turquoise and olive green. (\$14.25 pp., Takahashi, 33 Main Street, San Francisco 5, Calif.)

(34) For do-it-yourself families, a high chair for their youngest. It comes in a knock-down kit all ready to glue together and can easily be assembled in an evening. It can be painted or stained. (\$16.95 plus postage—Parcel Post is different for various

sections of U.S.—from 68 cents to \$1.9 Haggerty, Cohasset, Mass.)

(35) Everyone wants to make Christmas last as long as possible and this gift will still be enjoyed at the end of January. Fat narcissus bulbs planted in a round copper planter make a lovely fragrant gift for almost anyone, but especially for ardent gardeners cut off from their favorite hobby by the weather. Consider it, too, for shut-ins. (\$3.95 pp., Breck's of Boston, K44 Breck Building, Boston 10, Mass.)

(36) Country squires with Mc in front of their names should have an Irish black thorn walking stick. It is hand-finished. (\$3 pp. Order by Nov. 28th from Shannon Mail Order Stores, Shannon Int'l. Free Airport Ireland.)

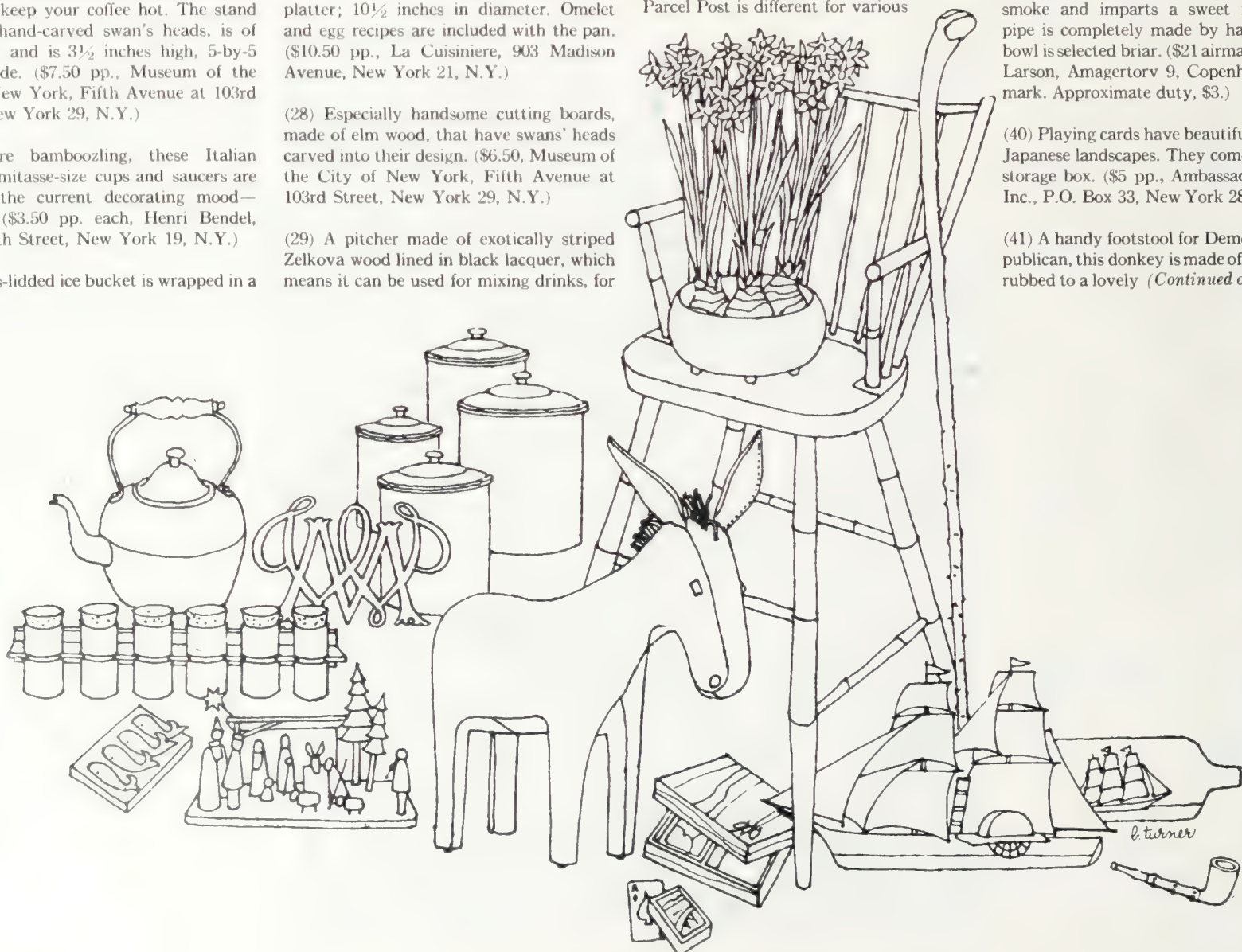
(37) Boats in kit form. Everything is detailed to match the original, which is in the case the Harriet Lane NY 1857 steam paddle cutter. (\$5 pp., Museum Shop, Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Avenue & 103rd Street, New York 29, N.Y.)

(38) More boats, in bottles this time. Fascinating to sailors of all ages and very good decoration for a study or boy's room. This one is a model of a clipper ship handmade by a master of this painstaking art. (\$10.50 pp., Museum Shop, Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Avenue & 103rd Street, New York 29, N.Y.)

(39) A very good-looking pipe from Denmark. It has a bamboo shank which, since it is highly absorbent, dries and cools the smoke and imparts a sweet flavor. The pipe is completely made by hand and the bowl is selected briar. (\$21 airmail pp., W. O. Larson, Amagertorv 9, Copenhagen, Denmark. Approximate duty, \$3.)

(40) Playing cards have beautifully detailed Japanese landscapes. They come in wooden storage box. (\$5 pp., Ambassador of Asia Inc., P.O. Box 33, New York 28, N.Y.)

(41) A handy footstool for Democrat or Republican, this donkey is made of pigskin and rubbed to a lovely (Continued on page 144)





*“Proportioned?
Really?”*

Yes, now Kotex napkins come in 4 proportioned sizes.

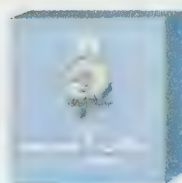
Choose the length, width and depth that meets your absorbency needs.

Each has the moisture-proof shield under the new soft covering.

That's why nothing protects like Kotex.

Which proportioned Kotex napkin protects you best?

NEW SIZE!



REGULAR
Medium width, depth and length. Designed for average needs.



SLENDERLINE
Narrowest, deepest, shorter than Regular. Compact for comfort.



SUPER
Length of Regular, deeper, wider and 16% more absorbent.



MISS DEB
For young ladies. Regular absorbency, less width. Soft pink covering.



The French have a word for it

This week speak French well enough to order the groceries M. Dubois is holding.

Meet M. Dubois, the grocer, making his way through the crowded métro. He's your teacher in Lesson 14 of EN FRANCE COMME SI VOUS Y ETIEZ. A grocer teaching French? Why not! These people are French. They live in France. They've been speaking French for years...it's their native tongue! In Lesson 6 you'll be in a Parisian traffic jam with your taxi-driver teacher. In Lesson 8 you'll have dinner with the Dulacs. In hundreds of amusing and always lively, authentic situations, you'll meet more than 200 Frenchmen! Simple concept? Sure. But *this is the first time it's been done!* You are in France. *The French you learn is the French you need today...* EN FRANCE COMME SI VOUS Y ETIEZ (In France as if you were really there).

Look the maître d' in the eye and... without fumbling through the mysteries of

a French menu, order a complete dinner (including the right wine and cheese). Share the fun of speaking French with your children as they learn it at school—you may be able to help them! Improve your chances for economic advancement—the ability to communicate in a second language is becoming more important every day and French is the language that opens the most doors. Know about France and Frenchmen. Think of the difference it will all make when you do go to Europe—for business or pleasure. When you "know how to speak the language" your trip becomes a much more rewarding experience. EN FRANCE helps make it possible.

Who made EN FRANCE possible
Librairie Hachette, Europe's largest publisher and distributor, has spent 4 years producing EN FRANCE, in cooperation with *Hofstra University*. Constant research over

the last 50 years to develop the most modern methods of teaching French to foreigners has established Hachette as the *European publishing authority in the field*. EN FRANCE emerges as a "first" in *The Encyclopedia of Contemporary Languages and Civilizations*, the most ambitious project undertaken by Hachette in its 150 years of publishing.

A complete reference library on France
Your tools are all contained in a handsome slipcase, wrapped in an antique map of Paris: a 380-page bound textbook; a record album with 94 pages of drills and exercises, lyrics to 26 songs; over 1,200 photographs and drawings. The authors of EN FRANCE have added a series of "Facts about France" usually revealed only during a visit. You get a taste of the "French that no one learns in school"—a touch of slang and the picturesque expressions of everyday life that make all the difference. Maps of Paris, 3 "how to" guides, and a special edition of the leading newspaper "France-Soir" are still another part of your EN FRANCE library.

8 hours of sound

Even more... EN FRANCE brings to you 234 Frenchmen on 40 7" LP vinyl records. 8 hours of the sounds of France and its language, as it was recorded on the spot. 234 private teachers (housewives, engineers, gendarmes, secretaries, merchants, traveling salesmen, etc., even a fortune-teller) come into your home to help you speak French as they do!

26 original French songs

Don't skip the dessert in EN FRANCE. At the end of every recorded lesson are completely original songs...written especially for you by a noted French composer. Become familiar with French as it is sung. Sing along as loudly as you please!

And, incidentally, you learn French! With an approach as fresh and entertaining as EN FRANCE, even exercises and drills are fun. Go at your own pace...listen to a sketch as many times as you like, and then play with the language! Crossword puzzles, addict? Good. You'll have fun with the vocabulary. Look. Listen. Speak. Sing. You soon be fluent in French...painlessly!

EN FRANCE available directly to you. Because EN FRANCE is being published internationally and is sold directly from publisher to you, the costs have been considerably reduced and we urge you to take advantage of these savings.

The rewards are all yours

With EN FRANCE, you can see France from your arrival in customs to your first night in Paris at a Left Bank nightclub. You can speak French as the French learn themselves...by hearing it spoken...in the street, at home, in the theatre, in restaurants, at the hairdresser, in the flea market... *France as if you were really there!* EN FRANCE COMME SI VOUS Y ETIEZ!

You get all this

- 380-page hard-bound text • 94-page record album with storage pockets; 11 drills and exercises • lyrics to 26 songs
- 3 "how to" guides • 1,200 photos and drawings • 40 LP vinyl records (8 hours)
- Map of Paris' métro and buses • special issue "France-Soir" • Library slipcase

What a Wonderful Way to Say "Joyeux Noël"

Fill in and mail the coupon today and bring EN FRANCE into your own home. Be sure to order extra sets now as gifts for your friends.

EN FRANCE—Hachette, Inc. (Dept. LN-1)
Box 1749 • Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me my complete "En France comme si vous y étiez" library, including slipcase, textbook, album of 40 records, maps of Paris, 3 "how to" guides, special edition of "France-Soir."

☐ I enclose check or money order for \$24.95, representing payment in full. (Savings of \$2.55 over normal price of \$27.50)

☐ I enclose check or money order for \$5.50, with the understanding I will pay you 4 additional monthly installments of \$5.50 each.



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City _____ Zone _____ State _____

GUARANTEE: If I am not completely satisfied with my En France course, I may return it within 10 days and receive a full refund.

Offer good in U.S. only.

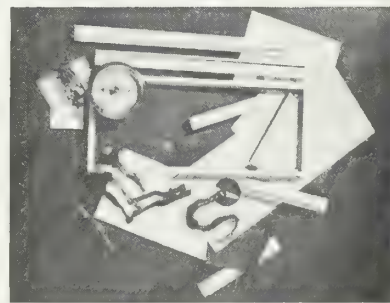
In New York City, add 4% sales tax.

Watch for "En France," winner of Golden Nymph at 2nd Monaco International TV Festival, on your local television station.

MAKE THIS EMBROIDERED "WEATHER VANE" BAROMETER



Here's a weather watcher that will cause more talk than the weather itself! And the beauty of it is that it's all your own handiwork (with perhaps an assist from your husband). You'll actually enjoy creating the background for this special barometer. It requires only the simplest kind of bold appliqué and just enough easy fill-in embroidery stitches to give rounded contour. Reminiscent of the graceful soaring vanes that have dotted American skies since colonial days, the weather vane is a magnificent weathered antique copper color on a ground of off-white linen that will blend with traditional or contemporary décors. Friend husband need only assemble and stain the case. Then in less than a half hour you can put everything in place. A few screws will secure this new Uni/Mag barometer, manufactured and ready assembled for us by Taylor Instrument Companies. You would pay \$25 or more for the Uni/Mag barometer in any store. It is accurate, easy to set, and requires only one setting. What's more it has a more open scale than older models, so it's easier to read, and covers a wider area than ever before. Now you can see at a glance whether to carry an umbrella or plan a picnic. Kit includes assembled frame, precut and drilled side pieces and mounting board, stamped linen, appliqué fabric, embroidery floss, and a complete assembled barometer. Overall size 10x23½x2⅛". See photograph of kit parts in coupon below. Kit AWS-101, \$14.95.



Pictured above is the kit as you will receive it.

BAROMETER KIT ORDER FORM

Fill out coupon, enclosing personal check or money order (no stamps, please). Sorry, we are unable to handle foreign orders. New York City residents add 4% sales tax. Please allow three weeks for handling and mailing.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Dept. JWN, P.O. Box 84, New York, New York 10046

- Barometer Kit(s), No. AWS-101, \$14.95
- Barometer, assembled frame completely hand finished with hand embroidered linen background, ready for hanging. No. AWS-101C, \$49.95
(Allow four to six weeks for delivery)
- Color catalogue of best selling needlework kits, 20¢

Print Name _____

Print Address _____

City _____

Zone _____

State _____



THE RIGHT BRUSH

**protects
your
gums, too!**

Why guess about a toothbrush? Ask your dentist about Oral B. This brush does something about gum troubles—where tooth troubles often start.*

The gentle massage of 2500 smooth top Oral B fibers helps you keep gums firm and healthy, while thoroughly cleaning and polishing your teeth.

Insist on Oral B for the entire family.

Oral B

*Gum troubles are the cause for 37% of all teeth lost, according to a study by the American Dental Association.

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Fever Blisters COLD SORES

Dry Them Up Fast

Soothe, Soften, Prevent Cracking

QUICK! Apply CAMPHO-PHENIQUE at the first sign of a fever blister or cold sore. For this soothing, healing antiseptic liquid has an amazing drying action that clears them up FAST. And as CAMPHO-PHENIQUE dries the fever blister or cold sore it softens it, too, so prevents painful cracking. Healing is rapid and comfortable.

CAMPHO-PHENIQUE is like having a First Aid Kit in a bottle. Wonderful for cuts, minor burns, scratches. Its anesthetic action stops pain instantly. Its antiseptic action promotes rapid healing. And when a cold clogs your nose, put a few drops of CAMPHO-PHENIQUE on your handkerchief and inhale the medicated vapor. You'll breathe easier FAST!

Campho-Phenique

THE PRIMO SPECTRUM ANTISEPTIC
with All Germz
Which Cause Infection

**USED BY MILLIONS
WHENEVER MODERATE
ARTHRITIC
RHEUMATIC
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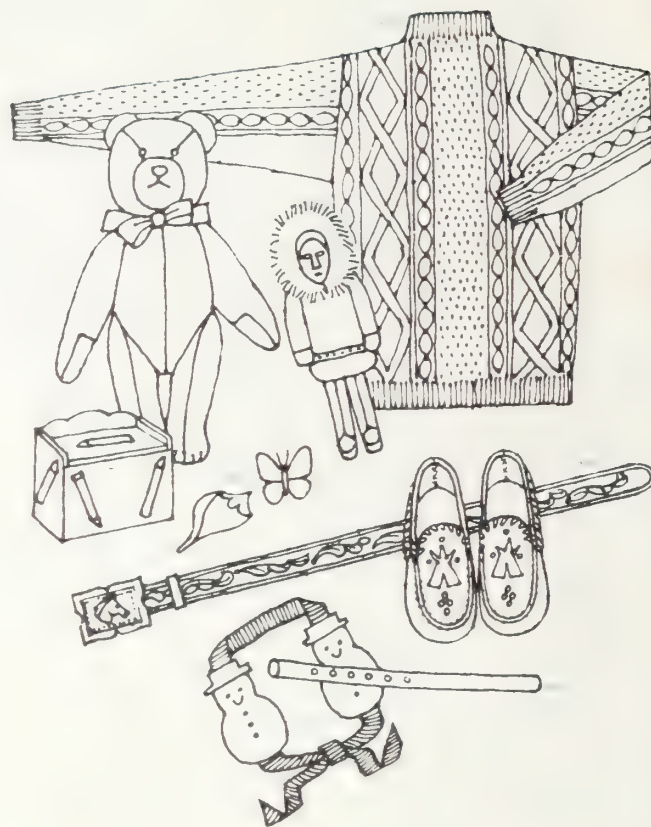
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brown shine (\$60 pp., Liberty of London, Regent Street, London W1, England. Duty would be about \$4.)

(42) A perfectly charming nativity scene hand-carved in Poland from a design by the artist Jan Stachura. It is pale wood and measures approximately 11 inches in length. (\$12.50 pp. Cepelia, 5 E. 57th Street, N.Y. 22, N.Y.)

(43) A sailor will appreciate these weight whales. Made of heavy black enameled lead, their job is to hold down charts in the cockpit. Four come fitted into their own mahogany rack. (\$9.95 plus shipping charges to your zone. Shipping weight is four pounds. Crow's Nest, 16 E. 40th Street, N.Y. 16, N.Y.)

(44) A spice rack that is 16 inches long comes complete with six wooden canisters (your choice of teak or provincial finish) that have tight cork tops. There are also 20 pressure-adhering labels included. (\$5.95 pp., Scandicrafts, Scandicrafts Bldg., 185 Ashford Avenue, Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.)

(45) Flown straight from Ireland on receipt of your order, a Cladyknit, handmade sweater that features the Aran stitch. The color is a creamy off-white. In children's sizes 28-32 (\$10.50 air postage paid, Shannon Airport Stores, Shannon, Ireland. Probable duty on arrival will be \$1.60 or less.)

(46) A Western trophy belt will be a sure winner with the blue-jeans set. It is made of patterned leather—your choice of brown or black—and it has a shiny buckle. Order in waist sizes 20 through 30 inches (the next nearest even number). (\$1.95 pp., Luskey's Western Stores, 113 Houston Street, Fort Worth, Tex.)

(47) Moccasins, ready-made, come from Maine and are made of beaded elk tanned leather. (In infants' sizes 2-6½ they're \$4.35 and are available in white; in children's sizes 7-10½, red, \$4.65; and in growing girls' sizes 11-2½ they come in smoked elk for \$4.95 pp. from LL Bean, Freeport, Maine.) (Not shown) For the enterprising

child who is always looking for something to do, there is a kit of moccasin findings together with directions for the making. Sizes small (13-1½); medium (2-3½); large (4-5½). (\$1.98 pp., Miles Kimball, 41 W. 8th Avenue, Oshkosh, Wis.)

(48) Flutes to tootle on Christmas morning come from exciting places. (\$2 pp., Charles W. Chase, Haddam Neck, East Hampton, Conn. Single flute \$1.35 pp., double flute \$2.05 pp., Shopping International, Inc., 25 North Main Street, White River Junction, Vt. Bamboo flute decorated with dragon 13" long, 50 cents or 3 for \$1.39 pp., Scandicrafts, Scandicrafts Bldg., 185 Ashford Avenue, Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.)

(49) Flat wool felt snowmen, gaily decorated with sequins, are ear-huggers that tie under the chin with velvet ribbons. (\$2.75 pp. The Elder Craftsmen Shop, 850 Lexington Avenue, N.Y. 21, N.Y.)

(50) For young collectors there are starter sets of butterflies, shells and rock kits. (\$2.97 pp. each kit. Miles Kimball, 41 W. 8th Avenue, Oshkosh, Wis.)

(51) Here is an inexpensive stocking stuffer that would make a perfect present for children who are preschoolers through third grade. It is a walnut-finished wooden box especially made to store crayons. The sides and top are decorated with brightly colored replicas of crayons so even the nonreader will know exactly what to do with his new present. (\$1 pp. Walter Drake, LJ76 Drake Bldg., Colorado Springs, Colo.)

(52) This is (tell Grandpa, he'll be surprised too) the 60th anniversary of the Teddy Bear. Many versions of the original Teddy have come and gone in these years, but Steiff has brought back an exact replica of the original as a sentimental gesture. He is 10 inches high and a bear-colored plush. (\$8.50 pp. F. A. O. Schwarz, 745 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. 22, N.Y.)

(53) This is just one of many dolls we've seen that would be coveted by any young collector. Made in Alaska by Eskimos, the Kuskokwim doll (Continued on page 146)



SPRING—Cherry blossoms



SUMMER—Hollyhocks



AUTUMN—Chrysanthemums and bell flowers



WINTER—Plum blossoms

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has a painted wooden face, a snow rabbit parka with beaded trim, a fluffy hood made of wolverine and even wears seal-skin pants and mukluks that have been bead-embroidered. (\$10.50 pp., American Indian Arts Center, 843 Lexington Avenue, N.Y. 21, N.Y.)

(54) Charming floral tapestry suitcase is a boon to the girl who weekends frequently—a college or career girl, for instance—since it takes up almost no space between trips. The zip-close suitcase folds up to a 6-inch-wide, 19-inch-long strip that can be put away in a bureau drawer. It comes in three color combinations, so be sure to specify your first and second choices of black and brown; Kelly green and bright blue; red and black. (\$8.50 pp., Les Girls of Westchester, 1558 Central Park Avenue, Yonkers, N.Y.)

(55) Venturing even further afield for interesting gift items, we came upon this really very special briefcase made of zebra skin. It's not for everyone, but it is so special we couldn't resist including it in hopes that it will find its way to young career girls who will love toting work home in it. It is an import from Kenya. (\$30 will get it here postpaid by surface mail, but since this takes a minimum of five weeks, we suggest you splurge and send your check for \$45 and specify that it come air mail. Duty probably will be \$3. International Trade Development Co., P.O. Box 258, Machakos, Kenya, East Africa.)

(56) A small silverplated hand mirror (a two-inch circle) to carry in your handbag is

prettily chased and embossed in the Danish style. A comb case has matching design as does the pull on the tortoise comb. Both of these delights come from Denmark via the Virgin Islands. (Mirror, \$1.25; comb and case, \$1.25. Add 60 cents to the price of either for mailing costs; add only 60 cents if you order both. Cavanagh's, Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.)

(57) A pocket alarm watch is not so much of a gadget as it might seem. Commuters use them to get themselves out of the office in time to catch a train, and housewives use them to remind themselves that it's time to go meet the train he's on! One enterprising idea that turned up in a PTA meeting is for mothers of non-time-telling children to wind and set the alarm of the watch, which they then put in Junior's pocket. When it goes off, he knows that it's time to go home. In any case, we find it a fascinating gadget and hope that Santa will tuck one in our stocking. (\$13.95 pp., Greenland Studios, 3735 N.W. 67th Street, Miami 47, Fla.)

(58) This pig bank is one for the collectors. It is from Cornwall, England, and is made of a sooty black ceramic. The pig—there is actually just half of one, as you can see—sits openmouthed waiting to catch coins of all sizes right up to our own fifty-cent pieces. His wide smile makes him easy to pilfer from when you run short of change. (\$3 pp., W. H. Lake, & Son Ltd., Chapel Hill Pottery, Trure Cornwall, England.)

(59) Another bank that will help girls, big and little, to learn thrift is a purse-shaped ceramic bank embellished with Victorian flowers. It is antique white with yellow and blue predominating in the decorations, and there is a soft spot in the bottom so that you can get your money out without breaking the bank. To start saving again all you need do is put a piece of Scotch Tape across the opening. (\$5.50 pp., Henri Bendel, 10 W. 57th St., N.Y. 19, N.Y.)

(60) This tiny treasure chest has ventured all the way from India. It is shiny brass and big enough to hold candy or cigarettes (the lid is very tight-fitting) or even stamps and

paper clips on a desk. (\$6.45 pp., The Add Touch, Dept. LH, Bryn Mawr, Pa.)

(61) Almost a Christmas costume, the apron is green cotton rimmed with red polka dots. The one pictured is for mamma; also a children's version for girls under 5. (\$6. pp. grownup version; \$3.85 pp. for child Marti, P.O. Box 244, Rumson, N.J.)

Some items arrived too late to be illustrated, but were really too good to be left out. They include roses and records. Jackson and Perkins, Newark, N.Y., has a present for gardening friends. A rose bush is shipped at the proper planting time for each locality, but at Christmastime the nursery sends an artificial rose in a florist's box to herald the rose that is coming in the spring. See their catalogue for prices and varieties. In the music-appreciation mood,

a new recording called *Music and Fun Songs* features a record and follow-the-music picture book with such children favorites as *Jingle Bells*, *Stars and Stripes Forever*, *Skater's Waltz*. The album is narrated by Miss Frances of DuSung School and *Judy and Jill* magazine who explains the effects created in the organ accompaniment. (50 cents pp. from Hammond Organ Co., 4200 Diversey Avenue, Chicago 39, Ill.) • E



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your figure. Delilah must have felt the way you'll feel in it. (How else could she have managed so well?)

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Alexandre sketches hairdo for film star Françoise Arnoul as other clients wait their turn.

Alexandre

THE GREAT

If you get your dresses from Balenciaga and drink champagne for lunch, if you hang Goya paintings on the landing and fly in a private Jet Star, you almost certainly have your hair done by Alexandre. Even if you don't, you might still think it worthwhile saving up for a haircut by this man; for Alexandre Raimon of Paris is now generally acknowledged to be the world's best hairdresser.

He does the Duchess of Windsor's hair almost daily, and coifs the entire French royal family. He created the Marienbad hairstyle, the artichoke, the beehive; he launched the fashion for wigs. He does Madame Niarchos, wife of the Greek shipping magnate, and Gloria Guinness, daughter of the famous Irish banker-brewer; he designs hair for Dior and Yves St. Laurent. Madame Hervé Alphand, wife of the French ambassador, gave a party in Washington at which Alexandre dressed the hair of all the guests—he had flown specially from Paris to do so. Garbo, the inspiration of some of this season's styles, crosses the Atlantic once a year to be cut by him; and Olivia de Havilland did the same before *Lady in a Cage*: Who but Alexandre could design hair specially for a woman stuck in a lift between two floors?

He is said to have the tact of a diplomat, the generosity of a St. Francis and the artistic sense of a Fragonard; it is therefore something of a relief to find that what this French hairdresser actually looks like is a French hairdresser. Small, dapper, with a moustache no wider than an eyebrow, he is dartingly quick in his movements, speaks volubly, roars easily in sudden irritation. He has a taste for unusual clothes; in his own garden he wears a pale blue Robin Hood hat, once arrived in America dressed entirely in green suède, and occasionally attends presentations of his own hairstyles in the costume of Edouard, Marie Antoinette's hairdresser. "I am the hairdresser of the twentieth century," he says, "who has brought to life again the styles of the eighteenth." In more normal life he wears suits from Cardin and a tie that is looped over and pinned, never knotted. In his salon in the exclusive Rue Faubourg-Saint-Honoré, his assistants work in dark suits; but Alexandre, though he usually starts off that way, frequently tears off his jacket to reveal an astonishing shirt, and occasionally bounces in wearing a yellow sweater if he is in good humor.

His first client is usually shampooed and waiting for him in front of his vast ornate gold mirror, flanked with silver-topped bottles. As Alexandre starts the set, the barrage from his staff begins.

"Monsieur Alexandre, this lady wonders if she could borrow a hairpiece for this evening . . ."

"*Mais non*, of course not, you have to ask the *posticheuse* who keeps the wigs."

DARLING OF THE RICH AND ROY



Maestro Alexandre on bridge in Versailles Park with chic models dressed by Paris fashion houses and coiffed in antique hairs

By KATHARINE WHITEHORN

Photographs by JOHN LAUNOIS

NDRE OF PARIS BECAME THE WORLD'S TOP COIFFEUR BY REVIVING HISTORICAL STYLES.



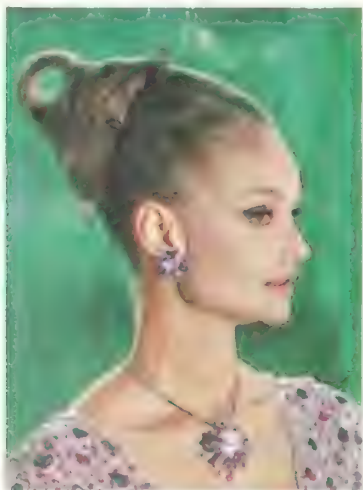
miniscent of Marie Antoinette. Alexandre was inspired this fall's fashion designs to create wigs of white Tibetan

goat hair and coiffures resembling crowns and ostrich feathers in the elaborate style of the Louis XVI period. Designers

are, from left, Capucci, Heim, Laroche, Simonetta & Fabiani, Dior, Capucci, Zabaleta, Saint Laurent and Givenchy.



French movie actress Mylène Demongeot shows apprehension as Alexandre describes his plans for her hair. Concerned onlooker is her husband, producer Henri Coste (right)



Alexandre is faithful to the neck.



igated here by a "lovelock."

"Monsieur Alexandre, there is a woman who wants you to do her hair today—she says she is an old client..."

"But it's impossible!" he explodes. "I'm overbooked already—of course I can't!" And then he relents, and fits in one more booking at the end of his day.

"Monsieur Alexandre, Givenchy wants to know about the style you promised for the presentation."

"They haven't sent me the color of the dress—a piece of the girl's hair—how can I design a style if I don't know what it's for?"

"Monsieur Alexandre, this wig..."

"Monsieur Alexandre, how much for Madame?" "Monsieur Alexandre, the photographer..." "Monsieur Alexandre..." "Monsieur Alexandre..."

And through all this his expressive hands continue to cut, lift, shape the hair of the woman in front of him (he uses scissors on wet hair). He bends to peer at her mirrored reflection. "There—you see? The extra volume will set off your chin." Even to his noblest clients he is direct. "Altesse," he said once to Princess Grace. "I want to cut your hair off"—and with some trepidation she consented. "Then we had to smuggle her out in a veil," remembers Alexandre, "so that she could surprise Prince Rainier in spite of the waiting photographers."

Though there is a special stairway for the publicity-shy, even the royal ladies seem to prefer the main salon. Alexandre always carefully addresses them as "Your Highness," "Your Majesty," "Vicomtesse," and so on. Europe's royalty today tends to be strong on

dignity, weak on thrones—and the fewer the thrones, the more fragile the dignity: From Alexandre they always get their due. As one client put it, "He's not a snob, he's a romantic—like Elsa Maxwell, he really believes in these people, and they love it."

For her careful handling of great personages, Alexandre sets great store by Maggie, the gray-haired receptionist. It is Maggie who directs one to the coat check (tip one franc), to the washbasin room (tip two francs), to the room with dryers, whose walls are of pale yellow silk (tip one franc). It is all streamlined, and there is none of the faint air of hysteria, the muddle, the rushing about which characterizes some salons in London and New York.

The waiting starts on the big round pouf behind Alexandre's table, where pink-shrouded celebrities sit and chat: It is known as "the club." As they sit, they have plenty to look at: The silk-hung walls are lined with portraits of 18th- and 19th-century ladies; with original drawings by Jean Cocteau; with letters on august letterheads (such as Buckingham Palace). Rollers and combs may look much the same anywhere, but the beer for setting arrives in glass bowls on silver trays, and the light, which comes from elaborate wall sconces, is the most flattering in Paris.

Alexandre's clients not only wait for him, they are remarkably obedient to what he suggests. "I've learned docility," says Olivia de Havilland. "He always wins anyway." Even when he cut off the hair that made Juliette Greco famous, she did not complain. "I felt a

certain melancholy when I saw it on the floor around me," she says wryly "but now—I'm delighted." Even the Duchess of Windsor, says Alexandre, "has never refused a creation, because I have never permitted myself to offer her anything too *mannequin*, too fashionable, too extreme." He insists that all woman must follow her own personality. "I detest all these identical little copies," he says; and some of his success stems from his resolve to take as much trouble with the craggy parrot-like features of an aged baronne as he would with Sophia Loren. "What do you mean, old age?" he says. "Women don't grow old anymore! This is the atomic age, this is the twentieth century. I have given my gray matter so that women shall *not* grow old."

To his various clients he gives not only a separate style but a separate price. He refuses to reveal his prices, reckoning that, like a great doctor, he charges the earth to those who own it, almost nothing to the poor (though one may wonder where he would meet any poor). Since his concessionary rate to me as a journalist was about \$30 for a cut and set, one can imagine that a bleach job, say, would whiten the hair from shock alone—though one *can* get a shampoo and set with one of his 28 assistants for around six dollars. Naturally no one tips Alexandre. People give him presents at Christmas instead: tie-pins (he has 100), old wine, gold charms (he is extremely superstitious). Liz Taylor gave him emerald cuff links, and Madame Juilliard sent him a small black donkey from Morocco. And some-

PASSION FOR ROYALTY IS BOUNDLESS. BUT PLAIN MILLIONAIRES ARE ALSO WELCOME IN HIS SALON.

begs a lock of hair and puts it in a heavy black frame, and hangs it on the silk wall of the salon.

He gazes around the salon at the changing of the season, he says exuberantly. "All, all, all my clients will wear new styles—they dance a waltz in the wind—they are the most wearable ever created!" He feels that this is the one he has turned a particularly important corner. "I've done all I can do for volume, with exaggeration," he says. "Now it is elegance in simplicity, the round head that fascinates. I have practically abandoned bobbing."

Two main innovations are the naturalistic evening wigs and the art of the parting—together with the most difficult thing, the wig that parts in it. "It's never been done before!" he exults. "If a woman wears a wig all day for convenience, she can't want to stop wearing one in the evening." As for women who can't do wigs, he sweeps their problems away. They must do without something, they must eat one meal less a day, they must have one! Or, rather, Alexandre insists that women shall amuse themselves for evening; and Jean of Dior confirms that under guidance the women of Paris, used to do their own hair in the past, now drop in at their coiffeur's salon professionally.

Why will American women not amuse themselves for the evening?" asks Alexandre. "They wear the same styles day and evening, year after year. Sometimes. Why? It takes six hours to change for the new styles to be flown in from New York, yet it is two months before you see them on the streets."

What he does see on American streets appalls him: "Girls in curlers," he says. "Women should never be in curlers, on the streets or in bed—never." He will not let men into his salon, with the exception of his friend Jean Cocteau, who has his hair cut there, and a few balding men who scuttle up the back stairs to the hairdresser's. But Alexandre is not particularly interested in men's hair; he is cut short and straight by his assistants.

In spite of his criticisms, he loves New York. When Eunice Schriver, President of the French Society, pleaded with him, "If you are a genius—come to America, and you can do all of us" (a not inconceivable clientele), he must have been flattered. Indeed, he plans to open a hairdressing school in New York one day; but it is, he has crowds of American clients, and there is as much English as French in the salon as French.

Alexandre "collection" is made of the styles he first sends around to the famous couturiers as drawings, later he puts them on the heads of the mannequins. He pens the drawings himself, the lesser mortals are endearingly busy with the drawing of profiles facing left—they all face left). This

year his two main sources of inspiration are the period styles of ostrich feathers and aigrettes "dancing toward the face," and the styles of Garbo in *Queen Christina* with long, straight hair down either side of the face. Though unified in inspiration, they are varied enough in execution to suit many different faces. "The 'tomato' chignon (for the House of Dior) sits forward on the head—it would suit a low forehead; the High Priestess Line would widen a thin face; and this style, for Heim, is short, short—short at the back except for a single lovelock. A woman with a short neck must wear that one." For them all he comments: "They are sculptured in scissors."

Alexandre would like to write a book about what women should do with their hair; he has strong views about it. "A woman should look after her hair as if it was herself," he says. "Hair is *une matière vivante*—a living substance. Everything affects it: nervousity, heat, cold, humidity. That is why a hairdresser is as much a doctor as an artist." In humidity, he says, "one must especially protect curly hair—one must cover it"; in dry places, such as Beirut, one should put on more creams. For people with thin hair he usually advises short styles. "Then it looks as if the scissors have cut what was actually never there—observers are tricked by the cut." In the same way, he says, women with low foreheads should wear a fringe that starts far back on the head. "Then it seems to conceal a high forehead." Since this season's styles mostly bare the forehead, he suggests only a very light fringe or one swept slightly to one side.

Victoire, star mannequin at Yves St. Laurent, says of Alexandre, "His great talent is to design a style that suits the person he is dealing with"; and this is a compliment Alexandre would appreciate. "A hairdresser must know *who* is sitting in his chair," he says. "One must know what sort of life, as well as what sort of character; and also what sort of shape, what sort of figure. There are styles which look marvelous sitting down and quite out of proportion standing up—you have to think of that." Equally important is the question of profile. "Look at the Greek statues—they're *all* profile; there are styles which look all right from the front, terrible from the side—but it is the profile above all which counts: It gives value to the neck. And I *must*," he says, grasping the neck of whomever he is talking to, "I must, must, *must* have a neck—if it does not exist, we must create it by illusion."

That he is an incredibly able hairdresser is beyond doubt. But there are other secrets of his success. One is his professionalism. He works tirelessly, getting up at six, frequently eating lunch in the phone booth in his salon. "He has an incredibly good professional conscience," says Baronne Edouard de Rothschild. "He's the only person I



In his salon, dryers hum under Duchess of Alba picture and framed locks of hair.

know who *always* does what he promises," says Jean Barthet, the celebrated milliner. "It's amazing," reports Marc Bohan of Dior, "how he can work calmly away in the middle of a screaming crowd in a dress house—he never seems to get ruffled."

Another ingredient of his success is undoubtedly his tact. When Jacqueline Kennedy was in Paris for her state visit, he scolded her, "Make an effort, Madame, you are going to visit Louis XV"—and his reward for his skill was to be introduced by President Kennedy to some friends with the phrase, "Meet Alexandre the Great." This sort of recognition means a lot to him. Princess Margaret, having expressed no opinion of the style he gave her in Paris, later introduced him to the Earl of Snowdon at Blenheim Palace. Alexandre says, "It was with that so-elegant gesture that she thanked me in the best possible way."

If he moves in royal circles now, his beginnings were unassuming enough. He was born in 1922 in France's choicest fishing village, St.-Tropez ("It's been ruined since the '30's"). The family name was Raimondi then; his father was a landowner who had sunk to keeping a restaurant and wanted his son to revive the family name by becoming a doctor. It was his pretty, blond mother, whose hair he used to dress, who took more kindly to the boy's astonishing ambition of becoming

a hairdresser. At 15, he started in Cannes in the salon of the celebrated Antoine, and made a corner on egg shampoos: By 1939 he was known as the King of the Egg Shampoo—the royal touch already. He is still apt to return to eggs in moments of stress. Once when he set an elaborate pompadour with fixative and then found he had forgotten the *unfixative*, he used dozens of eggs in an attempt to get it right again. Along with the egg shampoos he did sets—and when his clients were too unadventurous he would practice on shopgirls and nursemaids, sending them off to market as Cleopatra or Marie Antoinette. Historical styles fascinate him: "I adore Nefertiti," he says. "That neck! It's the best in the world." And the Marienbad was inspired by the styles of the '20's; even if the artichoke was inspired by, how did you guess, an artichoke. Too mercurial to read deeply he takes in an incredible amount by the eye, from art magazines and galleries; he pokes about among old furniture, trinkets and statues. His favorite restaurant is, characteristically, Maxim's. "The walls breathe history," he says.

He did his military service; he managed to survive in wartime France; along the line he got married. He and his wife Nicole are now separated, but she still comes down to his country house at weekends, bringing with her their two children, Daniele, 21, and

Michel, 18. Daniele studies art; when Michel is not studying microbiology, he drives racing cars—to the worry of his father, who hates speed and is driven by a chauffeur.

It was in Cannes some time after the war that Alexandre met the first of his two great patrons, the Begum Aga Khan, then simple Yvette Labrousse, the beauty queen. Now he insists she keep her graying hair untouched—"It idealizes her"—but then it was a fresh brown. He did enchanting things with it, and she not only had him dress it for her wedding but had him teach her to do it herself. And it was she who introduced him to the Duchess of Windsor.

Whatever the Duchess does, she does thoroughly: Her patronage of Alexandre was of sweeping proportions. She recommended him; she had him fly the Atlantic to dress her hair for a single ball; she persuaded him to come to Paris. There he set up shop with the Carita sisters in an association which lasted for five stormy years. They worked on different floors, and kept the rows out of the hearing of the clients. Considering everything, it was amazing the association lasted so long.

It was the Duchess, too, who brought this effervescent little hairdresser with the strong southern accent into polite society—and taught him exactly how to handle it. "It is she who made me a 'gentleman,'" he says—and adds significantly, "gentleman coiffeur." He

is extraordinarily close to his noble clients; he goes to their houses for the big receptions, for exhibitions. The Duchess once had him corralled on his yacht for a month. ("But it was not all plain sailing," he says. "Once at Portofino a gale sprang up. I was doing her hair—the boat tossed around—we could hardly stand up, but I went on doing her hair.") But for all that, he never goes too far. "He is a born diplomat," says Mrs. David Bruce, wife of the U.S. ambassador in London. "He is like an eighteenth-century hairdresser," approves the Vicomtesse de Ribes. "He knows how to keep his place." Eyebrows have been raised only once: when he put his art-student daughter into the grand debutante ball at Versailles.

His own real friends are numerous: journalists, film people, painters, photographers; Jean Barthet, Victoire the model and her husband Thérion, who runs *Paris Match*; Yves St. Laurent. He has escorted Elizabeth Taylor as "brother and sister"—and, when she went to Moscow, was "father, mother, friend, hairdresser and even masseur," he recalls (and adds gleefully, "I made her keep the Minister of Culture waiting for more than an hour"). Possibly his closest friend is Gerard Salicrú, his associate who runs the second salon at Alexandre's and is a frequent visitor at his country home. Like most people who are naturally gregarious (he never

Exuberant and gregarious Alexandre entertains friends by the pool at his country home 50 miles from Paris. He created the exotic, ornament-stuffed retreat out of a ruined mill.



TO AN ACTUAL FARM.

without an entourage of assistants, Alexandre cherishes the illusion that he really wants is a bit of peace and quiet. And to this end, three years ago he bought a ruined mill called Gerard, 50 miles out of Paris. The stone building in a fold of green countryside, is now converted: It has a bathroom in a room like a Turkish bath; a garish outdoor pool is set up; a room with Greek amphorae and green frogs; the elaborate layout seems about as much resemblance to a mill as Marie Antoinette's toy farm to a real farm. But it conveys the clue to Alexandre.

One drives into the carport—a converted barn—an Alsatian puts its head on the hood, and one is greeted by a paniel so tiny that, as a puppy, it went to Princess Paola's wedding in Alexandre's pocket. But there are also white pottery greyhounds under the eaves. There is a real cockatoo—and on each of the many wicker tables in the garden is imprisoned a pottery bird. Every table and most of the floor are covered with ornaments: Sarah Bernhardt's mirror and Marie Antoinette's iron share space with a hundred pottery boxes made in the form of fruit; ceiling-high gilt fleur-de-lis candlesticks (a present from the Windsors) host two life-size pottery Neoclassic and a rubber plant. The cloakroom is only frog-green to the last tissue box. Large model frogs sit everywhere. Alexandre must be the only man in Europe whose passion for royalty goes as far as Queen Victoria's royal furniture made of horns; he has not only the chairs but a sofa with a row of horns along the back sticking out like monstrous teeth. He is equally obsessed with all of it, and quite without consciousness: When an employee brought out some bottles to his bright, electrically-lit Paladian tent on the lawn, he told her to put them not on an elaborate stand, but on the table. "It's absurd," he said, "to be in the country."

In his house, where you never know whether to eat the fruit or dust it, a creeper grows up a wall on which, though it has already been painted, there is no distinction between the real and the artificial; nor is there in Alexandre. Exactly in line with the reaction against the naturalism that makes antique objects more smart than modern. He is himself an 18th-century revival. It is not to him whether the flowers are real or the hair a wig, the charm genuine or not; to him, a rose is a rose is an artifice, to be set on the head of a beautiful woman.

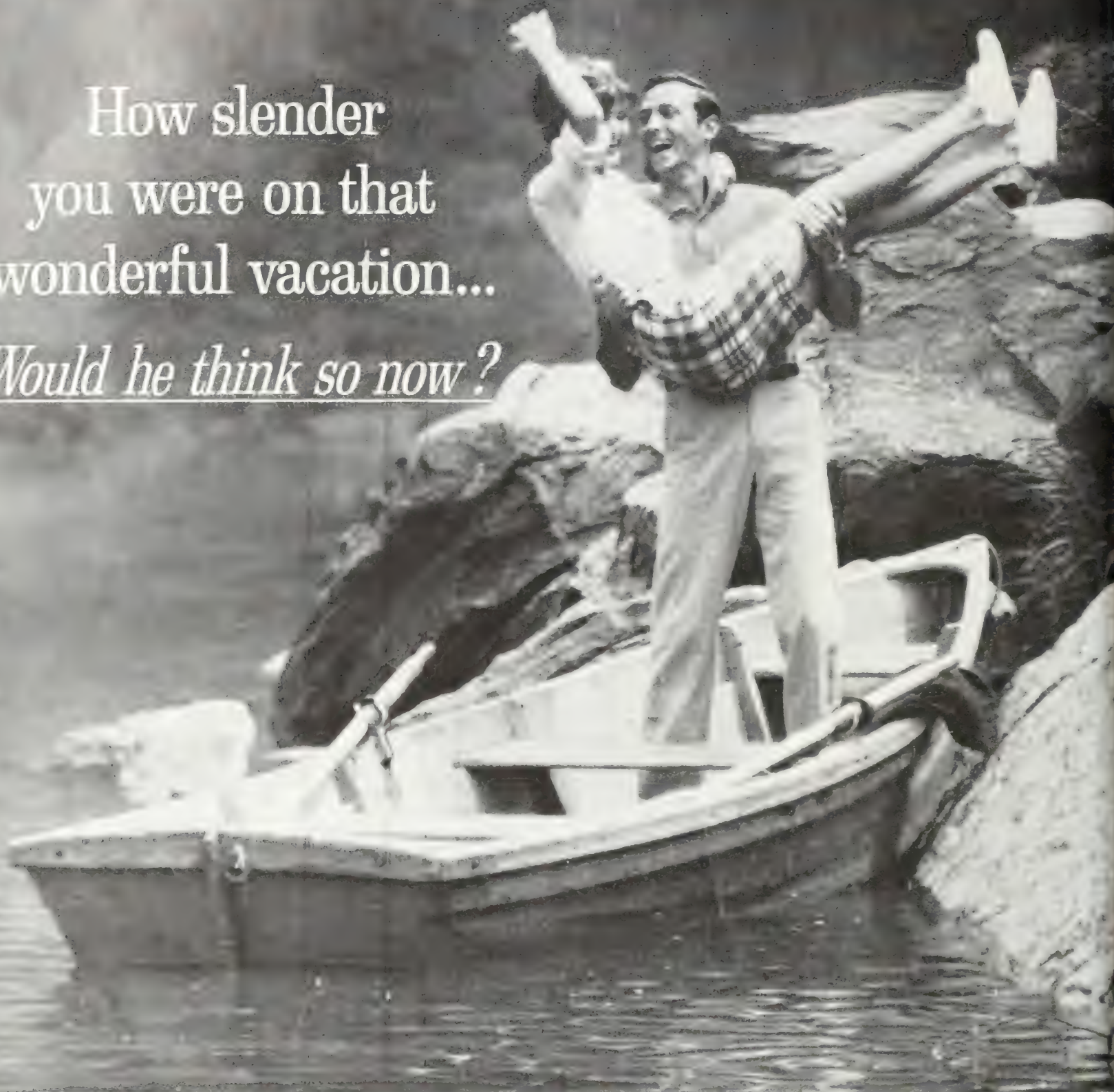
Alexandre, who has tact, who is charming, who will talk about painting but not about his clients, who belongs to royalty but scorns not the millionairess, is, above all else, an artist. And he can embellish a life. No man could who was inhibited by a distinction about what is real and what is not.

• END



Surrounded by the kind of ornamental clutter he loves, Alexandre contemplates the mysteries of life from sunken tub in his bathroom.

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JOURNAL

DECEMBER
1963 35¢

EXCLUSIVE:

The quintuplet story

MY LIFE, MY CHILDREN

By MRS. MARY ANN FISCHER

mother of the quints

PLUS...the days of crisis
the doctor
the home town



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LADIES HOME JOURNAL

DECEMBER
1963

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

VOLUME LXXX NUMBER 10

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Cover: Mary Ann Fischer and her five "Isoletted" offspring were photographed by John Zimmerman shortly after the historic birth in September. Starting from the top and continuing counterclockwise, the infants are Mary Catherine, Mary Ann, Mary Margaret, Mary Magdalene and James Andrew. More photos are on pages 55-74.

The authors: Erica Anderson's friendship with Dr. Albert Schweitzer began in 1950, when she started filming a documentary on him that took seven years to make and won an academy award as the best documentary of 1957. . . . Humorist Peg Bracken, who has been called the Jean Kerr of the West Coast, endeared herself to many kindred spirits when she wrote *The I Hate To Cook Book*. . . . Playwright Noel Coward is represented on Broadway by two musicals this season, *The Girl Who Came to Supper* and *High Spirits*. . . . Dorothy Cameron Disney, creator of the *Journal's* CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED? and MAKING MARRIAGE WORK series, was glad for the chance to work with a family which had nothing but little problems—five of them. . . . Santha Rama Rau's *THE COUNTESS* is from a novel-in-progress to be published by Harper & Row. . . . Dramatist Leonard Spigelgass is well known for both his stage (*Majority of One*) and screen (*Silk Stockings*) works. . . . Steven M. Spencer, a highly regarded science writer, has won several awards for excellence in medical journalism. . . . John Bird and Trevor Armbrister are contributing writers on *The Saturday Evening Post* staff.

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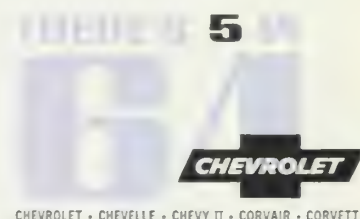
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- 1 cup whipping cream

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3. Whip cream until stiff; fold into Gelatine mixture. Spread lightly in Crumb crust. Chill until firm. Garnish with walnut halves or additional whipped cream, if desired.

YIELD: One 9-inch pie

OUR READERS WRITE US



New policy in fiction

Dear Editors: Thank you for the new look in the *Journal*, especially the September and October issues. This is my first letter to any magazine, but I feel compelled to urge you to continue your new policy—especially in fiction.

It is wonderful to have some original short stories. There are more than enough women's magazines which supply nothing but the well-worn and predictable love stories. It is a treat to have stories with more intelligence and insight.

MRS. N. C. PETERSON
River Jordan, B.C., Canada

The children's story

Dear Editors: I read, first with interest, and then with a sense of shock and outrage, the charmingly written CHILDREN'S STORY, in your *Journal* for October.

It is a buildup for a communistic takeover, no less! Sounds like what we have heard is going on in Cuba right now. It even advocates a Godless philosophy.

WINIFRED KENNEDY
South Gate, Calif.

Dear Editors: I have just read THE CHILDREN'S STORY, and I am quite bewildered.

The story itself is rather ordinary, but to me it would be more fitting in the Sunday supplement of *Pravda*—if *Pravda* had a Sunday supplement—than in what I have always thought to be an outstanding example of American magazines.

Has your policy so radically changed that you are now embarked upon some devious concert to mold—and destroy—the American reader's will toward strength? If you are, I would think you owe some warning to your readers.

WILLIAM A. RICE
San Marino, Calif.

Dear Editors: James Clavell's THE CHILDREN'S STORY was so beautifully told. I found myself trying to read faster and faster to digest the story. When I finished it, I shuddered at the thought of what could happen in so short a time. Congratulations to James Clavell, and to the *Journal* for your well-planned magazine.

MRS. KITTY MILLER
Allentown, Pa.

Dear Editors: Last night, I read THE CHILDREN'S STORY. It gives me the shivers when I think of how easily our children's ideas can be changed. But with little ones, it is so easy if one knows the right way and the right words.

I have just sent my three boys off to school and how I pray to God that the people of our wonderful country stay ever alert and do not let anything happen to our children. That story should be printed and re-

printed everywhere so all people can read it. There are so many who do not read your magazine. It should go out to our high schools where the boys and girls are who will very soon be our voters. I have never before been so jolted by any story.

MRS. ARNOLD F. INGALLS
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dear Editors: An accolade of thanks for THE CHILDREN'S STORY. I am using it as a study project for all four of my eighth-grade English classes, both for its literary worth and for its emotion-packed content. When we have finished, I plan to use this story as a stepping-stone to a deeper exploration of the meaning behind the words of our Pledge of Allegiance.

SALLY J. JACOBSON
Amherst, Mass.

Author's Note

The unusually heavy mail that my home story, THE CHILDREN'S STORY, has precipitated is an important endorsement of the story.

The whole point of this story was to make people personally aware of how easy it would be to twist and infiltrate their children's minds—to make them conscious of an obvious danger—to make them beware of the diabolical subtlety of enemy indoctrination—although, hopefully, to get them to guard against it. And do something about it. To make them think. Now. Today.

And if but one of all the hundreds of the sands of readers has been rocked out of their or her complacency, then the purpose of THE CHILDREN'S STORY has come to pass.

That there are some adults who may have misinterpreted the story—or who have succumbed and allowed themselves to be infiltrated—is both appalling and illuminating. This is confirmation that THE CHILDREN'S STORY is a most important story to tell. A retell.

JAMES CLAVELL

A quick bravo!

Dear Editors: I continue to wince at much of the *Journal*, but it appears so unlike your taste (or your view of the taste of your readers) will ever allow you to do the inanities of the entertainment fashion worlds that one must simply content with a quick Bravo! when a ray of light pierces.

The ray of light in October is AFRICAN UPHILL STRUGGLE FOR MATURITY. Again this stark reality, the world of the Di Van Dykes and Coco Chanel seems particularly without meaning (except to editor!). Mrs. G. Mennen Williams may have a great deal more to say, and she can say it with sensitivity and skill. I could think of several of your regular features that could replace!

MYRTLE LAMONT
Montpelier, Vt.



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4 cups chopped
cooked turkey

1 cup chopped apple

1 cup chopped

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1 cup seedless grapes

1 cup pineapple

tidbits

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1½ cups cranberry juice in top of double boiler. Dis-
solve over boiling water. Add 4½ cups more juice.

Pour into 1½ quart bowl. Chill until 1 hour
before serving. Unmold gelatin onto well-
oiled flat plate. Place serving plate on top
of molded gelatin. Next, hold bottom
of each plate and invert so flat
gelatin surface is on top. Re-
frigerate. Just before serving,
spoon about 2 cups Turkey
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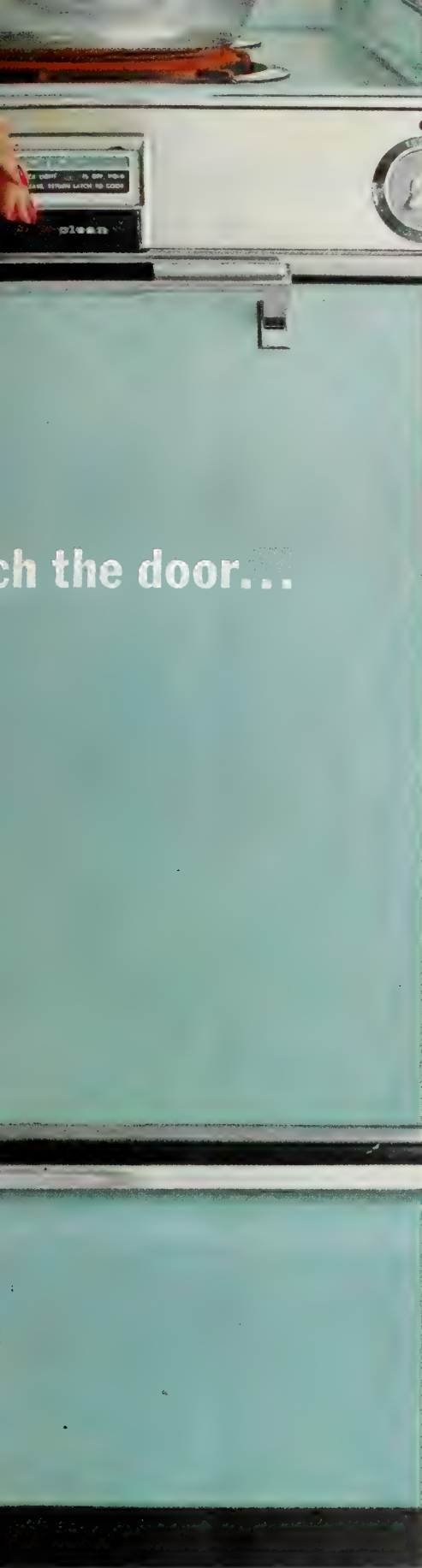
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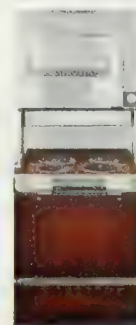
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From classical legend to Madison Avenue, the powers of perfume have been highly exaggerated. But one simple fact will always remain: Men do, indeed, love perfume. They turn to follow—with their eyes at least—the women who wear it. To the man in your life, your own particular perfume is a subtle part of his image of the essence of you. Elusive romance is supported by hard realism: American men buy up to 65 percent of all the perfume sold today. Sixty-five is a large percent of anything, and there must be some way of accounting for such an impressive figure. Availability? . . . Perhaps. Economy? . . . "Candy is cheaper" (to half-quote Dorothy Parker). Lack of imagination? . . . Well, *hardly*. He probably buys you perfume for the perfectly simple reason that he enjoys how fragrant you are in it. If this is so, then wouldn't it be wise to make sure that you are getting the perfume that is most definitely "you," and that you are *using* it? The search for the perfume that most truly expresses your own personality can be an exciting one. Our suggestion, since trying new scents is such a pleasurable pastime, is that you study our descriptions of fragrance types, and then sniff your way through the perfume counters in your local drug and department stores (test bottles are usually available—just ask) before choosing the perfume you'd like to make a permanent part of your personal sphere of influence. To give some order to the new perfume world awaiting your



pleasure, remember that all perfume is divided into seven basic categories. A SINGLE FLORAL SCENT is the captured version of a particular flower. There are remarkably true versions of almost every fragrant flower from acacia to wisteria. With a bit of shopping and sniffing you can bring home with you: apple blossom, carnation, dogwood, heliotrope, hyacinth, roses (red, white, wild, Jacqueminot and damask), jasmine, lilac, lily of the valley, sweet pea, mimosa, narcissus, stock, violets in a range from Parma to wood, verbena, freesia, magnolia, phlox, and gardenia. If a bouquet with its blending of many-flowered scents is more appealing, then look for the FLORAL BOUQUETS. These are the floral blends, ranging in pitch according to what has been gathered to form the bouquet. They are, as their names suggest, the most romantic of the perfume types: Joy, L'Aimant, Most Precious, Arpege, White Shoulders, Fleurs de Rocaille, Caleche, My Love and Le Dix, to name just a few of the scents in this category. If unrelieved floral scents confuse your particular sense of smell, then you will be wise to start your sniffing and choosing with what are called MODERN BLENDS or ALDEHYDE perfumes. Although they may have a floral background (or woody or spring or mossy) there is always a sparkling top note that "clears" the scent. Chanel No. 5, Ma Griffe, Nuit de Noel, Command Performance, Intimate, Moment Supreme, Primitif and Crêpe de Chine are some of (continued)

By Dorothy Anne Robinson
BEAUTY EDITOR

Perfume's Many Splendors

(continued) the names to remember when you're asking for a trial sniff. The ORIENTAL perfumes, whatever their basic background—floral, spicy, woody—are warmed by ingredients that make them more heady and intense. Chypre, Diorama, Crescendo, Flair, L'Origan, Shalimar, Tabu, and On Dit would be on this list. The WOODSY-MOSSY-LEAFY or GREEN perfumes seem to be compounded of nature's own best smells. The pungency of gums and balsam is evident; so, too, the pinched-leaf smell of herbs and leaves. Chantilly, Desert Flower, Tabac Blond, Toujours Moi, Woodhue, Sandalwood and Tweed are all examples of this category. The FRUITY BLENDS veer in two directions—cool, clear citrus-accented scents such as Emeraude and the warmed-by-the-sun lush ones that make you think of peaches, among which would be Femme. Then there are the SPICY BLENDS. Characterized by the odor of such spices as cloves, ginger, nutmeg and cassis, from which they derive their accent notes, the spicy fragrances are pungent, sharp and exciting. Included in this vibrant category are L'Air de Temps, Cocktail Dry, Indiscret, Blue Carnation, French Cancan and Tailspin. Always remember: The character of any perfume depends on chemistry—on the way your skin oils blend with the fragrance. Never buy a perfume simply because it smells heavenly when used by another woman. And never decide by sniffing an open bottle. A whiff of alcohol is about all you'll get. When shopping for perfumes, apply a few drops to the inner wrist, wait a few minutes for the heat of your body to develop the fragrance, and then sniff. Actually you should withhold final judgment for about 10 minutes; it takes that long for all the alcohol to evaporate and the fragrance to blend with your own body oils. To simplify and enhance the pleasure of your shopping, it is wise to understand the difference in the terms: perfume, toilet water and cologne. Perfume is the strongest and most lasting form of fragrance. It has a direct, telling effect. Always apply perfume at the pulse points: wrist, inner elbow, just in front of the ear lobes, temples, back of the knees. And don't wait until just before going out to apply your perfume; unless the skin has had at least 20 minutes to absorb it, fresh air may change the fragrance. Reapply as often as you do your lipstick. Perfume won't last more than three or four hours. And don't save it just for special occasions. Like wine, once the bottle is opened it should be used. Even in tightly closed bottles, perfume slowly evaporates, losing in time its delicate

balance and bouquet. Toilet water, designed for generous splashing, is created by using more alcohol in the formula and is a marvelous base for your perfume application. Spray it on after your bath, then use perfume as an accent on the pulse spots. There are other delicious uses for toilet water: try adding a few drops to the rinse water when rinsing your lingerie, spray on the ironing board before pressing blouses or lingerie, soak a piece of cotton and put it in the corner of a drawer. Cologne is something else: A citrus note has been introduced and aromatics have been added to create a sort of fragrant, liquid refreshment for the skin. Although similar to toilet water, it is definitely *not* the same. Cologne is definitely meant to be used lavishly. Splashed on after a bath, it cools and refreshes. Used as a quick wave set, it gives your hair a lift on a long, hot day. It cools and relaxes tired feet and is wonderfully effective as a rub-down for tired, aching muscles. Many women make the mistake of thinking of perfume as costly, precious stuff—and precious it is, but not in dollars and cents. Nowadays almost all perfumes come in small sizes, so that a variety of fragrances can be enjoyed on a limited budget. Many of these purse-size *flacons* are conveniently topped by built-in atomizers and metered spray devices that release the perfume wisely but not stintingly, insuring its proper use. And there are other inexpensive, delicious ways to try new fragrances. Sachet, for instance, is fragrance in solid form—powder, cream or tablets. Concentrated and long-lasting, sachet can add an extra dimension of fragrance to your skin, your home, your belongings. Tuck sachet bags in your linen drawers; sprinkle powder sachet in lingerie bags; place sachet tablets in your handbags, millinery boxes, glove bags. Apply cream sachet to your pulse points. Bath oils and body perfumes are also excellent ways to test a new scent, since the fragrance of the bath oil tends to permeate your clothing or bedsheets (depending, naturally, on what time of day you bathe), rewarding you with a lovely long period of fragrance. Bath oils have the added bonus of sending you out of the tub with a smooth slipcover of emollients bearing a generous scenting of perfume. Many of the perfumes you'll want to try have a matching bath oil, soap and dusting powder. Body perfumes, which have a heavier, more emollient base than regular perfumes, are new, luxurious companions to the bath products described above, and more are being introduced every day to extend your perfume pleasure. • END





WHO WON...when clinical testing compared Colgate Dental Cream with the most widely accepted fluoride toothpaste?

YOUR FAMILY WON! And here's the answer—Colgate—the toothpaste your family likes best—because it tastes best and freshens breath, has now been clinically tested and confirmed a leader in **reducing new cavities**. The latest clinical study on tooth decay took place under university supervision.* Results of a million brushings by children were analyzed by an impartial electronic computer.

*Dentistry for Children, First Quarter, 1963, pp. 17-25

Compared with the most widely accepted fluoride brand, Colgate's Gardol formula achieved the same low number of new cavities, even among children at the most cavity-prone age!

This clinical fact is wonderful reassurance—particularly for mothers. Now even your youngest child can use Colgate Dental Cream, world's best-liked toothpaste, in the complete program of regular care your dentist recommends. Follow

his advice on diet, as well as how and when to brush. And notice the way Colgate with Gardol freshens your breath (stops mouth odor instantly for most people).

Yes, you won because now you can be a "one-toothpaste family" with Colgate. Colgate is a leader in reducing new cavities and helps stop bad breath. Tastes best, too. It's just got to be the best toothpaste you can buy.

Colgate with Gardol—a leader in reducing new cavities



Colgate's Trade-Mark for Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate

©1963, Colgate-Palmolive Company

NABISCO



In Alaska "Going Around With The Star" is a popular tradition among carolers who visit from house to house carrying long wooden poles, topped with lighted lanterns. The lead caroler bears a pole with a large, colorful paper star. Delicious way to celebrate this holiday custom is a hot dip of cheddar cheese spiced up with dry mustard, served on crisp, beef-tasting Tang-O Chips. Serve crunchy Tang-O Chips alone, too, to savor that rich, hearty, roast-beef taste just plain!



New Ways

to

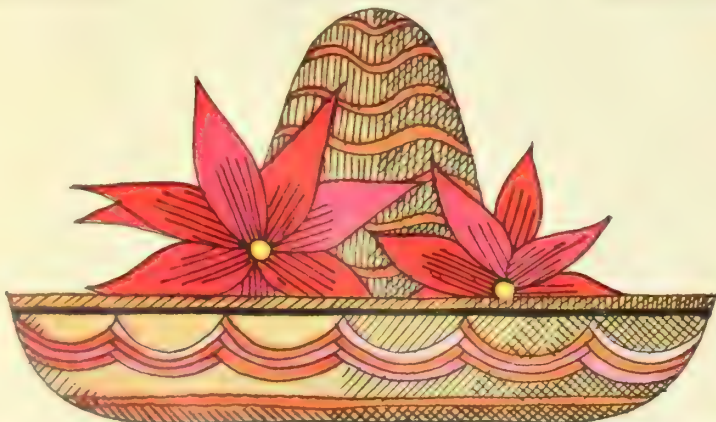
PARTY

with

NABISCO SNACKS



In the Northwest Custom of many Scandinavian-Americans is placing wheat or barley on an evergreen pole to feed the birds at Christmas. On crisp Triangle Thins serve egg spread, snips of ripe olive, Dromedary Pimiento. Choose wheat-munchy Wheat Thins, too, then "canapé" them with chicken, green pepper, catsup.



In New Mexico Dr. Poinsett, first minister to Mexico, sent beautiful "Flame Leaf" to the states in 1828. Today we know this festive bloom as Poinsettia. Your replica of Mexico's "gift": Dromedary Pimiento centered with sour cream, caper—delicious on out-toasty Triscuit Nafers; or Black Beans with parsley, on crisp Triscuit V. afer.



In the South An old custom (still observed in some rural areas) is ushering in Christmas amid the brilliant sounds and lights of firecrackers and sky rockets. Colorful way to recapture the spirit of the season: Crab gumbo spread on the crisp bacon-y flavor of Bacon Thins; slice of Virginia ham, mustard, parsley on another smokey-good Bacon Thin!



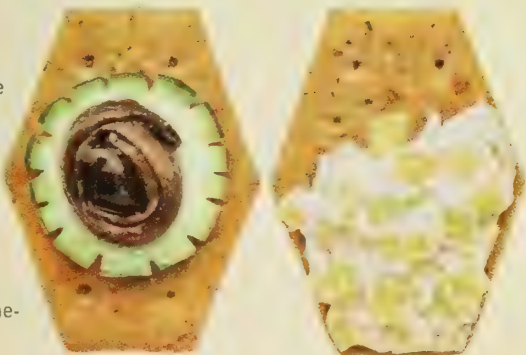
FROM



OLD AMERICAN HOLIDAY CUSTOMS



Canaries were the
legend of
the Hawaiian
the natives believe
it comes to them
the paddling a
Make a festive
cucumber slice
stuffed anchovy,
crunchy Swiss n'
crackers. Serve
and crackers, too,
in Dip of juicy pine-
and cream cheese.



In all America The oldest, the newest, the most festive American Holiday Custom—the Holiday Party, the season to celebrate, the time of true hospitality! Make it the most sociable—serve favorite snacks, delicious snacks—serve 'em all on the 6 festive shapes of new Sociables Crackers—the most party-able snack crackers with the crunchy-good, nutlike flavor! Be sure to start with a canapé

of turkey slices garnished with cranberry (in celebration of our oldest tradition, the most purely American custom that started with our first Thanksgiving!). Red and black caviar, garnished with hard cooked egg. Chopped shrimp in spiced sour cream. Tiny cocktail sausages zipped up with relish. Liver pâté decorated with ripe olive bits. Mincemeat, walnut, on smooth, delicious cream cheese!





Albert Schweitzer has lived and worked in the African jungle for 50 long years, motivated by his personal philosophy, "reverence for life."

"GOD BLESS ALL LIVING BEINGS"

By Erica Anderson

A gusty squall whips the palm trees into a ghostly dance, and rain floods down from the dark sky. An outboard motorboat lunges up to the landing of the jungle hospital, and the pilot shouts, "Sick man aboard!" On the landing Dr. Albert Schweitzer, wearing a tattered felt hat and carrying an oversized umbrella, points the boat to its mooring, then turns and looks quietly at the passenger, an African boy stretched out on the floor of the boat with a mangled leg. Fifteen minutes later the boy is in the operating room. An emergency operation saves the leg.

Albert Schweitzer has been handling this sort of crisis for half a century. In that time his jungle hospital has grown from a shack—staffed by himself, his wife and a native orderly—to a complex of more than 50 buildings staffed by 20 doctors and nurses. Still supervising his hospital at the age of 88, Schweitzer works as hard as ever.

By now his story is well known all over the world. Almost too well known. At 18, a brilliant theology student and musician, he promised himself that he would "live for his talents" until he was 30, then live thereafter "in the service of man for man." On Good Friday of 1913 he and his wife Hélène set out from Alsace for French Equatorial Africa. With just enough money to run a hospital for a year—money raised through his lectures, books and concerts—he moved inland to Lambaréné, a trading and missionary outpost on the Ogooué River in the tropical jungle.

As the years went by, Lambaréné grew in fame because of Schweitzer's work. Friends on six continents contributed food and money to his hospital. Doctors in many countries asked

to join his staff. In 1952, Schweitzer won the Nobel Peace Prize, which enabled him to get on with buildings for a leper colony. In Europe alone, 44 schools named after Schweitzer devote most of their curricula to his ethical, religious and philosophical ideas, especially his "reverence for life" doctrine.

I first visited Schweitzer's hospital in 1950 to make a documentary film of his life. There were no roads to Lambaréné, only the riverboat and an airplane that flew in once a month. Even then the hospital was only half its present size. Perhaps five tourists visited every three months. Connections were so uncertain that when I arrived at the makeshift airstrip, I found that Schweitzer had dispatched the pirogue across the river to meet me a week earlier. Now the tourists arrive by the dozens every day, by boat, by plane, by automobile, over a newly built road. One woman, nicknamed "Livingstone" by the hospital staff, rode a bicycle from England to Lambaréné; it took her two years.

All this activity has put extraordinary pressure on Doctor Schweitzer. He has not had a holiday—not even a Sunday—in years. And as he begins his second half century in Africa, he feels more pressed than ever. "I am a king in friendship and a beggar in time," he says. And adding to the turmoil of tourists and disciples, there has come a new sound—the voices of criticism. In the new Africa of passionate and often blind nationalism, Schweitzer and his hospital are often denounced as "obsolete," "an anachronism," a remnant of the hated idea of "the white man's burden." None of this surprises or angers Doctor Schweitzer. He pursues his own course, as he has always done.

"The voice of the doctor"—a bell sound made by striking two railroad rails with a bar—rings at 6:30 every morning. Schweitzer makes his first appearance on the veranda of his sleeping quarters, shaving with a straight razor (no soap or water) and watching the animals—sheep, monkeys, dogs, cats—that give Lambaréné a farmyard atmosphere. At eight o'clock, after breakfast, he holds his first *appel*, or assembly, where he assigns the chores of the day to his resident workers. This may mean repairing a pump, or unloading wood, or mixing cement. Schweitzer and four other doctors then hold their morning consultations.

Medicine takes up most of Doctor Schweitzer's time. While the staff is eating breakfast, African patients line up in front of the pharmacy. When the pharmacy opens, they present tags which tell what's the matter with them and what medicines they need. Other patients wait in the shade of the ward opposite. The doctors call for those they have to examine—old men and women, bent and emaciated, mothers on the verge of labor, children with broken limbs. No red tape—no insurance or identification papers—stands between the patient and his treatment.

Schweitzer enters the pharmacy, carrying bundles of manuscript pages and unanswered mail. He walks over to his desk, hangs his pith helmet on a nail and settles down. From his desk in the center of the building he can help with whatever work is going on. Operating and consultation rooms, maternity ward, X-ray room and laboratory are all in a one-story wooden building.

Three days a week—on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays—Schweitzer's

doctors perform operations from morning until night. Schweitzer himself does not operate anymore. He stopped when he was 75, not because his hands were unsteady—his physical condition is still excellent—but because his eyes had grown weaker. Three other doctors now perform the surgery: two Swiss and a Czechoslovakian. Fifteen European nurses aid the doctors, along with 30 to 50 African orderlies, some of whom translate the local language into pidgin French.

This staff can handle nearly 1,000 patients at any given time—including 500 bed patients, up to 250 lepers and 200 outpatients. No one who comes here is refused service, and this policy





...it their turn by Schweitzer's primitive hospital in Lambaréné, in the heart of the tropical jungle, where there is no red tape and no one is turned away.

...under great pressure. This Schweitzer has not undertaken a training program, as some local demand. "I have neither the facilities," he explains. Doctor should go to a university training."

...his medical duties, Doctor Schweitzer still finds time to handle the demands of the hospital. His two main medical tasks are building and teaching. Schweitzer turned to the local people for advice about building, and he learned how to avoid the dangers of tropical sun. "You can't be hot in the tropics," he says. "If you are, you are the architect in prison."

Schweitzer builds only to make space for anyone who may come along. In 1942, for example, some friends sent him a shipment of sulfones, the first effective remedy for leprosy. Word of the wonder drug spread through the tribes of the jungle, and Schweitzer's hospital was soon crowded with lepers. Because the treatment takes one to two years, Schweitzer felt that he had to build a leper colony, an expensive project. When I first visited him in 1950, the village—situated on top of a hill and separated from the hospital by virgin forest—was only half completed. "I don't have the money to finish it," he said. "I don't have a skilled carpenter and I don't have the time. But I must

give them adequate lodging." It was not until 1955 that he finally finished 23 buildings for the lepers, roofing the houses with corrugated iron bought with his Nobel Prize money.

Another of Schweitzer's administrative headaches is the feeding of more than 1,200 patients, staff members and visitors. When a visitor once asked him how he managed to do it, he said, "Can't you see my hair has turned white?" To feed the Africans in his domain, he has to import 14,500 pounds of plantain bananas a week from neighboring villages. Because of his "reverence for life," Schweitzer refuses to slaughter any of the 200 sheep and goats that roam around his hospital.

For protein he imports unsalted, dry fish from Iceland. The sheep and goats provide fertilizer for Doctor Schweitzer's orchards and gardens. He has planted more than 1,000 fruit trees—oranges, grapefruits, mangoes, avocados and breadfruit. Palmnut oil, much used by the Africans, posed a problem. The nut is dangerous to harvest because it grows in large clusters 40 feet off the ground and has to be cut down with a machete. Schweitzer solved the problem by planting newly developed dwarf palm only eight feet high, their nuts within easy reach.

After dinner, Schweitzer retires to his study to write letters—his correspondence is huge—to read books or to

"I am a king in friendship," says the hard-pressed doctor, "and a beggar in time."

play the piano. Bach, Mendelssohn, Widor and Franck are still his favorite composers; Wagner too—he has named his three pet pelicans Tristan, Lohengrin and Parsifal.

Half a century in the jungle has taught Schweitzer, above all, to be practical. He insists on economy and utility in every machine he buys. He knows that much modern equipment, such as plumbing and air-conditioning, quickly rusts in the humid jungle. Maxim: a well-kept privy is more sanitary than a broken toilet. He is sympathetic to missions such as the Peace Corps, but he has had occasion to wish they were better prepared. Last year, for instance, 40 Peace Corps boys who came to build schools in Gabon soon came down with dysentery and malaria. They got treatment in Lambaréné. Schweitzer long ago learned to screen his buildings against malarial mosquitoes and to sterilize his drinking water.

Having learned the hard way how to run his hospital, Schweitzer grows impatient when other people offer advice too freely. "*Lieber Schläge als Ratschläge*," he says, meaning roughly, "Better a blow than advice." He asks people to stay for two years before making their suggestions. Thoughtless mistakes, his own or anyone else's, irritate him. He is annoyed, for example, by any car that speeds through his compound, because it endangers animals and small children. "I shall put up a sign directing them where to park," he says. "If that doesn't work, we'll put some nails on the ground."

His determination gives him the air of an autocrat, and for this he is much criticized. But those who accuse him of acting like a colonial patriarch toward the Africans have not lived in Lambaréné for any length of time. They do not know his problems.

The two rival tribes around Lambaréné, the Fangs and the Galwas, have their own languages, customs and witch doctors. It was Schweitzer's task to convince them that Fang and Galwa could visit the same hospital in peace. To keep the peace, Schweitzer provides separate living quarters for each tribe. Because the Africans fear that food cooked by someone outside the family may be poisoned, Schweitzer distributes their food uncooked, and the Africans prepare it themselves.

For the natives to come to Schweitzer's hospital at all is a measure of the trust he inspires. The Africans know that he is a friend in spite of being a white man. His "reverence for life" is the spirit that will sustain the hospital long after Schweitzer is gone, a spirit expressed in a prayer that Schweitzer composed at the age of five: "God bless and protect all living beings and let them sleep in peace." • END

Schweitzer takes contemplative walk by the Ogooué River with pet goat Anita.






Want to put part away
for another day?

et it in

GLASS

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lovely
happens...

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Many Formfit styles are fashion
coordinated with Rogers lingerie



The Pick of Santa's Pack

Right on top of Santa's pack this year are the colorful Christmas phones to make living easier all year long.

The little Princess® phone, lovely in any of its colors, saves space at bedside and chair-side, has a dial that lights up.

The familiar desk set saves time and steps in den or family room—any room where your family makes and takes calls.

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When ordering Christmas extensions, why not include the Bell Chime ringer that announces your calls with musical tones? It comes in soft gold or ivory finish.

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WINTER SKIN RELIEF
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Used in over 4,000 hospitals



TRY NEW
SUPER-MOISTURIZING
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Just apply . . . It liquefies before your eyes!



SHORT-ORDER CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Inexpensive Christmas presents can be made from common items intended for more prosaic uses. These ingenious solutions to last-minute gift problems are simple enough for novices to make.

Hidden possibilities in towels, pillow slips, curtains and facecloths are explored here for last-minute, short-order Christmas gifts. With very little time and skill they can be transformed into charming presents—aprons for all occasions, laundry bags, bibs and even wall hangings.

HOSTESS APRON

Model wears long apron made of Dacron-and-cotton curtain with pleated ruffles, ribbon waistband.

WALL HANGING

Framed "picture" was child's printed pillow slip (Fieldcrest) embellished with embroidery.

BUTLER'S APRON

Man is dressed for service in a printed linen dish towel (\$1) tied with black cotton tape.

BABY'S BIB

A facecloth with animal design (69 cents) is bound in bias binding to make amusing bib.

TEA APRONS

Two rose-printed aprons made from a dish towel (\$1) cut in half, gathered with ribbon waistband.

CHECKED APRON

Run a ribbon through the opening of gingham café curtain to make apron tie. (Make two for \$3.50.)

COVERALL AND APRON

One pair red re-embroidered café curtains (\$4.95) makes an apron and coverall with armholes.

LAUNDRY BAG

Two printed towels (Calloway) make elegant terry laundry bag to be given with matching towels.

CHILD'S NIGHTGOWN

Open sewn end of print pillow slip, make arm slits, run a ribbon drawstring for the neckline.

Does your health insurance provide **'GROCERY BILL'** benefits?

Most families would have to answer "no" to this question. Is your family among them? If you have only a hospital-surgical policy, then you have no "grocery bill" benefits. It takes a special kind of policy like Mutual of Omaha's "Paycheck Plus" to provide "grocery bill" benefits.

**"Paycheck Plus" provides up to
\$500.00 a month
in regular cash income
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Life protection for the "breadwinner"!

Get the amount you'll need each month (\$0 to \$500) to take care of the grocery bill and living expenses when Dad is unable to work because of sickness or accident. Lifetime Feature available. You spend this Mutual "paycheck" as you wish—to buy groceries, pay rent, the utilities, even to pay the bills for your hospital-surgical policy. These "paycheck" benefits are payable for disabilities before retirement or age 65. Special benefits for disabilities starting after retirement or

**Helps pay doctor, hospital, medical
bills for the whole family!**

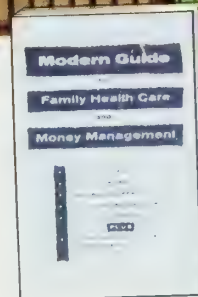
You and every member of your family the "Paycheck Plus" plan *also* provides cash to help



pay, literally, almost all hospital, specialist, Registered Nurse (R.N.) service, x-ray, drug, special treatment costs—and *much more*—as fully explained in your policy. How is this low-cost protection possible? Simply because of the share-the-risk deductible feature.

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Recently, policyowners were asked: Are you satisfied with Mutual of Omaha's over-all service? 97% of all responding said "Yes!"



New! With plump, juicy chunks

chicken!

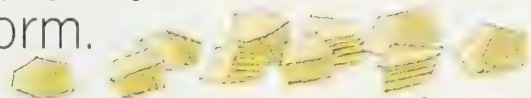
New recipe!

New process!

New chicken-chunk goodness!

Never from a can—never from another box—only from Knorr:

1. Plump, juicy chicken meat in chunk form.



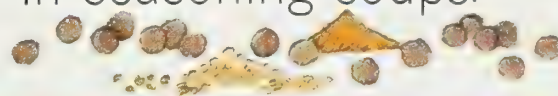
2. Tender egg noodles—firm, not soggy, because you cook them for the first time.



3. A colorful mixture of 8 nourishing vegetables.



4. Plus the famous Knorr know-how in seasoning soups.



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This new Knorr® Chunk Chicken Noodle Soup Mix is inspired by a famous European recipe... liltily light and luscious with all the goodness of pure, whole chunks of chicken.

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ETIQUETTE, THE SOCIAL WHIRL, & ALL THAT JAZZ

Or, the commonsense approach to party manners

By PEG BRACKEN

ILLUSTRATED BY JAN BALET

Etiquette—which was invented to keep people out—is now dedicated mainly to keeping people comfortable. I know a woman who long ago washed those serving plates right out of her hair, but wouldn't think of lunching in town without a hat. I know a man who is punctilious about opening car doors for women, but thinks nothing of going tieless to dinner.

Clearly, it would make for a neater world if everyone read the same etiquette book. Since not everyone has, sometimes you are tangoing by yourself. At the outset we must look one fact in the eye:

Some people often entertain people they don't want to entertain, and who don't especially want to be entertained by them. Often it's lethargy that lets the sad merry-go-round start, and a mistaken sense of duty that keeps it going.

People sneak up and start something when you're not looking. Invite you to dinner, say. And you go. The evening proves to be one of those little adventures in futility that occasionally beset us all. But, after a while, you invite *them*, for another of the same. And they invite *you* again. . . .

In truth, manners and good sense indicate that the thing should be chopped off clean, right after the first fiasco. It is a nice grace note to send the hostess flowers, with a noncommittal "Many thanks—so nice of you to entertain us!" She wasn't actually to blame for all that incompatibility, any more than you were. But if you return the invita-

body at sometime or other, to someone else, the situation must be understood by all hands, and no hard feelings.

In many ways, you see, host and guest are as interdependent as dancers. Consider the guest who drops in. Usually, people who like to drop in like to be dropped in on. If they would only stick to dropping in on one another, there would be no problem. But they, of course, are seldom at home to be dropped in on.

Therefore, they broaden their field to include the other people—busy people, who may be making beer in the basement or cookies in the kitchen or love upstairs—in a word, people who hate to be dropped in on, but are too polite to say so.

Misunderstandings like this can go on indefinitely, and will, until everyone understands that dropping in has been poor practice since the invention of the telephone. So are surprise housewarmings, surprise *bon voyage* parties, and the like. The only difference is that with these affairs you can show all your friends at once how funny you look in curlers.

Then, take the volunteer clean-up committee which the protesting hostess can't keep out of her kitchen. The rule here is:

If a hostess wants help, she will ask for it. If she doesn't, she won't, and will the ladies please remain seated.

Nowhere, however, are there more misunderstandings than in the area of punctuality, particularly with the dinner party.

The fact is, something strange has happened to the informal dinner party. Like a railroad train of six engines pulling one caboose, it is heavy on the front end. A few

decades ago you ate first, then spent a reasonable time getting acquainted. Now you spend hours getting acquainted, and finally eat, if you last that long.

One trouble is this: When the hostess says seven o'clock, she doesn't mean seven o'clock. She expects some leeway for her last-minute touches. This is a point which most female guests understand. If they don't, they will get the message once they've let their husbands talk them into being punctual. Sitting in their host's living room, having admired the cut of his bathrobe as he scampered upstairs to shave, they resolve never to let it happen again.

As a result of these factors (Hostess Factor and Guest Factor), people arrive when they feel like it, depending on their habits, convictions and baby-sitters. And inasmuch as Victor Goodhost presses a drink upon each and every straggler—never let it be said that Victor let a guest stand around empty-handed—the cocktail hour stretches out, accordionwise, toward 10 P.M.

Unfortunately, Victoria Goodhost does little to squeeze it up. Indeed, around 8:30, seeing that her party is going nicely, she decides to join it. In the food department she had planned on something resilient (although few entrées besides cold ham will actually keep their bounce through the long haul from 7:30 to 10). She may go out to the kitchen and turn the oven down, so the casserole can dry out comfortably at 200°. More likely, she'll think the heck with it and stay where she is.

It doesn't much matter, because by the time Victor issues the last dividend from the shaker, and the guests stroll into the

dining room on their hands and knees, they wouldn't know sherried pheasant from parboiled hot dog.

Worse is to come: the dreadful digestion period ahead, when the guests—having eaten everything, drunk everything, eaten everything—still cannot go home. (Everyone learns, as a child, that he mustn't eat to run.) Hence, the impromptu quality of the first half of the evening is equaled only by the unrelieved gloom of the second.

Clearly, ground rules are needed, both the Host and the Guest. I am happy to be able to provide them here.

1. The Goodguests will be no more than 20 minutes late to an informal dinner party without telephoning.

2. The Goodhosts will indicate in the invitations the proposed order of events, and they will mean the time they say.

Here, the English system makes supersense. The invitation reads, "Dinner at Goodhosts, 7:15 for 8:15." (Or, on telephone, "Do come at seven-fifteen—we're having dinner at eight.") Either way it means that the 7:55 straggler gets cocktail—just, "I'm so sorry you were here in time for a drink."

And, in truth, 45 minutes to an hour of cocktails is plenty, if there's to be any kind of talk through dinner and after.

Let's take a closer look now at.

INVITATIONS

The best one is the invitation which informs the guest what he's in for.

For example, few hostesses invite people for bridge without (Continued on page 4)



ALEXANDER ROBERTS

eg Cassini, creator of fashion for the us, joins a world of fashion leaders in applauding American Tourister luggage. It's now more luxurious than ever. There's new lushness inside, with linings of floral prints, quilted to pamper your wardrobe, and there are chrome accents on the new handles, foam-rubbered to pamper your palm. The celebrated lightness, the strength, the unwrinkling roominess, the exclusive

tight-sealing stainless steel closures, the accident-proof swing-action locks and scuff-proof Permanite coverings — all these travel-tried features make American Tourister luggage the ideal companion for years of exciting departures. See it at any fine luggage or department store. In seven fashion colors, twenty-four styles for men and women, from \$19.95*. *Only American Tourister luggage is flight-tested by American Airlines.*

tax. Slightly higher in the West. Write for name of nearest dealer. American Luggage Works, Inc., Warren 79, Rhode Island



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a Stanley Donen
production
in TECHNICOLOR®

Expect the unexpected!

IT MAKES MOVIE GOING
A PLEASURE...SEE IT AT
YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!



ETIQUETTE (Continued from page 38)

THE GUESTS STROLL INTO THE DINING ROOM ON HANDS AND KNEES



knowing whether they play it. But many a guest has walked right into a dismal evening of charades, with no escape. Or folk music, or learning the bossa nova, or home movies, or just name it—activities which are fun if you like them and dreadful if you don't. Guests must be forewarned so they may bow out with grace.

What to wear is another problem the hostess should clarify; most etiquette books don't. They merely explain the difference between formal wear (white tie) and informal wear (black tie), which butters no parsnips in regions where informal usually means no tie. There is little confusion, of course, among people who know each other well. But if Mrs. Goodhost is inviting someone from a different economic or geographical area, she'd better explain. She can say, "Just casual—sweaters, skirts, whatever's comfortable," or "cocktail-dress sort of thing," or whatever she has in mind. Casual is a better word than informal, because its meaning has not been corrupted by the etiquette books.

If Victoria Goodhost doesn't specify what to wear, Shalimar Goodguest may ask her. And if she forgets to ask her, she'd better get her husband into his dark suit. She herself can then put on a street-length dress with a late-afternoon look. This will take care of most situations.

The Telegraphed Invitation

It is proper, as well as rakish and expensive, to invite people to anything by telegram. It doesn't make much sense unless your group is madly mobile and you're inviting them for the following night.

The Telephoned Invitation

This, too, is proper. But it is time-consuming, what with busy signals, no one home and inquiring about the health of the family, because some people will tell you.

Some etiquette books say telephoned invitations should be followed with written reminders. But every woman I know answers her telephone with calendar and pencil handy. It is the person-to-person invitation, muttered at another social gathering, which had best be confirmed with a written or telephoned reminder. Otherwise you may find yourself giving a dinner for four instead of the expected dozen, which, if nothing else, makes for a lot of leftovers.

The Informal Written Invitation

This is the fastest and easiest. All Victoria does is find her engraved visiting cards, if she has any, or her informals. On them she writes all the important data, above and beneath the engraved name. Such as the following example:

DINNER
7:15 FOR 8:15, DECEMBER 14
MR. AND MRS. VICTOR GOODHOST III
R.S.V.P. 22 HALIBUT LANE

And if something special is happening in the way of entertainment, she writes it in the left-hand corner under the R.S.V.P. As, TIDDLYWINKS. And she remembers to put them in decent-sized envelopes, or the post office may not deliver them.

If Victoria is on a first-name basis with the people she's inviting, she draws a line through the engraved formal name and writes, "Vic and Victoria." Then, when Shalimar replies, she does so in the same fashion—sends her own little card or informal back, writing on it something like:

IT WILL BE DELIGHTFUL TO SEE YOU ON
DECEMBER 14.
MR. AND MRS. VLADIMIR GOODGUEST

And, if Victoria cozier up to her by writing in their first names, Shalimar does likewise. Notice now: Victoria sets the pace and the pattern. You answer an invitation in approximately the same fashion it was issued. However, if you can't stand parlor games like this and can't find any decent notepaper around, telephone, for heaven's sake. It's far politer than delaying too long, or not answering at all.

Here, of course, is the main virtue of the cut-and-dried routine of the engraved third-person invitation: It saves time, by saving headwork, to issue and to answer. Still, it is something to beware of for purely social occasions other than those extremely ceremonious ones involving royalty, or other dignitaries. Millicent Nubile's engagement tea doesn't usually rate that much ceremony, and answering the thing in kind is embarrassing to many people. For Millie's little rites of spring, let's stick to informals.

Now let's take a closer look at Victoria and her dinner table as she thinks of the seating arrangement. After all, it isn't a complicated matter. As Bernard Baruch once said, when asked how he seated the notables at his dinner parties, "I never bother about that. Those who matter don't mind, and those who mind don't matter."

This is the sensible approach, unless you land on a terribly tight little island—military, political, diplomatic—in which case there'll be an official Blue Book explaining in detail. Otherwise, Victoria Goodhost may use the following procedure for her informal dinner, and no one can fault her.

THE GUEST OF HONOR

She seats the female guest of honor, Mrs. Nobel P. Winner, (Continued on page 45)

How Medicated Cuticura helps clear up skin problems

Cuticura, a special medicated soap, helps remove conditions which contribute to problem skin. It washes away hidden dirt and accumulated skin oils. Cuticura Soap contains Neocura, a special ingredient that destroys harmful skin bacteria and guards your skin with a bacteria-killing barrier against further flare-ups. Use in conjunction with Cuticura Ointment to smooth and soften skin and to relieve itching and dryness. Never drying or irritating, Cuticura Soap and Ointment help keep your complexion soft and smooth while it's getting better fast. If you have externally caused skin problems or are embarrassed by pimples or blackheads, then why not do as thousands do, use Cuticura Soap and Ointment. The ideal combination for problem skin.



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FROM MODERATE

ARTHRITIC
RHEUMATIC
MUSCULAR
PAINS

WHENEVER THEY OCCUR

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Money-back guarantee



the priceless
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Write to learn how you may own a lovely creation
like this at no cost...

Sarah Coventry, Inc., Newark, New York State



Proportioned what?"

Proportioned Kotex Napkins

Now Kotex comes in 4 proportioned sizes. You choose the width, depth, and length that meets your absorbency needs.

Each napkin has a moisture-proof shield under the new soft covering of finest denier.

That's why nothing protects like Kotex.

Which proportioned Kotex napkin protects you best?

NEW SIZE !



REGULAR
Medium width, depth and length. Designed for average needs.



SLENDERLINE
Narrowest, deepest. Shorter than Regular. Compact for comfort.



SUPER
Length of Regular, deeper, wider and 16% more absorbent.



MISS DEB
For young ladies. Regular absorbency, less width. Soft pink covering.

1. Should you? In 1933 people would have said, "Only if you're a movie queen." In 1963 the word is "Go ahead!" Blonding has changed so much—become so easy, so natural-looking, so acceptable—that this year, in the United States alone, there are nearly five million blondes who weren't always blondes. 5,000,000!

2. Can you pick your exact shade? Today you *can*. Back in 1933 you could only "bleach out" your natural color—and take what you got! Now, your hair is first lightened, and then "toned" to the precise, delicate tone of blonde you've dreamed of being. Moonbeam, Pearl, Champagne... you name it and you'll *be* it. What makes this possible today is the invention of Creme Toner. That's Clairol's unbelievably subtle, gentle blonde tint that gives you 32 delicious blonde shades like the ones below.

3. How long does it take? It depends on your own hair. The darker your natural color, the longer it takes. If your hair is medium brown, you'll spend just about 1 hour for the lightening with Ultra-Blue Lightener, and around ½ hour for the delicate toning with Clairol Creme Toner. Touch-ups take even less time. Only a few minutes are needed for the application...the rest is for your hair to "develop" to proper color, and you can spend it reading or making champagne-software plans for your new blonde life.

4. What about touch-ups? You'll be surprised how long one blonde lasts. You'll want a touch-up only about once a month, in most cases. If your natural hair color is very dark, or if your hair grows very fast, new growth will show up more quickly, and you should have a touch-up

PLATINUM PEARL ★ CHAMPAGNE ICE ★ PEARL PEARL ★ PLATINUM ★ CHAMPAGNE CHERRET ★ CHAMPAGNE TOAST ★ TAUPE PEARL ★ IVORY CHAMPAGNE



A Guide to Becoming a Blonde

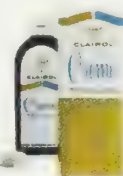
every 3 weeks. A good trick to use when your touch-up is due is to change your hairstyle without an obvious part. Then no one can tell.

Should it be done at a beauty salon? A professional colorist can advise you on exactly which blonde shades will do the most for *your* skin, *your* hair, and *your* features. And it's heaven to sit back and be pampered and relaxed. It's like dining out. You may be the world's best cook, but it's easier to have a real professional chef cook *for* you!

How much will it cost? Your first blonding will come to about as much as a good permanent. A touch-up will be much less—maybe half. When you think about cost, remember: what blonding does for you is worth more than a whole wardrobe of new hats, dresses, jewels *and* cosmetics!

7. What will it do to your hair? Your hair will be silkier, shinier, bouncier, because Creme Toner has a slew of rich conditioners built-in. If you've fine hair, you'll get more body. Remember, you're not dealing with the harsh old-time bleaches! Most women who blonde their hair today have been doing it for several years. Their hair must like it.

8. What if you should change your mind? What then? Are you stuck with your new blonde hair shade? You certainly are not. If you want, you can be a different shade of blonde the very next day. Or, with very little trouble, you can go back to your original color if you choose. But if you're like most girls, you probably won't. Not after you've spent one evening as a blonde with *him*. **CLAIROL CREME TONER**



BEIGE *

X-LITE SILVER BLONDE *

CHAMPAGNE PARFAIT *

X-LITE A *

WHITE BEIGE *

HONEY CHIFFON *

MOONBEAM *

PASTEL PEARL *

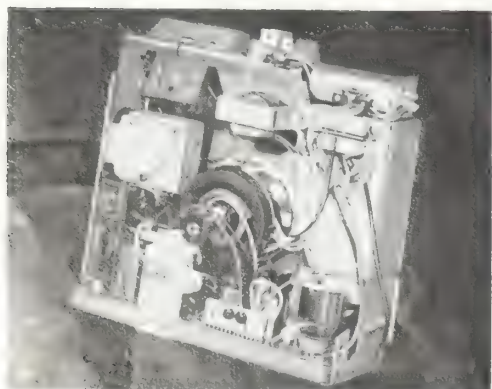




Built to take it...anywhere!

New Admiral 11" Playmate

(overall diagonal)



The one built like the big sets...for rugged reliability. The only personal portable with a powerful, precision-crafted, horizontal chassis formed in steel. Takes the jolts and jars a portable gets! Retractable handle, telescopic antenna.

Make a date with the Playmate. Just one foot small and so lightweight a child can carry it! Take it anywhere. The Admiral Playmate is ruggedly-built. No other personal portable is so powerful...so precision-crafted for lasting quality.

You'll enjoy the brightest, sharpest picture Admiral has ever created, because the Playmate with 14,000 volts has more picture power per-square-inch than any other personal portable. You'll admire the smart, sculptured beauty that makes the Playmate perfect for the bedroom, kitchen, den, anywhere! Take one home soon. In beige, black, red, sun gold and white...with golden accents...starting at only \$99.95*

ADMIRAL®

 MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

THE GUEST OF HONOR
SITS HERE. THE
LADY WOMAN THERE.



of her husband, if any, who
her end of the table. (If the
t a husband, she can ask a
in. If she's *looking* for a hus-
good excuse to invite an attrac-

the male guest of honor—in
rs. Winner's husband, prob-
own right.

all-female dinner, she seats a
at the other end of the table,
ner on her good friend's right.
s the rest of the guests as she
wise move, when guests are to
ables, to seat all the bores to-
gets them out of other people's
st times the bores themselves
n this way.

-yourself buffet, if there is a
r, it is a nice touch for Victor
escort him or her to the buffet
he food is ready. If he seems
eeing the bottom of the Mar-
efore he eats, Victoria may
g him a well-filled plate.

guests of honor don't always
s expected of them, or care.
ing first (because the other
n't leave until he does). But
affairs where the guest of
d the role so much that he
is rule would seem to apply,
to occasions of ceremony.

tte books make much of this
r routine, as though people
continually honoring other
lly you invite a few couples
created equal and managing to
—and no one is actually more
an anyone else.

, if one couple hasn't dined at
fore, turn *them* into the guests
if one couple is much older
t, let them have it. And, if
out the same age and equally
your bailiwick, seat at your
best-looking man or the one
oy talking to.

THE EXTRA WOMAN

many extra women around
and modern etiquette doesn't
ou must invite male partners
em, unless this is a severely
a dinner, and a date bureau
au, and the twain don't nec-
to meet.

e, once the guests are seated,
at the right of the host is served
stess *never* is served first unless
y woman at the table, or is
e family.)

Also, the woman-on-the-host's-right's
wine is poured first. And her empty plate is
removed first. After she is taken care of, it's
unimportant what happens next to whom,
so long as it happens quickly. If more than
six are at the table, Victoria should suggest
that everyone start eating as soon as he is
served. And her guests should obey her,
with no sash-twisting.

Which brings us right into the arena of
Table Manners, both practical and puzzling.
Practical table manners involve such simple
but oft-overlooked points as this:

The Goodguests must do their level best
to eat. After all, Victoria didn't spend all
day cooking just for kicks. There may be,
of course, good reasons why a guest *can't*
eat—an allergy, a nervous upset, a diet. If
it is an allergy or a limiting diet, it's a good
idea to mention the fact when accepting the
invitation. If it's a great big allergy, he'd
better just decline—perhaps suggesting that
he drop in after dinner.

In any case, Vladimir calls no attention to
his little problem, but musses the food
around somewhat, and throws up a smoke-
screen of spirited conversation.

This, too, is where Victoria Goodhost
shows the stuff she's made of. She gives no
sign of noticing how much or how little
anyone eats, and she simply averts her eyes
as Vladimir tries to hide his pork chop under
his Noodles Romanoff.

It is unwise of Victoria Goodhost to try
a new recipe on guests, or to try any out-
of-the-way operation she's not sure of. If
she serves the English pudding with flaming
currants but the currants won't flame, or
Cherries Jubilee and the cherries won't
jube, the guests will be embarrassed, and
they'll wish they were elsewhere.

And so, finally, to a few table technicali-
ties, which no etiquette books give more
attention than they deserve.

Actually, as the Goodguests know, it is
easy to maintain true pitch in the fish-fork
department. One simply works from the out-
side in, trusting the hostess to serve things
in their proper sequence.

But watch out for the oyster fork. If the
hostess prides herself on these niceties, it
will be found at the far right.

And she may be of the persuasion that
places the dessert spoon due north of the
dinner plate, parallel with the table edge.
So if you're wondering how to eat the blanc-
mange, look up there before you ask.

There are two easy tests for any table-
manner rule:

1. Does it make the business of eating
somewhat more aesthetic?
2. Does it serve some practical purpose?

If the answer (Continued on page 47)

Bring real cook-out flavor right indoors with Kraft Barbecue Sauce



It's made with 19 herbs and spices!

This is the sauce that doesn't just sit there
—it simmers real cook-out flavor all through
the meat. Choose regular Kraft Barbecue
Sauce or new Hickory Smoke flavored Bar-
becue Sauce with a touch of real hickory
smoke right in it. Even better—try both.





Living Dolls Love Foodarama Living

Your family will love it, too!

With Foodarama's supermarket selection of foods on hand, your family enjoys better meals. You save time by shopping less . . . save money by having room for "specials."

Entertaining's more fun because you can prepare everything in advance.

You never defrost Foodarama—either the refrigerator or freezer. And Kelvinator's "No-Frost" Foodarama costs less to buy and operate than

a separate refrigerator and freezer.

So much better living and savings are possible because of the Kelvinator Constant Basic Improvement program. It's another way American Motors brings you more *real value* just as in Rambler cars.

Your Kelvinator dealer will be happy to show you how you can live better and save money with Fabulous Foodarama. But don't come in unless you're prepared to fall in love with it!

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Division of AMERICAN MOTORS CORPORATION, Detroit 32, Michigan
Dedicated to Excellence in Rambler Automobiles and Kelvinator Appliances

Imagine this "No-Frost" upright freezer and deluxe refrigerator in *your* kitchen . . . and it's only 41 inches wide!

INTIMIDATED CONVERSATION COMPENSATES FOR MISSING ONE'S PORK CHOP.



either question, it is probably a
to observe.

ightful and worldly man of my
nce has decided that spooning
way from him, as the etiquette
ee, makes for sloppier perform-
much as the soup has farther to
more chance to drip. He has
taken a stand and planted his
most courageous manner. He
soup toward him.

may differ from the authorities
umbled-crackers-in-the-soup rou-
bad) and the sopping-up-the-
the-bread routine (A-OK if it is
ce of bread powered by the fork,
gers).

other hand, consider the business
your knife and fork close to-
ss the center of the plate, when
shed eating—the fork on the left,
n the right, with its cutting edge
fork. At first glance this seems a
ill, if the tools are in the middle
e, they're less apt to fall onto the
n the plate is carried away.
re, when the knife's cutting edge
inward, there is less chance of
e hand that fed you, should it
b the plate to remove it.

good reason, too, for not shaking
inner napkin. I know a man who
s at the home of friends whose
id had been trained in the old
-century customs. One of these
ap a hard roll in each napkin.
shook out his napkin, the roll
across the room.

FINGER FOODS

ain, reason reigns, or should. If it
self-contained sort of item that
ur your fingers—celery, radishes,
n, potato chips, bananas, and
finger food. If it's messy, it is
or knife-and-fork food; that's all.
dly, some things fall into a no-
—they are messy, but still
ten satisfactorily with anything
fingers: corn on the cob, barbe-
ribs, and the like. But the truly
d hostess won't serve these ex-
ne most informal occasions, so
dy no problem.

he does serve them, she must also
vidual stacks of paper napkins
n to the damask. The sensitive
it revolts against wiping a well-
at-supped and lipstick mouth
f linen.

, the main thing to beware of is
ight call Intimidated Manners,
s which are forever taking their
omebody else's. They result in a
e of tennis-match neck, caused

by all those rapid east-west glances down
the table to see who is doing what with what.

And now that we've cornered some of the
curves of a long social evening with the
Goodhosts and the Goodguests, these ques-
tions are bound to arise: When will the
evening break up? And how?

Had the Goodhosts entertained at their
club or at a restaurant, there'd be no prob-
lem. Victoria would sound the curfew—just
rise and say something like: "I think
we've about exhausted the possibilities
here"—and that would be it.

But at home the evening can stretch out
longer than anyone really wants it to. Hosts
must be careful here. No matter how beam-
ish they feel, they must quell the urge to
insist that people stay for another six
hours to hear the new album and finish the
bottle of brandy—especially if the next day
is a working day.

Instead, Victoria may say, "Of course,
we'd love to have you stay longer, if you
don't have to be up early tomorrow morn-
ing"—which at least gives a guest a
branch to swing from.

There are dinner guests who don't seem
to understand that they weren't invited for
overnight. But even here there are solutions.
Take the guest who calcifies at the open
front door. Technically he is leaving, mind
you, but he thinks of everything to say ex-
cept good night.

You may suggest, "Why don't you come
back in and sit down again?" Often this
will do it.

Or the host and hostess, standing in loose
defensive formation, can suddenly offer a
handshake, with an "It has been nice!"

Or the host can say, "I'll go with you to
the car" (or the elevator) and lead the way.

Harder is the problem of the guest who
won't even get out of his chair, but says,
"We should have left hours ago!" And does
nothing about it.

Some hostesses do well with "Wouldn't
you like a cup of hot coffee for the road?"—
thus indicating that the bar is closed. Some
find that this can start things all over again;
so one must be careful.

It is perfectly correct, too, for the hostess
to rise and say, "I'm sorry—my husband
has a terribly early appointment tomorrow,
and I'm afraid we must say good night."

And the host can do his part. I heard of
one who at two A.M. announced with mild
surprise, "If you people weren't here, I'd
have been in bed three hours ago."

Best of all, perhaps, is the ingenious
solution of a gentle professor I know.
When the evening has reached its logical
close, he rises and says to his wife, "Come,
my dear. Let us go to bed, so that these
good people can go home." • END



In this package...Chef put



7 herbs and spices

4 plump tomatoes

2 pungent onions

2 cloves of garlic

And a big chunk of Parmesan cheese

All these fine foods are combined in a generations-old spaghetti
sauce recipe. Chef Boy-Ar-Dee brought the recipe to this country
more than fifty years ago from his Italian birthplace—*Castelnuovo
Val Tibone*.

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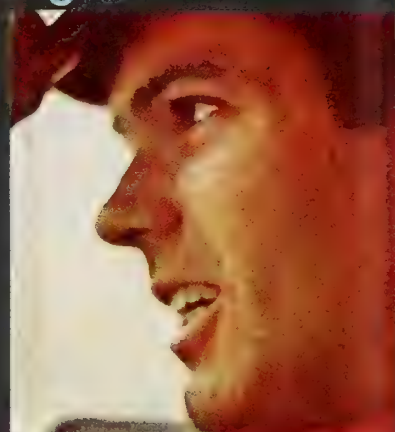
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A START FROM SCRATCH

A December ago, in affluent Bel Air, on a sunny, smoggy, otherwise unspectacular morning, a spark fell in the brush on Stone Canyon Road. Two days later, despite heroic efforts by firemen, thousands of acres were blackened, hundreds of homes destroyed, and families of wealthy, dazed refugees checked in at the Beverly Hills Hotel, most of them with no more than the clothes on their backs, some with a hastily salvaged Derain or Dufy.

That fire storm followed another, in the Beachwood area, not as devastating, but wildly destructive nonetheless, as the flames played crazy checkers and chose an unlikely victim, while neighboring houses on either side went untouched.

Now, some years later, it is possible to distill some wry humor out of these tragic circumstances. Because of prompt action by the authorities, no lives were lost, few injuries were suffered—and those minor. The loss was possessions. In more than one instance, the loss was total.

The real and personal properties were insured for varying sums—almost enough to rebuild, not quite enough to replace the accessories one accumulates in a lifetime.

"That was all excruciating pain, muffled in unreality," said a lady whose house burned to the ground in 20 minutes. "We had nothing—and we could not accommodate the idea."

"What did you do first?" I asked.

"I went to a hotel and stared. Just stared," she said.

"And your husband?"

"Galvanized. Never left the phone, calling lawyers, doctors, accountants, insurance agents, and obscure relatives in New York, telling them the same grisly story over and over again—as if the telling could make it real, as if in the telling, he could accommodate it. And I found myself annoyed and irritated, not with the fire, but with him. That was the first glimmering of sanity. Inverse but glimmering."

"What did you do after that glimmer?"

"Took a bath. Put on a nightgown, provided by a friend. Used a new toothbrush, new toothpaste, new hairbrush, new face cream, put on another friend's robe, no slippers, used my only pair of shoes, smoked a cigarette, reached for a handkerchief, had none, and began to laugh. Can you imagine not owning even one handkerchief? I kept repeating that idiotically to our doctor, and he gave me a pill—two—to sleep, and when I awoke in the morning, my husband

was in his office, and the room was filled with flowers, and my maid was there, with one volume of the *Encyclopaedia*

Britannica and the cover of a pressure cooker—the only things *she'd* saved. But, in a bag, she had handkerchiefs and stockings and underwear—her own—which she offered as a kind of tragic apology. She seemed to feel it was all her fault. And *that* made me cry. And she took me in her arms and said, 'All that's lost is things! Nobody's hurt, thank God, and things are nothing.' And I took a deep breath and accepted her analysis, and dressed in my sooty yesterday's clothes, and went to Saks."

"What did you buy first?"

"Soap."

"Then?"

"A small bottle of perfume to replace the one on my dressing table. Somebody'd brought it to me from Paris a year before, two years, and I'd never opened it, hoarded it, saving it for an occasion—just an occasion. I still have the new bottle, and I'm still saving it for an occasion. It's so expensive. Oh, everything was."

"But you always wore good clothes—expensive ones. You were a constant shopper, weren't you?"

"In bits. A dress here. A slip there. A pair of shoes—splurging if I bought two. But now I needed, I don't know, ten, twenty. In my closet I had a gross, I think—some prewar, all old friends. I went to the shoe department and sat immobilized, while the salesman clucked over me, and made a miserable try at cheer by saying how lucky I was, I could have anything I wanted. Nothing had to match anything. I had a small attack of nerves, right in the middle of the shoe department, and settled on a pair of black opera pumps which I've never been able to wear except that once. And, in ten minutes, I was hobbling in the dress department, searching the racks, rejecting everything the saleswoman brought to me, frantically searching."

"For what?"

"For my own clothes. I just wanted to duplicate everything. Only I couldn't remember what I had, except a short, henna, rusty dinner dress that I didn't actually like too much—but that's what I wanted. When you don't have a dress to your name, you can see how important a short, henna, rusty dinner dress can be."

"No, I don't."

"How can you know what it's like? Here I was, practically in the nude, with all that insurance money, able to buy anything in the store I wanted. *Anything!* A dream! *Heaven!* Do you know what I bought?"

"What?"

"Stretch ski pants and a sweater."

"Why?"

"Something to root about the ashes in, looking for my engagement ring, and my mother's bar pin. Dun-colored ski pants and a dreary sweater, made of sackcloth."

"Nothing else?"

"Well, my maid was with me, and she suggested that I go up to the sixth floor, and have *everything* done—facial, and hair, and nails, the works. I thought she was up to something, but I didn't protest and let her squire me to the elevator, and it turned out there was an appointment, and I took off my sooty dress and just dissolved into creams and dryers and nail polish. When I came to, I slipped into my dress—only it wasn't; it was a little dressmaker affair, fit quite well, bought by my maid and two friends. They'd all been in a conspiracy and all the basic shopping was over—the underpinnings, and the practical stuff, and a basic black job, and gloves and brassieres—all remarkable fits. Everybody—the salespeople, my friends—had done research about my sizes. I didn't realize it, but all Saks was focused on me. On my husband too. Not Saks. But Brooks."

"What did they do?"

"Shirts, underwear, ties. He'd always bought there, and they sent a dozen of everything—socks, too, and handkerchiefs. He cares, but the nightmares are diminishing, and his sister helped with things she had of his youth, and an uncle sent him *his* watch and chain, and a pair of cuff links. Did you ever realize how much more emotional men's jewelry is than women's?"

"Weren't you emotional about yours?"

"Not really. I was wearing my wedding ring and, apart from a graduation ring and a diamond sunburst—that sounds like *something*, but it wasn't, just chips, but it was my mother's, and her mother's—outside of that and a kind of corny, brassy bracelet I got for my fifth anniversary, I didn't miss anything too much. Since the fire I've bought a lot of junk stuff and a decent string of pearls, and my husband gave me another bracelet, but I rarely wear it. If we go to Europe I'll haunt Portobello Road and get a blue enamel brooch with rose diamonds, like the one I used to have. Not that I'll ever be lucky enough to find one like that. What was I just saying about women's jewelry not being emotional?"

"Do you have a modern house now?"

"We have a bastard. Literally a bastard of Pennsylvania Dutch, Frank Lloyd Wright, and cutie pie. It's a schizoid amalgam."

"Why?"

"Well, after they'd cleared the debris away, we went and had a look. Nothing was standing except the chimney. Even the pool

was burned. Did you ever know that a swimming pool could burn? Well, not burn exactly, but the filter and heater were molten metal, and the pool itself was black and scorched. My husband and I firmly decided to sell the lot and buy a house somewhere else; but when we started looking, prices were so high that it seemed economically sounder to rebuild. And, though neither of us would admit it, we longed for our old home, even if it was only a lot covered with rubble. And so we had another look, and, since we couldn't even keep the starting chimney, we could do anything we wanted, outside of a castle, and furnish *exactly* as we wanted to, with the insurance company paying for it all. We could start from scratch. As we contemplated this, we were really excited. It didn't last long."

"Why not?"

"Because we didn't know what we wanted. We bought all the architectural and decorator magazines. We drooled over the new kitchens and bathrooms; we were convinced that the house needed to flow, that this time we'd have something perfect. We'd lived in the old house over twenty years, and it was a kind of hodgepodge—a room added here and a window stuck in there, and the furniture was pretty shabby, and old-fashioned English, no blond wood, or bergère chairs. It was sort of a chintzy house—literally chintzy, cabbage roses—never touched by the hands of a decorator, furnished because a couch wore out and the upholsterer said wasn't worth redoing. And nothing really matched, because I'd buy a piecrust table at an auction or a drawing that I liked."

"The only thing we ever really did was paint it all dark green, and then, five years later, to paint it all white. As I talked about it, we realized we hadn't looked at it in years. It was simply a place in which we lived, taking for granted its walls and floors and furniture. Not that I'm defensive. At night, with fresh flowers and candles, it was very attractive; and we did have some marvelous accessories—certainly a fabulous Sheffield, and a chest of Gorham, twenty-four of everything, and a whole Crofton Derby dinner service, picked up half dozen by half dozen. And marvelous linens, embroidered to the teeth, with dinner napkins that were really dinner napkins—wedding presents, thirty years old and hand-hemmed. And Waterford crystal. Oh, the dining room could look a dream."

"I'm being carried away. Let's just say we liked it, but *American Home* would never have photographed it."

"And now you decided to have a house they would?" (Continued on page 3)



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START FROM SCRATCH
(Continued from page 50)

"No. We just decided to embrace the twentieth century. Have useful things, easy to take care of. Oh, not the kind of house you can clean with a hose, but a modern one. Not Swedish modern—but comfortable and useful and, I guess, stark. It's as if we were putting the past and the fire behind us."

"Did you?"

"Well, we got an architect—one who was sympathetic—and he conned us into a house that would have texture. My husband and I hollowly agreed that, above all, we wanted texture—though I'm not quite sure I knew what it meant—but the architect was so sure of himself we hesitated to show our ignorance. But he knew, and expanded in his own jargon. Texture meant exposed brick, and the whole house was to be earth color, and rise from the earth, and belong to it, and, I suspect, eventually soar. I must say, it sounded spectacular—and the first sketches were really exciting.

"Simultaneously, the architect got us a decorator. The point was that, as the house rose, we would buy all the furniture so that the whole thing would be a unit, would have, as they told us, 'oneness.'"

"Did it?" I asked.

"At first it was hard to tell. We had to go through the insurance business and the mortgage business and the blueprints and the permits, and then the building started, and it turned out our old house had poor foundations and the new ones had to go deeper, and going deeper would cost an unexpected ten thousand dollars more. That was only the beginning with the extras, and they all cost ten thousand dollars more. When you build a house, and you say, 'Let's eliminate a room,' you save thirty dollars. If you add one electric plug, it costs four hundred dollars. Builders appear to have a curious cost-accounting system.

"But it wasn't the money alone that worried us—though I must say my husband's face grew grayer every time he talked to the architect and contractor. What really began to worry us was the day the decorator took us on a tour of wholesale houses to show us the furniture he had chosen. My husband seemed to like it; I didn't like it or dislike it. It all seemed so vague and unsolid. But then, as the decorator kept explaining, we weren't seeing it in its 'ambience.' We lived a long time with the word 'ambience.'"

"I didn't complain except when it got to the subject of sheets and pillow cases and dishes and knives and forks. That seemed to me to be *my* business, and when the decorator brought over the West German stainless steel he'd selected—the knives looked like spatulas, and the forks had no heft—I refused point-blank. I made the mistake of saying that I liked sterling silver. He tried to wither me by saying, 'Sterling silver goes with wall-to-wall carpeting.' And I asked angrily, 'Aren't we going to have wall-to-wall carpeting?' And he said icily, 'On terrazzo?' And I thought of how I liked to put on slippers and a robe and have breakfast, and I knew I wasn't going to be happy with terrazzo as icy as his voice—even though he softened a little by crooning there'd be radiant heat and area rugs. Well, I get cold very easily, and I decided to look into that radiant-heating bit, and after I did I told the architect and contractor that, at the very least, I wanted electric heaters in the bathrooms. When I take a bath I don't want a lukewarm floor. I want a hot wall.

"That was the beginning of the schism and the 'Missouri Compromise.' My husband acted as arbitrator as, with the house half up, I now began to question a lot of things. For instance, I paced around and

saw that we weren't going to have a dining room, that the kitchen would be separated from the living room by a counter—with a terrazzo top, of course—and I thought revolting it would be to look into the kitchen while you were eating, how you'd hear sounds of water running and the garbage disposer going. And I announced that I wanted some walls around the dining area.

"The architect pointed out that I was defiling his concept. Well, my husband agreed with me, and we told him to get on with the defiling. The best he could come up with was planting an indoor forest to the kitchen, and I refused. I demanded walls, and grudgingly he gave me walls. Goodness, how hard it is to get walls these days. Walls, screens, dividers, yes. Walls, no.

"A few days later the decorator called with excitement. He'd found some pictures of *objets d'art* we had to see before they were scooped up by the Whitney Museum.

"Let us say the paintings were nonrepresentational. My husband and I do not tend to be art collectors, but we do try to get with it—and we're pretty good at Miro and Klee and Jackson Pollock. Very good, just pretty good. But, when it comes to automobile bumpers as a basic sculpture, we have to admit our own insecurity. That's what he wanted us to buy a large piece to go into the entrance hall, composed of automobile bumpers, seething into the other. One of the paintings was polka dots, representing cells, I suppose. The other one was a man of ninety—totally nude, with thousands of gray-headed creatures crawling all over him. That was what you would see when you came into our house. This is what would 'Welcome to Liberty Hall.' Bumpers, dots and green creatures!"

"So?"

"So I couldn't look my husband in the eye because I knew what he was thinking. I knew that if it came to firing the decorator I'd have to do it, because he's a pillar of jelly about firing people. And, if we fired him, what would he do? Who would we hire? And what would the architect say? Well, the architect wasn't angry, just terribly hurt, sickened by our folly. He was not so sick that he resigned. You can be sure, not so sick that he resigned. He told the decorator, but we were already saddled with a lot of furniture that was being custom-made, and I decided to fill out the room with haunted auctions and sales, and I got enough courage to order the architect around—and, well, come over sometime and see the result. It's pretty bad. Except one night with fresh flowers and candlelight. We've got it on the market, but we have nibbles. Maybe somebody will come along someday who likes a starkly modern house with an old Victorian fireplace, with avant-garde furniture and sofa cushions made of an old piece of damask I found in San Barbara. Maybe somebody from Hawaii or Oklahoma will like the bathrooms with one hundred watts of light so placed that you look in the mirror you're in your own shadow. I keep hoping. Of course, there's always another possibility."

"What's that?"

"Well, there hasn't been much rain in your year, has there?"

Candor compels me to reveal that the last of the accompanying report is no one woman at all, but a composite of several women, all of them the ravages of fire, with each of whom I have had delightful conversation.

Some were blonde, some brunette, some old, some young. Whatever their differences, they shared one characteristic, far more prevalent in American womanhood than they are in England: gallantry.

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL




THE QUINTUPLET STORY



n September 14 in Aberdeen, S. Dak., a typical Midwestern town, a most atypical event occurred. Quintuplets were born to a 30-year-old housewife named Mrs. Mary Ann Fischer, bringing to reality a statistical longshot estimated by scientists to be one in 54 million. Emerging overnight from the privacy of prairie farm life into figures of world interest and curiosity, the parents of the quintuplets stand on the threshold of a new and uncertain life. Their background, their justifiable pride in their family, and the hopes and anxieties they hold for the future are being told by them for the first time in Ladies' Home Journal and The Saturday Evening Post. In the pages that follow, Mr. and Mrs. Fischer tell of the dramatic events that occurred on the night of the birth, and the extent to which these events have altered their lives. Illustrated with an eight-page portfolio of color photographs, the story of the doctor, the townspeople and the impact of the quintuplets upon Aberdeen are included in this exclusive report.

MY LIFE, MY

by Mary Ann Fischer WITH DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY



Early one morning last February I woke up feeling nauseated and queasy. At once I felt sure, practically sure, I was pregnant again. It was around five A.M. The pale winter sun of South Dakota wasn't up yet; our room, with its two small windows closed and tightly sealed, was dark, stuffy, cold.

When Andy, my husband, rolled out of our double bed to do his chores before driving two miles to his job in town—we were living in a rented farmhouse on the outskirts of Aberdeen—I crawled out to help with the milking and to cook breakfast for him and our children.

There were five of them—seven-year-old Danny, our only boy; Charlotte, just 11 months younger; then Julie, our quiet, sensitive five-year-old. Next came four-year-old Evelyn, my mother's namesake and faithful shadow, followed by three-year-old Denise—we call her "Neechie"—who loves everybody and has freckles and curly red hair like mine.

At the breakfast table, as I listened to the five of them scuffling and giggling—Andy and I like the whole family to eat together—and then watched them quiet down and bow their heads while Charlotte said the morning grace, I wished I could be glad we would soon have a new baby.

But I wasn't glad. I was sorry, afraid. I was sick and tense with worry—financial worry.

From the first, without thinking, automatically, I decided I wouldn't tell Andy I was pregnant, but would keep still about my suspicions—hide the truth from myself, you might say.

It seemed to me it would be senseless to add this new worry of mine to my husband's already heavy concerns. Andy worked hard to support our family of seven, both on the farm we rented from Elroy Harrington, who lived down the road, and on his town job as a shipping clerk for Nash Finch, a big wholesale grocery firm in Aberdeen, S. Dak., where he had been employed for 18 years.

Andy's take-home pay from Nash Finch was approximately \$76 a week; I realize there are many who raise and educate families on less. But Andy and I, well, we just couldn't ever seem to get ourselves caught up so we could start off with a clean slate. Both of us tried.

To cut down the cost of the oil radiator which heated the downstairs of our house—the oil bill alone had run us \$50 or \$60 a month, depending on the winter temperatures—Andy and Danny used the pickup truck to haul us wood they gathered along the railroad tracks. By burning the wood stove on the coldest days, we cut the oil bill to an average of \$40 a month.

I economized every way I knew. I planted and tended a half-acre garden which provided me with flowers for my soul's sake (my mother's words) and yielded us fresh vegetables all summer, with plenty left over for canning and freezing. I churned enough butter for the family. I made my own dresses and all the clothes for the

four girls. Come to think of it, in the eight years of my marriage I had only one store-bought dress, which Andy gave me for Christmas. I cut the girls' hair and Danny's to save barber fees, like a good many of the mothers in our town.

Even so, Andy's income didn't always stretch far enough to pay our \$50-a-month rent, cover the high cost of heat in our sub-zero winters, buy gas for the beat-up '47 pickup truck and for the '53 sedan, and feed and clothe the seven of us. Our two oldest children were in parochial school and our third was due to enter in the fall—Andy and I are Catholic. Their tuition was modest, but there were various additional fees.

Andy and I had no savings to take care of the first big costs of having a new baby. Thinking our family complete—we figured five children were just about the right number—I had given away the diapers, shirts, little dresses, worn by Danny and the girls. There were no baby hand-me-downs in the house, except for a 63-year-old walnut cradle first used by Andy's mother in her babyhood. How, I asked myself, were Andy and I to scratch up the money for another layette?

Aberdeen is a small enough town so your creditors know your circumstances and know you are trying to pay. Most people in Aberdeen are kindhearted and understanding. None of our creditors was pressing us too hard.

Andy and I seldom exchanged Christmas or birthday gifts, since we preferred to do such spending as was possible to provide an enjoyable holiday for the youngsters. Last year Andy did surprise me with a nice \$12 wristwatch to replace my old watch that was broken. I gave him a pair of blue pants and a white shirt.

Day after day, during the last of February, I went about my housework and outside chores—most of the time I milked in the morning, Andy in the evening—fighting off spells of nausea, pretending I didn't know the reason for it.

Soon, I could no longer deceive myself about my condition, hard as I tried. I continued to fool Andy and my mother a short while longer. If the roads weren't too icy, Mom usually drove the 50 miles to our place from Hecla, S. Dak., several times a month. She and Dad have a 640-acre farm near Hecla. She would stay overnight to help me with the washing and ironing and the children. After a few weeks I believe Mom began to suspect something. Once or twice she asked how I was feeling, and I quickly told her, "Fine."

Dr. James Berbos, who delivered our quintuplets and our five other children, is the doctor I've known longest and best, somebody I admire and trust. Doctor Berbos says my main fault as a patient is I don't tell him nearly enough. He complains I hold back my symptoms, troubles and worries, with the result my nervous system suffers from the bottling up. He is right, I'm sure. However, it isn't easy for a person like me to blab out everything on my mind to a doctor or anybody else. In disposition as in looks, I re-

semble my Dad, Elmer Patrick Brady. My Dad is tall, long-legged, tough-muscled; at 54 Dad is able to work all day shelling corn or pitching hay alongside my 31-year-old brother, Earl.

Some time in March—the nastiest month of last winter because the temperature frequently dropped to 30 below zero—I paid for storing up my worries. My face, neck and upper arms broke out in a scaly itching rash Doctor Berbos calls psoriasis. The rash got so bad I eventually had to give in and call at Doctor Berbos's clinic, which is just around the corner from St. Luke's Hospital, where I've had all my children.

In Doctor Berbos's office I received a prescription for a salve to ease the itching, along with confirmation of the fact I had been dodging for weeks. I was pregnant, said Doctor Berbos, no doubt of it. Then he said I was to cheer up, that everything was bound to be all right. In parting he asked I arrange for somebody to stay at regular times with the children at home so I could come in for regular checkups.

That evening I told Andy we could expect an increase in the family around the middle of November. As best I recall, Andy told me not to feel blue, that we could manage with six children as well as with five. That weekend I talked to my Mom. Although Mom is nearing 50, she is sparkling-eyed and cute as a button; and she is a strong woman like Grandmother Schroeder, her mother, and she is as hard a worker as my Dad.

MOTHER PROMISES TO HELP

Mom promised to help out all she could. In the coming months she would make the hour-long drive from Hecla every weekend without fail, unless a heavy snowfall was blocking the road. In June, when the older children got their vacation from school, she would look after all five of them part of the time. Either she would drive the kids back to Hecla to stay with her and Dad at their farm for days at a time, or she would stay with us in Aberdeen. This plan was agreed upon, by Mom and me, with the spring thaw in mind, for then I would need freedom from child care to plant and cultivate my vegetable garden. Later on, I would need Mom's help with the preserving, canning and freezing.

Both Mom and her mother, Mary Margaret Schroeder—now 80 years old—always planted large kitchen gardens. Mom said nothing about her own family responsibilities. Still at home was my kid brother Norbert, just turned 17, a high-school junior, a football and basketball player, who rides his horse like a TV cowboy in a western. Norbie is six feet tall and 200 pounds of solid muscle. In June, like my youngsters, he would be out of school and emptying Mom's refrigerator almost as soon as she got it filled. Then, too, during June and July Dad would be counting on both Norbie and Mom, with assistance on weekends from my oldest brother Earl, to help with the haying on the home place.

CHILDREN

seemed to me that Andy and I should stand on our own feet, support our own children as we gave them to us, be independent. The circumstances of our childhood and growing up were very different—Andy didn't marry until he was 20 because his earnings were needed by his mother and younger sisters—but our different opinions led the two of us to the same opinion on marriage. Both of us have a deep appreciation for the worth of independence.

When Hecla Mom prayed and watched for a sign in the long, cold winter, the first hints of coming of spring. I did the same in Aberdeen. In our impatience we were too optimistic. I led her planting the last week in April. Then she came to Aberdeen and helped me with mine. A few days later there was a sudden freeze. Both lost our gardens. In May we planted again. Before that second planting I started to gain weight with frightening speed. I have a rangy build and normally weigh 139 pounds. Every day I gained additional weight, regardless of how much I ate. There was one week—it was in July, I remember—when I gained six pounds in one week. Before my pregnancy was ended, I had gained almost 60 pounds and weighed 198.

It would be hard to convince me we'd ever been through as hot a summer in Aberdeen as the summer of 1963. Day after day the thermometer on our back porch climbed to 80, 90, 100 degrees and even higher. As a rule the morning hours seemed cool and refreshing. By the sunup, around half past four, I would go outside with Andy to help milk our two cows.

On the weekend, after seeing how big I'd become, Mom told me if I didn't stop milking she would take a stick to me. I quit. So, in addition to my other morning's work, Andy had all the milking to do. Always by half past six or by seven in the morning, Andy was gone to his job. Andy and I was through my work outside and in the house separating the milk, helping the youngsters wash and get dressed.

Andy and I had lived on the farm a comparatively short time. We had moved out from Hecla where most of our friends still lived, about a year and a half earlier. Our hope was to get ahead financially, provide our youngsters more room. Also in the years when Danny, Charlotte, Julie, Evelyn and Neechie were arriving so fast, Andy and I got out of the swing of things socially. We stopped bowling, except for a short period when I held a job, we stopped working, we stayed home with our kids.

When the temperature soared last July and August and my weight continued to go up, I grew tired of my clothes, until finally I couldn't fasten my maternity skirt. Mom bought me a muumuu. I lived in it. My legs and feet swelled up. I grew out of my shoes. I had to slap around an old pair of Andy's felt bedroom slippers.

There were times I couldn't walk at all. The pain in my legs when I stood was just too much

for me, and I often had to rest on the kitchen stool. Our children wanted to be helpful with the household chores. The girls set and cleared the table for me, tidied their rooms, washed the dishes. By disposition Neechie, our three-year-old, is inclined to be the most helpful and affectionate. She was forever asking me to hug her, and tackling tasks beyond her ability and strength.

One day I told all the children I was going to the hospital to get a new baby, mainly so I could explain to Neechie the time was coming when she couldn't be the baby in our family any more. Neechie wasn't interested, nor were the other girls. They promptly ran out to play.

DANNY ASKS FOR A BROTHER

Danny hung back. Big as he was at seven—and big as I was—he climbed up in my lap. Danny *was* interested in my news. He begged me to bring him a baby brother from the hospital. I promised I would try. Already the mother of four daughters, I meant it.

From childhood I have always forced myself to ignore physical ailments so far as possible. Consequently I took no calendar notes of my symptoms. I can't say the exact date last summer when I first felt quickening, but the commotion which soon began was completely unlike any physical sensation I had experienced in previous pregnancies. Just imagine, if you can, how it feels to be kicked and pummeled from inside by 20 tiny hands and feet!

All through the summer, when the sun sent down rays of furnace heat, I continued to think of November in terms of one child. On a few occasions I did wonder—was I carrying twins? Although I recall a cousin who has twins, I thought it unlikely that I would. In neither of our child-rich families, the Fischers and the Bradys, could I recall any cases of twins.

If Doctor Berbos suspected a multiple birth he didn't say so. On several of my visits to his office, Doctor Berbos had sort of teased me, saying wouldn't it be nice if I had triplets or quads, because he had delivered lots of twins but never any of those. But he's a great kiddier and I didn't take him seriously. In April or May, at Doctor Berbos's request, I began to see him at his offices near St. Luke's Hospital—not once a month, as in previous pregnancies, but at least once a week, sometimes twice.

Doctor Berbos was concerned about my weight, I know. He put me on a salt-free, low-calorie diet; I had small appetite and stuck strictly to the diet, and I did lose a few pounds, but not enough to give me much ease.

I wasn't comfortable in bed or out of it. I left our double bed and moved out to the living-room sofa. The sofa was no improvement. The best place I found to rest was a rocking chair in the living room stuffed with pillows. With my feet propped up, I was able to snatch catnaps before I had to turn and change position again.

Around 2:30 one morning, about six or seven weeks before the arrival of my five babies, I got a fright. That day, as most laundry days, had been particularly strenuous. I had done huge amounts of family washing—including all the bedding; had lifted heavy wash baskets, and hung out all the clothes. Then I had to remake all the beds, and by the end of the day I was exhausted. I was awakened that night by what felt like hard labor pains.

Eventually I timed the contractions at 12 an hour, but I had no way of timing the flurry of bumping and kicking. The pains lasted for about two hours. Several days later I had one of my regular weekly checkups, and I remembered to describe to Doctor Berbos what had happened that night. I thought I'd been close to miscarrying, but Doctor Berbos decided from my description I'd probably had a bad case of cramps, false labor pains, as they say.

Early on Tuesday evening, the tenth of last September, I drove in to see Doctor Berbos again. The heat seemed unbearable. Maybe I was just fagged out, discouraged at the prospect of growing more and more uncomfortable, while I waited eight weeks for my delivery.

Aberdeen has traffic troubles like any other town. That evening I was lucky and found a parking place only half a block from Doctor Berbos's building.

I hobbled to his office, stopping every now and again to catch my breath. I was weighed by the nurse and sat in the crowded reception room until my turn came.

I don't recall my weight or much of anything about my examination or the conversation between Doctor Berbos and me. I was too shocked when he suddenly told me I had to enter St. Luke's Hospital for X rays and tests. I was to go there immediately, he said, adding he couldn't predict how long I would be obliged to remain in the hospital. Before he could tell that, he had to learn the results of the X rays and tests.

I explained to Doctor Berbos that Andy couldn't take time off from work and stay home, and I couldn't leave my houseful of children until I had help. Doctor Berbos listened sympathetically, as he always does when a patient talks to him. He agreed that I could check in at St. Luke's next morning.

Fortunately I reached Mom on the phone right away. She threw a few clothes in a bag, told Dad and Norbie to expect her when they saw her, and that night slept where she usually sleeps when with us, a cot on the porch. In the morning Mom drove me to St. Luke's, got me registered and admitted and all.

Everybody in Aberdeen takes pride in St. Luke's, a fine modern hospital, run by the Sisters of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. St. Luke's has 225 beds, and I don't know how many doctors, nurses, technical aides and other employees are on the staff.

'It seemed to me that I cried for hours.'

The maternity floor was like a second home to me; Sister Stephen, the administrator of the hospital, and Mrs. Eldon Gapp, the dark-eyed, dark-haired night superintendent on the maternity floor, were there to reassure me. There also was Mrs. Marguerite Dorman, and Mrs. Tina Stephens, who had stood by me on my previous trips to the hospital. Sister René and Sister André were calm-faced and tranquil.

I was assigned a bed in a large, pleasant room. New mothers occupied the five other beds there. I had the tests Doctor Berbos ordered. I went to the X-ray room, lay on the big steel table. I now know that the X-ray plates were developed at once; but I didn't know it then. I also know now that Doctor Berbos telephoned Andy that afternoon and talked to him quite a while.

At five o'clock, after finishing work, Andy arrived at the hospital. I hadn't expected him until after supper. His manner seemed odd. I wondered if he might be coming down with a cold.

Andy didn't take the chair beside my bed. In a nervous way, he told me I should have taken a semiprivate room down the hall. That room, 304, was \$20 a day, but off to 304 I went. Then Andy left, saying he would be back later, that Doctor Berbos wanted to talk to us both.

There was another bed in Room 304, but it was unoccupied. I got out of my bed and sat in a chair. All sorts of worries and fears were chasing around in my head, mainly circling about those X-ray pictures. A nurse brought me supper and I ate some of it, and thanked her when she came for the tray.

At half past seven Andy returned. Now he was talking a blue streak—all about how Julie had renamed her pet kitten "Scaredy-Kat" after Danny teased her for being so scary herself, what Charlotte had said at the supper table, what Mom had cooked for them, how all the children sent their love. But he looked worse than on his earlier visit, and soon he ran out of aimless talk.

In the stillness between us my worries grew. What had the X-ray pictures shown. I studied Andy's pale face and decided for sure he had picked up some kind of bug. I suggested he'd better go on home, take some antihistamine tablets, and get some sleep.

Andy didn't go. Nine o'clock came. In the hall the bell rang. Visiting hours were over. I told Andy to wake up out of his daze, that it was past time for him to leave. Andy mumbled something about getting special permission to stay; he said he was waiting until Doctor Berbos came.

For almost an hour, with Andy in one chair and me in the other, we sat silently. It was nearly 10 o'clock when Doctor Berbos finished his rounds and came in. Two nurses followed.

Doctor Berbos went quickly to the room's unoccupied bed and perched on the edge of it. Then he leaned on an elbow, wrinkled his forehead and grinned at me. As I remember, the conversation we all had went like this:

Doctor Berbos: "Well, Mary Ann, what do you think of all those babies?"

I said, "What do you mean, all those babies?"

"Hasn't Andy told you?"

Andy spoke up. "No, I didn't tell her anything."

"Well," Doctor Berbos said to me, "you have a lot of babies in there."

"Twins? Do you mean twins?"

"More than that."

I said, "Oh, you're kidding."

The doctor said, "No, I'm not kidding. You've got five of them in there. You're going to have quintuplets, Mary Ann."

I said, "Oh, Doctor Berbos, quit kidding me. You've been teasing me so much! It gets me upset."

He stopped smiling. Now his expression was sober, almost stern. "Mary Ann, I'm serious. I've seen the X-ray plates, and the impressions are very distinct. The pictures show you are carrying five babies. Five."

I looked at Andy, and from his face I knew that Doctor Berbos was in earnest. I sat there, unable to say anything. I felt numb, dazed.

Doctor Berbos said, "Now don't get depressed. Don't start worrying about it. You're going to need a lot of rest. I want you to get in bed and stay there. If you need anything, remember to ring a nurse. Don't jump up and try to wait on yourself."

He got up, patted my shoulder and told Andy to see that I was a good girl and obeyed doctor's orders. Then he went out, closing the door.

A LONG, TEAR-FILLED NIGHT

I still sat in the chair. Andy got up and helped me to bed. It was then I broke down and started crying, crying hard. Andy rang the bell. A nurse came at once and gave me a pill, something that was supposed to settle my nerves. Andy left then.

I cried for quite a while and slept fitfully. Surely a family with 10 little children, all under eight years of age, would need rich parents.

There in the hospital, of course, I had no notion of the generosity that would be heaped on Andy and me. Nor had I any idea that strangers scattered all over the world, poor people, rich people, famous people, would be interested in hearing that Mary Ann Fischer had given birth to five babies at once. In a vague way, I suppose, I had heard of the Dionne quintuplets, but they were before my time. . . .

It seemed to me that I cried for hours. Finally I went to sleep. Toward 1:30 in the morning, Thursday morning, I woke with a backache. Backaches had been the first warning in each of my other pregnancies.

Forgetting Doctor Berbos's instructions, I hauled myself up on my feet, went in the bathroom and washed my face. There must have been a nurse on duty, listening for sounds from my

room. Before I finished washing, she came in. Her name was Mrs. Dosch, but it turned out there were Fischers in her family. She sat down, and we talked until about half past three in the morning; we tried to figure out whether Andy's dad, John Fischer, was related to her. Quintuplets weren't once mentioned in our two-hour conversation. Somehow that made me feel better.

When Mrs. Dosch finally left, I was able to go to sleep again. When I woke for breakfast, on that 12th of September, the backache was just as bad, if not worse.

Possibly I wasn't yet able to accept fully what Providence had in store, but the St. Luke's atmosphere of warmth and kindness, supported me. Sister Stephen and Sister André called in my room and left me with trust in God and pride in myself. They told me that Andy and I must be very good parents if God had chosen to grant us the extraordinary blessing of five more babies.

Later Mom visited me, excited and pleased. Mom said she had phoned my news to Dad, who had relayed the news to Earl. We talked about Julie's sixth birthday, which was the next Sunday. Mom was going to bake her a cake with candles, and probably the whole family would hold the party in Wylie Park across the road from our home. All the youngsters enjoy the buffalo and deer that are kept in Wylie Park.

Next day, Friday, I felt that my delivery was close at hand. Sister André dropped by for a visit that cheered me. She said the Sisters and nurses, everybody in the hospital, would pray for me, and for the safety of my coming babies.

Soon after, Mrs. Dorman, whose short hair is almost pure white, came by. We talked about my other children and she gave me three of her own religious medals—the Sacred Heart badge, St. Benedict's medal and, on a chain, the medal of St. Gerard, who is the patron saint of all mothers. I put the chain around my neck, and fingered the medal throughout the afternoon and prayed that St. Gerard would help me. Later on, Father Donald Glynn paid a visit, and gave me the Mother's Blessing.

I can't remember when I felt the first twinges of labor that Friday, or when the nurses on the maternity floor began their careful watching of my contractions. I can't recall how many nurses there were, or how often they came in, or when I was prepared for the delivery room.

Doctor Berbos, had a talk with me. He said it would be safest for my five babies if I went through the delivery without any drug or anesthetics to lessen the pain.

The sky was black outside my hospital window—there had been one of our marvelous South Dakota sunsets that seem to flood the whole world with waves of orange-red light—when Mrs. Karlen, a nurse's aide, came in. With her was Angelina Rahm, a technical aide at St. Luke's. Mrs. Rahm has seven children; she told me her youngest

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 68)

I probably wouldn't have met Mary Ann if I hadn't taken up bowling. I wasn't very athletic. But around 1952 the King Pin bowling alley opened here, and some friends asked me to join the Rollaway League, which had mixed teams of men and women. I had never rolled a bowling ball in my life, and it surprised me when I turned out to be pretty good at it. That first year I ended with a 150 average and got progressively better. Bowling became my main recreation.

Mary Ann and I aren't just sure when we first seriously noticed each other. She and



Aberdeen's most famous bowling enthusiasts receive gift bowling balls.

'WE AREN'T GOING TO LIVE IN A FISHBOWL.'

ANDREW J. FISCHER
• with John Bird

another girl were the only unmarried women in the league, and I was the only bachelor; so naturally we were teased a lot. One day when I was bowling, Mary Ann came in the King Pin to buy a new ball and wanted to try it out, but all the alleys were taken with a tournament. However, a league member named Henry Kindschi was looking for somebody to substitute for his partner, so he asked Mary Ann to team up with him. They ran up a 500-plus score and took first place. I was in the next lane and saw what a powerful and accurate bowler she was. So a couple of nights later when Henry called Mary Ann to go bowling, she had to tell him that she couldn't—she was going with me.

Mary Ann claims that she began to take a real interest in me when we met at a dance and I asked her to waltz. Like any good German in this part of the country, I learned the waltz first, and it still is the dance I like best. It's her favorite too, and not long after that dance we started going around together. We had lots of excuses to be together, because I was elected president of the Rollaway League, and she was the secretary. We bowled several nights a week, and between times went to movies and dances. Two years later we were married in St. Mary's Church in Aberdeen, and after a family reception and dance at Hecla we drove out to the Black Hills for a week's honeymoon.

And then on Friday, September 13, 1963, we had five children and were expecting five more. I was just getting ready for bed that night about 12:30 when the phone rang. It was the hospital reporting that

Mary Ann was in labor and that I should come right over. I threw on a sport shirt and some slacks and ran out to my car and drove to the hospital and went right up to the obstetrical wing on the third floor. Mary Ann already had been taken into the delivery room, so I went to the room where they keep the charts and asked the nurses there if they would put on a pot of coffee. I figured it would be a long night.

During those long, endless hours I guess I was the typical father, drinking cup after cup of coffee—which I don't like—and chain-smoking cigarettes. Then a little after 1:58, I heard a baby's loud cry, and a nurse came in and said, "It's a girl."

About five minutes later there was another cry, and she came by again. "A girl?" I asked.

"Yes."

Ten or eleven minutes later: "No boys yet, huh?" I asked.

"Another girl," she said.

Then there was a long wait, about 25 minutes, during which I gulped down more coffee. Finally the nurse came by again and I asked, "No boys yet?" She said, "There is another baby, but they didn't tell me whether it's a boy or a girl."

This really had me shaking my head. Our son Danny was going to have a tough time, I thought, as the only boy in a family of nine girls. Then after the fifth baby was born, about 22 minutes later, the nurse told me that it was a girl—and that the fourth one had been a boy! Of course I was happy to have the girls, but the fact that we had another son gave me a special thrill.

I looked at my new children, and those few moments by the nursery window were the last opportunity I would have for quiet reflection for many days. The Fischers' private world was about to explode in a blaze of flashbulbs. I had my first hint of what was to come when I was still in the chartroom just after the last baby was born, and a local photographer and a reporter showed up and started taking pictures. And before I left the hospital at 4:45 in the morning, photographers and reporters were pushing around, asking all sorts of questions.

This scared me more than that waiting period. I never had been interviewed before; I was nearly exhausted and not thinking clearly. I didn't want to say anything that might sound foolish.

When I reached home that morning, reporters were banging on the door, and the house was full of people. It was a madhouse. I had to get out of there. About 10 o'clock in the morning I slipped out and got somebody—I don't even remember who—to take me to my parents' home.

Soon the reporters and other people had discovered that I was at my folks' house and were just about to break down the doors there. One woman I had never seen before had scribbled out a contract on the back of an envelope, giving her power to handle my "public relations," and she was determined I was going to sign it. I told her I wasn't going to sign anything. This was just the first of many deals that people would try to make with me.

I was dying for sleep, and the house was filled with a blur of pointing cameras, out-

stretched hands and smiling faces, offering me congratulations and asking questions I couldn't answer. I had to get away.

I finally managed to get over to the parish house of Sacred Heart Church without being followed. I sneaked into the garage back of the big parish house and knocked on a side door. A young priest whom I didn't know came to the door.

"I'm Andy Fischer," I said. "Everybody is after me, and I have to get away from them. Can I come in for a while?"

My first hint that many people wanted to help us came early that Saturday morning after I got home from the hospital when Chuck Morrissey, the foreman of operations at Nash Finch, the wholesale grocery firm where I work as a shipping clerk, came out to my house to see me. He told me that Ray Gronos, the manager, had heard the news on the radio and wanted to make sure that I didn't worry about my job—that Nash Finch would give me leave of absence with pay as long as necessary. That was wonderful news, I can tell you. Then a few days later Elroy Harrington, my landlord, who had taken over the milking of our cows, told me that I needn't worry about paying the \$50-a-month rent on the farmhouse. In fact, he would give us either the house itself or a site for a new home.

We certainly didn't have our hands out—in fact, we hadn't even thought about the possibility that people would want to be so nice to us. Just the same, these thoughtful offers from my boss and my landlord took a huge load of worry from our shoulders at a most critical time.

The only trouble was that within a day or so the mail, gifts and offers had swelled to such proportions that it was completely beyond us. We couldn't even *begin* to read all the letters. (Somebody told us that the Dionne sisters had sent us a nice greeting, but to be honest, we haven't yet seen it and believe it must still be in the mass of mail that our bank is sorting out for us.)

Happily, the clouds of publicity soon lifted a bit, and we learned that we aren't going to have to live in a fishbowl, at least not as far as the people of Aberdeen are concerned. Within a day or two, after the novelty had worn off, we were able to come and go as we pleased. I think Mary Ann really began to feel better a couple of days after she came home when we went bowling one afternoon; she just went along to watch, but she certainly itched to get her hands on that ball.

Every day now, after we take our other youngsters to school, or when we go after them, Mary Ann and I stop at the hospital to see the quints. They are already beginning to develop individual personalities.

Neither we nor the doctors know as yet whether the five are quads plus one, or two sets of twins plus one, or triplets plus twins. As I understand it, we may not have that answer for a year or so, after various tests can be made and the looks of the babies give us some clues.

And every day we pray for them, asking God to help them to become healthy, happy children who can grow up in a normal way. We also pray for ourselves, for the common sense to make a good life for our beloved family of 10 children. •END



Used in the Isolette's plastic sleeves, nurse Phyllis Johnson feeds 14-day-old quintuplet Mary Catherine.

When the phenomenon of the Fischer quintuplets burst upon Aberdeen, S. Dak., hardly anyone in town, including Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Fischer, was prepared to cope with it. But Dr. James N. Berbos was, and so was St. Luke's Hospital. St. Luke's is a topflight, well-equipped, 225-bed hospital with an annual operating budget of \$2,000,000 and a 63-year record of quiet efficiency in the hands of the Sisters of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Over the past 43 years, obstetrical teams at St. Luke's have delivered nearly 50,000 babies, among them 546 premature infants, 250 sets of twins and one set each of living triplets and quadruplets. The staff at St. Luke's copes with an average of 10 "premies" each year. Thus, when St. Luke's director of nursing service, Sister Mary André, was alerted by Doctor Berbos to the impending multiple birth, she could act with a veteran's decisive calm. She quickly mobilized five Isolettes, each one an intricate, specialized incubator in which temperature, humidity and oxygen intake can be precisely controlled. As soon as Doctor Berbos and his obstetrical team delivered each quint, the child was popped into an Isolette. Sealed in these, with temperature and humidity kept high, and handled only through plastic-sleeved portholes, the Fischer infants were fed through tubes inserted in their noses for almost a week. They remained in the Isolettes, even for diapering and weighing, until they gained enough strength to brave the "outside" world of the nursery. Although such treatment is not unusual for premature babies, the quintuplets multiplied each task by five, and their good health—indeed, their survival—is a tribute to Doctor Berbos and St. Luke's staff, perhaps the only people on September 14th who could regard the Fischer children as just five more premature infants.

R_x for premature quints: Handle with care.



ays, Mary Magdalene, suspended in sling inside Isolette, registers 3 pounds at first weighing.



ing first crucial days, James Andrew is fed, one teaspoon at a time, through a tube in his nose.



Readying quints' formula, Sister Mary Jude fills dozens of bottles.

Unexpected fame
intrudes upon a simple,
quiet family life.



Andy Fischer collects family's regular mail from box in front of their old farmhouse. Quints' mail is so heavy it is delivered to a local bank.

Dangling his daughter Evelyn, Andrew Fischer brings his wife up to date on the course of events during her confinement in St. Luke's Hospital.



The Fischers' five older children (left to right), Charlotte, 7; Julie, 6; Denise, 3; Evelyn, 4, and Daniel, 8, line up atop one of their two milk cows while the head of the family steadies her. Before the quintts were born, Andy kept the cows to help feed



He has now given them to his brother-in-law, Earl Brady, since a local farmer offered the Fischers a year's supply of milk. The children called this one their pet, and they play with many other pets around the rented farm, where dogs,

cats, lambs and ducks are part of their daily surroundings. Daniel, the Fischers' only son before the quintuplets came along, begged his mother to bring him a baby brother from the hospital. He didn't bargain for four more sisters, but got his wish.



Watching State Teachers College homecoming parade, the Fischer family enjoys curbstone seat. Mary Ann, foreground, sits near her mother, Mrs. Elmer Brady.

A fascinated
public showers
the Fischers
with attention.



With their three oldest children, Daniel, Julie, Charlotte, the Fischers sift through some 60,000 letters they have received from all over the world since the birth of the quint.



Student nurses from the local hospital's School of Nursing used the Fischer quintuplets as the theme for their float in the homecoming parade.



Picking up the threads of normal family life.



Choosing a hat to go with an outfit donated by an Aberdeen shop, Mary Ann Fischer jokingly tries a leopard number with a wide brim. She rejected it, picked a small brown topper to match her suit.



The Fischers pray in front-row pew at Mass celebrated at Aberdeen's Sacred Heart Catholic Church on September 29. It was Mary Ann's first visit to church since the quintuplets were born 15 days earlier. The two oldest Fischer children, Charlotte and Daniel, are between their parents.



...ing along a road near their home, the Fischers—Andy driving—crowd Andy's 1925 Model T Ford, purchased 12 years ago for \$25. Before the quintuplets were born, the Fischers owned two other vehicles—an old farm truck and a 1953 sedan. The truck finally gave out, and the rickety sedan has been replaced by a new station wagon, loaned to the Fischers for a year by an Aberdeen car dealer. Andy clings to the vintage car, for which he has purchased special license plates, as a hobby.

'We don't know why we were chosen for this

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58) was five, just the age Julie would continue to be for another day. It was then around 11 P.M. My pains were coming fairly fast. Mrs. Karlen and Mrs. Rahm wheeled the delivery cart to the bedside and helped me scoot over. In a moment we left the room. It was a short ride down the hall, with them telling me to relax, to be calm, to keep my chin up. I felt confident and buoyed up by the prayers of the Sisters, by the belief God would be with me and my five babies when we needed Him.

In the delivery room was Doctor Berbos, wearing his sterile white gown. There also were Mrs. Gapp, the night superintendent of nurses and Sister René, the hospital anesthetist. I can remember hoping I would get through the delivery unaided by drugs, regardless of the length of the coming ordeal—for my own sake. Maybe I thought of the delivery of my quintuplets as a test of myself, what I could stand if I had to.

By then my contractions were rapidly increasing in severity. It felt as though all five of the babies were in motion.

There was a large mirror at the end of the white room, with its round pool of brilliant light pouring down on me. The bright overhead lights made the corners seem dim and shadowy. I tried to push from my thoughts the fact I must endure the final pain that immediately precedes birth not once but five times. I must have gritted my teeth. I was determined that I would stay in control of myself, and not scream or cry out.

Doctor Berbos told me to relax. From then on whatever Doctor Berbos ordered me to do, I did. When he said, 'Mary Ann, bear down,' I bore down, and when he said, 'Now take a deep breath,' I took the deep breath.

More people had begun to come into the delivery room, dressed in the white, sterile clothes. Mrs. Dorman came, Mrs. Lillian Kirchgassler, Mrs. Tina Stephens, all nurses. Mr. Neal Auble, another anesthetist. Two other doctors Dr. Albin Janusz, Dr. Bernard King. Next day Doctor King made me very proud with a compliment I will never forget: He said I was the bravest and most wonderful patient he had ever seen in his entire practice. Probably he was exaggerating, but still . . .

I hardly noticed the opening and closing of the door from the hall as the new people came in to assist Doctor Berbos. I was concentrating on following his orders, listening to the words of encouragement of Mrs. Gapp, who stood at my left handling the glucose which was being given to keep up my strength. I was watching in the mirror at the end of the room.

The first of our quintuplets, our daughter, Mary Ann, was born a few minutes before two A.M. on Saturday morning, September 14. Her small pink bottom, as I learned later, led the rest of her tiny body into the world, and then I heard the first cry of the first of my five babies. One masked nurse held Mary Ann aloft, and said: "Oh, what a pretty little girl! Oh, she's a darling." Mary Ann was the smallest and weakest of our quintuplets, but to my ears her cry sounded husky, vigorous. Gently, quickly, she popped in voluminous folds of sterile cloth, and carried away to an Isolette in the nursery.

As little Mary Ann disappeared, I was happy Andy and I were the parents of another daughter. There were four more chances, I recall telling myself, for a son. After another five minutes of labor, there was a second climactic pain, and, head first, Mary Magdalene arrived.

"Oh, what a lovely little girl! Oh, but she's sweet."

I received oxygen again. Mary Magdalene Fischer—named (but later on, of course) for Andy's mother—was held up so that I saw her in the mirror. My mother-in-law, Magdalene Fischer had 23 reasons to be pleased when Andy and I named our second-born for her. Mrs. Fischer had 23 grandchildren, no namesake. Mary Magdalene was whisked away to join her sister in the nursery.

Eleven minutes of labor followed. Then a "footling," as the nurses described her to me, Mary Catherine, joined our family. For me—another long, deep breath of the reviving, welcome oxygen.

"Oh, what a little beauty! Oh, she's a real doll. She is perfect."

Welcome words. In the mirror, very welcome, too, the reflection of a third tiny girl, pink and healthy in appearance, crying lustily. Still crying, Mary Catherine went on into the nursery.

With three of my five babies now safely born, I was grateful. I loved my three daughters from the beginning, but I guess I was human enough to recall I still had two more chances for a son. Until that point my labor had gone smoothly, following as normal a pattern as could be expected from a multiple birth.

COMPLICATIONS WITH A SON

When the fourth-born of the babies—the one boy—attempted to push his way forward, there was trouble. He lay awkwardly. I had the utmost confidence in Doctor Berbos. I was exhausted by my struggles, but conscious of nearly everything going on. I wasn't afraid. Doctor Berbos seemed entirely calm. Quickly he located a little foot, and in a matter of minutes, or perhaps seconds, the fourth of our babies, another "footling," arrived.

Later Andy and I named him James Andrew Fischer. The "James" of our baby son's name was given to him in honor of Dr. James Berbos. The "Andrew" is for his father.

Bearing a son, so wanted by Andy, Danny, and myself, was a particular joy.

The last of the quintuplets—Mary Margaret Fischer—was born at 3:01 A.M. She was the heaviest and strongest of our four newly-born girls. She was named for my grandmother, Mary Margaret Schroeder, the mother of my mother.

After everything was over, I was wheeled back to Room 304. There I saw Andy. For hours he had been in the chartroom on the maternity floor, drinking cup after cup of coffee—and Andy dislikes coffee. My husband and I kissed. He had seen our quintuplets, lying in their Isolettes, through the glass that shuts off the nursery from the public corridor. All five looked fine to him, Andy said.

For several minutes he held my hands and we looked in each other's eyes. Then Andy had to

leave; the nurse said I must sleep. Mom had been called back to Hecla, just about the time I went to the delivery room, by the sudden death of a close friend and neighbor. Neechie and Evelyn had gone with her. Andy's mother was now acting as substitute baby-sitter for Danny, Charlotte and Julie.

After Andy left, I fell into a tired sleep. When I awoke, the telephone in my room had been removed. I had no way of knowing that the telephone out at my home was ringing constantly as people from all over the world were trying to transmit congratulations, best wishes and business offers. Nor did I know that newspapermen, magazine writers, advertising men, salesmen of every kind, were flying into Aberdeen.

Later that day, and next day, and next day the Sisters brought me vase after vase of flowers. Six separate bouquets of pink rosebuds I particularly remember. The Sisters brought me telegrams and letters too.

There was a telegram from President and Mrs. Kennedy, telegrams from the two United States Senators from South Dakota, George McGovern and Karl Mundt, a telegram from Governor Archie Gubbrud. There was an announcement from Mayor Cliff Hurlbert of Aberdeen that he was declaring an official Quintuplets Day.

It all seemed unreal. I felt like somebody in a dream. I hadn't so much as touched any one of my five babies. Nor had I seen them except for the quick, shadowy glimpses in the delivery room mirror.

One of the letters I opened contained five one-dollar bills, one for each of the babies. The letter was from Mrs. Grace Miller, now retired, who had taught school for 38 years in Hecla. Mrs. Miller had taught my mother, three of my uncles, my brother Earl, my younger sister Pearl and myself.

Mrs. Miller wondered if I remembered being in her class in the seventh and eighth grades when I was 12 or 13. I remembered. Indeed, my memory goes much farther back, back to an old one-room schoolhouse, two miles from our farm. On opening day in September of 1938, 12 small students marched inside and took desks. Twelve students and one under-legal-age visitor. Me.

It was my brother Earl's first day of school not mine. Earl was six years old; I was only five. That fact didn't matter to me. I firmly intended to begin my formal education at the same time my brother began his. To this day I can recall watching Earl, until that morning my constant companion and only friend, start up the road. His school bag was swinging as he strode briskly forth. He was whistling.

How I escaped Mom's vigilant eye, I don't know. But I took off in hot pursuit, and I must have run fast. When I caught up with Earl, he was still half a mile short of the school. Unlike some brothers with kid sisters, Earl understood and sympathized with my problem. He let me accompany him.

The teacher, Miss Mildred Moore, was sympathetic too. She notified the folks of my whereabouts and allowed me to remain. Naturally I didn't go to school with Earl every day that year, but I went a good many. I wasn't permitted to

onderful experience.'



Since the first news of the quint's birth, the Fischers have been bombarded with gift offers ranging from automobiles and home appliances to baby shoes, a dog and a year's supply of milk. All offers are being screened by an officer of the local bank before acceptance. Picture above shows some of the goods being offered.

but I could listen to the real students recite their lessons, and at recess I could play with my brother. Educational questions, as you say as a parent, were more simply and settled 25 years ago. I was born on April 15, 1932. I was born on June 8, 1933.

In the Dakotas the 1930's, the days of the depression, are always referred to by my mother and their friends as the "Dirty 'Thirties." Dust storms darkened the sky. In the foreboding times that followed, the hopes of thousands of families blew away too.

Grandma and Grandpa Schroeder—he was alive—worked day and night at whatever they could find, at whatever cash wages were paid, and managed to hold on to their 640-acre farm. This is the same farm Mom and Dad later bought from Grandpa's heirs, and still own.

My 54-year-old father was orphaned at 13, and while he was sheltered by one relative after another. Dad learned at an early age to endure hardship without complaint. But even Dad was rueful when persuaded to talk about the hardships of the '30's. In 1934, when I was a

toddler, we lived on a rented farm. Mom was raising 400 chickens in the backyard. One night, badgers got into the chickenhouse and did away with her entire flock. That same year Dad was raising turkeys. A hail and windstorm came up, the brood turkeys trampled their eggs, and escaped into the open, where the hail killed them.

Once, Dad worked for a more prosperous neighbor for a dollar a day, and it was often a 14- or 15-hour day. Another time he sheared sheep with hand shears at eight cents a head. Today my brother Earl pays his shearers 50 cents a head, and provides power-operated clippers for them. While Dad slaved at jobs which paid cash money, Mom looked after us and her garden and also ran the farm. She remembers a time when the price of hogs dropped to two cents a pound and she sold a 200-pound sow for two dollars.

And, speaking of prices, the price of corn went down so far that my parents used it for fuel. Brother Earl remembers stuffing ears of corn into our wood stove to heat the kitchen and cook our food. I don't remember this, but I do recall a hard-times cereal Mom fed us for breakfast. She ground up wheat fresh from the field in what was

probably a coffee grinder. Anyway, it separated the chaff from the sweet, edible part of the grain. Earl and I found Mom's hot cereal delicious.

Probably because Mom and Dad didn't whine and complain, and gave us the best of whatever was available, Earl and I are convinced that we shared a wonderfully happy childhood. I worked in the fields with Dad every chance I got. I probably pitched more hay and drove the tractor more than Earl did. Pasted in her album Mom has a snapshot of me aged around eight, taken while I was proudly aboard Dad's tractor on my first solo drive to the fields.

Any day in the week, I chose field work to housework, although I liked cooking passably well. I didn't learn to sew until after I was married—really not until my first pregnancy with Danny. I then bought the pattern for a maternity dress, sat down and sewed it together.

My brother and I had plenty of fun. We had our own horse to ride, Sparkles. Sometimes the two of us climbed on the horse's broad back and rode to school together. We played white settler and Indian, sheriff and outlaw; because Earl was the older, I always had to be the Indian who bit

'The Fischer family has been a happy



Mrs. Fischer and four daughters pictured at 1961 fete in look-alike costumes made with her mother's help.

the dust, the outlaw captured by the sheriff. I was hard put to keep up with my brother, but I tried. I could run almost as fast, throw a baseball just as far, and, after many afternoons of practice at a basket Earl hung in the barn, I finally could make as many baskets as he could.

Mrs. Grace Miller, my grade-school teacher, remembers my winning for Hecla first place in the 100-yard dash at an all-state track meet. She remembers how the junior-high boys in the school used to fight to get me on their team in baseball games because I could throw a fast ball. She also remembers that Earl and I lived in the country, a long distance from the school, and had to leave the playground early in the afternoon, which cut down on our getting well acquainted with the town kids. To her, Mrs. Miller says, Mary Ann Fischer seemed shy.

Probably I was shy at school, socially shy. But Mom's memories of me as a small girl at home and those of my teacher certainly don't match. Mom remembers the time I climbed up the ladder of an old, wobbly silo. As usual Earl was with me but, alarmed and disapproving of the stunt, rushed and called Mom. When she arrived on the scene, she found me strolling around the top rim of the silo in spite of a 40-mile gale. At the top of their lungs, she and Earl shouted and guided me down the side of the silo to the ground.

As a child I wasn't frightened by wind and storm, and I loved our deep snows. Then Earl

and I could walk over the tops of buried fences. I remember one stretch of low ground, particularly dear to us, where snow sometimes drifted so high it topped the telephone poles, and the black wires lying on the white snow looked like long lines of rope.

There was one storm, however, that frightened me badly. It happened just before Decoration Day, in 1940. My sister Pearl, seven years younger than myself—and now Mrs. Vern Zimbelman of Roseburg, Oreg.—was a baby.

Mom was making a little baby dress for Pearl and finishing a dress for me, so we would both have something nice to wear next day at the memorial services. Dad had gone into Hecla on a job that morning. The rest of us ate an early supper. Earl and I were wearing our pajamas, but he was in Mom's bed, while I was waiting for Mom to pin and sew the hem of my new dress.

A hard wind had been blowing. At around half past five, suddenly, there was a lull, a deep silence, a queer sort of hush that I can still remember. Outdoors everything seemed to stop. Mom put down her sewing. She stood up quickly, and opened the door to the porch. Somehow her quickness must have frightened me.

I followed. Outside, the sky was a dull, flat, peculiar gray color. On the horizon, I saw three spinning, whirling, tunnel-like affairs of an almost black, dirty gray.

It was a tornado. A triple-header, and aimed straight at us.

Screaming at me to run for the car, Mom turned around and ran to the bedroom to get the baby. As I ran for the car, I could hear her voice screaming at Earl to get out of bed.

Our house wasn't too sturdy, and our cellar was shallow. Outside in the backyard, not far from the racketing chicken houses, Mom handed Pearl to me, and she and Earl piled in the jalopy. With her driving with the accelerator pressed down to the floorboards, the four of us reached our neighbors down the road, their sturdy house and deep cellar, barely in time.

Mr. William Schroeder had just closed the door on his family and us four, huddled together in the cellar, when the tornado struck. The electricity went off. Pearl squalled dismally. I hung onto one of Mom's hands, one of Earl's hands.

The noise was deafening. More terrifying than the noise, the crash of thunder, the lashing of rain, was the force of the winds hammering at us. Four or five different times, as I can still vividly remember, the whole house above us was lifted up from the foundations. Through the wide five- or six-inch space that abruptly appeared all the way around us in the cellar, as the house went up, we could see by the flashes of lightning that zigzagged in the drenching rain.

When the tornado was spent, we four Bradys went home. Dad was there. Our battered house, with its 21 windows blown out, still stood. Gone were the big barn, the brooder house, the toolshed and Dad's tools, the two chickenhouses.

Only seven of 500 broilers which Mom had been raising for market survived. They were loose and wandering around in the mud and devastation. Earl caught two of the seven survivors. We ate one on Decoration Day, next day,

for dinner. But Mom had to cook it at Aunt Mary Scott's farmhouse. Their place was also located near Hecla, but out of the tornado area.

It took my parents a long while to clean and redecorate our house, longer to restore the outbuildings. Earl and I helped bail out the gallons of water and the mud which smeared the floors, the furniture, the walls. We also helped clean and scrape the walls—twigs and blades of grass had been driven into the plaster like needles—so Dad could have a smooth surface to repaint. Weeks later I found the top of Mom's sewing basket in a distant field. Mom scrubbed and reupholstered our sofa. She and Dad are still using that same sofa today—23 years later it remains Dad's favorite place for catnaps.

Two years after the tornado I had another frightening experience. Earl and I shared in the blame for it. One summer morning Dad told us to go to the hayfield and get up hay for the stock. Earl was to walk and let me ride on the hay rake.

Our hay rake was pulled by two horses. It had two big wheels standing about five feet high, with a seat between them; at the back curving down in an arc were the steel teeth of the rake.

Our hay rake was intended to carry one passenger. However, Earl didn't feel like walking in the hot sun all the way to the hayfield.

A few yards out of sight of the house, we decided Earl should sit in the seat while I sat on his lap and held the reins. My brother got on the seat with me on his lap, and I took a good firm grip on the reins—or so I supposed. But then, some way, I dropped one of the reins.

Both horses took fright and began to spin in a circle. Earl is quick-thinking. Instantly he squirmed out from under me. He inched himself and fast down the long, slippery tongue, connecting the rake to the horses. He held tight to the tongue, and at the same time tried to catch hold of the flapping rein. All at once he slipped. He managed not to fall off, but in grabbing onto the tongue he kicked both horses squarely in their middles.

At once the horses took off at a gallop. How Earl ever saved himself from falling under their hoofs, how he climbed back up to the seat, neither of us knows. He shouted to me to get off the hay rake at once by jumping over the teeth in the rear. I wouldn't do it. I was too afraid. In a runaway, as Earl knew, the hay rake was almost bound to overturn. Shouting to me to follow, he jumped off the back.

I hung onto the iron seat, perched up in space. Ahead was our wood pile, rising almost to the height of the shed. The hay rake hit the wood pile. One wheel went over the pile, sending logs flying in every direction, while the other wheel stayed on the ground.

I hung onto the seat with both hands.

Around the barn the horses raced. There stood a cultivator and a manure spreader, with a space between them, wide enough for the horses to pass through, but not wide enough for the two wheels of the rake. One wheel, with a jolt, rode over the top of the cultivator, the other wheel went over the manure spreader. Now I was yards up in the air, looking down at the runaway horses.

I still hung desperately onto the seat.

ne. Our hope is to keep it that way.'

ext, I saw Mom, Earl and Dad leap forward, ng to stop the horses. They had to jump back. erwise, they would have been killed by the ndering hoofs. Nothing could have stopped e horses at that moment.

ur car was parked in a driveway in front of ouse. The horses and the rake and I went t over the hood of the car.

could see the public road in front of our e, the ditch, a truck coming along the road. horses were headed in that direction. I still g onto the seat.

he horses then made a sharp turn, went ough Mom's garden like a plow, making a plete mess of it. Beets, carrots, beanpoles, t corn, zinnias, asters, marigolds, went down dirt came up. Just beyond Mom's garden a big cottonwood tree. One wheel of the crashed into the tree. The horses stopped. ad, Mom and Earl came running to lift me he hay rake. They had to pry each of my rs from the edge of the seat.

don't want to give the impression that life on arm was nothing but hardship and near-dis-rs. After the drought and depression there good years too. Earl and I had a wonderful in high school in Hecla. I must admit that I more interested in school activities, particu- in athletics, than in books. I played on the basketball team, pitched for the softball a, and competed in all kinds of track and events. And there were many school dances, s, and picnics. My closest friend was "Corky," a Karlen, who also happened to be my her Earl's girl friend—and who for 11 years has been my sister-in-law.

fact, I liked farm and small-town life so h that after I graduated from high school, in , I didn't want to leave the Hecla commu-. My folks had a different idea, though. They ght I should go on to school. As I had liked e of the business courses in high school, such yping and bookkeeping, they had a teacher t the Aberdeen School of Commerce come to Hecla to talk to me. It took two trips to uade me to enroll in a six-month course in ing business machines. When I went to rdeen I was homesick for a while, and went t to the farm nearly every weekend.

t least I did until I met Andy while bowling. he School of Commerce I had gone in for ts in a big way, playing on the women's bas- all team, pitching for the Nurses Softball n and going roller skating. After finishing course as a Comptometer operator, in 1952, I a job with the Aberdeen office of the Socony- oil Oil Company. Some of my friends there me interested in bowling and persuaded me y it. As it turned out, I had a knack for the e, and soon was bowling in a mixed league, is, one with teams of men and women. Andy the only single man in the league and I was of the two unmarried girls, so we were teased . Perhaps this helped promote the idea of our g together—or, as some of my friends say, y needed a good bowling partner.

a any case, by 1953 we were bowling together ral nights a week, and our team was winning naments. On nonbowling nights we went

dancing and to the movies. It happens that the waltz is my favorite dance and Andy is especially good at it; that perked up my interest in him. Two years later we were married in St. Mary's Church in Aberdeen and drove out to the Black Hills for a brief honeymoon.

In the years since then the Andrew Fischer family has been a happy one, despite our finan- cial struggles—and our main hope is to keep it that way. Our life now has been suddenly changed by what has been called "the joyous miracle" of

quintuplets. We don't know why we, among mil- lions, were chosen for this wonderful—if fright- ening—experience, but we are doing our best to measure up to our new responsibilities. We are strengthened by the outpouring of good wishes from warmhearted people all over the country. Our guide will be just what it has been in the past—the welfare of our whole family. I think Andy put it best, right after the quintuplets were born, when he said, "the Fischers now have ten chil- dren, *not* quintuplets and five others." • END

Clad in sterile gown and mask, Mrs. Fischer gazes wistfully at one of quintuplets she has not yet handled.



'BE HOME SOON'-DOCTOR

By Steven M. Spence



ONE CHANCE IN 54 MILLION

Until some scientist or mystic ventures an explanation, involving perhaps the sunspots, fallout or a favorable juxtaposition of the stars, nothing but sheer coincidence can account for the birth of two sets of quintuplets and two sets of quadruplets on two successive Saturdays last September. They were widely scattered geographically. On Saturday, September 7, Mrs. Efrén Lubín Prieto gave birth to boy quintuplets in Maracaibo, Venezuela, and in Jackson, Miss., Mrs. Thomas P. Harkins bore four girls. On September 14, Mrs. Mary Ann Fischer's quintuplets—four girls and a boy—made their debut in Aberdeen, S. Dak., and in the small town of Naen, 325 miles south of Teheran, in Iran, Fakhri Mousavi, wife of a shopkeeper, Mojtaba Rafieiyan, gave birth to quadruplets, two boys and two girls. There are no precise figures on the incidence of quintuplets and quadruplets, but quint is estimated at once in 54- to 57-million births, and quads at once in around 500,000 births. The United States average for triplets is one set per 9,800 births, and for twins one pair per 90 births. In spite of all the attention on the Fischer quint, no one at the moment knows how identical they are, how much they will look alike. Obviously, since they are a mixed quintet, all five can't be identical, as the Dionne girls were. But future studies may throw light on the question. Identical twins—or birthmates in higher numbers—arise from a single fertilized ovum, or egg, which divides into two or more embryos. Fraternal twins, on the other hand, are the product of two ova, released by the mother at a single ovulation period or at two periods near together. Since identical twins (or identical quintuplets) share the same parcels of genes, or heredity units, from the mother and father, their physical makeup, and to a large extent their mental endowment also, should theoretically be the same. How can you tell at birth whether the babies came from one egg or more than one? In some cases the placentas and membranes will provide clues. If the babies shared one placenta and were enveloped in a single outer membrane, the chorion, they were probably identical twins, even though each may have occupied a separate inner sac, or amnion. But arrangements vary greatly and when three or more babies are born at once the placental evidence loses reliability. In the case of the Fischer quint, there appeared to be five placentas fused into a single mass. Dr. William T. Sweeney, the St. Luke's hospital pathologist, also reports that three babies shared one outer membrane and two another, though the inner sacs were probably individually compartmented. "But we cannot tell from this evidence," he said, "how many of the quint is identical."

Dr. James Berbos, six feet three and 210 pounds, is, like many big men, completely imperturbable. He is a well-loved family doctor who accepts with outward calm the stresses of a working day that sometimes runs on into the next one. Furthermore, he would rather listen to a patient's story than do a lot of talking himself. By his own definition, Jim Berbos is a laconic man, given to low-key announcements.

For example, when he picked up his phone in the tan brick-and-stucco Aberdeen Medical Center last September 11 and called his partner, Dr. Bernard F. King, he gave no hint of the importance of his message.

"Bernard," said Doctor Berbos, "I'd like you to stick around and help with a delivery one of these days."

Doctor King chuckled. "What's the matter, Jim? Can't you handle your own deliveries?"

"Well, this is going to be a little different."

It was, of course, the biggest "little difference" in the recent history of American medicine, a one-in-54-million event that had not occurred, with surviving babies, on the North American continent since the birth of the Dionnes 29 years ago. When Doctor King found why his help was being recruited he could not believe it.

"Jim, you're crazy," he exclaimed.

"Go look at the X rays," Doctor Berbos replied.

Later that day the two physicians walked over to the hospital's X-ray department so that they could examine the astonishing evidence, the clear shadows of five small infants, complete from their perfectly formed heads to the tiny bones of their fingers and toes.

With this alert to Doctor King and another to Dr. Albin Janusz, a young surgeon, Doctor Berbos began the medical preparations for the drama that swept St. Luke's Hospital into a controlled frenzy of activity.

In delivering more than 3,700 babies in sixteen years of general practice—most of it in Aberdeen—Jim Berbos had coped with many tough births—twins as well as singles. How difficult the delivery of the Fischer quint would be, he could not predict. But he knew that most multiple births present special problems. As the authors of an authoritative obstetrics textbook point out, the risk of death to the mother, while still low, is two or three times that with a single birth. "The conduct of multiple pregnancy," the authors remark, is therefore "an excellent test of the obstetrician's acumen, skill, judgment and patience . . ."

Jim Berbos also knew that the hazards involved in twin or triplet births were almost certain to become even more serious if the mother was to deliver five. Moreover, there would be a battle to keep the infants alive in an environment for which they were not quite ready. For the Fischer quint were to come six or eight weeks early. Prematurity is the most frequent cause of death among infants, and the smaller they are when born, the slimmer their chances of survival.

Doctor Berbos, who celebrated his 41st birthday just 15 days after the quint were born, was fully aware of all these challenges and hazards. And by training, skill and experience—plus the help of his colleagues—he was able to meet them successfully.

After an hour of labor the first baby was born in the frank breech position; that is, bottom first. Doctor Berbos supported the baby but did not hold her up by the heels, in the usual fashion. "These prematures are

too fragile to handle that way," he said. The second baby was born in the normal head-first position, and the third came feet first. As each baby was born Doctor Berbos clamped and cut the cord and passed the child to Doctor Janusz, who elicited the first cry. Doctor King then carried the baby to the nursery and checked its condition.

As the drama came to a successful and happy conclusion Jim Berbos reached for a phone and called his wife. "Sally," he said, "they're all alive and all right. I'll be home soon." Then, after checking the condition of the new quint in the nursery, he emerged from the hospital to sudden and unwanted fame.

During their first precarious weeks of the quint's life, Doctor Berbos spent several hours a day with them, and he continued to check each carefully at least twice a day during their long stay in the hospital. He would listen to their heart beat, pay attention to their color and another clue to the state of their circulation, watch their breathing, their crying and the vigor of their stretching and kicking. Since they were naked in their warm, humidified incubators, he could see them easily, but he handled them as little as possible. "You don't want to do too much examining or manipulating when they are so small and fragile," he explained.

Care of the quintuplets, as of thousands of other premies, has been greatly facilitated by keeping each baby in the carefully regulated private environment of an Isolette. Made by the Air-Shields Corporation of Hatboro, Pa., and now used throughout the world (the Venezuela quint born a week before the Fischer are in Isolettes), this specialized incubator is basically the invention of Dr. Charles C. Chapple. He introduced it in 1937 in Philadelphia.

Prematures lose less weight by evaporation, Doctor Berbos explained, if they are kept in an atmosphere of high humidity. And because their body-temperature regulating mechanism is still imperfect, it is also important to keep the incubator temperature high, in the 80's or 90's. Not only is the air heated and humidified, it passes through filters that remove all bacteria. And during the first few days of the quint's lives, oxygen was added, in small amounts, to assist their breathing.

The quint were given their first nourishment, sugar water, when they were about a day and a half old. On the third day they were transferred to an artificial milk formula. Because sucking and swallowing reflexes are easily exhausted at this age, they were fed for the first week or so through slender plastic tubes inserted through the nose into the stomach. The fluid feeding was slowly dripped into the tube through a funnel—four cubic centimeters, or about a teaspoon, every two hours.

Doctor Berbos is always within arm's reach of the telephone, at the kitchen table, in his bedroom, or in the library. Here he plops into a leather-upholstered chair late at night, takes a fistful of folded reminder slips and telephone notes out of his shirt pocket, thumb through them, returns some patients' calls, puts other slips back into his pocket for the next day.

"He just has so many patients," Mrs. Berbos explains. "He loves people. We both do. It's difficult to cut down a practice under those circumstances. But I've been saying to him for years, 'Jim, if you would only cut out your OB practice.'"

She laughed. "Wouldn't that have been awful! Just look at what we'd have missed!"

•END



able general practitioner Dr. James Berbos, here checking up on 16-day-old Mary Margaret, has delivered more than 3,700 babies in his 16 years of medical practice.

TOWN REACTION: 'WOW!'

By Trevor Armbrister



Ever since the morning of September 14, when a shy, retiring, 30-year-old housewife named Mary Ann Fischer gave birth to quintuplets, the 23,000 residents of this prairie city have had mixed emotions. They are happy, proud that such an event could take place in Aberdeen. They are also vaguely troubled, aware that the presence of quints constitutes a new responsibility. Mindful of the circus atmosphere that surrounded Canada's Dionne quintuplets, conscious that world attention is focused now on *their* behavior, they hope they can meet the challenge. On the success of that quest depends not only the integrity—and quite possibly the future growth—of their community, but also the happiness of their most famous family.

If Andy Fischer at the beginning was startled by the news, the people of Aberdeen were incredulous. Recalls Mayor J. Cliff Hurlbert, "Things like this just don't happen in Aberdeen. They happen in Timbuktu. So when I first heard the news, of course I didn't believe it. Then, when all of us realized it was the truth, our reaction changed to one of concern. We realized the quints' chances for survival were slim. Finally, when they seemed to be out of danger, we let our enthusiasm go to work."

The city hardly hid its joy. Outside Dean's I.G.A. Market on South Main Street, workmen hurried to remove the billboard advertisement (Terrace Park Ice Cream, .88 one gal., Swans Down Angel Food Cake Mix, .25), hastily hoisted a new sign that read:

CONGRATULATIONS
TO THE FISCHERS
4 GIRLS 1 BOY
WOW

At radio station KABR, announcers proudly noted that their programs originated in Quint City, U.S.A. At the Orpheum Theater on South Lincoln Street, the new arrivals shared billing on the broad marquee with Doris Day and *The Thrill of it All*.

Like an avalanche, the enthusiasm built on itself. At the Alonzo Ward Hotel, bartender William Armantrout whipped up a concoction called the Quintini (four olives, one onion in a double Martini), sold more than 60 of them in the first few days. Other restaurants followed suit, offered a Quintuplet Cocktail and a Quint Collins topped with champagne. Veteran postmaster Ed Stromwall happily planned to replace his current cancellation slug (Keep South Dakota Green) with a new one saluting the quints. And in a hotel lobby, Chief Standing Bull, grandson of Sitting Bull, welcomed the quints into the Standing Rock Sioux Tribe, then asked his some-



Mary Ann and Andy Fischer, right, view proud Aberdonians parading in honor of quintuplets Oct. 14

what self-conscious braves—one wore tennis shoes; another sported sunglasses—to dance for visiting newsmen.

Phone calls, telegrams, letters cascaded into the city. Swamped by the early deluge, telephone company chief operator Eleanor Lance upped her staff by one third. At the Western Union office, telegraphers Howard Lohman and Joe Noonan handled a record 498 messages the first day, 1,670 the first week. Weary postmen began lugging sacks of congratulatory mail to the First National Bank, where thoughtful officials quickly found room in the vault.

Soon the gifts began to arrive. Aberdeen's citizens offered flowers, scholarships, dozens of cases of baby food and, through their Chamber of Commerce, a new home that could cost up to \$100,000. An Eau Claire, Wis., man offered five chinchilla quints born September 14; a dairy in Ohio offered a cow and 300 pounds of cheese; an Oregon company donated half a ton of potatoes. The Connecticut Sheriffs' Association sent Andy Fischer a check for \$100, made him an honorary member because he was "a real man." And someone, thoughtfully, provided the Fischers an adding machine to tot it all up.

On the heels of these gifts came the more commercial offers. News media sought contracts. Public-relations firms and advertising agencies requested endorsements—for companies making bread, toys, books, baby food, baby furniture, cereals, calendars and chewing gum.

"Most of these offers were presented in a decent and dignified manner," recalls an attorney for the family. Yet there was one enterprising man who wanted to drive his truck into the Fischer farm, scoop up dirt, place it in little bags bearing Andy's autograph—and sell the bags around the world.

Wherever you wandered on Main Street—from Burckhard's Bakery to the Parsch Hardware Store—it was hard to find anyone who didn't believe the birth was the biggest event that had ever happened in Aberdeen. Says Ellsworth Karrigan, the tall associate editor of the *Aberdeen American-News*: "Oh, I suppose we've made news two or three times when we were the coldest place in the nation, or perhaps back in 1957 when an Air Force balloonist landed near here, or maybe in 1960 when John F. Kennedy passed through on his way to Los Angeles. But there's never been anything like *this* before; nothing that comes even close."

Yet from the beginning most people sensed that this was more than just a headline-producing story that would put their city on the map—and erase the lingering misconceptions of gullible easterners. It was, they felt, an event that would

have a significant and lasting economic impact. Some thought the quints would lure new flock of tourists, and talked of widening U.S. Highway 12 through town. Others said they might provide the spark to attract new industry.

Aberdeen needs both tourists and industry. Squatting on a card-table prairie, it is remote from centers of population. Minneapolis—the nearest city of any size—is 284 miles away. "Let's face facts," one businessman says. "With transportation costs as high as they are, we can't expect a company to ship raw material here, process them, ship them back to points of consumption and still make a profit."

Yet Aberdeen's people now are confident that the quints will help them reverse this trend, lure both industry and tourism. Whether or not the quints fulfill these expectations and "do something" for Aberdeen remains to be seen. Yet it is highly likely that the city will be able to "do something" for the quints. For—despite its problems—it is about as solid and decent a place as anyone could have chosen for the quints to be born in and brought up.

After the quints were born, Mayor Hurlbert immediately issued a proclamation asking his citizens to pray for the welfare of the family. A concern for the health of the quints evolved into old-fashioned pride, the city decided to celebrate, planned a massive birthday party on October 14. Out went invitations to former President Eisenhower (who declined because it was his 73rd birthday), to President and Mrs. Kennedy, to the mayors of six other cities named Aberdeen; to the Prieto quints in Venezuela; the Diligentis in Argentina, the four surviving Dionnes in Canada; to other religious, civic and medical leaders throughout the country.

Happily, the city geared up for the chance to blow a big horn. Red, white and blue bunting sprouted over store entrances. Businessmen wore souvenir buttons, jangled souvenir coins, drove automobiles bedecked with stickers that read I'M FROM ABERDEEN, HOME OF THE QUINTS. And 13 young ladies from Girl Scout Troop 6 met night after night in the basement of the B. F. Wallace home on North Jay Street—pains takingly daubing pink and blue paint on 25,000 souvenir safety pins.

As the massive "birthday" parade began, the speeches rang out and the tooting bands swept up Main Street under a gray October sky, you couldn't help wondering how much longer the quints themselves—now so delightfully oblivious to their notoriety—would be able to remain that way. Finally, you had to conclude that Aberdeen being the kind of town it is, would do its utmost to make it a long time indeed.

• ENL

BRAND NEW



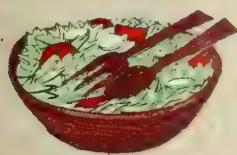
608 RECIPES
USING SOUP
200 PAGES



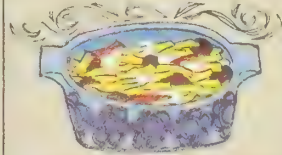
124 RECIPES
FOR MEAT
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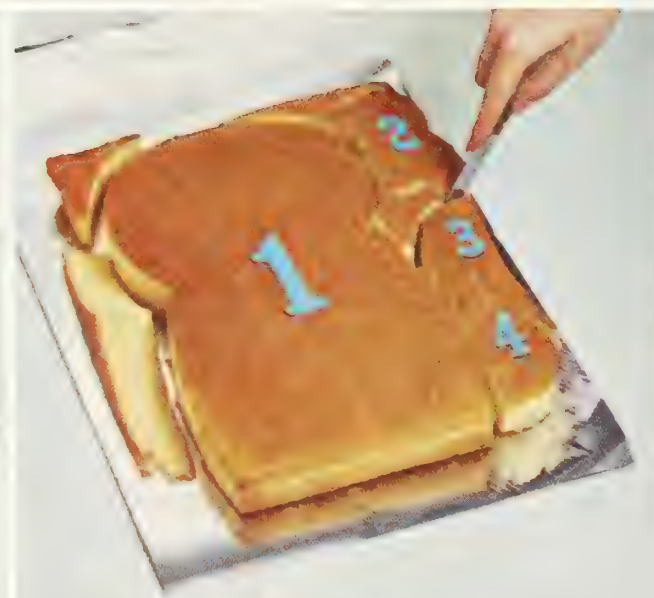
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... holiday cake you ever baked! Easiest, make Mr. Igloo's big, sturdy, throw-away pan off 4 strips "Quilted" brand Kaiser Foil, 14-inch broiling size. Stack to make 4 thicknesses. Fold outward at corners. Press points firmly against sides of pan. Lightly grease and place on cookie sheet ready for your extra-big cake.



Bake Mr. Igloo with 2 pkgs. favorite cake mix. Follow directions on box to mix. Reserve 2 cups batter for snowball-cupcakes. Pour cake into foil pan. Bake at temperature shown on box about 35 min., or until done. Cool cake 15 min. Gently peel back foil. Turn cake out on rack. Cool till cold. Turn rightside up. Use pattern* to cut cake or follow picture shown above.



Shape Mr. Igloo as shown. On foil-covered tray, arrange #1 (body and head) in center. Add #3 and #4 (arms), #2 (legs). Frost brown areas with 1 pkg. Chocolate Butter Cream Frosting Mix prepared as directed on box. Frost white areas with 1 pkg. Fluffy White Frosting Mix prepared as directed on box; spoon out 3 tbsp., tint with Orange Food Color for face.

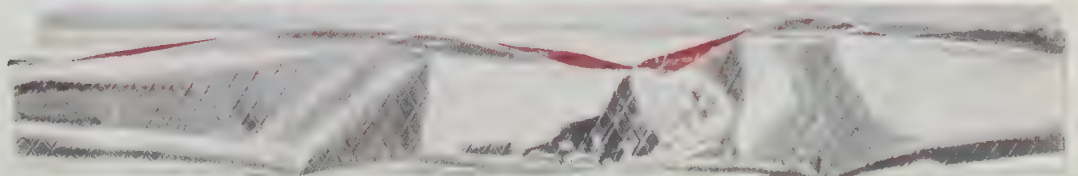
Bake Big Mr. IGLOO



Best for all your holiday cooking! "Quilted"® Brand Kaiser Foil has a special design which helps prevent sticking when you bake. When you roast your turkey "Quilted" Foil does the basting for you. Thousands of tiny ridges trap the natural juices and return them to the meat. Result: turkey roasts moist, tender, delicious. Get a holiday supply of "Quilted" Kaiser Foil today. Costs no more than plain foil.



Decorate Mr. Igloo: Sprinkle 1 pkg. coconut white frosting "fur" trim. Zigzag colored on border of jacket. Use redhots to trim eyes are black jellybeans; nose is a red gumbeak. Mouth is cinnamon whip. Everyone will love Igloo. Make him! Just be sure you use heavy-quilted Kaiser Foil, 14-inch Broiling size



SOPHRONIA'S GRANDSON GOES TO WASHINGTON

By Lillian Hellman

Pundits have tried to forecast the consequences of August's solemn march on Washington, but its total effect awaits the judgment of historians, looking back at us over the valley of sifted decades.

For a present-day assessment we decided to turn away from cold political analysts, seeking instead the artist, whose insights probe the true humanity of events; reason enough for the *Ladies Home Journal* to assign prize-winning playwright Lillian Hellman to cover the historic gathering. Along with recollections of a New Orleans childhood, Miss Hellman brought to the march the clear eye of a trained observer, the sensitivity and

The freedom march: "It was a sight that has probably never before been seen in America, maybe not



one of America's major dramatists, and the red affection for the South that characterizes work in such plays as *The Little Foxes*, *Another Part of the Forest*, and *Toys in the Attic*.

Hellman won the New York Drama Critics award in 1941 for *Watch on the Rhine* and in 1960 for *Toys in the Attic*. Among her works for the stage are *The Children's Hour*, *Autumn Garden*, *The Searching Wind*, the book *Indide*, a musical based on Voltaire's classic and an adaptation of Anouilh's *The Lark*. She also wrote *The Dark Angel*, *These Three* and *End* for the motion pictures. —THE EDITORS

It was cool at seven o'clock in the morning and nice to be sitting on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial watching the television cameras being set up for the great march. I was propped against a marble column so I could see the beautiful face and read again his Second Inaugural Address. I had forgotten the sentence, "It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces. . . ." Stranger still that so many years later 200,000 of these other men were on their way to stand before Lincoln and say that the sweat was still there.

I was waiting for Sophronia's grandson. We were never to meet, because his bus, coming from Alabama, didn't arrive until afternoon. But I didn't know that then, and the prospect of meeting Sophronia's grandson pushed up half-forgotten memories. I realized again how deep were my roots in the South, how I had loved it and not loved it, and how so much of me had been molded by a Negro woman, and molded to last for good.

Sophronia was my nurse until we moved north and could no longer afford to have her. There had been nothing sad about our parting. Sophronia didn't like tears, and I didn't do much that

in any land. Two hundred thousand people were stretched into endless spaces of good nature."



Over and over again. I heard the words. We went to jail praying and singing.

Sophronia didn't like. In any case, I was to see her many times again. We would return to New Orleans for six months each year, and I would rush to call on her at the new house she worked in, furious with jealousy about the three children she took charge of. One day she said I would have to stop being jealous or I couldn't come anymore, and so I stopped, or stopped showing it, and came many times again, and wrote for advice all through the years until I was 25 years old and she died.

I don't really know what kind of woman Sophronia was, because I never questioned what I saw or heard. I know that she was not a sentimental woman, being often critical of her own people and sometimes even downright mean. She did funny imitations of the uppity Negro butler down the block, and was constantly sharp with our boot-licking cook, and she didn't like one of her own sons, and no white person being "kind" or "liberal" to the Negro impressed her very much. Once, I had saved 50 cents and I gave it to a man who sometimes sold us wild ducks because he said he had rheumatism in his gun arm, and was hungry. Proud, I ran to tell Sophronia what I had done. She said, "You're sure one show-off white child, and he's sure one lying nigger."

My mother and father liked Sophronia, and I guess she liked them. My father was a man touchy about his own dignity and willing to walk out about it, or fight about it, and I think Negroes admire that and envy it. My mother and Sophronia talked together quite a lot, but Sophronia was a more worldly woman than my mother, and I think my mother's simplicity gave her a kind of malicious amusement. Sometimes, through the years, my father was jealous of Sophronia's hold over me, and when I was at my most rebellious, he would say, "The worst money we ever saved was to let Sophronia go," and one night he said, very angrily, "To hell with Sophronia."

That night started about midnight. We were waiting for a train in Attalla, Ala., although why or how we got to Attalla I no longer remember. My father had, among other eccentricities, an inability to travel from one place to another in a conventional line. If it was possible to change trains or make a detour, my father arranged for it. And, since we traveled a great deal between New York and New Orleans, stopping for business or for friends, we were often to be found in obscure railroad stations waiting for a train that would take us out of our way.

I was sleeping on a bench that night in Attalla, so I don't remember when I first saw the three figures—a young, very thin Negro girl and two white men. The men were drunk, my father said later, and maybe that accounted for the awkward, shaggy movements, the sudden twists and wasted turns. The girl would move to a bench, sit, rise as the men came toward her; move to a wall, rest, slide along it as the men came near; try for another bench, circle it, and move fast as they moved fast. She was trying to stay within the station lights and, as the train came in, she ran down the platform toward it. But she miscalculated and ran outside the lights. We saw one of the men light matches and stumble in the darkness toward her. When he caught the girl he put the fire to her arm before he kissed her. The girl dropped her valise and there was the noise of glass breaking.

I have no clear memory of the next few minutes until I heard my father say, "Let the girl alone." He moved forward and hit one man, and the other man hit my father, but he didn't seem hurt because he picked the girl up and shoved her up the steps of the train and came running for me and shoved me up the steps of the train and got in himself and suddenly began to yell, "My God, where is your mother?" My mother was on the ground repacking the girl's valise. The two men were running toward her, but she smiled and waved at my father and put up her hand in a gesture to quiet him. She had trouble with the lock of the valise, but she was unhurried about fixing it. My father was halfway down the steps when she rose, faced the two angry men and said, "Now you just step aside, boys, and take yourselves on home." I don't know whether it was the snobbery of the word "boys" or the accents of her native Alabama, but they moved aside.

The girl was invited to share our basket supper, and she and my mother spent the next hour or two clucking over the nature of men. I went in the corridor to find my bored father. "What did those men want to do with the girl?" I asked him. He didn't answer me, and so, of course, I knew. I said, "Rape her, that's what, and you saved her. You're a hero, aren't you?" He said, "What's a hero?" I thought about that for a while. "I don't know, I guess. But I'll see Sophronia in a few days and I'll ask her." That was the night he said, "To hell with Sophronia." But I did ask Sophronia, and she said, "Your father's all right, as white men come."

The day before the march on Washington I had talked with two girls and a boy from Gadsden, Ala., and as they described the electric cow prodders used on them by the police, I remembered the match put to the girl of so many years ago, in that town so close to Gadsden. That night two drunks had wanted a girl—desire had been part of the cruelty. But there could be no desire, although there could be many other things, in putting an electric cow prodder to the breast of a girl. The Southern tightly held fantasy that the black man is, or can be, the enemy is no longer mild chatter among kindly white people whose grandfathers or great-grandfathers once owned slaves. What is called poor white trash came down among them with the industrialization of the South and, fastening on an ignorant and cruel belief, took action.

The young Negroes from Gadsden said, "We had a lay-in in front of the Court House. They wanted us to stop, but we wouldn't. So they got out the electric cow prodders, and it's awful when you're sweating, it's just awful how it comes through you. But nobody screamed except one boy when they put the cow prodders to his pants. You know, the place in his pants. Then they took us all to prison, and we prayed and sang. In the Alabama State Penitentiary there were one hundred seventy-five in one cell with no beds and no cover and dirty food twice a day. A couple of the boys got sick, but there was nothing to do. Then one boy got himself an appendicitis attack, and we asked the sheriff for a doctor we knew, but he said no nigger doctor was coming into his jail. So later he got what he said was a white doctor, and this somebody doctor gave the boy two aspirin. The next day the boy got real bad, so they carted him to the hospital and he was lying in the hospital bed when another sheriff and two cops came, say-

ing to him, 'You, boy, are you really sick or just making up?' The boy said to himself he wasn't going to answer. That made them mad, so they got out their electric cow prodders right in the hospital room and put them to the boy, and all he could do was just lie there and holler." When I asked how the boy came out, they said he was better, much better than the boy who had had the electric cow prodders put to his testicles. He still drags his legs, and the doctor said maybe he always would.

I went around to see Senator Sparkman of Alabama that day. I had counted on being easy with any Southerner, but I was wrong. I asked him about the Birmingham riot, and he said the papers had always played down "trouble and brutality in Northern cities" and that the only person injured in Birmingham had been a white cop. Later I spoke to three Negroes who had been there. Two of them said more than 40 Negroes had been injured, and one of them laughed and wouldn't answer. In any case, the September 15th bombing, with the death of four little girls and two boys, makes the arguments of no importance. The Southern answer is often an attack on the hypocrisy of the North, and has been since the Civil War.

I told Senator Sparkman the story of the cow prodders, said I had checked it carefully, and that I was sure he didn't know of their use on human beings. He said cow prodders were nothing new for police departments. "And there's a lot of talk about the dogs used during the riots in Birmingham. But one of the first police departments to use dogs is right here in Washington. You come down in front of this building late tonight and you'll see a police car with a dog in it." I asked Senator Sparkman what he thought of the march, and he said it was very unwise, solutions to the Negro problem should be up to each community. I said I didn't believe equality was a community problem. He said he disagreed and had a busy morning ahead of him. I went out of the Senate Office Building thinking that the argument for states' rights was now reduced to the argument for the right of each police department to act as it saw fit.

It was carnival night in New Orleans, and I was 18 years old. Two boys had taken me to a bar in the Negro section where the jazz was good. They had been mildly drunk, and got drunker, and on our way home Michael, who was driving, pulled the car to the side of the road and went to sleep. Then Jim went to sleep, and I couldn't move either one of them and wondered what to do. I didn't have long to wonder. The police, always active in the Negro sections on carnival night, took us off to a remote police station, locked the boys up and told me to go on home. But I was frightened to go home and say I had been out with boys who were in jail, and so I decided to wait for morning. The cops were nice to me: One of them gave me his coffee and pretended shock that so young a girl smoked, but he gave me his cigarettes when mine ran out.

Then all hell broke loose on the street. A police van threw out a Negro woman with blood running down from a cut in her head into her face and eyes. When she had picked herself up, they brought her in and pushed her on a bench. I got up to say something, but the nice cop said I should just go take myself a walk. The other cop kept saying to her, "Who is he and where is he?" but she wouldn't answer, and after a while he said, "OK, when

continued



what else consoles them so often...



*except
Mother?*

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"It was good to hear words of emotion spoken without embarrassment"

you're ready." I said, "She needs a doctor. Get her a doctor." The nice cop said, "I told you to take a walk, kid." I said, "But she's going to bleed to pieces," and the other cop said, "You a nigger lover?" Then they both went into the next room, and I heard one of them talking into the phone.

I went over to the woman, closed my eyes so I wouldn't see the blood, and said, "Come on. Walk out with me. They won't dare to stop us because I'm going to call my father's lawyer and he is well known and will make a fuss." When she didn't answer, I tugged at her arm, but she pulled her arm away so hard and so fast that I staggered. She said, "Leave me be. Go on away from me. You just gettin' in the way." So, crying, I went on down to Sophronia's house, knowing she'd be just about on her way to church. I walked with her, saying things like if the white man's to be judged for giving the beating, then the Negro should be judged for taking it, and don't give me the stuff about turning the other cheek because you've turned it to where it's all slashed up. She didn't answer until she said, "The woman was a whore. When the black man's time comes round, it'll come from people of the church." The answer made me so angry that I followed her into church, saying that psalm-singing wasn't ever going to do anything more than sound good, and I left her and didn't go to see her for a month.

But she was right. Over and over again, on the days before the march on Washington, I heard the words, "We went to jail praying and singing." "The cops hit me, but I was praying." "We took the man to be registered for the vote, and he prayed all the way." One Gadsden girl was telling me about her brother. "On our way to jail, one white fellow stepped out of the crowd and hit my brother real hard. My brother's fourteen and he got a bad temper and won't pray, so he got himself all ready to hit the white fellow back, but I caught him and said, 'You stop that. You been allowed on this march for the sake of your people and you just ain't turnin' out good enough.' But he still won't pray or keep his temper, so we don't take him with us no more."

The prayer talk, the church talk, puzzled me, so I went around to see Bayard Rustin a few days before the march. Rustin is the man who ran the march on Washington, and he ran it from a small, shabby Harlem office more efficiently than possibly any mass demonstration in history. Rustin, as is sometimes true of the educated Northern Negro, has picked up the more colorful and florid idiom of the Southern Negro, and it was good again to hear words of emotion spoken without embarrassment or apology. Rustin said, in answer to my question about the church, "The Negro's deepest soul is in religion. But he is rising now to ask that the prayers lead him onward. He asks his God, who am I, where am I? Desperate am I for freedom, total and complete, and no law that gives less will fulfill my spiritual need."

Rustin made constant use of the word revolution—as indeed did the speakers on the day of the march—and I told him that I had never before heard the word used to mean a movement that was dedicated to nonviolence. He said that maybe it was a new kind of revolution, created by the Southern Negro who forced the Northern Negro to join him. Poor Negro and rich Negro, for the

minute, had the same interests—the police of Birmingham had made them brothers. He said that up to Birmingham the Negro had been fighting for the right to sit on a bus, the right to be served at a lunch counter, the right to go peacefully to the polls, but that the dogs and the hoses had changed that into demands for complete social and economic equality. He said that Negroes would be as devout in a cause as they had been in the church.

I walked away from the Lincoln Memorial leaving behind a message for Sophronia's grandson with an NBC cameraman who was wandering around looking for the unlikely combination of sunburn cream and a safety pin. The crowds had begun to arrive at the Washington Monument, and I climbed the hill with them. They didn't seem a large crowd at nine o'clock, and people were worried that maybe the march would be small and a failure. I sat down on the grass and got tired of listening to *We Shall Overcome*, a pretty good song, but not good enough. I was relieved when a guitar player began to improvise. He was singing, "That old Abe waitin' to say hello, lo, lo, lo. If you don't come, he goin' to shed his marble tears." But around ten o'clock they did come. Thousands and thousands of people began pouring off buses, and I went to find the Louisiana delegation.

They weren't hard to find because they had adopted overalls and clean, clean shirts as a uniform. I walked along with two of them whom I had met before. They told me that the night before there had been trouble among the five organizations that made up the march: Farmer, head of C.O.R.E., was in jail and unable to resolve the differences of opinion in his group, and Lewis, head of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, had been in a sharp row about his speech. The other leaders thought the speech was too militant. Lewis, after a long fight, had agreed to a toned-down speech. A girl said, "He did right. We can't start fighting. We got to stand together today and always." And a boy said, "How you going to do that? We'll be waiting another hundred years."

Many thousands of people were passing us now: The march had started, spontaneously, a good half hour ahead of schedule. People from the top of the Washington Monument shouted at them to wait for the leaders, but the guitar player was singing, "We don't need a leader to show us the way to Abe," and people laughed and sang back, "No, never, never, never." A Red Cross car passed, and I asked for a lift and sat next to a lady who was saying into a large machine things like "Roger," "Quiet here" and "Over." Everybody was having a nice time.

By one o'clock it was a sight that has probably never before been seen in America, and maybe not in any land. Two hundred and ten thousand people were stretched into endless spaces of good nature. It was hot by now, and people were packed close behind a fence that separated the grass and the Lincoln Memorial, but one could move through them with no trouble. They were lifting each other's children, giving each other sandwiches, making careful, silent passage for a blind man and his wife. It was a good-looking crowd. The number of tall, bony young men and spick-and-span, pert girls was enormous. I remembered that, the day before, Senator Ellender told me that political equality would lead to social equality, and social equality would lead to the degradation of the white

race. He's a pleasant old man, Senator Ellender but maybe he's got things upside down.

The movie-star-television-interview stuff was finished, the few friendly Congressmen were in their chairs, and the speeches had begun. Maybe no speeches could match the crowd; but these speeches, with few exceptions, were full of educated words and large generalities. Minority people often wish to sound more respectable than a Madison Avenue funeral, more fluty and proper. There was a "white" quality to the speeches until Martin Luther King. Doctor King stirred the audience as nobody had done before, but, for my taste, the rhythms were measured, the words self-conscious, and so I wandered off looking for something to eat, stepped into a hollow in the grass, slipped, and would have fallen if a very small Negro boy hadn't caught me and held me up. When I thanked him, he bowed and said, "All right, lady, courtesy of the commonwealth." I laughed and found that his companion, a tall, young man of about 20, was laughing with me. "What's that mean?" I asked. "Nothing," said the young man, "he just likes the word. Every week he picks a new word to like, and this week it's commonwealth."

I sat on the grass to rub my ankle, and the young man sent the boy off to find us a Coke. He said, "If there is a Coke, old George will find it." I asked him how old was old George, and he said 12, small in the body but mighty in the head. The young man had on the overalls of the Louisiana delegation, and I told him that's where I was born, and he asked how come I wasn't listening to the speeches, and I asked him how come he wasn't, and I said I didn't much like the speeches, and he said he didn't either. He told me he had been in jail seven times for trying to register a Negro in Greenwood, Miss., for leading a march in Baton Rouge, and had been so badly beaten up in McComb, Miss., that he was going straight from Washington to New York to put himself in a hospital because something had gone wrong with his neck and head.

He said old George was not his brother. George came from Jackson, Miss., and had been on a march when a policeman hit him over the head with a bottle and George's mother hit the policeman. The next day his mother said, "You take the boy. He ain't got no future except trouble in Jackson. You take him and teach him." "He's been with me a year, that George, and he can do anything. You should hear him make a speech."


George came on back with a bottle of Coca-Cola, and the young man asked him if he wanted to make me a sample speech. I wanted to say I could do without any more speeches, but George, holding onto an imaginary podium, was already launched. "I ain't going to start with ladies and gentlemen because you ain't ladies and gentlemen. You're just colored folk who better get your behinds on down to vote your way to freedom. The first correlative to freedom —" At the word correlative old George collapsed with laughter, or with pride.

The young man said to me, pointing to George, "Only way to make revolution. Get the kids on the road so they can see for themselves. That boy there has seen so much meanness, he's willing to die like a man to stop the mess. And when you're willing to die, you've won. . . Haven't I always told you that, George?" And George stopped laughing and said, "Yes, sir."

• END

GREEN BEANS PIZZARINO

GLORIFIED MEAT LOAF WITH TENDER-CRISP DEL MONTE GREEN BEANS

Try pizza-style seasonings on meat loaf and DEL MONTE Blue Lake Green Beans! Firm yet tender, these beans have the rich yet delicate garden flavor you need to do it right.  Make your favorite meat loaf based on 1½ lbs.

hamburger. Pack lightly into 8 or 9 in. ring mold; bake 40-50 min. at 350° F. Turn out on heat-proof platter or shallow baking pan.


Top with catsup, thin slices salami, Mozzarella cheese.


Broil 5-10 min., till the cheese is melted.

Meanwhile,



pour off the liquid from 2 cans (1 lb. size) of DEL MONTE Cut Green Beans. (See how nice they look! Clean-snipped and succulent, no strings. DEL MONTE Brand quality everytime.)

 Heat beans with 2 Tbsp. olive oil, 2 Tbsp. wine vinegar, 2 tsp. crumbled dry oregano, 1 tsp. garlic salt, ½ cup pitted ripe olives, halved. Stir them occasionally. Serve piping-hot in the meat ring. Serves 6.

 Now! How's that for quality and real value in green beans? DEL MONTE®





Mrs. Capper's Birthday Party

Friends and family, a marriage proposal, an uproarious evening at The Tender Shepherd, a hug and a birthday present from a movie star. . . . Quite a day for a lady who was getting on.



By NOEL COWARD

On the morning of Mrs. Capper's fiftieth birthday the alarm clock by her bed went off at seven o'clock just as it always did, and Mrs. Capper, dragged from the depths of early-morning sleep, tried to bury herself in the warm pillow to escape the dreadful sound. But it was no good and she knew it. Once that bloody bell had gone off she was awake and done for, and the dream she had been enjoying, whatever it was, was smashed beyond recall and the responsibilities of the day started queuing up.

She sat up in bed and stretched and had a look at Fred's photo in the leather frame, just as she always did. It was an enlarged snapshot really, not a studio portrait like the one on the dressing table. Dorrie had taken it with her new camera on the day of the picnic at Box Hill, the last day of Fred's embarkation leave before he went to Burma. She preferred it to the one on the dressing table because it was more cheerful and relaxed. There he sat, set forever in time, with his back against

a tree, grinning from ear to ear with a bottle of beer in one hand and Blitzie in the other. He was called Blitzie because Fred had rescued him from the rubble of a bombed house three doors down when they were living in Arlington Road in 1940. He was only a tiny puppy then and scared out of his wits. He lived until he was thirteen years old and blind in one eye, but he was never quite the same dog after Fred went away that summer in 1942, the day after Dorrie took the snap, as a matter of fact.

Mrs. Capper took her lower plate out of the tumbler and slipped it in with a slight grunt of pain; she had been sleeping without it for the last few nights because it had been rubbing and it always hurt a bit when she put it back in, but it wore off after a while. She got out of bed, pulled up the blind and closed the window, which had been open a crack at the top. Although the sun was shining, it was none too warm, but it wasn't worthwhile lighting the gas fire because she'd be down in

the kitchen in a few minutes. She shared the kitchen with Mrs. Loft, who lived in the basement, and to do Mrs. Loft justice, she nearly always kept the stove going.

When Mrs. Capper was dressed and downstairs, she found Mrs. Loft already up and about, wearing her pink padded dressing gown as per usual and made up to kill, beauty spot and all. Mrs. Capper often wondered why she took so much trouble in the early morning with no one to impress but herself, but Mrs. Loft was one of those gallant or foolish women—whichever way you care to regard them—who prefer to fight the bitterly encroaching years tooth and claw rather than to surrender gracefully to the inevitable and allow nature to take over. Her hair was a lyrical yellow, but unfortunately rather dry and fuzzy. She massaged her face and neck assiduously with skin foods and astringents; no effort was spared to keep time at bay.

This morning as Mrs. Capper came into the kitchen Mrs. Loft gave a

little yelp and began singing "Happy Birthday to You" in a breathy voice, at the same time going to the dresser, from which she took a small parcel wrapped in mauve paper which she pressed into Mrs. Capper's hand. While Mrs. Capper undid the parcel, flushing slightly with embarrassment, Mrs. Loft stood watching her anxiously with her head a little on one side like a dog waiting for a stone to be thrown.

"You shouldn't have, Alice, you really shouldn't have," murmured Mrs. Capper automatically, finally getting the ribbon and paper undone and disclosing a pink box with a small bottle of French perfume nestling luxuriously inside it. She sniffed at the bottle without taking the stopper out. "It's lovely, it really is," she said. "So fresh, like spring flowers." She gave Mrs. Loft an awkward peck on the cheek and carefully put the bottle back into its box. It was kind of Mrs. Loft to have bought her a birthday present, but somehow she wished that Mrs. Loft hadn't. It wasn't that she was

ungrateful, it was just some quirk in her character that rebelled at the idea of being beholden to anyone for anything. She had always been like that, ever since she was a little kiddie. Mrs. Capper poured herself a cup of tea and sat down at the table, oppressed by the thought that she would have to find out, deviously, when Mrs. Loft's birthday was and repay her in kind. Handkerchiefs were the safest bet, handkerchiefs with a nice monogram on them. She stirred her tea meditatively while she waited for the toast to jump up out of the electric toaster.

Later, jogging along in the Number Eleven that she had got onto opposite the Chelsea Town Hall, she reflected that, on the whole, she was better off sharing a house with Alice Loft than with some people she knew. Alice, with all her silly affectations, was friendly and well disposed, and certainly nobody could accuse her of lack of refinement. Refinement was her middle name; indeed, there were moments when it reached such a pitch that Mrs. Capper wanted to laugh out loud. But still it was better than drinking like a fish or using terrible dirty words in every sentence like Arlene Dunlop. Arlene was all right to go and have a good laugh with at The Tender Shepherd occasionally, but she wouldn't share a house with her for all the tea in China. Mrs. Capper reached for her bag, found a packet of Players in it and lighted one. She enjoyed her morning cigarette on the top of the bus every day, although she was far from being a heavy smoker.

She let herself into the small house of Toby and Audrey Nash with a latchkey which she kept on a chain next to her own. The house was dark and silent and, judging by the mess in the sitting room, there'd been a beano last night and no mistake. It smelled of stale smoke and there were used glasses and overflowing ashtrays all over the place. Mrs. Capper surveyed the shambles, pursed her lips and went down into the kitchen to take off her hat and coat.

The kitchen also was a shambles: the sink piled with dirty crockery, a saucepan coated with the remains of scrambled eggs, and someone had let a cigarette burn out on the table, leaving an ugly scar. Mrs. Capper opened the window to let fresh air in, rolled up her sleeves, put on her apron and went to work.

She was fond of the young couple who employed her. Their relationship, although it could not exactly be described as intimate, had been cheerful and friendly during the eighteen months she had worked for them. One or the other of them often had a little chat with her about nothing in particular, and once when Billy, her nephew, had come to the house with a message from Maureen to say she was going into the hospital right away as her pains had started, Mr. Nash had met him coming out of the front door and tipped him five bob.

At one o'clock, by which time neither Mr. nor Mrs. Nash had appeared downstairs, Mrs. Capper left the house. A few minutes later she was turning into The Queen's Head for a nice toasted sandwich and a glass of mild.

When she had finished her snack, Mrs. Capper walked slowly back to Fulham through the quiet Sunday streets. The one thing she always looked forward to was her Sunday-afternoon lay-down. On weekdays she wasn't always able to manage it because the Nashes sometimes required her to stay after washing up the lunch things and be there to answer the door if there were

any afternoon callers and help if people dropped in for drinks. Every so often it was as late as half past seven or eight before she could get away. It was only after a great deal of coaxing from Mrs. N. that she had agreed to work on Sundays at all—after all, most daily helps insisted on having the whole day off, but Mrs. Capper, as she often told herself, was a pushover. Anyway, Mrs. N. was very persuasive, and there was something appealing about her.

Mrs. Loft was out when Mrs. Capper let herself into the house, and she breathed a sigh of relief as she went up to her room.

When she had taken off her hat and coat she set about making the bed and tidying up. There was one thing she couldn't stand at any price and that was the sight of an unmade bed and everything looking slommacky. She usually managed to make it in the morning before she went out, but every now and again she'd let it lie and invariably, as now, regret it. However, it wasn't a long job, as she didn't trouble to turn the mattress, and the room was fairly neat otherwise. She could give it a good do out later in the week.

When the bed was done and she'd put aside two pairs of stockings for washing, she sat down in her chair and looked out of the window. It wasn't much of a view really, just the backs of the houses in Granger Street with their neatly segregated little yards. Through the window of one of the houses she could see a young man, stripped to the waist, shaving. A fine time to be shaving at three o'clock on a Sunday afternoon! The picture of Fred shaving at the Marine Hotel, Bognor-Regis, on the morning after their wedding night slipped into her mind and she let it stay there for a little without pain while she examined it. Fred

was taller than the boy opposite and Fred had had hair on his chest whereas the boy had none, and yet somehow there was a fleeting resemblance. The Marine Hotel had been all right as hotels go, but she hadn't really cared for it one way and another. In fact, she hadn't really cared for her wedding night at all. Too much strain and fuss. They had both had too many drinks to start with, not only at the reception at Fred's mother's, but in the train going down and in the hotel bar when they arrived. She could never rightly remember what they had had for dinner; all she could recall vaguely was that when they finally did get to bed it was all rather muddled and uncomfortable and nothing much happened.

The boy opposite wiped his face energetically with a wash-flannel just like Fred used to. On that particular, faraway morning Fred had cut himself a bit on the chin. She remembered getting out of bed and dabbing some of her new Eau de Cologne on it; he had winced violently and then suddenly kissed her even more violently, and after that everything that should have happened the night before seemed to happen at once and she remembered wondering at the back of her mind what they would do if the hotel maid came in and found them carrying on like that in the broad daylight and finally not caring whether she did or whether she didn't. Mrs. Capper sighed. It was hard to believe that it was more than twenty years since that telegram came. She had been upstairs doing the bedroom when the front-door bell rang. Maureen was on the floor playing with Blitzie, trying to make him sit up and beg, she could see her now. . . .

While she was sitting there beginning to feel drowsy and trying to make up her mind

whether to lie down on the newly made and give up to it or stay where she was, just doze, there was suddenly a loud peal at the front-door bell. The shock of it started her into full consciousness and, although she was not as a general rule given to swearing, she said "Damn" out loud; went irritably downstairs. When she opened the door who should it be but Mr. Godsall and her exasperation increased. Not that she didn't quite like Mr. Godsall up to that point, but there was something apologetic about him that always got on her nerves. He was wearing a dark-gray suit and a very bright-patterned tie and was holding a large brown-paper parcel in his left hand. Her heart sank.

"I was hoping to find you in," he said, and his voice sounded even more apologetic than usual. "I just popped round to wish you many happy returns of the day." He pushed the parcel at her suddenly as though it were scalding his hand, and she nearly anything dropped it on the step.

"Well," she said, forcing a smile, "that's very nice of you I'm sure, but you really shouldn't have."

"It's my pleasure," he replied gallantly. "Won't you come in?" she said. "I'll be back soon I shouldn't wonder."

Mr. Godsall removed his bowler and walked past her into the hall. "It's your name to see," he said with a self-conscious little whinny. "Not Alice."

Mrs. Capper ignored this and ushered him into the front room. The front room was Alice Loft's pride and joy, but there was something about its determined refinement that Mrs. Capper always found faintly aggravating. There were a number of occasional tables with little mats on them, and on the little mats were little ornaments and photograph frames. On the mantelpiece there were further ornaments and photograph frames and a Copenhagen chess set. Pierrot and Columbine who stood, with their lentless daintiness, one at each end.

Mrs. Capper indicated an armchair for Mr. Godsall in which he sat obediently, carefully hitching up his trousers as he did so, so as not to destroy the crease. Mrs. Capper sat opposite him on the sofa and began to undo the parcel while he watched her anxiously. When unwrapped the parcel turned out to be a cut-glass vase. Mrs. Capper placed it with care on a table and surveyed it appreciatively.

"It's really ever so pretty," she said. "It looks lovely with flowers in it."

Mr. Godsall nodded eagerly as though completely carried away by this bizarre idea. "That's what I thought," he volunteered boldly.

"I still say you shouldn't have," said Mrs. Capper, with perhaps a trace of archness. "But I love it all the same. Will you be right here for a minute while I go and get the kettle on? There's an ashtray just for you if you want to smoke."

"Thanks," said Mr. Godsall. "I don't mind if I do."

Mrs. Capper went down to the kitchen, put the kettle on and hurriedly arranged the tea things on a tray. There was the remainder of a sponge cake in the large tin. For a moment she toyed with the idea of making some toast, but abandoned it because it would take too long. She placed the sponge cake on a large plate, arranged some *petit beurre* biscuits symmetrically round it and opened a new packet of Biscoffs because there wasn't quite enough left in the old one. She wondered, a trifle apprehensively, what time Mrs. Loft would be back. She'd probably gone to the Christian Science Church near Sloane Square. Mr. Godsall, who owned a small tobacconist shop in



"Let's stop and get something to match my clothes!"

(Continued on page 11)

every woman who has been over-washing her hair...

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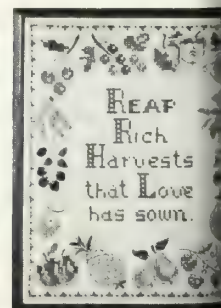
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Fruit Sampler: Companion piece to above. PSK-10/46F/O, price \$1.00. Handmade hardwood frame with metal gold lip, size 12½ x 14½", PSK-10/46F/O, \$6.95. Fits these samplers.

◀ **Needlepoint Mirror:** Trumeau mirror with upper section of needlepoint. The floral basket is completely finished by needlework experts. You fill the background then mount it and the clear glass mirror in its already finished antiqued gilded frame. Overall size 16¾ x 30". Kit AEJ-1, \$28.95.



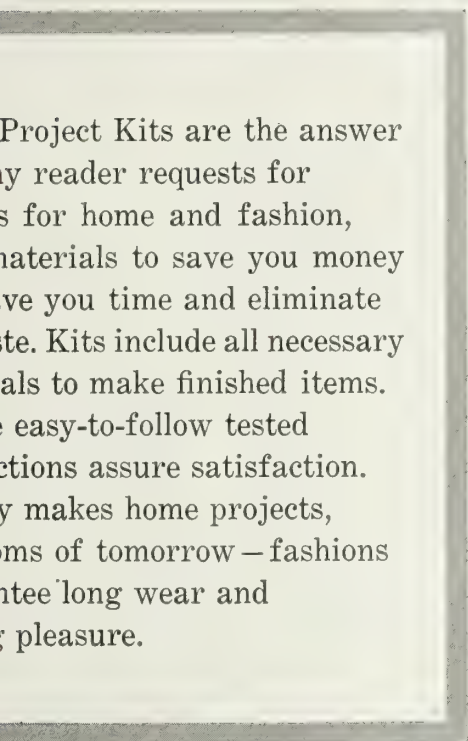
Sampler: The Museum original of this sampler dates back to the days when young recorded their skill as needlewomen in just this design is stamped on ecru linen to be cross-stitched in these colors; soft rust, greens, blue, yellows, pinks, browns and lavender. Kit includes embroidery floss. Kit PSK-26, price \$2.00. Handmade size 1½ x 20 x 25¼" of soft brown wood, F/O, \$6.98.



Needlepoint Pillow Tops: These exciting modern needlepoint tops are worked on Belgian canvas, printed in color. Each kit includes wool yarn, canvas, needle, instructions. JNS/4A, bird design for 12" square pillow in rose, pink and green. JNS/4B, flower design (same size) in medium and dark blue, turquoise and green. JNS/4C round floral design in rosy red, pink and orange fits 14" round pillow form. \$5.98 each kit.



Crewel Skirt and Tote Bag: Old crewel design embroidered with bright colors on black and white quilted ticking. Six gore skirt and tote bag are stamped for embroidery. Skirt is assembled ready for hemming and sewing on skirt band. Combination kit includes stamped ticking, wool yarn, zippers and instructions for both and lining and stiffener for bag. Send skirt size when ordering; 10-12; 14; 16-18. Kit JNJ/CO-3, \$12.98.



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Eagle Sampler: Wonderful Early American design perfect for country style households that will please any man or boy. Design is stamped on 100% Belgian linen to be cross-stitched in shades of brown and yellow. The banner is blue applique with motto cross-stitched in red and white. Kit includes embroidery floss and applique patch. Kit PSK-20, \$1.25. Handmade brown frame, 12¾ x 20", PSK-20F/O, \$8.98.

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Each week she read the love letters over again. They were his presence in her house, his shadow on the wall.

THE COUNTESS

Luisa Jiménez y Casaban, Countess de Salablanca, sat in her bedroom reading old love letters. She sat very straight, without touching the back of the chair. The disciplines of long-dead governesses in the schoolroom sixty and more years ago had given her the elegant rigidity of spine and the excellence of carriage that were, by themselves, an incontrovertible stamp of another age in another world. It never occurred to her to criticize the sloppiness of the new, the postwar generation because she never saw them except in fleeting glimpses on the streets of Manila when her car was held up in traffic. Then her brilliant eyes would stare for a moment at a soft, laughing group of girls on a corner. In spite of their tight clothes and meticulous makeup, she would decide in her mind that they were poor, were making the best of a bad living at home, putting on a brave face. When she saw a young couple, arm in arm, loitering toward a park bench or a soft-drink stall, they faded quickly into some memory of her husband, who had died twenty years before, but still occupied so much of her time and thought.

Their deportment with each other had always been impeccable, graceful, well-mannered and serene. But then, she reminded herself, it is easy to behave well when you are both loved and financially secure. They had always contributed generously to charities and the Church—he from a sense of duty and a wish to better the lot of the poor and sick, she because she felt that proper conduct depended on it—her own conduct and the recipients'. She hoped that those girls on the street were reached by some part of her charity.

There were silences in her love letters (written fifty-two years before, when she was a girl of eighteen). He had never, for instance, written that he loved her, only that he wanted to marry her. Spanish (the language that they had always used in letters and in speech to each other) lends itself to formality—formality with degrees of intimacy. Whenever she reread the letters, she remembered and thought in Spanish, and summoned for herself, in an instant, the correct, courteous and delicately searching nature of their marriage.

In those hot afternoons of early autumn the Countess seldom slept. When she was younger she had enjoyed the

tranquillity of the siesta hours, the diminishing activity in the house, faintly heard from her room, the slow uncoiling into the light, dream-filled sleep of daytime. Now she needed less sleep even at night, waking sometimes at five in the morning, and none at all in the afternoon. Instead, she would change into a white *robe de chambre*, intricately tucked and pleated, with deep lace at the throat and wrists—her husband had once admired just such a robe, and since then there had always been one exactly like it in her closet. He had been sharp-eyed and appreciative of her clothes, remarking even a new ribbon threaded through a petticoat or a different tracery in the lace of a new glove. She could not, now, forget the habit of dressing to please him.

When she had loosened her hair, she would sit at her rosewood desk or on the stiff little gilded sofa near the windows. There the sunlight, screened by the curly iron grille, thick with climbing jasmine outside and the wooden jalousies inside, would fall in striped and mottled design across her book—one of the neat, leather-bound books from her husband's library, the carefully fashioned lines of Juan de la Cruz or Lope de Vega, sometimes lives of the saints, occasionally a novel, more often the biographies that her husband had once urged on her with the remark, "The British have a talent for this kind of writing. They have learned to come as close as possible to gossip without reaching vulgarity."

"Gossip?" she had repeated, alarmed. "Vulgarity?"

A fleeting look of impatience showed on his face, but there was no irritation in his voice. "They will amuse you by their omissions. The shadow of the private man lurking behind the public figure." Even now, when she opened *Eminent Victorians* she would read the bookplate inside the cover, *Ex Libris Tomás de Salablanca*, and wonder briefly if she had seemed silly to him all those years ago. Then she would begin to read the familiar pages.

Frequently—at least once a week—in the moist afternoon heat and breathless silence of the house, she would reread the love letters. She counted them all as love letters, beginning with the first formal note in the third person in which he had requested the honor of calling on her, and ending with

By SANTHA RAMA RAU

the letter that had reached her on the night before her wedding, two years later. "My dear betrothed, I shall leave this at your house on my way to dinner with the Morenos, where I shall not speak of you at all, but equally will not hear the trivialities they talk about. . . . This letter, then, must be my presence in your house and in your heart—my shadow on the wall—for this last evening that I shall not be with you. . . ." Of course, there had been many other letters in the course of their married life—love letters too—but that particular one was always saved to be read last because it never failed to transform her, in her thoughts, to the thin, inarticulate girl of her youth, saved from plainness only by a pale complexion and the large, dreaming eyes of myopia. By the end of the letter she could always feel at least some echo of that past reassurance, amounting sometimes to triumph, in her marriage.

At five o'clock the Countess rang for Angelita, the bright-cheeked maid who had come to live in the house seven years before, as a child of fourteen, from the Visayan sugar estates. Since then there had been alterations. Angelita had lost her country manners and her tendency to giggle, but there had been no cure for the twisted foot and the lumpish, rolling effort of walking. Years before, driving through the Visayan estate, Tomás had halted the car at one of the cottages, where Angelita, a baby, was crawling in the dust beside the road. The contrast between the small, laughing face and the dragging, twisted foot had touched them both, and Tomás had extracted the easy promise from his wife that the child would always be taken care of and perhaps, one day, suitably married if such a bargain could be arranged for her.

Long after his death she had remembered this promise and had sent for Angelita, to train her for her modest future. Now both her coloring and her voice were subdued. Neatly dressed in black glazed cotton, she fetched a rose silk dress for the Countess. She arranged the Countess's hair swiftly and expertly, fastened her stays, hooked the high, boned collar of white lace around her neck. She held the dress low as the Countess stepped into it, and then fastened the thirty tiny buttons down the back. Finally, she sank clumsily to the floor to slip the silver-buckled shoes onto the Countess's narrow feet—all this without saying a word.

At last the Countess said, "Thank you, Angelita," and then the young woman smiled, opened the door into the hall for her and returned to draw back the shutters and tidy the room. When she heard the light, measured footsteps retreating down the corridor, Angelita began to sing to herself one of the sentimental ballads of the central islands. At the window she pulled in a spray of jasmine, broke off the flowers, held them to her nose and tucked them in her dress.

The staircase in the Salablanca house was very wide, wooden, uncarpeted and built in a lovely curve. Years of training enabled the Countess, still, to walk down the center of the stairs without touching either the banister or the wall. She was slightly scornful of women who fussed, clung to support, or watched their feet with an ungainly hunching of neck and shoulders as they moved down a staircase. She, as always, glanced critically at the ferns and orchids set against the walls, at the checkerboard expanse of black-and-white marble floor, broken only by the round carved table and the silver tray for calling cards. Then she

raised her eyes, allowed her feet to find their precise accustomed position on the steps and walked to the drawing room for tea, as though she were making an entrance at a ball. There had, in fact, been balls here in the old days, and she remembered walking down toward the blur of uniforms and gold and ruffled shirts—her eyesight had improved with age, but even then it had never betrayed her on one point: She always knew where Tomás was standing and went straight to him, head high, confident of the hand that would lead her to the music.

Never later than six-fifteen, the chauffeur would bring the big, prewar Mercedes to the front door. Marta, the fat, flurried parlormaid, rushed down the steps in a confusion of gathered skirts and muttered concern. She held the door open to the Countess's more peaceful progress, to the last moment advising another shawl, a rug, a fan, warning against too much or too little breeze from the window. The Mercedes always moved off before she could finish, and the Countess, sitting as erect in her car as she did in her own room, watched the hibiscus and bougainvillea that banked the turn of the drive, the break in the shrubbery through which she could see a corner of her carefully nurtured rose garden, difficult to grow in Manila's steamy climate, and then the high, white adobe walls cut by severe wrought-iron gates.

At the corner, where the narrow private road met one of the city's wider streets, the chauffeur stopped to wait for a break in the cross traffic. The Countess, still looking out of the window at the outside of the walls enclosing her property, saw a girl sitting on the bench at the corner. There was something teasingly familiar about the girl, and in the waiting moments the Countess noticed with approval that she wore no makeup, that her straight black hair was modestly and conventionally dressed in a bun high on the back of her head, that her plain white suit was obviously much worn, but clean and neatly pressed.

At the sound of the car shifting into gear to move into the main road, the girl, who had until then been rigidly, almost unnaturally still, suddenly hid her face in her hands. The sudden slumping of the body, the trembling shoulders seemed a clear indication that the girl was crying. The Countess tapped on the glass panel in front of her, startling the chauffeur—who thought she must be taken ill—and bringing the car to a jerking halt. The chauffeur sprang out of his seat, swung round to the Countess's door and threw it open, ready for an emergency.

"Do not look so worried, Ramón," she said. "I am only concerned about that young woman on the bench there. She appears to be in some kind of trouble."

Ramón flicked a quick look at slender ankles and a trim figure, and then at the shaking hands covering the girl's face. "She is crying, Countess," he said, as though he had never seen such a thing before.

"Evidently. Please ask her to come to me." She watched him carefully as he crossed the few yards of pavement, touched the girl lightly on the shoulder and muttered something indistinguishable to her. Properly enough, the girl's first expression was a compound of irritation and astonishment. She replied to Ramón sharply and, the Countess guessed, arrogantly. Ramón burst into further speech, gesturing at the Mercedes, pointing to the stiff old figure in the back seat. The girl said nothing. Ramón began again, a longer exposition. At last the girl shrugged and stood up. The Countess found herself pleased both by her evident reluctance and by the straight Victorian character of the girl's walk as she approached the car.

Their conversation through the open door of the car was filled with easy formalities on the surface. At the same time, more subtly, it was both sympathetic and wary. "You will forgive my intrusion, I hope. A privilege—or so I excuse myself—of age."

"It is very kind of you to be concerned. I didn't mean to make my troubles public. That's why —"

"That's why you are on a street corner and not at home."

"I often come to this bench, to—to settle things, or anyway to think about things."

The Countess saw that the girl had not, after all, been crying. She took the unemotional voice and expression for a deeper kind of despair.

"I understand, now, the reason why I thought I knew you. Probably I have seen you here before."

"Possibly. Fewer interruptions here from—well, fewer interruptions than in the parks. I often come."

"But you are distressed about something."

"Please—it's very kind of you—but I'm not sick, or unhappy. I mean unhappy about —"

"About matters of the heart?"

"No. Only matters of money."

"That is much simpler," the Countess said, moving to the far side of the seat. "Matters of money can always be arranged, and in that I can perhaps help. Please, if you are not expected elsewhere, get into the car. We will drive together and talk."

"Oh, no—and why should you worry yourself about a stranger?"

"My friends need no worry, and it is only strangers that one can help in so straightforward a way."

"You're too generous. People must —"

"Not generous. Selfish. You will see. No body takes advantage of me. I have learned to recognize honesty."

Still the girl hesitated. She looked helplessly at Ramón, a tidy white wedge of figure in his gold-buttoned uniform, holding the door open, his face alive with curiosity. "But," she said, daunted at last, "but—could be just anyone."

The Countess laughed with a sudden girlish gaiety. "'Anyone' is the person you seek," she said, patting the seat beside her, and as the girl climbed in, added, "My husband taught me that. He was 'just anyone' when he courted me. He ended by being the only person in my life."

"Won't he be angry?" The girl arranged herself in her corner, feet together, knees covered.

"Wouldn't he have been? He is dead. No, he wouldn't. He was always pleased to see either generosity or impulse in me. It is the only form of adventure left, he used to tell me."

"I'm not much of an adventure," the girl said, returning sullenly to her own trouble.

"You can't tell," the Countess said, and then led them into an exchange of names. She frowned at the girl's response. "Kay," she said. "That is not a name. And what of your family?"

"Katarina," the girl amended quickly. "I am used to being Kay at my work. My family name is Gómez. We come from Mindanao, where we had pineapple plantations."

"Gómez. There is a family, Gómez, near us—sugar—in the Visayans."

"Related. But we don't speak since my family, and our poor pineapples, were ruined in the war. First the Japanese, then, even worse, the Americans. Bombings and landings. Finished. Anyway, we don't speak Money, you see."

"I see. But they could have helped you."

"Not the Gómez family. Not even my own bit of it. My mother was too filled with mourning for my two brothers—both killed. A daughter was no comfort to her, only someone to see safely married, to get off her hands. I wanted to be an artist. I couldn't bring myself to marry, just like that—I mean, just to not be a liability."

"I understand. If one is brave about nothing else, one must be brave about that. I, too, married against my mother's wishes."

"But you —" the girl began, and then tact or second thoughts kept her from continuing.

"But I, you were going to say, could afford to. I didn't think so at the time. It was the most courageous act of my life. Money imposes penalties—not the least of them is that the penalties seem so trivial to the poor. No, quite simply I was in love, you see, as well as rich. You, on the other hand, appear to be neither."

"I hadn't intended to ask for sympathy. And I didn't expect to give it. In words that is. I wanted only to help. Does that seem impertinent to you? I know it can seem an insult."

"Oh, no!" the girl said. "How could I have made you feel that!" Her emphasis and the spurt of warmth changed the whole tone of the conversation. "The fact is, I'm not even suffering splendidly for—you know—my Art. No starving in garrets, no desperate choices between a loaf of bread or a new canvas, no—well, no romantic poverty, in short. I work in a dress shop in Escolta, Madame Rosa's, where the pay is ad-



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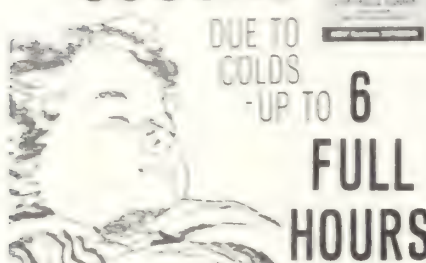
THE COUNTESS

quate—enough to eat and share a room, that is—but the hours are long. Even if I had the room, I don't have the light for painting is gone."

"What sort of painting interests you?"

Of defiance. "Even when I was a little girl at the convent. The sisters were first puzzled and then angry."

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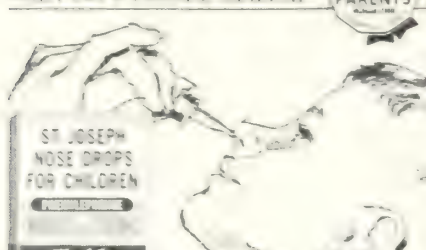
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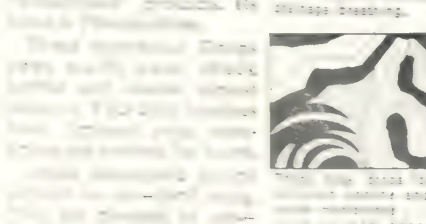
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"My husband was very tolerant of modern painting. He was fashionable. I mean, so far as I'm afraid that you will shock me. I am used to stretching my mind beyond its (conventional) limits. She said this rather (lightly), as though some criticism had been implied."

Kay said casually. "He sounds wonderful."

"Yes," replied the Countess soberly. "What is exactly what he brought to my life."

Ramon took his usual route along the wide, beautiful arc of Manila Bay, avoiding the ruined palaces and churches of Intramuros, the old walls enclosing now only a few old houses. He stopped as usual at the sea wall of the large, empty square between the Army and Navy Club and the Manila Hotel, but today the old lady was too immersed in conversation to look out across the muddy green water of the bay to the broken and green islands beyond the harbor. (To the most remarkable of islands, Cororodo and the beautiful peninsula of Cavite and Bataan. Instead, he stared ahead himself, trying hard to listen to the low-pitched talk behind him. As it turned out, he heard nothing clearly until they all returned to the Sabablanca house. There he told the girl about the Countess. The girl stopped and then, and offered her hand to the old lady. "Very well, then, Ramon," the Countess said in a friendly way. "I will see you here tomorrow. Come at one o'clock. Lunchtime is always at two. We can talk before."

"Yes, Countess, tomorrow."

"Ramon will drive you home," she had said once on the steps when the girl broke in. "No, no, thank you. It would require too many explanations—a car and driver. I live in a poor quarter."

The Countess turned, with a suddenly vulnerable look on her face.

"Forgive me, my dear. How could I miss of one of those, please, return as you wish."

Ramon, however, had the first excitement of announcing the news to Marta and Anselita, also to the cook and the maid. Marta looked at him with scorn. "What's in the papers," she said. "Did you hear for tomorrow is Wednesday? Of course there will be a guest for lunch. Señora Moreno, as usual."

Smiling straight into Anselita's eyes, Ramon hadn't bothered to turn to Marta as he described the encounter with Kay and the invitation overheard on the front steps. He was pained with their incredulous response—a good after all these years, a real guest, not wanting of course the regular visits of Señora Moreno, of the house, of the secretaries of various charities—a participation of outside life into this sheltered house. Though later that night, lying in Anselita's arms, he could give no answer to her sunny questions about "But what's so?" and "Why? Just because she was crying? Everybody cries." "I don't," Ramon said finally, "not when I'm with you," to which Anselita answered vaguely. "She doesn't either. She is only sad all the time," and then, as Ramon got up and dressed himself and yawned because he would be missed she added, "I shall be the one to tell you the end."

Even the next day, when Kay arrived promptly at the appointed time, the guests about her and her place in the house remained unaltered. She and the Countess talked privately for most of an hour. After they were joined by the other guests, old

Mrs. Moreno, Marta served lunch in the big, cool dining room, eavesdropped unobtrusively, but learned virtually nothing. Mrs. Moreno, who was entertained at the house at least a couple of times a week, was the obstacle. Her lively drumming of conversation filled the slow afternoon with news of engagements, marriages, births among her own and other people's grandchildren, of recent parties (with detailed descriptions of the food served—"The kind of house," she remarked of one, "where they serve the cheese after the fruit"), of visiting relatives, or visits to plantations, of clothes, of heat, of the changing society of Manila. She was a plump, smiling woman, with fat little hands that moved constantly. Her gush of talk displayed great good humor and occasionally an unexpected grasp of the nature and motives of the people around her. Kay was almost entirely silent. The Countess made an occasional inquiry about someone or something, hoping to hear only that all was well. At three, she rose from the table, smiled at Kay, said good-bye to her guests and followed her custom of returning to her room for the siesta hours. Small cups of sweet, black coffee were served to the others in the green-and-gold drawing room.

coming "My Fair Lady" Winter issue of the JOURNAL on sale early in January

Kay was a shrewd, even a grasping girl. She had spent considerable thought and energy on finding her way into the Countess's house, had listened patiently to the chatter of the other girls at Madame Rosa's, over speculations about dates and men, the boring discussions of new hair styles, clothes, cosmetics, in the hope of learning about someone or some situation that she could use to her own advantage. She was not dishonest. She could, she felt sure, give some kind of value for money. The Countess's name had occurred quite often in the talk that accompanied the smallest activities of life around Kay and her in Manila in general. The Countess was well known in the city for her immense wealth, her secluded habits, her charities and her party, her beautifully made, very expensive clothes. She was also thought of, anyway, by the girls at Madame Rosa's, as being a bit crazy. This turned out to be disastrously untrue.

Kay's further researches were conducted alone, a careful spying of times and habits, so that she could at last be found in the right attitude and place by the Countess. She was determined not to be a part of what she described to herself as "postwar desperation"—a settling for anything, a living on a husband simply because things had been so bad and were now a little better. Equally, she didn't trust the surface gaiety of Manila. Her aim was to be a more solid and more calculated construction. She wanted to marry well and dutifully give value for money. The Countess was an ungodlike introduction to the society that could provide such an opportunity. Kay decided she was not going to lose it to the

sharp eyes and the knowing, if cheerful mind behind the clouding talk of Mrs. Moreno. She determined to make a friend.

Over the coffee cups, Mrs. Moreno began her devious questioning. "I am pleased," she said, "that Luisa—the Countess—invited you. She has needed someone young who can be a friend to her—or even a new interest. And to give up your own time so freely! It's a consideration one no longer expects from young people."

Kay frowned and said with deliberate awkwardness, "The alternative is a sandwich in a snack bar—not much to give up. I am the one to feel pleased—and grateful."

In a gently inquiring tone, Mrs. Moreno said, "That, too, of course. But there are compensations of youth and liberty with the sandwich, a better relish—forgive me for sounding fanciful—than the cook's excellent sauces."

Kay remarked with care, "They say the hunger is the best sauce. It's not true, you know."

And Mrs. Moreno, having learned what she wished to know, replied, "Then allow me to hope that this richer diet suits you. I shall see you here often?"

The Countess has been good enough to offer me a room where I can work—at my painting—just weekends. It's —"

"My dear child. It's a beginning!"

Kay, in some distress, said, "I know what you think, Mrs. Moreno. But I'm here to take advantage. Really. Perhaps I return I can be—well, be the kind of companion she wants—if that's what she wants, anyway, honorable."

"I haven't a doubt of it. She has needed solace of some sort, and found none. Of friends are of little use except to pass the time. There was the Church, naturally, but even the Church can only console you about your own death, not the death of other people. She was nearly mad for a while after her husband died."

"He must have been a wonderful person," Kay said.

Mrs. Moreno gave her a close look. "Remarkable," she said, and then, more kindly: "But they had no children—that's really the trouble. There was nothing left for her when Tom—the Count—went, except to tend her private shrine. That's where you can help. She prayed and prayed for children."

"Be a daughter to her, do you mean?" Kay asked with a touch of irony.

Mrs. Moreno smiled appreciatively. "I suppose that is what I mean."

"It may not, however, be what she wants of me—or what I'm capable of."

"We must leave that to time and temperament," Mrs. Moreno said, almost as a conspiracy. "And now I must be going. She rose and smoothed her skirt with her padded hands. "Can I drop you anywhere?"

In the weeks that followed it was an easy shift for Kay (listening intently and gauging each mood, each confidence, to determine her own behavior), particularly with Mrs. Moreno as an ally, to become absorbed with virtually no fuss into the household. The Saturdays and Sundays when she came to the house in the morning, scattered her equipment on an upstairs veranda, and interrupted only for meal, painted away until the light changed to the useless gold of evening, soon became proper weekends when she stayed for dinner.

One Sunday, the Countess, during their regular outing in the Mercedes, made a suggestion—a thoughtful proposal which she claimed was prompted by self-interest—and Kay, with becoming reluctance, accepted it. Arriving the next day with a

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 2. Drink plenty of fluids
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- 



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COUNTRESS

(Continued)

ican fiber suitcase and a straw basket with her things, she was shown to the room that Angelita had prepared. She declined to take her duties seriously, to polish that tricky balance (as she deemed it to herself) between a paid companion, a guest and a relative of sorts—at someone's with rights.

Unconsciously she learned and accustomed herself to the steady tenor of life in the Salablanca house. Like the Countess, she breakfasted in her room and met the old woman only at ten o'clock for a ritual tour of the garden. By then the Countess had already been to early Mass, had sipped hot chocolate in her room while she gave orders to the day to the cook and to Marta, had stepped into one of the pale-gray or blue dresses she wore in the morning and stood for a few moments under her parasol on the conservatory steps, surveying the garden as a whole before she made her detailed inspection with Kay. Later, when separated, the Countess would sit at her desk in the library, answering letters and sorting through accounts from charities, going over the accounts sent to her weekly by her father at the Visayan estate, remembering the knowledge of birthdays, saints' days, anniversaries, refusing invitations, while Kay would stand to the veranda outside her room, canvases, her paints and her schemes. Sometimes partners in a slow minuet, they met in the garden (for luncheon), parted again (for the afternoon), met again (for tea and a drive in the Mercedes), parted again (to change the dinner), met again (for a glass of sherry, a late-evening meal and conversation afterward), parted again (for bed and their separate, incommunicable dreams).

Sometimes the Countess would suggest that Kay break the routine—telephone a friend, go to a film. "Isn't this too quiet for you?" she asked. "An old woman and her young house?"

"No," Kay said, smiling at her in the light of the drawing room. "No, I prefer here. I have no friends—not the girls at the academy, anyway." Privately she told herself that there was time enough. The moment would come when she would persuade a relative than a companion, when she could persuade the Countess to take her when, protected by the most imposing of her apones, she could enter those other houses of Manila, those fortresses of inaccessible families from which she had to choose a husband. She was confident, too, that she, Kay, could provide for them, as Tomás had done, an equilibrium of worldliness, charm and a mutual respect in return for money. She did think about happiness. In a certain way, she wasn't selfish. She continued her conversation to the Countess: "You see, I had enough of wandering through the streets of Manila because I didn't wish to go to my room. This house—and you in it—has a great air of contentment."

It is an air that Tomás left. I am glad to have it." And once again the Countess slipped into reminiscences of her husband. "Once," she said, "oh—years ago, before you were born—I had to leave him to go to Switzerland with my mother. She was very ill, and it was a long, slow cure. Tomás had, of course, long since taken over the management of the sugar estates. He had the place—so did I in those days—he stayed behind to take his usual vigil in estate affairs. Oh, yes, he had the acumen for such things, for all his inability to art. A month went by; six months, two months—I received no letter

from him. I was first worried, then angry, then afraid that he had found a life without me. At last a letter came. It contained nothing but a poem he had written for me."

The Countess closed her eyes and recited softly:

"How shall I write across
These continents and seas
Of other lives
In other centuries?"

Should I wish you here?
Should I attempt to set
Snows in the tropics?
Give a weapon to regret?

This unconnected time
Moves slyly, while I frame
Unanswered questions,
Listen for your name.

North and South dissolve.
Journeys in love's day
Have only one direction,
Can only lead away."

"This unconnected time," the Countess repeated, her eyes filled with tears. "It was such a simple explanation after all."

Kay, unembarrassed, said, "How happy he must have been when you returned—all alone in a big country house."

Other fragments of their story and their life Kay heard from Mrs. Moreno. "Oh, their first party—she had no idea, had never given a party before. Of course, Tom came to me and between us we did it all, though their staff was bigger then, like everybody's. But even the flowers! And you know she's good at flowers. Poor Luisa! She was terrified, really white with fear (and none of us wore cosmetics in those days), walking blindly down the stairs to, by her expression, a firing squad. Tom was magnificent with her, guiding her constantly, enlisting one's help—mine, at least—simply with a smile, a look. I suppose, in a way, he must have loved her." Mrs. Moreno shrugged, somehow indicating both generosity and skepticism.

Kay stared at her. "He was very good-looking, I take it?"

Mrs. Moreno looked amused. "Not at all. A shortish man, and his features were too bold for his build. Luckily he kept his hair." She added distantly, "He had a charming singing voice."

Kay heard more about this later from the Countess, about the short, hot evenings of the Visayan Islands when they drove in their carriage through the estate, past the cottages where the men had returned from the sugar fields and the girls curtsied to the carriage as it passed. She heard, too, about the sapphire nights when they sat on their deep porch surrounded by friends from neighboring plantations ten and twenty miles away and by relatives and visitors who came to stay for six months at a time. And the women in their muslin dresses with the starched, ballooning organdy sleeves, pale as moths in the shadows and moonlight, and the men in thin, embroidered shirts and narrow linen trousers, cigars glowing fitfully between laughter and talk, and the lilting of the girls as they sang love songs against the sweet complaining of guitars, and through it all the voice of Tomás singing with half-ironic intensity of fickle women, deserted suitors and the sadness of love, his voice in whispered conversation and the touch of his hand in the dark—Kay was told it all in the city evenings of the lonely green-and-gold drawing room.

"And you never go back there any more?" she asked, at last.

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COUNTRIES

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COUNTRESS

"Not any more," the Countess replied abruptly. "It isn't the same any more," and she rose as though offended, to go to bed.

Another day Mrs. Moreno, in turn, contributed an explanation of this uncharacteristic sharpness. "Luisa's right, of course; it isn't the same—nothing is—but that isn't the reason why she doesn't go back. No. Oh, it was terrible . . . terrible. I

wept with her myself. But should one weep for twenty years? I've told her—yes, often!—that she diseases herself—surely even the greatest tragedy must fade, *should* fade. But she is beyond reach. He died there, you see, suddenly, without her."

"Oh, poor thing . . . poor thing," Kay said, hardly interrupting Mrs. Moreno.

"Yes. We all felt that, couldn't help feeling it, though she was not so very popular, Luisa—too cold. Still, it was so unexpected, and to her—well, to everybody—so inexplicable."

"Inexplicable?" Kay said, frowning.

"He didn't die. He was killed. Stabbed. An old-fashioned kind of crime, I thought then, like vengeance, though it seemed to everyone pointless . . . pointless, and, as it turned out, perfect. They never found either the man who did it or the dagger, and, worst of all, she wasn't even there, so he died in the arms of another woman."

"But there must have been a *reason*," Kay insisted, the whole arched attitude of her body rejecting this melodrama. "Robbery? Madness? *Something*—and this woman in whose arms —"

"Oh, she was just a woman. That is, Luisa—and all of us—could take her as just a woman. He died there by mistake. We never knew why he was driving through the estate at that hour of the night. One supposes that someone must have stopped him on the road—his car was still there (by then we had cars, not carriages), hardly a hundred yards from the nearest cottage. Someone evidently stabbed him and ran away. Not robbery—his money and the gold ring he wore were still on him. He dragged himself to the cottage—really dragged. The path was black with blood, or so they said. The woman and her husband who lived there—sugar workers, naturally—could think only of trying to help him." She opened her hands with a delicate air of distaste. "Too late. And by the time they brought word to the house, it was morning. Too late for everything. The woman—Angelita's mother, as a matter of fact—must be considered merely an accident, but to Luisa a heartbreak—Tom, to die with another woman's hand on his forehead."

"No wonder."

"Yes, no wonder. She shocked a lot of people at that time because she wouldn't wear black. We, the rest of his friends, were the ones to mourn him publicly."

In Kay's memory the Countess's voice said, "I never wear black. Tomás didn't like it. He said that all my life I had been surrounded by black skirts—maids, governesses, religious instructors, my widowed mother and her old friends. 'We must get rid of all these black skirts,' he said. 'They don't suit you or our life together.' So we did."

"And your mother?"

"She retired to the estate, which she much preferred." Retired, the Countess recalled, thankful to leave behind a situation that was too much for her. From the beginning she had repeated helplessly, "If only your father were alive, he would know what to do." The girl Luisa had repeated equally often and with great decision, "But I know what to do," and, in fact, she had known from the first time she met him, when she had gone with her mother to pay a formal call on the Morenos and had found Tomás sitting in the *salon* among the ladies and the teacups, laughing at some remark. All the later arguments that had pounded away interminably at the facts that he had no money, no position, no future—a good family, yes, but impoverished beyond reclaim and relying only on wits and charm to get along—all this was useless against Luisa's conviction. To a remark which lost its edge with repetition—"He is an adventurer, can't you see?"—she would only reply inflexibly, "I know him and I know he loves me," until her mother, despairing and in tears, would say, "Talk to Father Joachim about it—that is all I can think of. Perhaps he can help."

"But she was right," Kay said to Mrs. Moreno in one of their afternoon talks which had, by now, become habitual landmarks of the week, satisfactory to both. "He *did* love her, and he made her happy. Her money couldn't have been better spent.

She told me once he filled her life with wonder."

Mrs. Moreno, choosing her words with care, said, "Yes. He made her happy. One cannot ask for more than that." She sounded weary as she added, "I am very fond of Luisa, you know."

Kay had been living with the Countess for several months when the crisis about Angelita came steaming up through the house from the servants' quarters like a smell of cooking. It started with distant sounds of weeping, argument, persuasion, and then came flooding up the stairs on a note of voluble defiance. In the bedroom, where the Countess had breakfasted but had not yet been helped to dress by Angelita, it exploded into hysterics and at last a mulish obstinacy. Kay, standing on the veranda outside the bedrooms, could hear only the subtle sternness of the Countess's words through the shuttered doors, but Angelita's frenzied crying rattled shamelessly through the corridors of the old house: "I love him—I don't care—I want to stay—I *love* him!"

Kay, walking timidly in, found Angelita on her knees, covering the Countess's hand with kisses and saying, "I beg you—oh, I beg you —" The Countess, standing straight as ever, glanced across at the half-open door, and before Kay could formulate her offer to "do something," she had commanded, "Katarina, will you please take Angelita back to her room? I will dress myself this morning."

Angelita had been too distracted between misery and fright to say anything more than, "Please ask her—you can ask her—please, for me —" all the way to the kitchen, where Marta took her into a compassionate embrace. So it was not until Kay was walking through the garden with the Countess later that morning that she heard the story.

"Goodness knows," the Countess said austere, "it is a common enough story," and in the baldest possible voice explained that Angelita was pregnant. "I would not have expected it from Ramón, who has a pleasant and respectful wife. His behavior cannot be excused. However, it is clear that Angelita must go, though in her very natural distress she seemed unable to understand that. We must wait until she is calmer."

Kay made no answer to that "we," and the morning proceeded in its usual form with only a sense of uneasiness from the servants' quarters and a furtive scurrying about the housework. Mrs. Moreno came to luncheon, and Marta, grimly serving the food and wine, didn't even bother to eavesdrop, knowing that nothing of interest would be said in the dining room. Later she listened to the talk over coffee and heard what she wished to know. Kay would have recounted the affair quite briefly, but Mrs. Moreno insisted on details, punctuated the talk with worried questions, drifted off into long generalizations and speculations about human frailty.

When the Countess retired for siesta, Kay and Mrs. Moreno continued to discuss the matter. The afternoon hours slipped by in repetitions and discussions, returning always to the barbed question, Well, what can be done about Angelita? "Especially," Kay said, "when all she asks is to stay with Ramón no matter what."

"Better, surely much better, to dismiss Ramón —"

"And his wife? His children? That's what the Countess says, you see—why should the entirely innocent suffer?"

"They suffer in any case. And why, for that matter, Angelita?"

"It's a tricky problem in morality —"



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THE COUNTESS

(Continued)

"Morality?" cried Mrs. Moreno, in rising distress. "I'm talking about kindness, not punishment."

"But kindness to which of them?"

"Angelita, of course, Angelita!" Her hands flashed and fluttered like hummingbirds. "There can be no choice about that!"

"I'm afraid it's been made. She'll have to go —"

"Go? Go where?" Mrs. Moreno seemed quite disproportionately heated. "Oh, listen—listen. I don't know what to do, what to say."

"Nothing, I should think, unless you want to argue with the Countess, and there seems no point in that. She sees no room for opinion in this decision."

"That is what I mean! Shall I tell her she must make room?"

"I don't think I —"

"Haven't you wondered—or guessed? There was no mystery about Tomás's

death, except to Luisa. The woman in the cottage —"

Kay said, "Oh . . ." on a long breath.

"—Angelita's mother, that is. Of course, we had nothing beyond suspicions. But so, evidently, did he."

"The husband—the stranger on the road at night? I see." After a short, bitter silence Kay said, "Vengeance after all."

"Jealousy, rather. And anger. Perhaps they combine to make up vengeance—I scarcely know. I told you it had too fierce, too—too *historical* an air for my under-

standing. But you do see—don't you why Angelita must stay and Luisa pro her. Tom's child —"

It was the sudden immobility of Kay's attitude in her chair, a trapped and helpless look more suited to something hunting than made Mrs. Moreno turn toward the door. A moment, and then the Countess said, "Good afternoon. I expect you did notice the time."

Mrs. Moreno fled without answering, Kay, shrunken and trembling, whispering "I'm sorry . . . I'm so sorry."

"Sorry, Katarina?" The Countess advanced without hurry to her usual place on the sofa. "Why are you sorry?"

"We were talking—it started just about Angelita—*really*, I'm sorry—Mrs. Moreno was talking —"

"Yes, she likes to talk, talks easily. When we were girls I used to be afraid of silence and admired her for her ready conversation. I found it a protection too."

"Countess!" Kay said loudly, springing up in agitation from her chair. "Are you going to pretend that you didn't hear? Or you —"

"I never listen to gossip, child. My husband thought it vulgar."

Kay stumbled around the low table to beside the stiff old lady. She held the row, bony hand in both of hers. "I don't know," she said. "It's—there must be some word—it's magnificent —" to which the Countess said nothing at all while both of them listened to the rapid clicking of footsteps on the marble flooring of the hall.

Mrs. Moreno, returning with more composure, said, "Luisa, I have come back to apologize."

The Countess, in a deliberate tone, replied, "Surely, between old friends, it is necessary to apologize for coming back."

"I meant —"

"You have always been welcome in my house at whatever hour you decide to call."

"Luisa, please —" Mrs. Moreno said somewhere between bewilderment and pleading.

"Yes, please sit down. Marta will bring tea in a minute. Unless, of course, you would prefer coffee? We used to tell, when I was young, that coffee was good for the complexion, but probably there was no truth in that."

"I have always drunk a lot of coffee," Mrs. Moreno said meekly.

"And have always had an excellent complexion. It proves, I suppose, that one believes almost anything when one is young."

"Which does not," said Mrs. Moreno, "remove the joy of either."

"Either?"

"Either youth or one's beliefs."

The Countess nodded bleakly. That was the first day in the memory of the house that she decided against her usual evening drive and sat alone on the terrace.

As Kay had known, it was only a question of time, and, for all her senseless waiting, she was hardly surprised when, a few days later, the Countess, with the most apologetic courtesy, dismissed her. An air of exhausted kindness enveloped her as she said she would gladly pay for Kay to take extension courses at the art school—or roll her as a full-time student?—and certainly no move would be made until Kay found herself a suitable room. But—this was the sentence (really in the judicial sense) that came with the unfairness of defeat—but the Countess had decided to close up the Manila house. After two years she was going to return to the Visayas sugar estate with Angelita, where together they would wait for the baby and learn to love each other.



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Fortesque Street, had originally been what Mrs. Loft skittishly referred to as "One of my bewes," and it was not without a certain dismay that Mrs. Copper had observed him unmistakably transferring his affections to herself. Whether or not Mrs. Loft had noticed it she had no idea, the subject had never been mentioned; but the situation was disquieting nonetheless. Not that

Alice Loft was the kind of woman to make ugly scenes, but she was on the touchy side and it was no good pretending she wasn't. Her preoccupation with the gospels of Mary Baker Eddy had not hitherto dampened her still-vibrant enthusiasm for the opposite sex; indeed on certain occasions when she and Mrs. Copper had achieved a transient intimacy over a cup of tea or a small whiskey and water, she had given more than a hint that there had been other men in her life both before and since the late Mr. Loft. These intimations of overt sexuality, al-

though couched in terms of the utmost refinement, always made Mrs. Copper feel a little awkward. Being by nature reticent herself, she had no particular interest in the confidences of others and would infinitely prefer it if they would keep them to themselves.

Whether or not Mrs. Loft had any genuine feelings for Mr. Godsall, she had no idea, but her instincts warned her to look out for squalls when she came home and found her entertaining him alone in her own front sitting room. However, there was nothing to

be done about it. She couldn't very well *not* have asked him in and offered him a cup of tea after he'd taken the trouble to buy her a cut-glass vase. She banged the teapot onto the tray with a muttered imprecation. The major mistake, of course, had been her answering the door in the first place.

Mr. Godsall chivalrously rose to his feet when she came in with the tea tray. He relieved her of it and placed it on a mauve pouf in front of the fire-screen ornament.

While she was pouring she glanced at him out of the corner of her eye. He wasn't bad-looking really, although there was something wishy-washy about his personality. He had a bit of a paunch, of course, but in all fairness you couldn't hold that against him at his age. His eyes were the giveaway really. They looked as though they were permanently scared of being separated from each other and seemed to be edging closer and closer together. He refused a *petit beurre* but accepted a bit of the sponge sandwich.

"I'm afraid it's yesterday's," said Mrs. Copper as she cut it for him. "Neither Alice or me expected company, otherwise we'd have got something in. She ought to be back at any moment now," she added, aware of Mr. Godsall's eyes upon her and feeling a trifle flurried.

"As I said before, it's you I want to see—not Alice."

"Well, it's very nice of you I'm sure," Mrs. Copper, firmly ignoring all implications, laughed cheerfully and cut a bit of sponge sandwich for herself.

Mr. Godsall cleared his throat and a tiny crumb flew out of his mouth and onto the knee of his trousers, which Mrs. Copper saw and he didn't. "I've been wanting to talk to you alone for quite a long time." He looked at her intently and added "Hilda" rather breathlessly.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Copper blankly, aware of acute embarrassment and at the same time controlling an insane desire to laugh.

"As you know —" Mr. Godsall again cleared his throat. "I have been a widower for some years now, and I've managed all right one way and another, but it does get a bit monotonous being all by yourself all the time. After all, Ethel passed over in 1952 and that's quite a while ago whichever way you look at it." He paused. "What I mean to say is —"

"I know what you mean to say, Mr. Godsall," Mrs. Copper spoke a little more loudly than she had intended. "And it's ever so kind of you and I do appreciate it, but it wouldn't work—really it wouldn't."

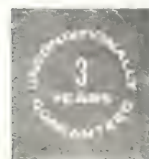
Mr. Godsall looked at her glumly. "How do you know it wouldn't?" The confidence had left his voice and the old apologetic note was back again.

Instead of being irritated by it as she generally was, Mrs. Copper discovered that she suddenly felt sorry for him. "I don't know exactly," she went on. "It's just the way I feel—I mean, I'm sort of set in my ways and I've got used to being on my own, in fact I rather like it. It isn't that I don't like you, truly it isn't; I've always liked you and I hope we shall always be friends —" She broke off, no longer conscious of embarrassment or ridicule, but suddenly desolate. Fred had asked her to marry him on the top of a bus coming back from Wembley on June 7, 1936. It had come as a complete surprise to her because up to then she had always thought that it was Dorrie he was after. That was twenty-seven years ago and now Fred was gone and Dorrie was gone and Maureen was grown up and married, and here she was, an elderly woman with false teeth and graying hair, being proposed to again in a house that wasn't hers, by a man she hardly knew. She opened her mouth to go on with what she was meaning to say, but

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she couldn't utter a word, and there at staring helplessly at the blurred, living face of Mr. Godsall because bit-against her will and to her dreadful , her eyes had filled with tears.

There was complete silence for a moment, when Mr. Godsall got up and very gently put his arm round her shoulders. "I mean to upset you," he said. "Really not —"

At this moment there was the sound of a door opening at the front door, and they both started guiltily. Mr. Godsall went back to his seat and Mrs. Capper dabbed her eyes hurriedly with her handkerchief.

"Well, well, well, what a surprise!—I do mean to intrude?" Mrs. Loft stood in the doorway smiling merrily at them. She was dressed almost entirely in pink and white, and Mrs. Capper was irresistibly reminded of a bar of nougat. Her guilty ears were hidden beneath Mrs. Loft's genial words a note of acrimony. Mr. Godsall rose and said, "What ho, Alice," rather self-consciously.

"In reply," she said, wagging her finger archly. "When the cat's away, the mice will play," she said, and sat down on the sofa with a sigh. "My poor feet," she went on, "I've walked all the way from Sloane Square. I'd love some tea, if there's any left."

"I'll get another cup." Mrs. Capper got up and went swiftly from the room. When she came back, she found Mr. Godsall and Mrs. Loft sitting side by side on the sofa, looking at a film that Mrs. Loft had seen at the cinema the day before yesterday. "Don't worry about it," she was saying. "It's all about people and goes on for two hours and a half."

"Would you like me to make some tea?" asked Mrs. Capper. "It wouldn't take a minute."

"Thank you, dear, this will suffice," said Mrs. Loft brightly.

A little too brightly, Mrs. Capper thought, and added some hot water to the pot and went to it. Anyhow, outwardly all appeared well, and the conversation continued without any obvious indications of strain.

Mrs. Capper, aware that Mr. Godsall was looking at her covertly whenever he possibly could, resolutely averted her eyes.

Finally Mr. Godsall got up to say good-bye. He held her hand a fraction longer than was necessary and, on a wave of excursions from Mrs. Loft to "pop round whenever he felt like it," he collected his hat and went out.

Mrs. Loft, who had seen him into the hall, went back into the sitting room. Her face was flushed. "Well," she said, "we're not boots, are we?"

"How do you mean?" inquired Mrs. Capper evenly.

Mrs. Loft gave a brittle laugh. "I don't want to have intruded on your little teet-a-tum only I'd known."

"Only you'd known what?"

"That you'd arranged a private rendezvous with poor Willie Godsall."

"I didn't arrange nothing," said Mrs. Capper. "I was just going to lay down and have my afternoon snooze when the front door bell rang and it was him. He brought me a vase," she added, pointing to it on the table. "It stood gleaming proudly on a side table. It's pretty, isn't it?"

Mrs. Loft, slightly nonplussed by Mrs. Capper's obviously unforced nonchalance, admitted that it was sweetly pretty and took a sigh. "He must be quite smitten with you," she said. "I must say I thought I saw his eye on you the other night at the Shepherd. Ah, well —" She smiled again as though valiantly bidding adieu to a long-cherished hope. "I can



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only say I wish you the best of luck, dear, now and always."

"Don't talk so silly." Mrs. Capper collected Mr. Godsall's cup and plate and put them back on the tray. "You're making a mountain out of a molehill."

"I like that, I must say," cried Mrs. Loft. "I come back unexpectedly from church and find —"

"Alice," Mrs. Capper interrupted her firmly, "you're talking silly and working yourself up about nothing. In the first place, you didn't come home unexpectedly from

church; I was expecting you every minute. In the second place, I had to ask the poor man in for a cuppa after he'd brought me the vase and all; I couldn't very well have sent him away with a flea in his ear. In the third place, I don't care if he's smitten with me or not; I'm certainly not smitten with him. His eyes are too close together for one thing, and his hands are sweaty to be going on with."

Mrs. Loft gave a little cry. "Sweaty! Really, dear, you do say the most awful things."

"I can do worse than that when roused," replied Mrs. Capper laconically, hoisting up the tray. "I'm now going to wash up these tea things and then I'm going to grab the forty winks I missed this afternoon on account of Marlon Brando Godsall dropping round to seduce me. Don't forget we've got to be at Maureen's at six-thirty." She kicked the door wider open with her foot and went down to the kitchen with the tray.

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Mrs. Capper's Birthday Party

(Continued)

gigantic gray matchbox standing on its end. The building was called Elsworth Court and, although the name had an Elizabethan ring to it, the edifice itself was aggressively contemporary. Maureen and Jack's flat was also contemporary. It was Jack's taste more than Maureen's. Jack had advanced ideas on house decoration and had once, before he went into insurance, actually done a course at The Polytechnic. The fruits of the knowledge he had gained there struck you in the eye the moment you entered the living room. In the first place, each wall was distempered a different color which, Mrs. Capper said, made her giddy. In the second place the furniture was what is described in catalogs and magazine advertisements as functional, which meant that it was ugly to look at and uncomfortable to sit on. On the variegated walls were hung four large reproductions of famous Postimpressionists. There was the *Bridge at Arles* by Van Gogh, a Tahitian Gauguin in rich reds and purples, an *Odalisque* by Matisse, which looked to Mrs. Capper as though it had been painted by a mad child of five, and a Raoul Dufy of the Promenade des Anglais at Nice, which looked as though it had been painted by an even madder child of four. There were no photograph frames or ornaments about and only one gray vase on the utility desk with a clump of gladioli in it. The vase was actually a little too small for them and they looked as though they could only prevent themselves from falling out by standing to attention.

At a quarter past six on the evening of Mrs. Capper's fiftieth birthday, Maureen, her daughter, was kneeling on an oatmeal-colored rug changing the baby. Jack, her son-in-law, was lying on the sofa in his shirt sleeves reading the *Sunday Express*. The baby, Marilyn, was lying docilely on her back staring up at her mother with round, expressionless eyes like blue beads. She was also dribbling.

"Who's a dirty girl?" murmured Maureen fondly, wiping the child's chin.

"Who isn't?" said Jack from the sofa.

"Trying to be funny now I see," she said and shot him a look of disdain. "Having made all those nasty cracks about Mum you think you can make little jokes as though nothing had happened. Excuse me while I split my sides."

"I didn't make cracks about Mum. I only said that if we had to go through this birthday-dinner lark it would be a bloody sight better if she'd come on her own and not have to drag that simpering cow along with her."

"Mrs. Loft's a very nice woman underneath," said Maureen without conviction.

"It's on top that I'm worried about."

"Anyway, Mum shares the place and it's very reasonable, whatever you may say. It's only right that she should include her in when there's a bit of fun going."

"Bit of fun—hell!" Jack noisily turned over a page of the paper and straightened it. "If it's your idea of fun to have to listen to that affected old dodo airing her views and giving her opinions on this, that and the other thing, you can have my share."

"I think you're mean to go on grumbling." Maureen lifted the baby onto her lap and turned her over. "It's Mum's treat anyhow, and if she wants to bring Mrs. Loft along with her, that's her lookout and the least we can do is grin and bear it."

"All right, all right—have it your own way. We'll take them both to The Tender Shepherd afterwards and get 'em tight."

"Jack, how can you!" At this moment there was a ring at the doorbell. "That's

either them or Mrs. Burgess; let them in, there's a dear, while I finish off baby."

Jack got up from the sofa and went into the hall. Maureen made some clucking sounds at the baby, who continued to stare at her without interest. There was the sound of voices in the hall, and a moment later Mrs. Capper and Mrs. Loft came in together. Mrs. Capper was wearing her new dark-blue two-piece suit. Mrs. Loft was resplendent in mauve taffeta; she had left her Shantung dust coat in the hall; the beauty spot on her dry white cheek stood out aggressively and her hair seemed brighter than ever. "We thought we'd *never* get here," she cried brilliantly. "We had to wait nearly *twenty* minutes for a bus! Oh, isn't she *sweet* ——" She advanced upon the baby, who regarded her sternly and blew out a bubble, swiftly followed by a staccato belch. Mrs. Loft, slightly discouraged by this reception, drew back a little.

Maureen patted the baby gently on the back. "It's wind," she said. "She's had it on and off all day."

"Everybody sit down and make themselves comfortable," cried Jack breezily. "We can't go anyhow until Mrs. Burgess comes to look after baby, so we'd better while away the time with a little of what we fancy. What's your tippie, Mrs. Loft?"

Mrs. Loft smiled superciliously and shook her head. "I never drink spirits," she said. "I'll wait until later and maybe have a tiny sip of wine at dinner."

"Same as usual for you, Mum?"

"Yes, please, dear—gin and it and more it than gin."

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"Righto."

Mrs. Capper, having kissed Maureen, bent still lower to kiss the baby, who for the first time betrayed some animation, sawing the air with her arms and gurgling with pleasure.

"She knows her old granny," said Mrs. Capper with pride, taking her up in her arms. "Doesn't she then?"

"Keep her for a minute, Mum," said Maureen, "I'll be back in two shakes." She got up from the rug and ran out of the room. Mrs. Capper, carefully holding the baby, settled herself on the sofa. Mrs. Loft scrutinized the Gauguin critically. "Fancy mixing that pink with that red," she said. "You'd think he'd have known better than to have two colors that clash like that right close to each other, wouldn't you?"

"I don't suppose he thought they *did* clash," said Jack patiently, opening a bottle of vermouth.

Mrs. Loft sat down in an armchair without any arms. "Each one to his own taste," she said with a merry laugh, "that's what I always say."

After a slight pause, during which the baby belched again, Maureen came back carrying a brown-paper parcel elaborately done up with red ribbon. She placed it on Mrs. Capper's lap, gave her a hurried kiss and relieved her of the baby.

"This is from Jack and me with our best love," she said all in one breath as though she had learned the phrase recently by heart and was afraid of forgetting it.

Mrs. Capper, with a slight contraction of the throat, looked at her standing there in front of her: a mature, chestnut-haired

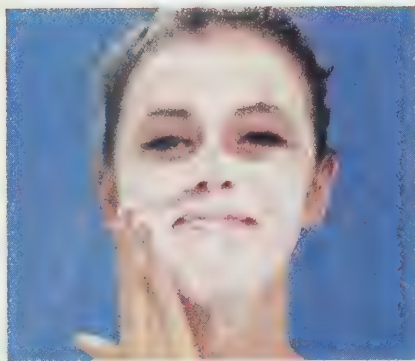


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young woman with pretty gray eyes and a rather prominent chin, and twenty years flicked away and there was Maureen as a little girl standing just as she was standing now having given her, with pride, a birthday present of two iron holders, one with a white rose worked on it, the other with a red. She still had them tucked away somewhere. She opened the parcel carefully. Inside the brown paper was some tissue paper and inside that was a dove-gray cardigan made of the softest wool. She held it up to her face ecstatically. "You shouldn't have," she said. "You really shouldn't have!" She jumped up and kissed Maureen and then went over to Jack, who was mixing drinks at the sideboard, and kissed him too. "It's gorgeous, simply gorgeous, but you didn't ought to have spent so much money. . . . Look, Alice ——" She held it up in front of Mrs. Loft, who fingered it admiringly.

"It'll keep the cold out," said Jack. "And here's something else to keep the cold out." He handed Mrs. Capper a brimming glass of gin and vermouth. "Between the two of them you'll be so hot we shall have to send for the fire brigade."

Mrs. Capper giggled, took a sip from the glass so that it wouldn't spill over, and returned to the sofa.

At this moment the doorbell rang. "Mrs. Burgess," said Jack. "Now we can get cracking. Let mother hold the baby, Maureen, while you put on your hat and coat. I'll let her in."

"What's the panic?" Maureen handed the baby back to Mrs. Capper. "Anyone would think we'd got a train to catch." She went into the hall to greet Mrs. Burgess, who,



"Do you have a good substitute for two weeks in the Bahamas?"

after a moment, came into the room, followed by Jack. She was a short, dumpy little woman dressed in a brown coat and skirt and a salmon-pink blouse which gave her the look of a fat little robin. Jack introduced her jovially to Mrs. Loft as "our lifesaver." Mrs. Burgess laughed, and Mrs. Loft shook hands with her regally as though in course of her busy social existence she was accustomed to greeting all sorts and kinds of people with impartial graciousness.

Mrs. Burgess, apparently oblivious of any particular honor bestowed, sank down onto her haunches in front of the sofa, nodded affably to Mrs. Capper and chuckled the baby under the chin. "There she is, the little love-a-ducks," she exclaimed. The baby turned its head away in distaste and gave a hiccup. Mrs. Capper patted the baby gently on the back. "Wind," she explained. "Maureen says she's had it on and off all day."

"Would you like me to take her now?" "Perhaps it would be better. I've got to tidy myself." She deposited the baby in Mrs. Burgess's arms and rose to her feet. The baby screamed gratifyingly at being taken from her, and Mrs. Burgess admonished it with a playful little shake.

"Naughty, naughty," she said. "That's no way to behave!"

Mrs. Capper went through the hall and into the bedroom. Maureen was sitting at the dressing table powdering her nose. Mrs. Capper stood behind her and stroked her shoulder affectionately. "I hope you and Jack didn't mind me bringing Alice along," she said. "She'd been dropping many hints and going on about how dull Sunday evenings were in London, I felt just had to ask her. After all, she does let me have the room very cheap—with the use of the rest of the house thrown in ——" Mr.

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er, with a guilty pang, remembered her "a-teet" in the front living room with Godsall and debated in her mind whether or not to tell Maureen about it. The picture of the crumb of sponge which shooting from his mouth onto the floor of his trousers suddenly recurred in her mind and her mouth twitched.

"What's up?" inquired Maureen. "You look like a cat that's swallowed the cream." "That's that Mr. Godsall —" Mrs. Capper sat and gave a little laugh. "He came to see me this afternoon when Alice came and brought me a vase."

"Good for him," said Maureen. "Although I think he's a bit wet, if you ask me." "I tried to ask me to marry him, but I refused him," said Mrs. Capper with a rush. "Maureen looked at her blankly. "Marry him? She gave a little frown. "Well—do you believe it?"

"It's not a bad sort really you know, I think he's respectable and nicely spoken and makes quite a lot out of that shop, he does."

"Are you seriously thinking of marrying again? I mean do you really want to?"

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Capper. "I don't rightly know and that's a fact."

"You could always come and live with us if you got fed up with living on your own, now that."

Mrs. Capper patted her hand. "Yes, I would, but I wouldn't do it, not in a thousand years. I couldn't bear the thought of being a burden, and it's no use pretending I don't be because I would. Mother-in-laws always cause trouble."

"Never sort of thought of you as being married again." Maureen looked pensive. "I don't see there's no earthly reason why you



"About the new bike, Mother . . . I've decided to go over your head."

shouldn't if you want to, it's just that the idea never occurred to me. Do you mean to say he really proposed to you?"

"No. I nipped it in the bud, like I just told you. But he was working up to it all right."

"Why didn't you let him get on with it—get it out of his system? At least you'd have known where you were."

"I know where I am anyway, thanks very much," said Mrs. Capper. "And I didn't let him get on with it because in the middle of what he was saying I suddenly remembered your Dad popping the question to me on a bus and I suddenly started to get all weepy and then Alice came in and that was that."

"You still miss Dad, don't you?" Maureen looked at her wonderingly. "After all those years you still miss him?"

"Yes, dear, and I expect I always shall," said Mrs. Capper in a matter-of-fact voice and, leaning forward, dabbed her nose with Maureen's powder puff because it looked shiny. "Don't say anything to Jack about Mr. Godsall, there's a dear. It makes me feel sort of silly."

Maureen laughed. "You're a dark horse and no mistake," she said.

Mrs. Capper regarded herself quizzically in the mirror. "Alice Loft said I was a sly boots and now you call me a dark horse. Sly boots or dark horse—pay your money and take your choice." She laughed, too, and they went out of the room arm in arm.

The Chez Maurice was in Chelsea, in a turning off the King's Road. It had been open only a few months and was doing quite well in a modest way. Maurice Downes, the proprietor, when on the threshold of middle age, had had the good fortune to meet a wealthy cotton broker from the Midlands. It was the cotton broker's money that financed the Chez Maurice, but it was

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Mrs. Capper's Birthday Party (Continued)

Maurice's own intelligence, industry and business acumen that enabled him to show a small profit after only three months. It was inexpensive compared with most of the other restaurants in the district, and the food, although not exactly lavish so far as portions went, was of excellent quality and reasonably well cooked. The "decor" was earnestly Provençal with nets and strings of garlic and onions hanging from a false beam. On each table was a red-and-white checked cloth and a red candle in a beer bottle. The three waiters, Nicky, Michael and David were dressed picturesquely in blue French sailor pants, fish-net shirts and red cotton scarves tied piratically round their heads. David indeed had appeared one evening sporting a large gold earring, but Maurice had had it off in a flash. "We can't have you clanking round the tables like Zaida, the Gypsy Queen," he said. "It's going *much* too far."

Maureen and Jack had been first taken to the Chez Maurice one evening some months back by a friend of Jack's who had taken up interior decoration as a business and was working for a private firm in Finsbury, and they had been back several times since. Neither Mrs. Loft nor Mrs. Capper had ever come to the restaurant before, and they were both agreeably impressed. Maurice, who welcomed them with great urbanity and handed them each a scarlet menu, took their orders personally. Actually there was a very wide choice. Mrs. Capper, Mrs. Loft and Maureen all plumped for shrimp scampi, chicken à la Maryland, while Jack chose a salmon and a grilled steak. Red or white wine was served by the glass. The

ladies chose white, Jack, red. "You could have a bottle of rosé if you liked," said Maurice a trifle sibilantly, overemphasizing the accent on rosé. "We've just got some in, and it's dreamy."

"I think we'll stick with the white and the red," said Jack. "Better the devil, you know!" He winked at Mrs. Loft, who turned her head to one side in a refined manner while David placed a glass of *soi-disant* sauternes before her. Maurice bowed and went away. David, after he had served them all with wine, also went away. Jack handed round his cigarette case. Mrs. Loft accepted a cigarette exquisitely and held it in front of her lips with a slightly pouting expression until Michael, the more masculine-looking of the three waiters, approached her with a lighter and said, in a very high voice, "Allow me, madame."

Mrs. Capper looked round with interest. She wasn't used to dining in restaurants as a general rule. For lunch she usually went to The Queen's Head or to a snack bar near Victoria Station. In the evenings when she got home from work she was accustomed to frying herself a steak or chop with some potato chips, after which she'd make herself some tea and sit chatting for a while with Mrs. Loft if she felt like it, or else go straight upstairs to bed with a magazine. She actually preferred the evenings when Mrs. Loft was out visiting friends and she could have the kitchen to herself. On these occasions she sometimes, after her meal, went up and sat in the front room if it was warm enough and watched the telly for a bit. Mrs. Loft's set was very small and sometimes it wouldn't work properly however much she fiddled with the knobs, but it was all right now for a change.

The clientele of the Chez Maurice was a mixed lot, to say the least. The place con-

sisted of a small room, with another one opening out of it. There were not more than a dozen tables in all. Over by the window was an elderly man, quite respectable-looking, with a heavily made-up woman in black. Her bosom seemed to be on the point of bursting out of her dress, and she occasionally laughed desperately and then bent over her plate as though the effort had exhausted her. On the other side of the room was a table with six people squashed round it. They were all quite young and a bit noisy. One of the girls had a dead-white face with no lipstick and hair that looked as if it hadn't been washed for weeks. The whole lot of them, Mrs. Capper reflected, could do with a bit of dusting and some soap and water. At the table next to their own were two men, one considerably older than the other. The elder one talked incessantly in a careful, educated voice, while the younger one devoted himself doggedly to his food, occasionally looking up with a puzzled expression on his handsome face as though he were being suddenly recalled from a dream that he couldn't quite remember.

Mrs. Loft was bubbling with enthusiasm. "They've made it most picturesque, I *must* say." She took in the whole restaurant with one patronizingly comprehensive glance. "You'd really think you were abroad, wouldn't you, instead of being only a stone's throw from the Albert Bridge?" She sighed nostalgically. "When Mr. Loft was alive, we used to go abroad at least three times a year. He was in textiles, you know, and spoke French like a native. I remember once going to a place very like this in Amsterdam and —"

"I thought they spoke Dutch in Amsterdam," said Jack. Maureen shot him a warning look, but Mrs. Loft ignored the interruption and pressed on undeterred.

"It wasn't exactly like this, of course, because it was much bigger and there was a large stove made of colored tiles that jutted right out into the room." She took a sip of white wine. "I remember on that particular evening the gentleman who was with us kept on filling up my glass when I wasn't looking and believe it or not I got quite tipsy!" She gave a tinkling laugh. "Wasn't it *awful*? Mr. Loft was furious—I often wonder . . ." She assumed a pensive expression. "I often wonder what would have happened to me if Mr. Loft had not passed over when he did." She paused and looked at Mrs. Capper and Maureen in turn as though expecting some dramatic surmises. Failing to get them, she gave another little laugh, this time tinged with a note of bitterness. "One thing I *do* know, and that is that I shouldn't be a lonely widow having to take in lodgers to make both ends meet."

Mrs. Capper, who had heard variations on this particular theme several times before, spoke up quite sharply. "Come off it, Alice," she said, aware that Maureen and Jack were exchanging amused glances. "You've only got one lodger, and that happens to be me, and we don't have such a bad time together, taken by and large. To hear you talk anyone'd think you spent every day of your life crying your eyes out. And you've told me a hundred times if you've told me once that Mr. Loft was a holy terror and that you was sick to death of him!"

"Hilda, how *can* you! I never said any such thing—I —"

At this point a diversion was caused by Maurice coming to the table. "I bring ghastly tidings," he said. "There's been a crisis in the kitchen and the shrimp soup's off. I've ordered you some Vichyssoise instead, but if you don't like it, we'll dream up something else."



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...don't know what it is," said Mrs. Capper.

Maureen gave a titter. "It's out of a tin of shrimp," he said disarmingly, "but we tidge it up with a little extra onion and chives. Try it anyway—it can't hurt you. Live dangerously."

He motioned to David, who appeared with a tray and placed bowls of soup in front of Mrs. Capper, Mrs. Loft and Maureen. Half a cantaloupe in front of Jack. "The night's sensational tonight, dear," David said. "And there's sugar and dry ginger on the side of the plate if you fancy them."

Maureen frowned at David and dismissed him with a wave of the hand. "I'm forever telling that boy not to call the customers 'dear,'" he said, "but there's no stopping him. He says it's a mental block. As a matter of fact, I'm liable to do it myself every day and then, it's sort of habit-forming."

Jack laughed. "I'm broad-minded," he said. "Let's have some more vino all round." The dinner slowly progressed. Mrs. Capper enjoyed the Vichyssoise, and the chicken salad was delicious, although the fried potatoes had given her a bit of a shock, as she expected it to be a potato; but it was all so tasty. The white wine, on top of the gin and tonic she had had at the flat, had induced a pleasant glow. In fact the whole evening was going all right and she was aware that she should be enjoying it thoroughly, but somehow, in her heart, there was unease. Being given to lucid introspection, she began to puzzle out why this should be. It was, of course, be put down to the vivacious presence of Mrs. Loft. She knew, with her own instincts, that Jack and Maureen didn't care for her and she cursed herself for not being soft enough to give in to obvious hints. But it wasn't only Mrs. Loft. It was something deeper, more fundamental.

It dawned on her suddenly while she was eating a pineapple ring that had been soaked in some sweet liqueur. Maureen was discussing with Mrs. Loft the merits and defects of certain current television programs, with occasional laconic interpolations from Jack, who had had another glass of red wine and was beginning to look rather flushed. The sly, incontestable truth that dropped into Mrs. Capper's mind was the sudden realization that she was lonely. She knew perfectly well that she had no right to be. She loved Maureen, and Maureen loved her. She knew that Jack was reasonably fond of her too. They had both gone to the trouble and expense of giving her this birthday treat and buying her the lovely cardigan into the bargain. Everything was all right. Everything was more than all right—it was fine; and yet the grim little fact had to be faced; she wasn't particularly needed. Maureen had the baby, and Jack had the baby and Maureen and his job; they had their own lives to live. If she, Mrs. Capper, suddenly took ill and died, Maureen would cry and wear black and come to the funeral and miss her for a little, but not more than that, not nearly so much as she still missed Fred and, for the matter of that, missed Maureen too. Not the nice, sensible young woman sitting next to her, but the other Maureen, the young, growing, dependent Maureen who had to be fretted over and looked after and protected from all possible hazards and dangers.

Mrs. Capper, with a small, desolate sigh, finished her pineapple ring and heard her own voice, a trifle louder than she intended it to be, ask Jack if she could have another glass of wine. Jack laughed. "Good for you, mother!" He snapped his fingers to attract attention. "Hold on to your hats, boys! Ma's on the booze again! Hoo-bloody-ray!"

Maureen giggled. "Turn it up, dear, we don't want the whole place staring at us."

"I wouldn't say 'no' to another little sip myself," said Mrs. Loft. "It's got such a nice nutty flavor."

Michael, the stocky waiter, came up. Mrs. Capper, observing his hirsute torso largely exposed through the mesh of his string vest, thought to herself how much nicer he would have looked in a clean white shirt.

"The same again, all round," said Jack. Maureen made a half-hearted gesture of protest, which he ignored. "This is a special occasion," he said. "Bring on the dancing girls." He winked at Maurice, who was hovering nearby, Maurice winked back, nodded and disappeared.

A few moments later, when Michael had brought the wine and David had placed four thick little cups and a coffee percolator on the table, there was a slight commotion at the head of the stairs leading down to the kitchen. Maurice then appeared, bearing proudly a pink birthday cake with one candle on it which he placed ceremoniously in front of Mrs. Capper. The other waiters, Nicky, David and Michael, and Maurice himself, gathered round the table and sang rather self-consciously, "Happy birthday to you. . . . Happy birthday to you. . . . Happy birthday to you. . . . Happy birthday to you. . . . Happy birthday to you. . . . There was a sudden silence and a spatter of applause from one of the other tables. Mrs. Capper, unable to speak, sat staring at the cake and feeling her neck and face flushing.

"Blow out the candle in one breath," said Jack. Maureen, noticing Mrs. Capper's expression, leaned forward and patted her hand. Mrs. Capper, controlling her emotion with a valiant effort, blew out the candle, whereupon Jack, Maurice and the three waiters clapped their hands loudly. Mrs.

Capper felt as though her heart were about to jump clean out of her chest. A wave of sentiment mixed with panic assailed her for a moment, but she held on to herself and managed to smile more or less ordinarily. "You shouldn't have, you really shouldn't have." Her voice sounded hoarse, as though she were going to have one of her colds.

Maurice, sympathetically aware of her tension, broke it by offering her a silver knife. "Cut it, dear," he said, "and make yourself a lovely wish." Mrs. Capper carefully cut four slices and placed them on plates proffered by Michael, who handed them round the table. Maurice then took the cake away. "I'll put it in a box for you," he said, "so that it won't get battered to pieces on the way home."

"Thanks, pal," Jack said.

"Anything for you, dear," Maurice said. "It's my pleasure."

Maureen glanced quickly from one to the other and laughed.

As Maurice departed with the cake, Jack looked at her inquiringly. "What's the joke?"

"Nothing," Maureen replied. "It's just that he *does* talk a bit funny, doesn't he?"

Saturday night was the big night at The Tender Shepherd. Sunday nights were a bit quieter as a rule and less crowded, but it was fairly full when Mrs. Capper, Maureen, Jack, and Mrs. Loft arrived. Maud and Dolly were on the dais, Maud banging away at the piano while Dolly, a cigarette hanging from her mouth, banged away at the drums. A very small, dark girl in a magenta jumper was screaming *Night and Day* into the mike. From behind the bar, Lil and Ted greeted the new arrivals as they passed through into the inner room where the music was, and Vera, who was serving a burly



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Mrs. Capper is birthday party
(Charm's guest)

Jamaican, and two youths in boat-neck shirts, shouted a shrill "cheerio."

Poor Vera was looking better. Mrs. Capper thought less peaky, and her face had filled out a bit. Vera was Lil and Ted's daughter and had recently been in the Middlesex Hospital with some sort of kidney complaint. She was a nice enough girl, but inclined to be lackadaisical.

Arlene Dunlop rose from a table in the inner room and hailed them enthusiastically. "I thought you were never coming!" she cried. "We can all squash round this table. . . . Move over, dear," she said to a morose-looking man in a navy-blue suit, "you've got your butt on my handbag." The man looked startled and moved as close to the wall as he could.

Arlene was fiftyish and plump. Her hair was vividly hennaed and she wore a black lace dress over a pink satin slip. The dress was cut very low in front.

Arlene was what Mrs. Capper described as "A Character," which meant that she was a little out of the usual run, someone whose behavior was unpredictable—or at any rate predictably unpredictable. In her earlier years Arlene had been a soubrette in touring revues and provincial pantomimes and, during the war, she had tramped with a group of other entertainers through most of the Far and Middle East. Her descriptions of these excursions were uninhibited to say the least.

For the last decade or so, she had been the proprietress of a small milk bar in the Fulham road. Actually, it had begun as a café and developed into a milk bar. She had had two or three husbands here and there along the line, and was currently sharing a tiny flat above the milk bar with a theatrical electrician a few years younger than herself. This love life, if her forthright revelations were to be believed, had its ups and downs. Mrs. Capper was fond of Arlene because she was goodhearted and made her laugh. Mrs. Loft didn't care for her at all and made no secret of it. "She's such a common thing," she said. "And her language! Well, really."

"She's all right in small doses," said Mrs. Capper equably, "And once she likes you she'd do anything in the world for you."

Anyway, here she was, more ebullient than ever and Mrs. Loft would just have to lump it. Mrs. Capper settled herself on the inside of the table with her back to the wall and smiled contentedly to herself. She always enjoyed The Tender Shepherd. The atmosphere of the place was cheerful and noisy without being rowdy, and she loved watching the different types spring up onto the dais and sing. You just couldn't stop them. Some of them were quite good, but others—oh, dear—you'd never believe that people could be willing to make such fools of themselves in public. Dolly and Maud, of course, were wonderful. Maud could play anything by ear—someone would only have to hum her a few bars and off she'd go with Dolly keeping time on the drums. Mrs. Capper liked it best when Dolly marked the rhythm with the whisk only. This had a pleasing sound and wasn't quite so deafening.

"What's everyone going to have?" asked Jack.

"This is my lot," cried Arlene. "I was here first. As a matter of fact I came specially tonight on account of it being Hilda's birthday. I was pretty sure you'd all be in. What's it to be, Hil? Veuve-bloody-Cliquot or mild and bitter?"

"Mild and bitter, if it's all the same to you." Mrs. Capper gave a little laugh. "I wish everyone would stop going on about it being my birthday now. It's been lovely

while it lasted, but just between you and I, I'm beginning to get a bit fed up with it."

"Relax, dear," Arlene said. "You're only middle-aged once. Personally I gave up counting birthdays years ago. Too bloody depressing. This morning I looked at myself in the glass and gave a cry like a wounded animal. 'What's happened to that gorgeous little heart-shaped face?' I said. 'Gone with the wind! And what about those lines round that old rosebud mouth? Nearly fifty years of this and that and here and there, and what have you got to show for it?' I said. 'Nothing but an electrician who works nights and a damn bloody stinking milk bar!'"

Mrs. Loft gave a muted scream. "Arlene!" she hissed. "People will hear you!"

"Natch," said Arlene cheerfully, "unless they happen to be damn deaf bloody stinking mutes!"

Maureen went off into a fit of laughter as Vera came up to take orders for drinks.

"You're looking better, dear," said Mrs. Capper. "Do you still have to go to the hospital?"

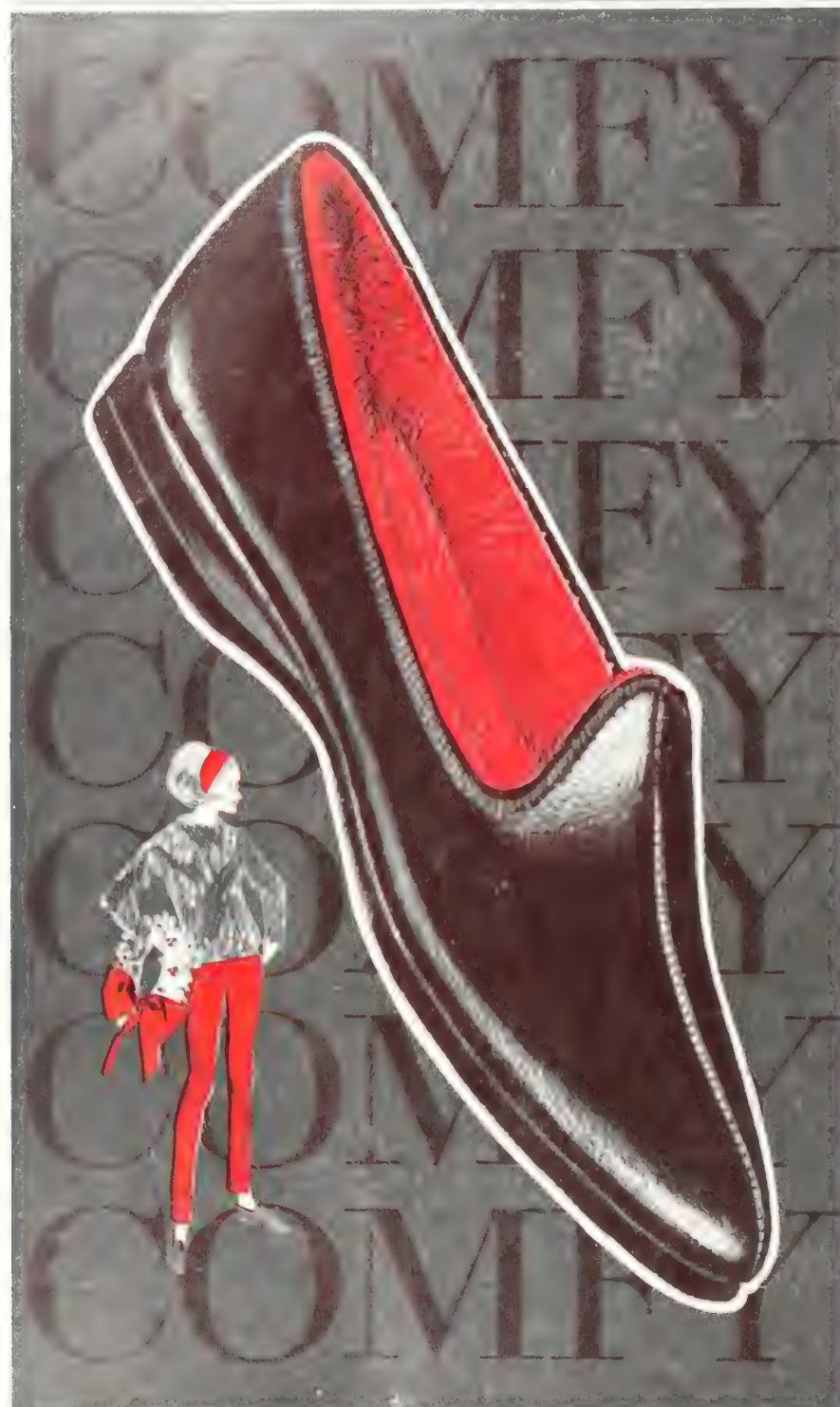
"Only once a week now, for an injection," Vera replied.

"When I toured during the war," Arlene said reminiscently, "I had so many injections my butt looked like a pincushion."

Vera took their orders and went away giggling. Mrs. Loft scrutinized her face anxiously in her compact, as though she feared that the vulgarity of her immediate surroundings might have left some indelible mark. She dabbed powder on her nose, sighed heavily, snapped the compact shut, and put it back into her bag.

Jimmy Bowdler, a curly-haired young man in a green turtleneck sweater and corduroy trousers, jumped on the stage and seized the mike. "Quiet, everybody!" he bellowed. "We are now going to 'ave the privilege and pleasure of 'earing The Tender Shepherd's favorite—the one and only . . . Doreen Carter! Come on up, Doreen!" He beckoned to a girl in a tight skirt who was sitting at a corner table with two other girls and a middle-aged man. Jimmy, who had established himself at The Tender Shepherd—with little opposition—as a sort of permanent master of ceremonies, was tirelessly cheerful and unfailingly popular with all comers. He worked in a furniture shop in Earl's Court, but it was obvious that his true aspirations were for The Theatre.

Doreen Carter rose from her table and, amidst loud applause started firmly by Jimmy, minced up onto the stage and whispered to Maud with a professional air. Maud nodded sagely, took a swig of beer, placed the glass on the top of the piano and embarked on a spirited introduction. Doreen



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JOURNAL CREDITS: WHO, WHAT & WHERE

A TREASURY OF FAVORITE CHRISTMAS RECIPES

Gift wrap for Buttermints on page 143 by Reynolds Aluminum Foil. Punch cup on page 146 from Georg Jensen.

HOLIDAY ORNAMENTS

Pages 126-132: Arkin, pink smock: Bloomingdale's, New York; Bullocks-Wilshire, Los Angeles; Milgrims, Detroit and Cleveland. Mr. Mort, yellow double-knit: Lord & Taylor, all stores; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco. Arkin, red stretch velveteen: Henri Bendel, New York; Hutzler's, Baltimore; Jordan Marsh, Boston. Mr. Mort, green double-knit: Bonwit Teller, all stores; Jenny Co., Cincinnati. Arkin, green wool-knit: Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores; Hecht Co., Washington. Jerry Silverman, orange worsted: Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Harold's, Minnesota; Battlestein's, Houston. Jr. Sophisticates, blue double-knit: Henri Bendel, New York; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Stewarts, Louisville; J.L. Hudson, Detroit.

er took up an authoritative stance and, adjusting the mike to her satisfaction, proceeded to sing, in a piercing and rarely toneless soprano, *Begin the Beguine*. Her enormous bouffant hairdo diminished her sharp little face so that she resembled a parrot wearing a busby.

Having finished *Begin the Beguine*, the notes of which made Mrs. Capper's ears ring, Doreen sang, with complete confidence and absolutely no expression, *Smoke in Your Eyes* and *Over the Rainbow*, for which she stepped down from the stage to vociferous applause, augmented by rattles and stamping of feet from the bar. Ernie, the bar boy, brought a tray of drinks. Arlene waved her hand regally. "Put 'em on my bill, Ernie," she said. "The duke will pay when he gets here from Buckingham Palace. The saucy sod's late as it is."

At this moment there was a slight commotion. Ted came in hurriedly from the bar and went over to a group of young men sitting at a table next to Arlene's. After he had conferred to them urgently for a moment, he got up and moved over to the wall. "Lord!" said Arlene. "It's either visitors from outer space or Princess Margaret."

After an expectant pause Ted ushered in an incredibly handsome young man wearing a sport coat, gray flannel trousers, a white silk shirt and a colored scarf, accompanied by two other young men dressed with equally careful nonchalance and a blond woman in a scarlet hat and a chic white raincoat. The buzz of conversation continued, but furtive and admiring glances were turned toward the newcomers.

"That's Gloria May and Kenny Blake!" Arlene whispered. "Maureen, fancy them coming to a place like this on Sunday night," said Mrs. Loft in awestruck tones. "You'd never credit it, would you?"

"I don't see why they shouldn't," said Arlene. "They're liable to have as good a time here as anywhere else, if not better." Ted took a swig of beer. "Slumming," he said contemptuously.

"It's nothing of the sort." Mrs. Capper stepped up in arms. "Kenny Blake used to be here ever so often in the old days." "Sorry, Ma—I'd forgotten you used to look for him."

He certainly did, and a nicer boy you wouldn't find in a day's march." She looked at Arlene at Kenny Blake and his party. He looked a bit older, more mature, but not far from that he hadn't changed much since she'd "done" for him in his two-room flat in Ebury Street eight years ago. He'd been playing a small part in a show in the West End. She remembered he'd given her two tickets to go and see him in it. She and Dorrie had gone together—it must have been about a year before Dorrie died. She hadn't thought much of the play, but she'd both agreed that he was wonderful—boyish and sort of natural. Then, of course, he'd had this offer to act in a film in Hollywood and had sold the flat and gone to America all inside of a week.

She remembered missing Kenny very much, and Eddie, his friend who used to share the flat with him, was heartbroken at the time. No exaggeration. She had met Eddie in the street a few weeks after Kenny had died, and he had hugged her and taken her to the Dragon for a drink and talked with her for an hour and a quarter. It didn't seem so very long ago really, and yet here he was—the young Kenny Blake, one of the biggest movie stars in the world. She recollected now reading in *Mail* that he was over here to act in a play with Gloria May. There had been a rumour of them both getting out of an airplane. Mrs. Capper, watching out of the



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corner of her eye, saw Gloria slip off her raincoat and hang it over the back of her chair. She was wearing a plain black dress and a string of pearls. Kenny leaned over and lighted a cigarette for her.

"Oh, honey," she said in her famous, husky voice, "this place is sheer heaven! I want to live here for the rest of my life."

Jimmy bounded up onto the stage again and sang a duet with a tall, redheaded young man who had a surprisingly deep voice and an immense Adam's apple which seemed to be bobbing up and down in a

frantic attempt to keep time. Kenny Blake and his group watched the proceedings with obvious enjoyment. A tray of drinks was brought to them by Ernie, who stared at Gloria May with his mouth open and his eyes bolting out of his head. Kenny called Ted over and asked him to sit down and have a drink. The two unknown young men of the party nudged each other occasionally and giggled when they noticed some particular type who amused them. Gloria May kept up a running commentary, but the noise was too great for Mrs. Capper to be

able to catch more than a word here and there. Two girls approached Kenny's table with two bits of grubby paper to be signed. He and Gloria obliged graciously, but Jimmy was up at the mike again in a flash.

Having yelled for silence and got it to a certain degree, he waved his hands in the air. "Listen, boys and girls!" he shouted. "We have the pleasure to have with us to-night our old friend Kenny Blake and his lovely star Gloria May —" The applause was deafening, but after a moment he managed to quiet it. "They have come here, just

Mrs. Capper's Birthday Party

(Continued)

as we all have, to have a couple of drinks and enjoy themselves. They have *not* come here to wear their fingers to the bone signing autographs. So let's all wish 'em all the best and bloody well leave 'em alone!"

Jimmy jumped down amid loud cheering and laughter. Kenny got up and shook hands with him and introduced him to Gloria May, who flashed him a radiant smile and offered him a cigarette from her heavily embossed gold case. The performance proceeded. The small dark girl in the magenta jumper sang again and a slightly drunk young man in tight black trousers and a T-shirt, sang *My Heart Belongs to Daddy* to loud and prolonged applause.

It was drawing near to closing time and the noise was growing louder. Once more Jimmy jumped up and silenced it. As the buzz died down and Jimmy began to speak, Mrs. Capper was suddenly seized with a dread sense of premonition. "I have an announcement to make," Jimmy was shouting. "To all you habitués and sons of habitués"—pause for laugh—"of this distinguished old joint. We have with us tonight one of the good old Shepherd's favorite customers, and it just happens to be her birthday." Mrs. Capper's heart sank like a stone. "So I am going to ask you to raise your glasses one and all and drink to the health, wealth and happiness of our old friend—Hilda Capper!" At this everyone cheered enthusiastically, Jimmy made a sign to Maud, who bashed out the opening chords of *Happy Birthday*, and when Jimmy started to sing it, everybody joined in.

Mrs. Capper sat stunned. She was smiling, but she knew the smile to be false. It felt as though it had been pressed onto her face like a poultice. When the ordeal was over, she waved her hand blindly and fumbled in her bag for her handkerchief. Maureen squeezed her arm affectionately, Jack raised his glass to her, Arlene bestowed a rather moist kiss on her cheek and Mrs. Loft bowed and becked with vicarious pleasure, like an elderly parrot on a perch. Mrs. Capper, still too overwhelmed to speak or even to think, dumbly took out her packet of Players and lighted one with a trembling hand. Ted came in and shouted, "Time, gentlemen, please!" several times. Maud played *God Save the Queen* with a final flourish and an extra drum roll from Dolly. Everyone stood up. Mrs. Capper, about to move away from the table after Maureen and Jack, felt two arms catch her from behind and swing her round.

"It is you—after all these years!" Kenny Blake kissed her firmly on both cheeks. "Gloria"—he dragged Mrs. Capper over to Gloria May who was putting on her raincoat—"this is one of my oldest friends! She used to look after me like a mother!"

Gloria smiled and put out her hand, which Mrs. Capper took a trifle uncertainly. "Pleased to meet you I'm sure," she said.

Kenny went on to introduce her to the two other boys, but she was far too flustered to hear their names. Kenny rattled on about the old days in the flat and told her that Eddie had come out to join him in Hollywood a few years back and was now a successful agent. Mrs. Capper was glad about Eddie, he'd been a sweet boy and very sensitive, but she found it difficult to concentrate on much that Kenny said because the whole episode seemed to be a jumble of emotion, excitement, old memory and acute embarrassment. At long last Kenny kissed her again and wrung her hand affectionately and she was able to join Maureen and Jack who were hovering in the background. Jack

took one arm and Maureen took the other, as though she had just fainted or had an accident, and they led her out through the bar and out into the street.

Mrs. Loft and Arlene were already on the pavement. There was an argument as to whether or not Arlene could be squeezed into the small car and dropped off in the Fulham road. It was finally decided that it could be managed if Maureen sat in the front with Jack and Mrs. Capper, Mrs. Loft and Arlene squashed into the back.

They were just about to drive off when Ernie came flying out of the pub and banged on the car window. Mrs. Capper, who happened to be that side, let the window down. Ernie pushed a bottle of fine brandy into her hands. "It's from His Nibs," he said breathlessly. There was a folded paper with the bottle. Mrs. Capper opened it and read it in the light of a street lamp. "Happy birthday, my dear!" it said. "In memory of old times and with my love. Kenny."

When Mrs. Capper finally got into her bedroom, she was too tired to try on the new gray cardigan as she had intended to do, so she took it out of its brown paper and laid it carefully in the top drawer of her chest of drawers to wait until the morning. She put the bottle of brandy on the washstand for the time being and took her lower plate out with a sigh of relief. It had been paining her badly for the last few hours, although so much had been happening that she hadn't really paid much heed to it. She rubbed some of the stuff the chemist had given her onto her gum; it stung a bit and tasted sharp and tinny, but it did the trick. She undressed slowly and climbed into bed.

She lay still for a few moments looking up at the ceiling and back over the day. Quite a day it had been, too, what with one thing and another. Her mind went to Mr. Godsall and the cut-glass vase and that awful crumb of sponge sandwich. For a moment or two she entertained a vision of being married to Mr. Godsall; living with him

day after day, sleeping with him night after night. The picture of Mr. Godsall, undressing apologetically and climbing into bed with her, suddenly became too much for her and she had to laugh. It wouldn't do, and that's all there was to it. It just wouldn't do.

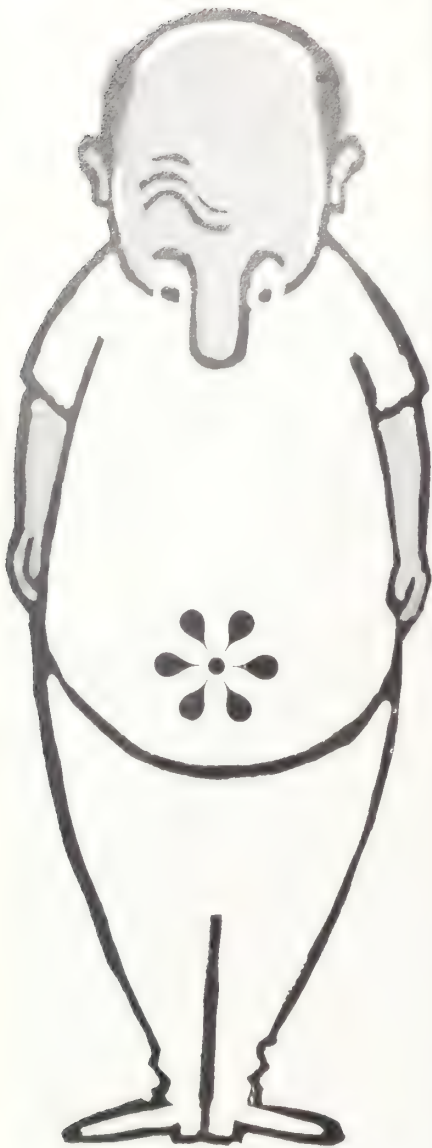
Then she thought of Maureen and Jack and the dinner at the restaurant and the birthday cake, the remainder of which—still in its cardboard box—she had put in the larder before coming up to bed. Her heart swelled with love for Maureen and Jack. Taking all that trouble to give her such a good time. They'd be all right, those two. Maureen was sensible and Jack was steady, and they had baby. She hoped they'd have another sooner or later, a boy for preference. It would be nice to have a grandson.

Then she started to laugh again at the thought of Alice Loft and Arlene. Alice being so refined and elegant, and Arlene shocking the daylights out of her. It was a scream, it really was, to see them together. Then that Jimmy, jumping up to the mike and making everybody sing *Happy Birthday* to her! She still wished he hadn't done it, and yet she was glad he had. She felt herself blushing all over again. If he hadn't, ten to one Kenny Blake wouldn't have noticed her, and it had been nice, Kenny being so nice, kissing her and giving her the bottle of brandy. He was a nice boy and deserved everything he got and good luck to him.

She closed her eyes for a moment, feeling sleep beginning to creep over her. The sense of loneliness she had felt in the restaurant seemed now to have evaporated completely. You couldn't be lonely with everybody laying themselves out to take such a lot of trouble, could you? She opened her eyes, picked up the frame with Fred's photo in it and looked at it for quite a while. Mr. Godsall indeed! Mr. Anybody for the matter of that. She gave an indignant little snort and put the frame back in its place.

"Good night, Fred," she said out loud, and pulled the string that switched off the light.

• END



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Left, a perfectly normal project for Christmas Eve—gift-wrapping the dog (ours is named Clem) that heads so many "Dear Santa" lists. Our dog-fancier is wearing a free-swinging smock dress of hot-pink wool jersey from Jasco. The round neck is bound and tied in the back and the tucks go all around to form a yoke. By Jeri Holmes for Arkin Knits, \$50, in misses sizes. Right, Santa-stuffing is all in the Eve's work. Her yellow wool dress is double-knit and has a flattering draped neckline, a fluid flow of skirt. Designed by Stanley Herman for Mr. Mort, \$45, in junior sizes. Earrings by Brania. All shoes shown on these pages are from Mademoiselle shoes by Carlisle. For information on stores where these dresses can be purchased, see page 122.

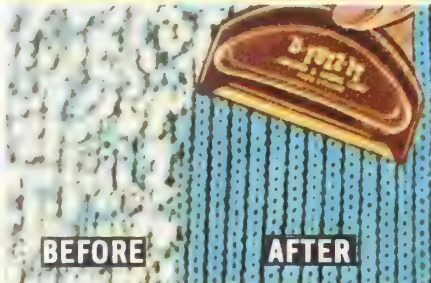


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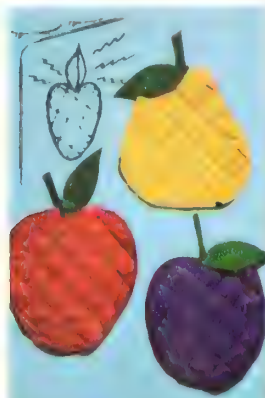
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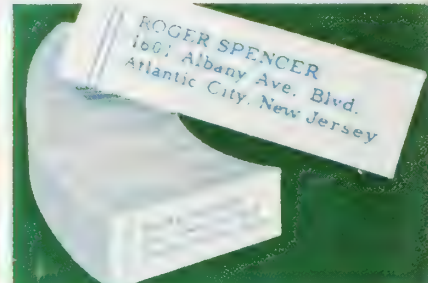
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GENUINE MINK TRIMMED GLOVES . . . With YOUR OWN golden-tone initial gleaming at the wrist! Genuine dark brown ranch mink trims warm kitten-soft nylon stretch gloves. Fits all hand sizes from 6 to 9. Specify 1 initial. **Mink Trimmed Gloves**
Beige . . . \$1.98
White . . . \$1.98



CHALK 'N CORK BULLETIN BOARD done in early American style! An impressive reminder center! It's half-slate for written messages; half-cork for pin-up memos. A must in every well-organized household. Keeps things running perfectly. Handsome colonial style wood frame. Tray holds chalk, pencils, tacks. 16" x 10".
Each . . . \$1.98



OH! THEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS! . . . A glittering fashion touch for sleek silk & velvet pants, floor-length skirts, all your "at-home" outfits. Marshmallow-soft golden vinyl; sparkling tassels. Suedine foam sole; faille-lined.
Golden Slippers
Small 4 1/2-6 . . . \$2.95
Medium 6-7 1/2 . . . \$2.95
Large 7 1/2-9 . . . \$2.95



ELECTRIC

10 FOOT ELECTRIC LAWN SET WITH SANTA, SLEIGH AND 8 REINDEER

Let jolly Santa perch outside your house for the holiday and have your "Merry Christmas" greetings come to life. Santa appears at his own, golden sleigh pulled by 8 prancing reindeer. Working, delightful on lawn, roof-top, or anywhere.

tall. Stakes anchor into soil. Disassembles. Won't rust. With bulbs, UL approved outdoor cord, metal reflectors. 110 volt. Store easily to be used again next year.

2 Lawn Sets . . . \$14.98
Each Lawn Set . . . \$7.88

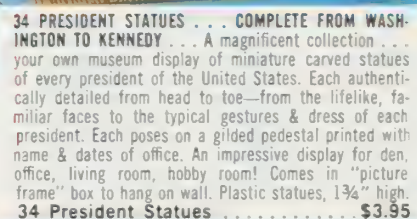
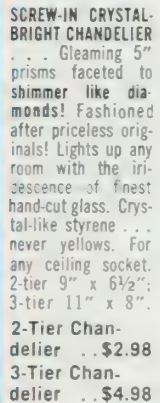
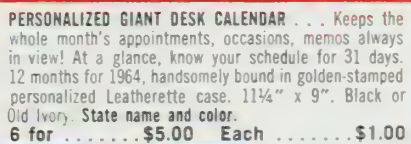
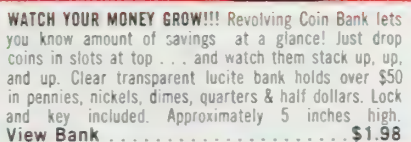
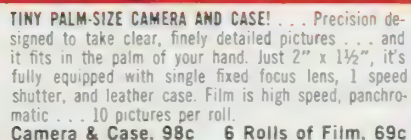
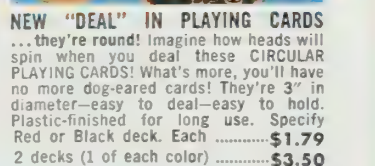
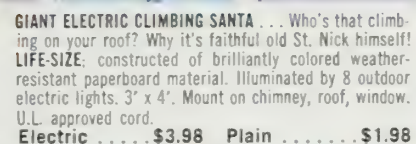
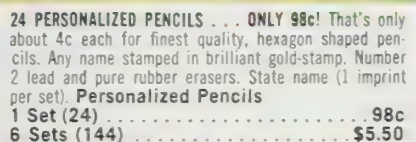
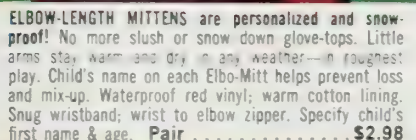
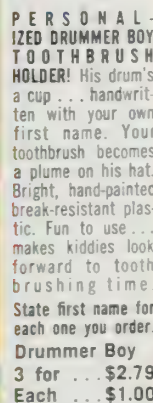
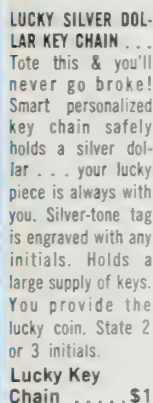
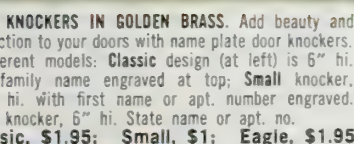
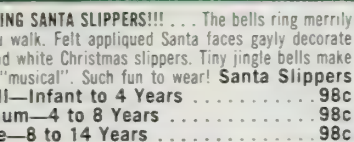
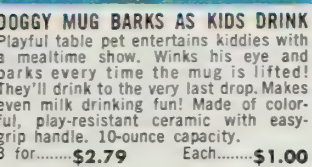
ROOSTER SPOON TOWER holds 4 spoons. Like an extra hand at cooking time, this attractive kitchen accessory holds up to 4 tasting or stirring spoons in just inches of space. Deep tray catches all drippings . . . protects stove top and counters from grease . . . keeps them clean. Colorfully painted ceramic, with a mighty king rooster on top. 6 1/4" x 4 1/4".
Each . . . \$1.00



TALKING GIANT-SIZE ANIMAL BLOCKS . . . Squeeze them . . . They talk! Cat "meows"! Duck "quacks"! Monkey "squeaks"! Dog "barks"! Graduated sizes form a 25" pyramid, or nest into each other for easy storage. Brightly colored . . . they wipe clean.
5 Animal Blocks . . . \$1.98



from Spencer Gifts, PA-1 Spencer Bldg., Atlantic City, N. J.
USE COUPON BELOW



SORRY, NO C.O.D.'s All orders sent Postage Paid.
(Enclose a check or money order with your order)

**TOTAL
ENCLOSED**

HOLIDAY ORNAMENTS

Continued from page 10

Left out of the action, these wives can only be hoping that the children will have as much fun with the jungle gym (by Creative Playthings) as their fathers are having assembling it. Left: in stretch velveteen (which eliminates the problems of that fabric), an easy-fitting dress with lowered waist. Jeri Holmes of Arkin Knits, \$50, misses sizes. Twin necklaces by Coro. Right, in green double-knit from Duplex, a two-piece eased sweater-and-skirt look from Mr. Mort, \$55, junior sizes. Trifari necklace.





'I wish somebody would invent a dishwasher to clean really icky dishes!'



Hotpoint has!

Now...no hand-rinsing! Not even for dried-on egg!

Inside this new Hotpoint dishwasher—17 whirling “faucets” soak off stuck-on foods (so you don’t need to), then wash your dishes clean and spotless. And Hotpoint does a *full day’s* dishes and rinses for an average family in one load! The portable model shown above easily converts to a built-in if you move or remodel. And only

Hotpoint dishwashers are backed by a written 90-day Replacement Guarantee of Satisfaction, in addition to the standard product warranty. Wonderful gift...tell your husband!

Hotpoint

FIRST WITH THE FEATURES WOMEN WANT MOST
A Division of General Electric Company • Chicago 44, Illinois



Cascade detergent comes with your Hotpoint dishwasher. Cascade samples and a portion of the cost of this advertising supplied by Cascade pursuant to agreement with Hotpoint.)



HOLIDAY ORNAMENTS

Continued from page 130

It would appear that a once-a-year performance is not enough to assure Santa a perfect hearthside landing. Here, three of Santa's startled helpers, dressed for the occasion, display proper form. Left, in pine-tree green, a lacy wool-knit from Hopknit, shaped into the newest silhouette that is fitted and eased at the same time. Jeri Holmes design for Arkin Knits, \$50, in misses sizes. Next, a brilliant orange worsted that is flecked with sun yellow. A hip bow marks the spot where the fit stops and the eased skirt begins (\$70). Designed by Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman in misses sizes. Finally, a brilliant blue double-knit from Ann Klein of Junior Sophisticates flares out from a detailed raised waistline, \$60, in junior sizes. Friend Clem, not to be outdone by the ladies, chooses two festive colors and a lowered waistline accentuated by a bow for his Christmas costume. But unlike his friends, Clem cannot expect to get much use out of his outfit after the holidays.



THE END

Lady Buxton flips her lid



yawns

snaps

gapes

flares up

sprawls

clams up

Such exquisite manners. Lady Buxton, of course, has made rather a reputation for herself with such goings-on. Who (for instance) gave the world that self-centering...
flaring snap? That great big small-change purse? That high-sprung thin-lipped Key-Tainer? Who indeed. The...
Smoothly, surely, and in such beautiful sets as Petite Fleur, above. Obviously by
LADY BUXTON
best for your money
LADY BUXTON INC. TORONTO, CANADA



Six outstanding stage and screen actresses, all appearing on Broadway in plays or films this season, were asked by the *Journal* to sketch the clothes they would most like to wear on an opening night. The dresses, suits and coats were then made to order by the *Journal's* pattern department, and the magnificent results are seen on these pages. They are yours for the making. For other views, sizes, pattern prices and how to duplicate these costumes, turn to page 139.

OPENING NIGHT G

By *Nora O'Leary*
PATTERN EDITOR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL A. VACCARO



LAMOUR

and, captivating Carroll Baker, arrives on opening night in a glamorous matte-jersey dress with a full drape, slim underskirt and a wide satin belt. She carries a matching mohair stole, a white jewelry bag and white kid gloves. Movie-goers will be seeing her next in the leading role of the film *The Barefoot Contender*, to be released early in 1964. Far left, Claudette Colbert, a movie favorite, is now hailed for her Broadway successes. Her opening-night choice was an Empire State in gold brocade (Couleur) with a matching scarf. Shoes she bought in Paris were dyed to match. The gloves are white doeskin. She was photographed on the stage of the Majestic Barrymore theater, where her next comedy, *The Irregular Verb*, is currently playing. Elizabeth Ashley, left, bright young thing of the new comedy, *Barefoot in the Park*, wanted a velvet (Orceyre) for her opening-night costume. Designer Donald Brooks helped her with her sketch (he also designed the clothes for the show). The lapels are trimmed in jet. Her sleeveless dress is pale pink crepe. The bow is by Therese Ahrens. She was photographed at the Algonquin Hotel, famous as a celebrity rendezvous after-theater-supper spot, with her leading man, Robert Redford.





OPENING NIGHT continued

Janis Paige, left, when asked what she would like most to wear on opening night, replied simply, "I love Chanel." The rest was easy. You see her here, boarding Sardi's bus for an after-theater supper party. Her white tweed (Anglo) coat, Chanel-inspired, is lined in Chanel's favorite pink. The long skirt matches the coat and the blouse matches the lining. The lapels and collar are quilted, Chanel-style. Matching shoes are by David Evins. Janis is currently starring in *Here's Love*. Florence Henderson, below, a petite, vivacious blond, is costarring with José Ferrer in the new Noel Coward hit, *The Girl Who Came to Supper*. She chose an understated white crepe (Onondaga) princess dress flared at the bottom. She wears it with Seaman Schepps' magnificent jade necklace, a green satin bag and Maximilian's white mink jacket.



Continued on page 138.

Does she...or doesn't she?[®]



hair color so natural only her hairdresser knows for sure![™]

Her ability to listen with love is a joy to her family...as are her radiant good looks. So imagine how she felt when suddenly her hair seemed to be fading, showed gray. Now it shines again with fresh young color as though she's found the secret of turning time back. In a way she has. It's with Miss Clairol—the most effective way to cover gray hair and brighten fading color.

Keeps hair in wonderful condition—soft, lively—because Miss Clairol carries the color deep into the hair shaft to shine outward, just the way natural color does. That's why hairdressers everywhere recommend Miss Clairol and more women use it than all other haircolorings. So quick and easy. Try it yourself. Today.

MISS CLAIROL[®]

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Even close up, her hair looks natural. Miss Clairol keeps it shiny, bouncy. Completely covers gray with the younger, brighter, lasting color no other kind of haircoloring can promise—and live up to!





OPENING NIGHT continued

Joanne Woodward signs autographs for young fans outside theater where her new movie, *A New Kind of Love*, is playing. She said that she has always longed for something warm to wear on stormy opening nights in New York. The answer was a coachman's-style coat of black and white tweed (Carltext), double-breasted with braid buttons. She wears it with a long straight matching skirt, a black cashmere turtleneck sweater and a black fox muff. The ensemble adapts well to shortening later.

•END



A charming, lighthearted fable for the Yuletide season.

By Arnold Rabin

Once upon a time there were two Christmas stockings named Alice and Thomas. They were twins, and they had the same names as the twin children to whom they belonged. One Christmas Eve, Thomas, who hung beside Alice on the mantel, stretched himself indignantly and complained.

"I'm tired of this whole business. Every Christmas Eve I get weighed down with presents and pulled out of shape, and it's days before I look myself again."

Alice, who had been dozing, yawned. "What are you going to do?" "Run away," announced Thomas, twisting himself into a knot. "Run away!" exclaimed Alice. "Why, Santa's expecting us! And think of the children! How will they get their presents?" And she leaped herself up, shocked at the very idea.

"I'm sorry," said Thomas, "but I'm leaving. And if you're wise, you'll come with me."

"Well," admitted Alice, "I get quite out of shape, too, with all those presents stuffed inside me, and I'd be lonely here by myself."

"Then come," said Thomas, shaking himself off the mantel.

"It's such a big jump!" said Alice, looking down.

"Don't be afraid," said Thomas. "I'll catch you." Encouraged, Alice dropped gently to the floor.

Flip, flap, flop fell Alice, unable to walk without little Alice caring her.

Flop, flap, flip fell Thomas, unable to walk without little Thomas caring him.

"What do we do now?" asked Alice.

"Let's take hold of each other and ease ourselves up," said Thomas.

And so Alice and Thomas eased themselves up. Then, leaning each on the other, they stumbled ninety-two times and learned how to walk.

Delighted, they hurried across the living-room floor, stretched themselves flat, and slipped through the mail slot and out the front door.

Alice shivered and said, "Oh, my, it's cold!"

Thomas shivered and said, "We won't feel it once we get moving. Now hold on to me."

The wind blew strong and the snow swirled, and the two Christmas stockings

had to bend their tops so the flakes wouldn't blind them.

"I can't see with my top bent like this," shouted Alice.

Thomas could barely hear her through the sound of the storm. When suddenly he couldn't even feel her beside him.

"Help! I'm blowing away," said Alice, spinning in the sky.

Just as Thomas caught her by the toe, the wind tossed them high, whirling them through the trees and hurling them back to the ground.

"Dear me," said Alice when she was able to sit up. "I'm all ripped!"

And she bent her torn top down to her torn toe and cried till the ribs of her pattern shivered and shook and her tears turned to icicles.

"They're only scratches," said Thomas, comforting her.

"I want to go home," said Alice.

"Oh!" said Thomas impatiently.

"Oh!" said Alice unhappily.

"It's too cold to stand still," said Thomas, jumping up and down.

Continued

AUTOMATIC DISHWASHER OWNERS:

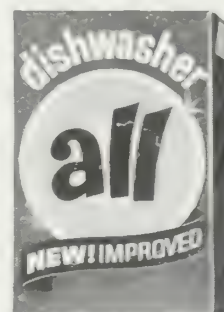
New Improved Dishwasher **all** not only ends water spots...but dissolves 7 of the most stubborn spots

<p>1. GREASY SPOTS</p>	
<p>2. EGG YOLK</p>	
<p>3. LIPSTICK SPOTS</p>	
<p>4. TEA AND COFFEE STAINS</p>	
<p>5. LEAFY VEGETABLE SPECKS</p>	
<p>6. MILK FILM</p>	
<p>7. STARCHY SPOTS</p>	

Guarantees spot-free washing...
the most spot-free glasses, silver, dishes
any dishwasher can wash!

New improved Dishwasher **all** not only ends water spots but dissolves 7 other stubborn spots that trouble every automatic dishwasher owner! Dishwasher **all's** super-penetrating solution gets in and under these spots, lifts them off and floats them away. Dishware comes out sparkling clean—even after being stacked for hours in your dishwasher.

And Dishwasher **all** is recommended by every leading dishwasher manufacturer. Get new improved Dishwasher **all**—new color, new fragrance. Dishwasher **all** guarantees the most spot-free glassware, dishes, silver any dishwasher can wash—or your money back.



Dishwasher **all** is recommended completely safe for finest china by the American Fine China Guild.



*What makes
them twinkle?*



Mommy knows the answer. Saran Wrap.™ This Christmas she can bake 'n make all these unbelievable new gifts, decorations and countless other Holiday surprises, thanks to the magic of Saran Wrap. It glitters like crystal. Keeps all the eating enchantment fresh inside. Saran Wrap clings so tight, keeps out air, and keeps in the magic.

Left to right above: Wand Cookie Tree Trim, Blooming Bush, Partridge in a Snowdrift, Fortune Christmas Cookie Tree, Trick Bits, Hostess Gift Basket.

You can make these holiday wraps! Get MAKING MAGIC booklet—free in specially marked Saran Wrap packages.



For recipes and instructions for baking and making real holiday magic, get free 24-page booklet, "Baking's Believing", in specially marked sacks of Gold Medal Flour and new Gold Medal Wondra.



SARAN WRAP IS A PRODUCT OF THE DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY



Dishwasher giving you spots? Look!



WATER DROPS—See what happens when even clean water is sprayed on dishes. Drops like these dry into ugly spots and streaks.

CASCADE—Because of Cascade's "sheeting action," drops don't form. Cascade with Chlorosheen does it—and only Cascade has Chlorosheen!



Cascade's amazing "sheeting action" eliminates drops that spot!

Nothing beats Cascade at getting dishes clean. Cascade's remarkable "sheeting action" even eliminates the drops that cause ugly spots. Water ripples right off in clear-rinsing sheets. Dishes, glassware and silver come from your dishwasher as spotless and sparkling as possible, all ready for the fanciest table without the need for towel touch-ups.

And Cascade is rated safe for china patterns. The makers of Castleton, Flintridge, Franciscan, Lenox and Syracuse china—through the American Fine China Guild—have verified Cascade's unsurpassed safety to delicate patterns.

What's more, every leading dishwasher manufacturer recommends Cascade. So do women everywhere. They've made it America's favorite dishwasher detergent by far!

Give your dishwasher the best—Cascade—it's got "sheeting action"



"I shouldn't have come with you in the first place," said Alice. "I want to go back."

"If you go back, you go back alone," declared Thomas.

"I don't know how," said Alice.

"Pure logic," bragged Thomas. "Just go back backward!"

"But to go back backward, I must know how we went forward."

"That's simple," said Thomas. "Follow our footprints."

"But where are our footprints?"

"Right over there! No, there! Or perhaps over there!" said Thomas, trying to find them. "My goodness, they're gone!"

"The snow has blown over them," said Alice. "We're lost!"

"Lost!" shrieked Thomas, turning himself inside out. "Now, don't be alarmed! We've only got to find ourselves!"

"How can we find ourselves when we don't know where to look?"

"Don't confuse me," said Thomas, leaning to the north and back to the south, then toward the west and behind to the east.

"You'll never find us," said Alice. "We're lost! That's what we are. Lost!" And teardrop icicles formed all around her.

Then the wind whirled the snow wildly against them, and Thomas fell down, and Alice cried out, "Are you hurt?"

"Just a little," sniffed Thomas, trying to be brave.

"A lot more than a little," said Alice, suddenly noticing Thomas's toe. "You're unraveling! Why, there'll be nothing left of you but a long piece of string! Oh, Thomas, we've got to get home!"

And Alice cried and Thomas cried with her, and while they were crying the teardrop icicles grew beneath them. The louder they cried, the larger the icicles grew, until the two Christmas stockings were sitting on the peak of a mountain of ice.

"Look!" said Thomas, lifting his top.

"We've cried ourselves onto a mountain. If we were just a bit higher, we might see the house. Have you any more tears?"

Then Alice and Thomas cried again, only now it wasn't with sadness but with joy. Soon the icicle mountain was so high that the two Christmas stockings could see for miles and miles.

"There it is!" shouted Thomas.

"I see the chimney," said Alice. Then she stood on the tip of her toe. "And under it, the house. But it's so far away!"

"I have an idea," said Thomas. "Let's each roll ourselves into a ball and slide down the mountain and let the wind carry us home."



The two Christmas stockings carefully folded themselves up and started home. Down they rolled, sliding over the ice, spinning in the wind, tumbling top over toe right to the door of the house. Quick as a snowflake falls, they flattened themselves as flat as could be and slipped through the mail slot onto the living-room floor.

Then they crept near the radiator to get themselves warm. But the cold wouldn't leave them.

"Will we ever be warm?" shivered Alice.

"It's hard to believe so," said Thomas.

They wrapped themselves around each other for warmth and soon fell asleep.

It was there Santa found them huddled together. After putting them back on the mantel, he quickly packed them square and tight with little packages. Then faster than laughter he was gone.

"Oh," sighed Alice, waking and hugging the presents inside her, "I'm warm from top to toe."

"Oh," said Thomas, kicking his heel, "I've stopped unraveling. And see how I'm keeping my shape."

"Shhh!" said Alice. "I think the children are coming."

Then the two stockings kept perfectly still, while Alice and Thomas ran to the mantel to see how they were filled. • END





Kelvinator Automatic Washer

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Oxbow Buffet by Heywood-Wakefield Co.

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AMERICAN HOME

"CHRISTMAS AROUND THE HEARTH"

This is the year to give gifts for the home; nothing brings more years of enjoyment and use. What should your gifts be? You'll find a world of wonderful ideas in American Home magazine where you'll see the fine products shown above and all the help you need to make this "Christmas Around The Hearth" the happiest ever!

When my husband and my former classmate met, I faced

What Every Woman Fears

As the breeze carried us near the starting line, I suddenly heard a familiar voice shouting my name. It was Anne Riley. I hadn't seen her since our graduation!

At that instant, the race started. I called, "See you at the dock after the race!"

"Friend of yours?" Jim asked.

"Anne Riley. My roommate at school!"

"No kidding. Boy, she sure looks younger."

I went through the race in a daze. *How could my own husband say such a thing?*

And to make things worse, when we met Anne at the dock, I saw that Jim was right. Because Anne *did* look younger than me. It was that lovely complexion of hers . . . so fresh and creamy!

The first chance I had, I asked her, "Anne, what makes your complexion so beautiful?"

"Simple," she answered, "Palmolive care. It can help almost *any* girl be younger looking."

Anne was so right. Palmolive care gave my complexion less oiliness, cleaner pores, fewer tiny blemishes. It made my skin fresher—helped me be younger looking.

I'm sure Palmolive care will help *you*, too. A one-minute massage with gentle Palmolive lather, twice a day.



Try Palmolive, Green  or Pink  —soon.

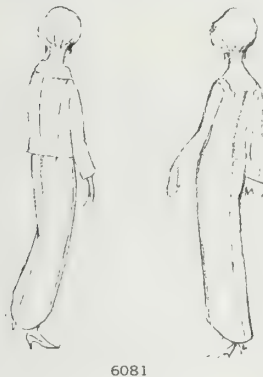
Palmolive care can help most any woman be younger looking.

OPENING NIGHT GLAMOUR



CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Vogue Design No. 6084 One-Piece Dress (not shown) and Coat, 10-18 (31-38), \$2, in Canada \$2.20. Long Coat with away-from-the-neck collar requires 5½ yards of 45" fabric without nap, size 14. **Vogue Design No. 5889** One-Piece Dress. "Easy to Make." 10-18 (31-38), \$1, in Canada \$1.10. Long Dress with halter neckline requires 3¾ yards of 45" fabric without nap, size 14.



ELIZABETH ASHLEY

Vogue Design No. 6081 Suit, Blouse and Overblouse, 10-16 (31-36), \$2, in Canada \$2.20. Jacket and Long Skirt require 3¾ yards of 54" fabric with nap, size 14. Sleeveless Blouse requires ¾ yard of 45" fabric without nap, size 14. To make long skirt, measure length from waist to floor and extend pattern pieces accordingly. Above yardage is adequate. To duplicate Miss Ashley's jacket exactly, do not curve jacket fronts and eliminate front dart.

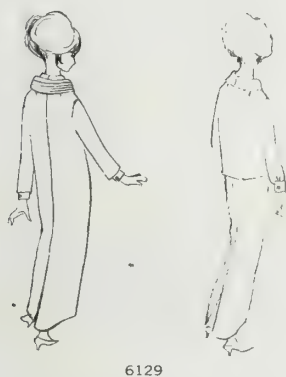


CARROLL BAKER

Vogue International Couturier Design No. 1260 One-Piece Dress, Pants, Skirt, by Federico Forquet, 10-18 (31-38), \$2.50, in Canada \$2.75. Version requires 4½ yards of 54" fabric without nap, size 14.

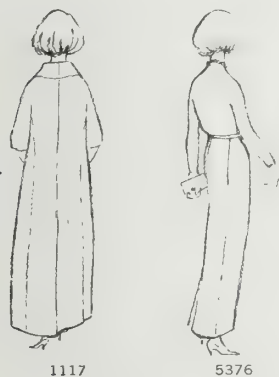
FLORENCE HENDERSON

Vogue Design No. 6150 One-Piece Evening Dress, 10-16 (31-36), \$2, in Canada \$2.20. Requires 7 yards 45" fabric without nap, size 14.



JANIS PAIGE

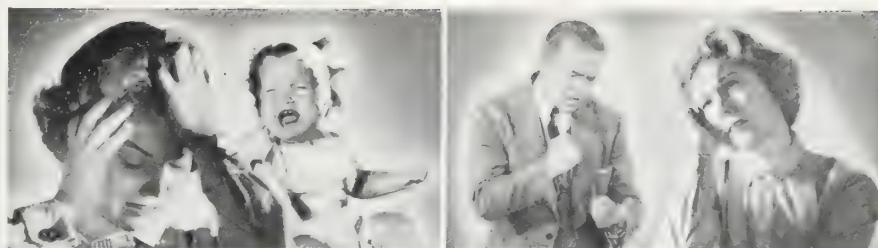
Vogue Design No. 6129 Coat, Skirt and Blouse, 10-18 (31-38), \$2, in Canada \$2.20. Long Chanel-like Coat and Skirt, made here for Miss Paige in white Anglo wool, require 5½ yards of 54" fabric without nap, size 14. Long-sleeved blouse with tie collar, quilted-effect coat collar and lining for coat and pocket edges require 6¼ yards of 48" fabric without nap, size 14. Add brass buttons to coat and the cuffs of blouse. Pattern includes a short version.



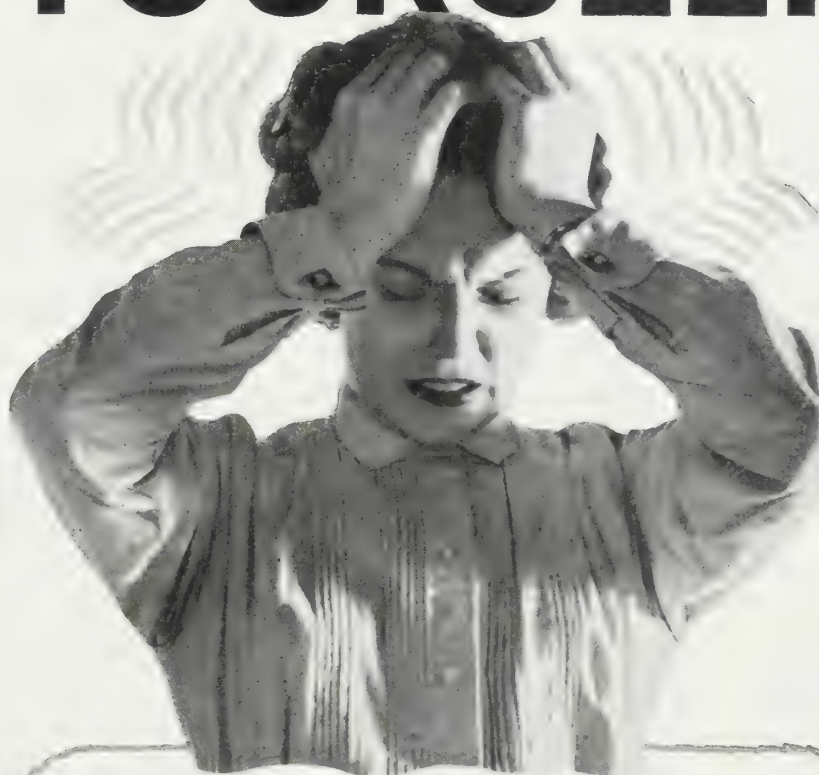
JOANNE WOODWARD

Vogue Paris Original Model No. 1117 Coat, by Jean Desses, 10-20 (31-40), \$3, in Canada \$3.30. Long Coat requires 4¾ yards of 60" fabric without nap, size 14. To make long coat, measure center back of pattern at neck to floor, extend each piece accordingly. **Vogue Design No. 5376** Skirt, "Very Easy to Make," waist sizes 24-32, \$.75, in Canada \$.85. Long Skirt requires 1¾ yards of 60" fabric without nap, waist size 25. Shown with a sweater.

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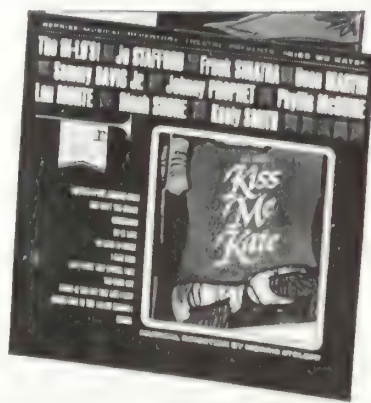
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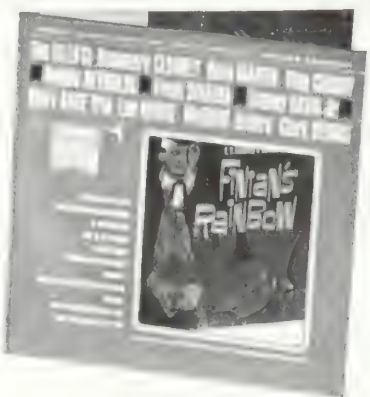
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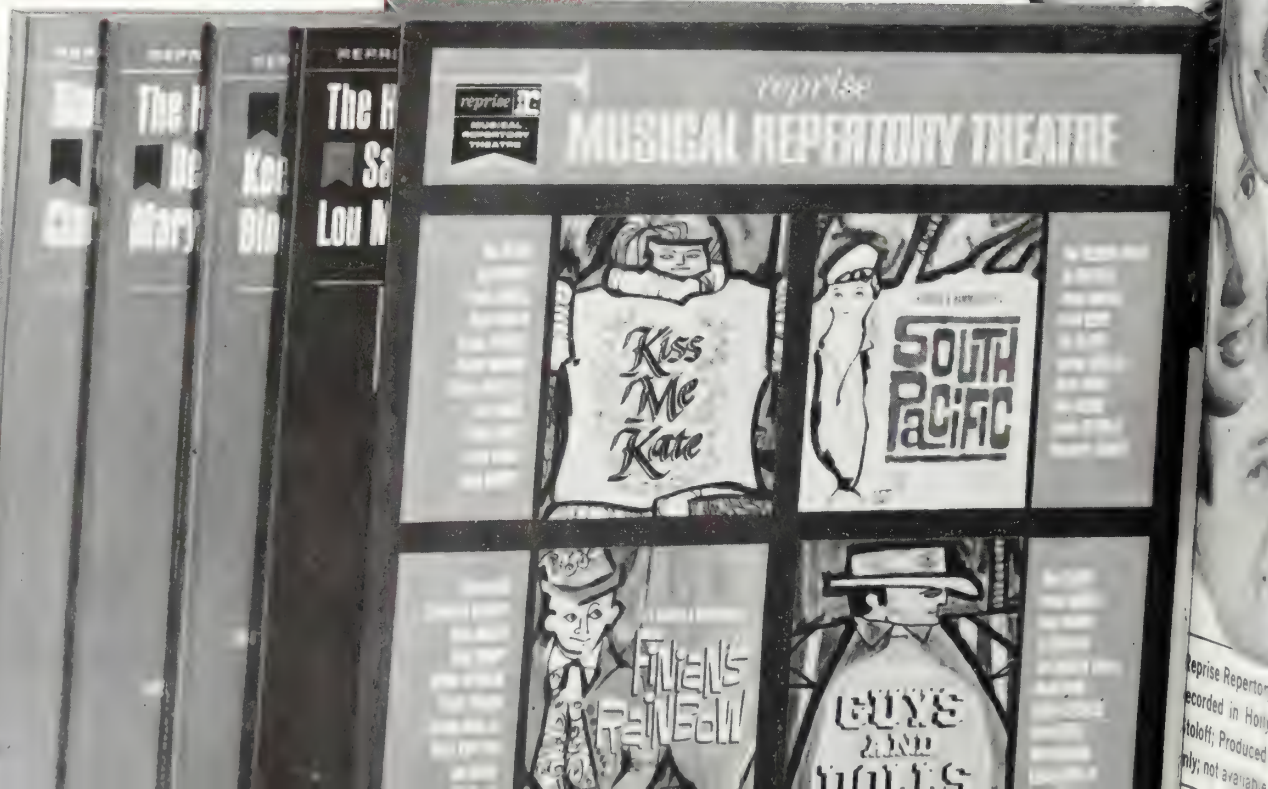


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In response to numerous reader requests, the editors of the *Journal* are pleased to present a collection of best-loved holiday recipes from the pages of the *Journal* over the years. These are the time-honored recipes we have come to love and trust.

Since every facet of Christmas serves to delight the senses, it is fitting that the food we prepare during the holidays should play a large part in capturing the fragrance, the sweetness and the color of this festive season. Here then, for your Christmas enjoyment, are fragrant yeast breads, crusty and golden; spicy fruitcakes, dark and delicious; decorative cookies and candies galore—from Turkish Delight to creamy Chocolate Fudge.

The food is pictured here in a truly Dickensian setting enhanced by the presence of the young men from the cast of the Broadway hit, *Oliver!* In background, from left: Gingerbread Boys, colored Coconut Snowballs, nutty Royal Brittle, Confetti Shortbread Cookies (all in individual apothecary jars); Chocolate Fudge and Jewel Meringues (on tiered dish), Old English Fruitcake (on high pedestal dish), white-iced New Christmas Cake (to right of jar containing hard candies); center, from left: Popcorn Balls, cherry-garnished Butterscotch Bubble Loaf, Holiday Stollen, Double Christmas Fruit-Nut Braid (behind stollen); foreground from left: Spiced Candy Roll and Stuffed Dates, Turkish Delight, Date-Nut Cake, and Buttermints (inside apothecary jar).

OLD ENGLISH FRUITCAKE

Fruit mixture:	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon extract
$\frac{2}{3}$ lb. citron	$\frac{1}{3}$ cup lemon juice
$\frac{1}{3}$ lb. candied orange peel	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup orange juice
$\frac{1}{3}$ lb. candied lemon peel	Cake Mixture:
2 oz. candied ginger	2 cups flour
$1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. seedless raisins	1 teaspoon cinnamon
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. currants	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. candied cherries, quartered	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon mace
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. pecans, finely chopped	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cloves
Grated rind of 2 lemons	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon allspice
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange marmalade	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder
	1 cup butter or margarine
	1 cup sugar
	6 eggs

(1) Slice thinly and cut into very small pieces the citron, orange and lemon peel and ginger. Place in a large bowl with the raisins, currants, cherries and nuts. Mix well. (2) Add the lemon rind, marmalade and flavorings. (3) Pour the lemon and orange juices over the fruit and mix well. (4) Line the bottom and sides of a 10-inch springform

pan with a double thickness of oiled brown paper. (5) Sift together 3 times the flour, spices, salt and baking powder. (6) Cream the butter or margarine with the sugar until fluffy. Add the eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Gradually add dry ingredients, beating well. Using a spoon, mix in the fruit. (7) Fill prepared cake pan, and bake on the middle rack in a very slow oven, 250° F., for 4½ to 5 hours. Place a pan of water on bottom rack to prevent cake from drying out. When cake is done, let cool about 5 minutes in the pan before turning out onto a rack. Carefully remove paper and turn cake

A Treasury of favorite Christmas recipes

By Elaine Ward-Hanna

FOOD EDITOR

right side up. Cover loosely with a cloth and let cake cool thoroughly. (8) Wrap cake in several thicknesses of cheesecloth, soaked in brandy. Wrap well with aluminum foil and store for several weeks before using. If you like, decorate cake with candied cherries and pieces of angelica before baking. Makes about 15 servings.

DOUBLE CHRISTMAS FRUIT-NUT BRAID

2 teaspoons sugar	1 lb. seedless raisins
$\frac{2}{3}$ cup warm water	1 cup candied cherries, halved
2 envelopes active dry yeast	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped mixed candied fruits
$\frac{2}{3}$ cup milk	Melted butter or margarine
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar	1 egg
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt	Confectioners'-sugar icing
6 tablespoons shortening	
3 eggs, well beaten	
6 cups sifted flour	

(1) In a large mixing bowl, dissolve the sugar in the water. Stir in yeast and let stand 10 minutes. (2) Scald milk; add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, salt and shortening. Mix well and cool to lukewarm. (3) Add to yeast mixture along with eggs and 3 cups flour. Beat until smooth. Mix in raisins, cherries and candied fruit. Work in remaining 3 cups flour. (4) Turn dough out onto a lightly floured board and knead until smooth and elastic. (5) Place dough in a large greased bowl, brush top with a little melted butter or margarine. Cover and let rise in a warm place, free from drafts, until doubled in bulk. (6) Punch dough down and divide into two equal parts for two braids. Divide each part into 4 equal portions. Shape 3 of the parts into 12-inch strands. Place on lightly greased baking sheet and braid loosely, tucking ends under. Divide remaining one part of dough into 3 parts and shape into strands 10 inches long. Make another braid and place on top of first braid on baking sheet. Tuck ends of top braid into braid below. Repeat for other braid. Cover and let rise again until double in bulk, about an hour. (7) Brush top of braids with a little beaten egg and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 35 to 40 minutes until golden. If you like, breads can be glazed while warm with a confectioners'-sugar icing.

BUTTERSCOTCH BUBBLE LOAF

1 package active dry yeast	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped blanched almonds
2 cups warm milk	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts
1 teaspoon salt	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon
$1\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar	8 candied cherries, halved
1 egg, beaten	
$5\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 cups flour	
1 cup melted butter or margarine	
1 cup brown sugar	

(1) Dissolve yeast in milk along with salt and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar. Let stand a few minutes. (2) Add the egg and 3 cups flour. Beat until smooth. Work in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter or margarine and 2½ to 3 cups additional flour, enough to make the dough easy to handle, but not too stiff. The dough should be somewhat sticky. (3) Knead it a few minutes on a lightly floured board. Round up in greased bowl, bringing greased side up. Cover and let rise until double in bulk, about 2 hours. Punch down and let rise again. (4) In separate bowls, mix together the brown sugar and almonds, and the remaining 1 cup sugar, walnuts and cinnamon. (5) Pinch the dough off into balls the size of walnuts and dip in remaining melted butter or margarine. Then roll half the balls in the brown-sugar mixture, and the others in the cinnamon-sugar mixture. (6) Alternate these balls, 2 layers high, in a greased (Continued on page 144)

TREASURY OF CHRISTMAS RECIPES

(Continued from page 143)

10-inch tube pan. Insert the candied cherry halves here and there. Let rise again until almost doubled, about an hour. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., until golden, about 40 minutes. Cool just a few minutes in the pan and invert on a platter. Makes about 10 servings. Delicious served warm.

HOLIDAY STOLLEN

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced citron
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup candied
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	lemon peel
2 packages active dry yeast	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup candied cherries
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup warm water	Grated rind 1 lemon
6 cups flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup coarsely chopped
2 eggs	blanched almonds
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup butter or margarine	3 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg	Confectioners' sugar
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups currants	

(1) Scald the milk, add sugar and salt and cool to room temperature. (2) Soften the yeast in the water. Mix with 1 cup flour and the scalded milk-and-sugar mixture. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. (3) Add the slightly beaten eggs to the yeast mixture with the very soft butter or margarine, 5 cups flour and nutmeg. Also add the currants, citron, lemon peel, cherries, lemon rind and almonds. (4) Turn out on a floured board and knead until very elastic, adding only enough flour to keep dough from sticking to the board. Put into a greased bowl. Brush top with some melted butter or margarine. Cover and let rise in warm place until doubled in bulk. (5) Punch down and divide into 2 parts. Roll into a rectangle $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch thick and spread with melted butter or margarine. Fold dough over lengthwise and place on greased baking sheet. Cover and let rise again in a warm place to double in bulk. (6) Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 50 minutes. Dust with confectioners' sugar. Store overnight. Yield: 2 loaves.

NEW CHRISTMAS CAKE

1 lb. butter or margarine	2 tablespoons nutmeg
1 lb. light brown sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup brandy
6 eggs	1 lb. seedless raisins
4 cups flour	3 cups chopped pecans
1 teaspoon baking powder	

(1) Cream together the butter or margarine and sugar. Add the eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. (2) Sift together the flour, baking powder and nutmeg. Add gradually to the creamed mixture and beat until well blended. Stir in the brandy. Fold in raisins and pecans. (3) Pour mixture into a 10-inch tube pan that has been greased and floured. Bake in a slow oven, 300° F., for about 1 hour and 40 minutes. Insert a cake tester to test for doneness. It should come out clean. (4) Remove from oven and cool in pan slightly.

Remove from pan. Cool on cake rack. When cake is completely cool, wrap and store for at least a week. If you like, decorate with a frosting made of 1 cup confectioners' sugar and enough light cream to make spreading consistency.

DATE-NUT CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. candied cherries	2 teaspoons baking powder
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. candied pineapple slices	1 cup sugar
1 lb. pitted dates	Pinch salt
1 lb. or 1 quart shelled pecan halves	6 eggs
1 cup flour	$1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons vanilla
	2 tablespoons port wine

(1) Cut cherries and dates in half. Slice pineapple into $\frac{1}{4}$ -pieces. Place cherries, pineapple in large mixing bowl and add nuts. (2) Sift together flour, baking powder, sugar and salt. Add to fruit-nut mixture and mix well. (3) Beat eggs slightly and add vanilla and wine. Pour over dry ingredients and mix well. (4) Grease a 9x5x2 $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch loaf pan and line with brown paper. Grease the paper. Pack batter into the pan, pressing down well in the corners. (5) Bake in a slow oven, 300° F., for 2-2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours or done when tested with cake tester. Cool cake slightly before removing from pan. When cake is cool, remove paper and wrap cake in a wine-soaked cloth, then in aluminum foil and store in a cool place several days before serving. Makes a 4-lb. cake, enough for 12-14 servings.

GINGERBREAD BOYS

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or margarine	$\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon baking soda
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar	2 teaspoons ginger
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon
1 egg	Cinnamon candies ("red-hots")
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses	Confectioners'-sugar icing
1 tablespoon vinegar	
3 cups flour	

(1) Cream together butter or margarine, sugar and salt. Stir in egg, molasses and vinegar. (2) Sift together the dry ingredients. Add to the molasses mixture and mix well. Chill for 3-4 hours before using. (3) Roll dough to about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch on lightly floured board. Cut with gingerbread-men cutters. Handle the dough gently. Place about 1 inch apart on greased cookie sheets. Press in cinnamon candies for eyes and buttons. (4) Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., about 8 minutes. Cool slightly before removing from baking sheets. When cool, use a confectioners'-sugar icing to pipe on trims. Makes about 4 dozen cookies.

COCONUT SNOWBALLS

1 cup butter or margarine	1 cup chopped walnuts
$\frac{1}{3}$ cup superfine sugar	Shredded coconut
1 teaspoon vanilla	Red and green food coloring
2 teaspoons water	Cream
2 cups flour	2 cups confectioners' sugar

(1) Cream the butter or margarine, sugar, vanilla and water. Add flour and mix well. Stir in nuts. (2) Shape in 1-inch balls and

bake an inch apart on an ungreased baking sheet for about 20-25 minutes in a slow 300° F., oven. Cool before removing from pan. (3) To decorate cookies, first tint the coconut. Add red food coloring to 1 tablespoon water until you get the desired shade. Put coconut in a jar, add colored water, cover jar and shake until evenly tinted. If tint is too strong, add more coconut. Repeat with green coloring. Spread on paper towels to dry. (4) Add enough light cream to confectioners' sugar for spreading consistency. Mix well. Dip cookies in frosting and roll in coconut. Makes about 4 dozen cookies.

JEWEL MERINGUES

3 egg whites	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup diced
1 cup sugar	candied cherries

(1) Beat the egg whites and salt until frothy. Add sugar, a tablespoon at a time, beating until the meringue will stand in stiff peaks and the sugar is dissolved. (2) Fold in the vanilla and the fruit. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto a greased baking sheet. (3) Bake in a very slow oven, 275° F., for about an hour, until meringues are a light-tan color. Yield: 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen.

CONFETTI SHORTBREAD COOKIES

2 cups flour	Pinch salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup superfine sugar	Orange glaze:
3 hard-cooked egg yolks, rubbed through sieve	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups confectioners' sugar
1 cup butter or margarine	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated orange rind
3 tablespoons grated orange rind	5-6 teaspoons orange juice
	Colored sugar candies

(1) Put all ingredients for the cookies into a bowl and blend together thoroughly with a pastry blender or fork. (2) Knead slightly and divide dough into 4 parts. Chill for about 3 hours. (3) Roll out on a floured board, keeping dough that is not being rolled in a cool place until needed. (4) Roll $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick and cut with assorted cutters. (5) Bake on ungreased baking sheet in a hot oven, 400° F., for 8-10 minutes. Makes about 5 dozen cookies. Let cool a few minutes on baking sheets before removing to racks to cool. When cookies are cool, glaze with following icing and sprinkle heavily with colored sugar candies. Glaze: Mix sugar, orange rind and orange juice until smooth and thick. Spoon icing over cookies, covering them completely.

TURKISH DELIGHT

3 envelopes unflavored gelatin	1 teaspoon grated lemon or orange rind
2 cups sugar	Food coloring
$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt	Confectioners' sugar
1 cup water	
1 tablespoon lemon or orange juice	

(1) Mix the gelatin, sugar, salt and water in a heavy saucepan. Bring to a boil and simmer, without stirring, for 10 minutes. (2) Remove the pan from the heat and stir in the juice and rind. (3) Add a few drops of the food coloring of your choice. (4) Taste for flavor; add more juice if you

wish. (5) Pour into a square pan which has been rinsed with cold water. Chill overnight. (6) Cut into squares and roll in confectioners' sugar. Makes about 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs.

ROYAL BRITTLE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup walnut halves	1 cup candied pineapple chunks
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup pecan halves	2 cups sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup almonds	1 cup water
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup pistachio nuts	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup light corn syrup
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup filberts	2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 cup candied cherry halves	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla or orange flavoring

(1) Mix the nuts and fruit. Spread in an oiled 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ x10 $\frac{1}{2}$ x1-inch pan or in a layer about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch deep on a marble slab. (2) Mix the sugar, water and corn syrup in a large, heavy saucepan and cook slowly, without stirring, to the hard-crack stage, 300° F., on a candy thermometer. (3) Remove from heat and add the butter or margarine and flavoring. Pour evenly over the fruits and nuts. Do not scrape the pan. (4) Cool until almost firm, cut into bite-size pieces and cool completely. Store in a tightly covered container in a cool place. Yield: about 3 pounds.

STUFFED DATES

6 packages pitted dates (about 3 pounds)	$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or margarine	1 teaspoon grated orange rind
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups confectioners' sugar	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup finely chopped walnuts
	Brandy (optional)
	Sugar

(1) Split the dates with a sharp knife without cutting clear through. Spread the dates open and lay them on trays. (2) Cream the butter or margarine, confectioners' sugar and salt together until very light and fluffy. Add the orange rind, walnuts, and a little brandy if you like. If you use brandy, you may need a little more sugar. (4) Stuff the dates generously, using 2 whole dates to make one. Roll in sugar and let stand 4 to 5 hours. Yield: 7-8 dozen.

SPICED CANDY ROLL

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound whole shelled Brazil nuts	$\frac{1}{2}$ pound marshmallows
$\frac{1}{2}$ pound pitted dates	1 tablespoon grated orange rind
1 jar (8-oz.) maraschino cherries, drained	$\frac{1}{3}$ cup orange juice
3 cups graham-cracker crumbs	$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon cinnamon
	$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon nutmeg
	$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon cloves
	$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon allspice
	$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon ginger

(1) Put the nuts in a bowl, saving $\frac{1}{4}$ cup for later use. Add the dates, cherries and graham-cracker crumbs. (2) Melt the marshmallows with orange rind and juice and the spices in a double boiler. Stir occasionally, then add to fruit-nut mixture. (3) Blend thoroughly and shape into 2 rolls about 9 inches long. Wrap in waxed paper and chill for 6-8 hours. (4) Roll in chopped Brazil nuts, and cut into $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch slices. Yield: 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ pounds. (Continued on page 146)

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TREASURY OF CHRISTMAS RECIPES

(Continued from page 144)

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PINK PERFECTION PUNCH

3 tablespoons 1 can (46-oz.)
cinnamon candies pineapple-
("red-hots") grapefruit drink
¼ cup sugar 1 quart ginger
¼ cup warm ale, chilled
water 1 large bottle
California light
muscat, chilled

(1) Cook candies, sugar and water a few minutes until candies are dissolved. (2) Cool. Combine with other ingredients and serve over ice. Makes about 3 quarts, enough for 12 servings.

ICED MINT MIST

2 (6-oz.) cans 2 cups light rum
frozen concen- 1 cup green
trated lemon crème de
limeade menthe
5 cups water

(1) Mix all ingredients in a large pitcher. (2) Chill well and serve over cracked ice. Makes about 12 servings. For larger party, double recipe and serve in punch bowl.

ORANGE JUBILEE CUP

1½ cups orange 4 cups light rum
juice ½ cup orange
2 bottles Califor- liqueur
nia Riesling or Sugar
other white wine. Orange slices,
chilled strawberries

(1) Pour the orange juice into a large punch bowl. Add the wine, rum and orange liqueur. Add sugar to taste. (2) Add plenty of ice and mix well. Garnish with orange slices and strawberries. Makes about 4 quarts, enough for 15 people.

CHICKEN LIVERS AND BACON

6 chicken livers 12 water chestnuts,
12 slices bacon sliced
Soy sauce Brown sugar

(1) Cut livers into quarters and bacon in half. Soak 4 hours in soy sauce to cover. Drain. (2) Make slits in chicken-liver pieces and insert the slices of water chestnuts. Dip in brown sugar. (3) Wrap half slices of bacon around the chicken livers and chestnuts, and fasten with toothpicks. Dip again in brown sugar. (4) Arrange the appetizers on a rack over a roasting pan. Bake in hot oven, 400° F., about half an hour, until bacon is crisp. Turn occasionally. Yield: about 2 dozen.

SWISS-CHEESE TWISTS

1 cup freshly grated ¾ cup butter or
Swiss cheese margarine
3 tablespoons 2 eggs
grated Cheddar 2½ tablespoons
cheese milk
3 tablespoons 1 tablespoon poppy
grated Parmesan seed
cheese 1 tablespoon
2 cups flour coarse salt
½ teaspoon salt

(1) Combine cheeses. Mix and cut with a fork until mixture is like coarse meal. Sift together the flour and salt. (2) Add ½ cup cheese mixture and butter or margarine. Blend well, cutting with a knife. (3) Stir in 1 well-beaten egg and the milk. Chill well. (4) Roll out dough on a floured board to ¼-inch thickness. Cut into pieces ½x4 inches and roll into strips. Twist 2 strips around each other and fasten ends by brushing well with a well-beaten egg and pressing together. (5) Place on baking sheet and brush well with beaten egg. Mix together the remaining cheese mixture, poppy seed and coarse salt. Sprinkle over cheese twists (6) Bake in moderately hot oven, 375° F., for about 15 minutes, until golden. Yield: about 3 dozen.

RADISHES WITH CHIVE CHEESE

1 package (3-oz.) 1 tablespoon cream
cream cheese Salt and pepper
1 tablespoon 2 bunches radishes
minced chives

(1) Soften cream cheese. Add the chives and cream and stir until soft and fluffy. Add salt and pepper to taste. (2) Trim stems from radishes, leaving one small leaf on each to serve as a handle. (3) Cut a thin slice from one side of radish so it will stand firm. Cut a larger slice from the other side and mound with chive cheese. Makes about 26 radishes.

ASSORTED CREAM-CHEESE BALLS

1 package (8-oz.) 1 teaspoon lemon
cream cheese juice
3 tablespoons 1 tablespoon cream
finely chopped Paprika, chopped
onion walnuts, minced
1 teaspoon parsley, red
Worcestershire caviar
sauce

(1) Work cream cheese until soft. Mix in onion, Worcestershire sauce, lemon juice and cream. Chill until easy to handle. (2) Shape into ¾-inch balls. Dust with paprika and roll some in walnuts and some in parsley. Leave some plain, make an indentation in the tops of each, and just before serving, spoon in a little well-drained caviar. Or spread a layer of cheese mixture on a cracker, top with another, then spread cheese on the sides and roll in paprika, walnuts or chopped parsley. Makes about 1 cup filling. • END





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“Happiness and Borden’s Egg Nog just go together,” said Elsie

Who else but Borden’s could make the season so flavorful? Eggs, spice, flavorings, sugar, vanilla – and lots of fresh, sweet cream. That’s Borden’s Egg Nog. Like homemade? Why, of course! Smooth and mellow and as good as it can be. And Borden’s Egg Nog comes so conveniently that you can enjoy it all through the holiday season. Now be sure to get ready – with your best crystal bowl and silver nutmeg shaker . . . and Borden’s Egg Nog in the colorful carton!

Borden’s just *has* to be good





HAPPIEST new COOKIE IDEA in years!

COLOR COOKIES

MADE WITH **Crisco** and **m&m's**!

Plain Chocolate Candies

EASY COLOR COOKIE RECIPE

Only Crisco and M&M's Plain Chocolate Candies offer you this delicious new cookie. Kids really go for crisp, fun-to-eat "Color Cookies."

1/2 cup Crisco	1 cup + 2 tablespoons sifted
1/2 cup brown sugar	all-purpose flour
1/4 cup granulated sugar	1/2 teaspoon soda
1/2 teaspoon vanilla	1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon water	3/4 cup M&M's Plain Chocolate
1 egg	Candies

Blend Crisco and sugars. Beat in vanilla, water and egg. Sift remaining dry ingredients together and add to the sugar and egg mixture. Mix well. Stir in M&M's Plain Chocolate Candies. Drop from teaspoon onto ungreased cookie sheet. Bake at 375° for 10-12 minutes or until golden brown. Makes about 3 dozen 2 1/2 in. cookies.

For additional color, press extra M&M's Plain Chocolate Candies into cookies before baking. Some candies crack slightly in baking, adding texture and interest to the cookies. See "Cookie Baking Helps and Hints" on the special Crisco label.



Highly unsaturated vegetable Crisco is America's favorite all-purpose shortening. Crisco gives you light, delicious baking every time!



M&M's Plain Chocolate Candies are covered with bright, colorful sugar shells. That's why the milk chocolate melts in your mouth, not in your hand.



SPECIAL COOKIE CANISTER OFFER, TOO!

Crisco and M&M's Candies also offer you this giant cookie canister for the special price of only \$1.50 plus 1 Crisco and 1 M&M's Plain Chocolate Candies label.

It's made of polished aluminum, holds approx. 4 dozen cookies, and keeps cookies fresh and crisp!

For details of this offer, look for the special Crisco and M&M's Plain Chocolate Candies labels at your store.



Victorian trimmings for the holidays

The vogue for Victorian which is sweeping the decorating world is especially apropos during the holiday season. Today's Tiny Tims, and even modern Scrooges, can relive the enchantment of Dickens's *Christmas Carol* in a house sprinkled with candy animals and old-fashioned wrappings. But most of all, the tree on the following page represents the spirit of Christmas past. Above, a foyer decorated by Braswell/Cook for Mrs. Mary Weir carries

out a Victorian motif with a red-felt valance and tiebacks trimmed in gold-lace braid and medallions. *Étagère* holds barley sugar animals and a tree made of an 18-inch cone covered in gold paper and wrapped with red-ball fringe. Red velvet hostess gown and organdy apron by Harold Goldstein. The decorations on these pages were copied or adapted from engravings of the Victorian period especially for the *Journal* by design consultant Leslie Dorsey.



A Christmas tree fit for royal children

The festive tree shown in the engraving at the center of this page was an annual treat for the royal children in Windsor Castle during Victoria's reign. The decorations were made by Mr. Mawditt, the Queen's confectioner, and "annually prepared by her Majesty's command for the Royal children." The reproduction of the engraving appeared in the Christmas Supplement of the *Illustrated London News* in 1848. Copies and adaptations of the ornaments were made for the 1963 Christmas tree at the left, and directions for making them follow.

Gifts beneath the tree are wrapped in colored tissue paper, decorated with gold-paper lace, sugar doves and roses. Braid-and-tassel-trimmed lambrequin drapes the marble mantel. Ready-made swag over mantel is trimmed with bands and rosettes of felt edged in paper braid. The Dunbar chair recalls a Victorian tufted one. Photographed in the home of designer John Derro.

Materials used in making these ornaments are kraft paper, colored tissues, heavy construction paper, gold-lace edgings, medallions and doilies, gold leaves and wires, satin ribbons, confectioners' doves and roses. Starting from the top:

PYRAMID: Use heavy construction paper. First, make a pattern from a $2\frac{1}{2}$ "x5" strip of paper by drawing a vertical line down the center. Draw lines from center top to bottom corners and trim to form a fan. Cut a piece of construction paper $5\frac{1}{2}$ "x8 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". Measure 5" from the right on the $8\frac{1}{2}$ " edge, and mark with pencil. Place center line of fan along top edge of paper with point touching pencil mark. Draw outline of one half fan. Lift pattern and place with slanted edge against long side of fan already drawn and outline full fan. Repeat until you have four full fans in addition to the one half fan first drawn. Cut along outside edges. Score pencil lines with tip of scissors, and fold toward you. Slip half fan beneath full fan and glue. Decorate with colored paper panels edged in gold. Glue gold leaves and sugar roses to center of each panel. Trim bottom with paper-tassel edging. Cut four 3" lengths of gold wire and glue a fringe of tissue to the end of wire.



Fringe is made by slashing tissue with scissors, then rolling around wire, gluing in place. Other ends of wires are glued to the inside corners of the pyramid. For a final touch add a loop of gold wire at the top of pyramid for hanging and tie a bow of satin ribbon around the top.

PARTY SNAPPER: Make a tube of heavy construction paper 5" long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ " in diameter. Cover tube with tissue, allowing an overlap of 3 inches at each end. Gather tissue and use lace edging to hold in place close to tube end. Fringe tissue ends by slashing with scissors. Decorate covered tube with gold leaves, dove and satin-ribbon loop.

GRAPES: Roll colored tissue into grape-sized balls, leaving a stem. Attach a 3" length of gold wire to each stem. Make tendrils by twisting gold wire around a pencil. Gather gold wires together and form grapes into cluster. Add some gold leaves and a satin ribbon.

FRINGED TISSUE PUFF: Roll sheet of tissue very loosely. Bunch up center of roll and band puff with gold edging. Puff should be 3" in diameter. Fringe both ends. Trim to 10" length. Decorate with gold lace and doves. Then add gold ribbon to hang.

CORNUCOPIA: Cut a 10" circle of kraft paper. Slit from outside edge to center. Overlap cut edges until opening is $2\frac{1}{2}$ " in diameter. Glue. For ruffle, cut small hole in center of a 5" lace paper doily. Slash from hole toward lace edge. Fit into top of cornucopia, overlapping slashes. Glue in place. Trim with gold decorations and add a ribbon to hang.

LOVE-LETTER BOX: Cut a 9" square of kraft paper. Draw lines two inches in from all four outer edges. Draw another set of lines $\frac{1}{2}$ " inside these. Cut out all four corners, clipping to the innermost lines. Use tip of scissors to score remaining pencil lines. Fold edges toward you on scored lines to make a box. Fold down two opposite flaps. Trim remaining flaps into triangles so that when folded down, points of triangles meet. Use large gold medallion to seal. Decorate with lace edgings and attach a satin ribbon.



Visions of sugarplums for tiny tots

A Victorian Christmas means packages wrapped in foil and decorated with lacy shelf edging, gold-paper lace, medallions and leaves, fake jewels and sugar-icing roses and doves. The young lady daydreaming about their contents wears a batiste robe by Slumbertogs. She rests

against a bentwood bench in the modern apartment of Jack Lenor Larsen. The young man, right, who managed to get to sleep in spite of the excitement, will wake to a well-filled stocking hung Victorian style by the bedpost. His pajamas are by Carter and his robe by Tom 'n Jerry.



Harry James proves it with a trumpet...

For a current TV commercial, Harry James tied a new Kleenex tissue on his trumpet, soaked it with water and blew! Even when he hit the high notes, the Kleenex tissue didn't break through!



you can prove it with a sneeze

New Kleenex is remarkably unlike any tissue you've ever seen or felt before! It has a brand new strength you'll discover with your first sneeze—and a new deep softness you'll feel the moment it touches your skin. Now all 3 Space-Saver boxes contain new Kleenex tissues.



New Kleenex tissues won't break through —much softer, too!



New!

